

THE  
PARENTS'  
REVIEW

1903

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PARENTS' REVIEW

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Of Home-Training and Culture.

*Edited by CHARLOTTE M. MASON.*

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## H. T A I N E.

A SHORT while ago the letters of Taine were published in Paris,\* and already we have a translation of them in London.† Surely that goes far to prove that (in the publisher's opinion, at any rate) English people are interested in this very remarkable Frenchman. And it would be strange if it were not so, for Taine was a most fervent admirer of England as a nation, and of its government and literature. One of his most important works is a detailed philosophical history of English literature, and many of his essays prove how much he found to admire in "this dear, dear land." But, of course, the fact that it should be so does not prove that it is so. English people may be profoundly indifferent to Taine and to his works, in which case the only excuse we can proffer for writing about him is that the publication of his letters supplies the indispensable halo of actuality, without which it seems fatal to introduce any topic. A French writer, Pierre Leroux, once went to the editor of a Paris magazine with an article on God. "God!" exclaimed the man of business, "that's no topic of the day."‡

Energetic readers may already have looked up the reference just given. If so, let them keep the essays beside them, for it is in them that we intend to try and find some indications of Taine's personality, tastes and thoughts. He tells us himself

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\* *H. Taine, sa vie et sa correspondance*, Hachette, 1902. † A. Constable & Co.

‡ Essay on Macaulay.

that "collections of articles" pleased him. "I confess I like this kind of book. To begin with, I can close it after reading twenty pages, commence at the end or in the middle; I am free to read it as I choose; I can look upon it as a journal—in fact, it is the journal of a man's mind. In the second place, there is plenty of variety; as I turn the pages I pass from the Renaissance to the 19th Century, from India to England; this diversity surprises and pleases. And lastly, the author involuntarily betrays himself; he lays his mind open to me, and hides nothing; it is like a private conversation. . . . One takes pleasure in observing the origins of a generous and vigorous mind, in discovering what faculties helped to compose his talent, what researches constituted his knowledge, what opinions he has on philosophy, religion, politics, and literature; in short, all he was, and what he is become, what his ambitions are, and what he believes. As I sit in my armchair beside the fire and turn the pages, a thoughtful living face appears in the dim background of my sluggish imagination; gradually it becomes full of expression and relief, its various traits become clearer and by harmonizing explain each other; soon the author lives again for me and beside me; I realise the sequence of his thoughts; I can foresee what he is going to say; his ways of acting and of speaking become as familiar to me as those of the man I meet every day in the streets; his opinions correct or shatter my own; he becomes a factor in my life and thought. . . . Such is the charm of these books in which any topic is discussed, books which give an author's opinions on many subjects, which lead us into every region of his thoughts, and take us, so to speak, all through his mind."\* If we can read Taine's Essays in this spirit, we ought to be able to learn something of his mind and methods by considering what he reads and why he reads, and what he thinks of what he reads. Nearly all his essays (included in the first two volumes) are the rough sketches which prepared the way for his more important works—in fact, many of them are there in embryo.† In most of them we shall find his characteristic

\* Essay on Macaulay.

† The English essays pave the way for his *Littérature Anglaise*. The ones on Guizot, Michelet, Troplong and Montalembert, his own historical writings; the one on Jefferson, his politics; *Les Jeunes Gens de Platon*, his *Philosophie de l'Art en Grèce*, etc.

modes of thought, his tastes, his theories. In some of them he will reveal himself as a poet, in others as a critic, in some as an ethical thinker, in all as a philosopher. For though he often seems tempted to stop and admire or enjoy some fine thought or expression—to expatiate on the beauties he comes across in the books he is discussing, there seems to be the master-thought ever at hand, urging him along his one straight path—the one which in his twenty-sixth year he had already clearly mapped out. Most readers of Taine must feel that, in spite of all the wealth of poetical language and thought, in spite of all his historical, ethical, and critical powers, his one object in writing was to study the natural history of man. As Paul Bourget says, one sentence is the epitome of all his work, “*C’est à l’âme que la science va se prendre.*”

By comparing the dates of the Essays we can follow fairly accurately the course of his reading—or, rather, of his writing; for when we find that the essays on Thackeray, Dickens and Macaulay were published in January, March and April, of 1856, and that the ones on Guizot, Michelet and Saint Simon followed in June, July and August, we realise that he must have been taking notes and thinking out the subjects for a long while. “The public,” he assures us, “has no idea how much work it costs to write a good book, that is to say, a book in which the author thinks for himself and writes original matter. . . . One is by no means master of a book for having dipped into it, nor yet for having read it over. It is essential to have re-read it, to have compared it with other books, to have become familiar with it, to have cogitated about it in and out of doors; ‘ideas do not sit for their portraits’; it is impossible to judge an epoch of history in an afternoon, and one cannot at will conjure up a life-like figure of some historical or imaginary character; one is obliged to wait, and let time, circumstances and chance do their work. Often it is some trifling accident of the daily round, some unpremeditated observation, some chance word in a newspaper which precipitates the idea we have for many months, and in spite of all efforts, failed to grasp. Sometimes one reads a volume to write a page. I know a man who read four volumes to compose three lines. . . . The ideas of a thinking man have their origin and roots in all his past



and present mental activity. Pray be so rash," he adds, "as to suppose that an author or an artist, even if you see him dreaming in an armchair or strolling on the boulevards, may work as hard as any other mortal, and that the three or four hundred pages which he sends from time to time to press represent at least as much labour as a volume of Parliamentary reports or a row of business ledgers."\*

Taine was nothing if not systematic. All he wrote he looked upon as an aggregate of facts which might or might not help to prove his theory—his famous theory that all the phenomena of the human mind can be explained by science and reduced to fixed laws like any other branch of knowledge. But can they? To answer that question in the negative would be foolish. It cannot be replied to until the fixed laws *are* discovered and the mind or soul reduced to class, family, sub-division, like any other substance. The only question which can be answered at present is, "What did Taine do towards explaining the phenomena of the mind and soul?" A spontaneous reply may be, "He did something, but his theory was incomplete." Perhaps. But it must be remembered that a spontaneous answer is not adequate. All Taine's writings must be carefully studied with the object of ascertaining the truth with regard to this—for all his poetry, his criticism, his history and his ethics, marvellous though they are in many ways, are nothing—no, not that—but Taine would consider them worthless—if his theory could be proved to be not only incomplete, but wrong. As has been remarked above, all through the essays—and they are the key to his writings—there is the predominant idea of the "faculté maîtresse." It is in the preface to his *Essai sur l'Intelligence* that we find his programme: "Man, says Spinoza, does not subsist in nature as an empire within an empire, but as a part of a whole; and the workings of the spiritual automaton, which is oneself, are as prescribed as those of the material world in which it is comprised." Was Spinoza right? Can criticism be reduced to a science, and are the faculties of man's mind governed by laws—if so, what are the laws? All Taine's writings are as witnesses summoned to give evidence.

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\* Essay on Jefferson.

The essay entitled, *Les Jeunes Gens de Platon*, was written when Taine was about 25 years old, and may be looked upon as the rough copy of what afterwards became the *Philosophie de l'Art en Grèce*. When Taine wrote the essay he was still in his literary pupillage, and he merely gives us a charming account of the enthusiasm and admiration he felt when he read Plato. He tells us how much impressed he was by the beauty, the joy, and the brightness which blend so marvelously with the deep philosophy. Like everyone else he was struck by the perfection of the human being of that time, a perfection not of the mind only such as we find to-day, but a faultless development of body, mind and soul, such as only the Greek civilisation could have produced. In the whole thirty-five pages there is hardly a trace of any of the scientific philosophy which distinguishes nearly all Taine's other writings. Here we have the bare facts; he says in the beginning, "Let us turn back to the happy years of ancient Greece, years which have indeed passed for ever, but which still seem to live on in our memories." He asks us to spend a half-hour with him chatting about Plato's *Jeunes Gens*, and all the while he will be taking notes, notes of facts of all sorts, which in after years will reappear in classified order in the *Philosophie de l'Art en Grèce*. One has only to compare the book with the essay to see this. Facts mentioned merely as such in the essay are discussed and analysed in the *Philosophie*. Taine is no longer satisfied with the enjoyment. He does not say *Voyez maintenant cet image charmant, nor ce qui est surtout admirable, nor n'est-il pas plaisant et touchant de voir*, but he reminds himself and us that *plus que jamais, pour comprendre l'œuvre, nous sommes obligés de considérer le peuple qui l'a faite, les mœurs qui la suggéraient et le milieu où elle est née*. In the essay we see Taine *étonné de trouver la philosophie si peu pédante et si naturelle*. In the book the essayist is become the philosopher who finds a cause for this spontaneity, gives the reason for it, or rather the laws which he deducts from his store of observations. He points out how the difference between Greeks and the moderns is proportionate to the difference in race, surroundings and civilisation. They lived with doors thrown wide open on nature, they trained the body as much as the mind, they were a race whose mental conceptions were as

defined and beautiful as was the landscape of their home. Nothing vague, mystic, huge, such as we find in the sad northern races, nothing one-sided such as is the modern cultivation of brains to the detriment of body, nothing limitless like the feelings caused by the whirl of life, by the wealth of knowledge and the accumulate experience of centuries, by the almost inconceivable complicity of an empire such as ours. Without doubt Taine's deductions are to a certain extent correct. The factors which he takes into consideration are at any rate important elements in the composition of the mental productions of a civilised nation. But are they *all* the factors? Do *they* constitute the parts of the whole? An idea of the difficulties which beset the way of such speculation is suggested by the observation, "A nation receives the impress of the country which it inhabits, but this influence varies in intensity, is strongest when the nation settles down whilst still uncivilized and young." Englishmen, of all people, ought to realise how difficult it is to analyse a nation and to discover the relative proportions of the component parts. But all that seems child's play when one comes to discussing what would, might, ought to have happened had such and such an element been slightly modified, had one of the component parts been in a different degree of development, had such and such events not taken place, had the country been found to bear no coal, and so on, till the question involuntarily arises, "Can these things be reduced to a science?" Taine says yes, and his courage is admirable.

His method of going to work makes us think of a scientist going down to a river to analyse the water. He would find that all the little backwaters and bays contained the same water as the main stream, but the accident of position, depth, etc., etc., would have modified the form and appearance of each indenture. Furthermore, in the one he might find one sort of animal and vegetable life, in another a different sort. In like manner Taine finds that each author's work is of the same fundamental composition as the nation's thought; accidents of character, circumstances and position being responsible for what is called individuality. Of course the first difficulty is to ascertain what the water of the main stream *does* consist of, or to speak plainly, what it is that

distinguishes the thought of one nation from that of another. In order to discover the main stream of English thought, Taine wrote a history of the whole of English literature. If the same thing could be done for all the literatures of the world, we should have a detailed analysis of the world's thought as exhibited under divers conditions by various races. It would then be possible to analyse all their main streams of thought in the same way as Taine has analysed the individuals of our main stream; and the result would be—if one could reach so far—to ascertain the thoughts essential to man in *any* conditions, and it would be possible to infer what man would think were he placed in ideal circumstances and unhampered by our hereditary tendencies. Science would tell us how man ought to think, say, in the Garden of Eden; but though that might be as highly interesting as it is to know how a stone would behave in a vacuum, it is unfortunate that stones are as seldom found in a vacuum as man in ideal circumstances. Of course, there is the more practical side. Science will foretell what must inevitably happen to a nation placed in certain conditions and endowed with certain faculties. History will be forecast, but it has been remarked that this kind of science is exposed to verification; hence its advance has been prudently regulated.

Glance through the essays on Thackeray, Dickens, and Macaulay. In the first, after having studied Thackeray from several points of view, he says, "We have under our eyes a *specimen* of the human mind." In the essay on Dickens, after going at some length into the origins of the English nation, he tries to account for the great popularity as well as for the genius of Dickens. Taine's remarkably varied gifts enable him to make any subject interesting, otherwise this mere analysing of an author would be liable to seem as tedious as is entomology to most people. In both the object is the acquisition and classification of specimens—but Taine's work is as interesting as might be that of a naturalist capable of enjoying the beauty of his specimens and of puzzling over little mysteries such as the apparent inconsistency of a Divine Providence, which creates so much beauty and at the same time gives man's clumsy fingers the power to mar so perfect a work. In the next essay, he accounts for Macaulay's being the "historian of liberty," in much the

same way as one would account for a horse eating provender instead of meat. Macaulay, he says, was gifted in such and such a way, and lived in such and such a time, therefore he wrote and could only have written in the way he did. Further on we find him bringing out other "specimens" of the human mind which occur to him as being similar to his new acquisition—Cicero, Thiers, and Guizot—and we see him compare them carefully and note *why* the Englishman differs from the men of other nationality. In the essays on Guizot, Michelet, and Saint Simon it is the same. One cannot but have the feeling that literature is being taken into a chemical laboratory or a vivisection room, when he reads, "*Décomposer un esprit, c'est démêler en abrégé et d'avance des découvertes et ses erreurs.*" We might also be somewhat nonplussed at the indiscriminating admiration of good and bad points in an author—did not Taine explain that everything is equally valuable, equally admirable as being a specimen for his collection. After laying out Michelet's defects one by one with astounding acumen, he turns and asks, "Are we to blame these faults? . . . No one reproaches a heron for having long fragile legs, a thin body, an habitually dreamy, languid attitude. No one blames the sea tern for having such long wings. . . . In every case there is some design of nature, and a naturalist's duty is to understand and not to ridicule. *The critic is the naturalist of the soul.* He takes all the divers forms for granted; he condemns none of them, describes them all; he holds that a passionate imagination (such as Michelet's) is a force as legitimate and as admirable as the metaphysical faculty or the gift of eloquence; instead of tearing it with scorn, he dissects it with care; he puts it into the same museum as the others, and considers it as important as any other; he rejoices when he sees it to think of the fecundity of nature." What naturalist is this? He calls himself the naturalist of the soul (his theories might be termed psychonomics to distinguish them from psychology). But he is more than a naturalist—he is a chemist as well. Turn to the essay on Troplong and de Montalembert. "Every nation is, so to speak, some great experiment of nature's. Each country is a crucible in which certain substances are cast in certain proportions and under certain conditions (prepare the test tubes and the bunsen burner!).



The substances are the nation's temperament and its traits of character. The conditions consist of the climatic influences and the original situation and condition of the people. The mixture ferments in accordance with fixed laws, imperceptibly during centuries, and produces in one case stable matter, in another substance liable to explode. What a joy it is to watch the stupendous forces which make those vast masses simmer gently and incessantly. The mind is filled with the idea of the incalculable power which jumbles or scatters or solders together the whole mass of living particles which is subject to its influence. One realises the regular process which, by means of a defined number of inevitable transformations, develops everything until it attains its ultimate and predestined condition. One delights in sympathising with the all-powerfulness of nature and smiles to see how the eternal chemist can, by means of a slight modification of the conditions, bring about revolutions, drive on the nations to their destined greatness or decay, to the fulfilment of their allotted part in the great work, through all the suffering they are bound to bear. . . . We who are confined to a little corner of space, and whose span of life is so ephemeral, so liable to be cut short by some chance accident, can nevertheless discover several of these laws and learn to conceive of this life as a whole. That fact alone makes life worth living; fortune and nature have been kind to us."†

Whatever we may think of such speculation, there is no denying the splendour of the imagination, and those who care to read it in the original will find that the language is fully as fine as the thoughts. It is perhaps not too much to say that such a conception is too vast to become practically useful within the short space of one man's life, and when Taine died he left his work unfinished, but with the consolation that others would carry it on after him, just as he had continued the work left half accomplished by Montesquieu—had borne the torch as long as he could run.

One of the most remarkable of the essays is the one on Balzac, and it is the one in which Taine's chemical formulas (to speak metaphorically) are most conspicuous. Taine was a very great admirer of Balzac—to the extent of calling him the Shakespeare of France. For some reason or another

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† Essay on Troplong and de Montalembert.

the mere thought of Balzac gives us the impression of something molten fizzling in a crucible—will the reader's mind already be influenced to this extent? But as we read the graphic description of Balzac shutting himself up in his room for days at a time, of his eccentric personality in and out of doors, of the unflagging struggle to make money, and of the extraordinary existence which none but the strongest could have withstood, we lapse into Taine's way of thinking and can imagine these "ingredients" being mixed with the divers traits of his mind, his tastes and his capabilities, and we can foresee that when the mixture begins to heat—when Balzac finds no other means of making money, the vapours will escape where they can and the high pressure of passionate thought will find a vent in the unlimited number of novels, teeming with the class of men and women he cared to study and had eyes to see. One cannot but feel how deeply Taine sympathises with this powerful mind struggling in the narrow circumstances of want. But the rich flood of Balzac's thought found an outlet somehow, and throughout the novels there is a superfluity of matter which Taine very justly compares to all the lovely poetry which enriches and at the same time encumbers so many of Shakespeare's plays. Just as the five short acts of a drama seem quite inadequate to contain all that the wealth of Shakespeare's mind poured into them, so in the same way Balzac's novels are over-loaded with thought and are considered by some entirely marred thereby. But Taine pursues his analysis to the end, and in *Seraphita* and *Louis Lambert* discovers the "full flowering" of Balzac's genius. Doubtless, when he wrote the last words of that striking essay, Taine smiled to see the workings of the eternal chemist, and was glad in sympathising with the all-powerfulness of nature.

A more personal glimpse of Taine is to be obtained in the essay on La Bruyère, and in the touching tribute to his friend, Franz Woepke. In both of these he involuntarily reveals his own personal tastes and inclinations. How sympathetically he tells the beautiful story of the publication of *Les Caractères*. "La Bruyère came almost daily and sat in the shop of a bookseller whose name was Michallat, and there he looked at the new books or played with the bookseller's child, a little girl he had come to love. One day he

drew from his pocket a manuscript and said to Michallat: 'Will you publish this for me? (it was *Les Caractères*). I do not know whether or not it will profit you, but should it prove successful, I would like the proceeds to be put on one side for this little girlie.' The book was issued and almost immediately the first edition was bought up; the publisher was obliged to reprint it several times, and all in all he reaped two or three hundred thousand francs, which he was able to lay aside as his little daughter's unexpected dowry."

The respect he had for Woepke was undoubtedly in great measure due to the sympathy he felt for his self-sacrificing life. Both men were very shy and reticent, but after a while they opened their hearts to each other and met on common ground. They both believed in what may be called the Spinoza-Marcus-Aurelius creed, and they were both the kind of stoics which such a creed produces. Whether or not their researches profited them, each felt sure that he was not labouring in vain, for the facts he might not be able to make use of himself might serve another who followed in his steps. Woepke said, "My one satisfaction is that those who come after me will find a conscientious research, one which they can trust and by the help of which they will be able to advance further." It is the old story of the front ranks lying in the trenches or in the moats for others to pass over them and thus conquer. It is the implicit trust that our little lives are valuable only as fractions and factors of the great universe. "Virtue," Taine says, "consists in sacrificing oneself for the benefit of mankind. . . . I know a man who, after the ten hours' bread-winning toil and when his wife and children are gone to sleep, sits up to write the tedious paragraphs of a Biblical Dictionary, and his Greek and Hebrew were learnt to that end in his spare moments." Taine cannot be wrong in saying that devotion to an ideal is the outcome of a firm belief that the individual is worthless unless working for the whole. He asks what pleasure there can be in such a task as deciphering illegible manuscripts, copying thousands of verses, correcting faulty texts, comparing and annotating the various versions, reading the same thing two or three times again as proofs, etc. . . . And yet in this it is the same as in all cases of fatigue duty,\*

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\* Corvée.

there is never a lack of volunteers. When an officer requires twenty men to volunteer for a hazardous task, there are always forty ready to come forward. The mere thought of a useful work with a noble aim is sufficient to overcome half-heartedness or faint-heartedness. As soon as a man realises that he is, so to speak, a portion of the *works* of the universe, he no longer thinks of himself but of the work. Whether or not Taine's theory be what he thought it was, all must acknowledge and respect the single-mindedness and noble purpose of his life. He tells us somewhere that he considers two things the ruling influences of modern civilisation: the sense of honour, by which a man assumes rights of which nothing can deprive him; and conscience, a faculty which enables him to conceive absolute justice. It is but natural that such a man should have shunned popularity and lived his regular studious life in seclusion. Quite early in life his friends are said to have called him *Monsieur* Taine (with some friends we dare not drop the Mr.), and in later life he only gave a few the chance of calling him even that. He refused to be interviewed by anyone, and kept his doors shut to all but his most intimate friends. It is amusing to read what he says on the subject when discussing Dickens' habits. "One has the right to keep back as much of himself as he likes. Because an author gives his writings to the world is no reason for letting it have his life as well." And if Woepke could say "*J'ai pris la vie par le côté poétique*," Taine could certainly claim to have done the same, he whose powerful mind was as much at home in the most varied fields of thought, who was capable of enjoying the manifold beauties of nature, art, literature, and science, and who was as musical as he was artistic. To realise the breadth of his mind and the amount of invaluable criticism he might have written, had he chosen to devote his energies to that branch of literature, one must turn to his essay on Racine, in which he meets all the objections Anglo-Saxons are wont to repeat when discussing the works of the great French tragedian. To be sure he cannot help considering Racine from the scientific point of view—what did he inherit from his country, and in what surroundings was he placed, what faculties had he, and in what mould were they cast?—but the most interesting passages are those in defence of Racine's dramatic methods.

In this case it is not merely the naturalist admiring the long-winded eloquence because it exists (just as he would admire Swift and Byron *à titre de curiosité*), but the artist enjoying what is beautiful. Racine's plays are as distinct from the realistic drama of to-day as the latter is from opera. Racine without eloquence would be like an opera without music; both are beautiful and he can enjoy them both. And yet we know that his favourite poets were Englishmen. It is not given to everyone to really understand and appreciate such extremes as Hamlet, Mithridate, Hegel and Balzac!

Taine spoke (in one of the passages quoted above) of the history of nations seeming like great experiments of nature. This idea throws an interesting light on his essay on Buddhism. It is not surprising that in spite of his self-control he is occasionally tempted by a marvellous subject to forget his scientific aims. But it is amusing to notice how he pulls himself up over and over again when he becomes conscious of enlarging upon the exquisite beauty of the Indian epics, or the almost supernatural subtleness of the pantheistic or metaphysical dogmas. In spite of all his undisguised enthusiasm, he is all the while taking notes as he progresses, thinking out, for instance, the causes of the similarity and dissimilitude of the destinies of the two great branches of the Indo-Germanic race. What would not this man have accomplished had all his powers been developed? As an historian he might have combined the passionate imagination of Michelet and the methodical classification of Guizot; as a critic he would have been the natural successor of Sainte Beuve; as an artist he might have produced prose works such as only a Frenchman could write — the work one might reasonably be led to expect by the descriptions of his travels in the Pyrenées, in Italy, and in England. But unfortunately life is very short, and it is only as a philosopher that Taine's powers can really be gauged, though even these were restrained by circumstances. His marriage in 1868, and the events of 1870-71 turned his thoughts to questions connected with the land of which he was a citizen. As a married man he had a home for which he felt anxious, and as a Frenchman he was shocked at the result of the war. He threw himself heart and soul into the study of contemporary France and of its origins. The result of his vast researches

was published in a series of volumes entitled, "*Les origines de la France contemporaine*," and met with the disapproval even of some of his most ardent admirers. To a Frenchman his admiration of Englishmen and of English institutions seems excessive, and it is not difficult to understand that the man whose political views were founded on such thoughts as those we find in his essay on Jefferson should not find many who fully sympathise with him in a country like the France of the present day.

He was a worker and a reader to the end of his long life. "Each generation," he said, "must read a few pages of the volume which has no ending. When the time comes for me to close my books, I will do so with a feeling of my own weakness. I see the limits of my own range of thought, not those of the mind of mankind."

G. L. F.

## NATURAL CO-ORDINATION OF SUBJECTS OF INSTRUCTION.

BY THE REV. C. H. PAREZ.

IN the interesting Report on the Rural Schools of North-West France, by Mr. Cloudesley Brereton, in Vol. VII. of the "Special Reports issued by the Board of Education," there is a paragraph at page 139 on the curriculum as a whole, which appears to me to contain a germinal thought, which, when allowed free scope, should prove to be of the utmost value, and render the instruction of young children even more captivating than it is often at present made to be by the loving care of our Kindergarten teachers. The principle enunciated in this paragraph is that of dove-tailing, or more than dove-tailing, the different subjects so that they interlock one with another, mutually explaining and illustrating one another, "not really detachable, as parts of a watch" that can be taken to pieces, but members of one body, each explicable by its relation to the others.

Now, the idea of inter-connection of the various parts of the school curriculum is not wholly new; it has been for some time in the minds of our teachers, especially, as I fancy, in our Infant Schools; the various lessons have been made in this way to illustrate one another, and additional interest has thus been imparted to each. But when reflection is excited as to the underlying reason for this inter-connection of the subjects, there begins to arise in the mind a doubt whether the principle has already ever been thoroughly carried out. For, the *raison d'être* for this close interweaving of the mental efforts of the little ones, what is it but the recognition of the excellence of *naturalness* in the directing of the children's attention, of making all attempts at teaching to be drawn forth by what excites a child's inquisitiveness in things presented to its notice? Now, if this principle is to be carried out fully, then the idea of "lessons" ought to be relegated and replaced rather by that of "talks"; not only so, but even the *apparatus* of lessons ought at first, at any rate, to be kept in the background. The moment the apparatus is produced, that moment there enters into the child's mind the idea of a "lesson," that is, of work; almost

inevitably of, to a certain extent, drudgery. The expectation of a "lesson," with the customary paraphernalia of, it may be, the beadwires, or, it may be, the form-and-colour box, or what not, dulls the interest of the children; the method is one that is artificially devised, not that arises naturally out of their surroundings or from some object of interest submitted to their notice. If the children's minds are to be engaged in a life-like way, then the oftener the routine of the lesson idea can be avoided the better will be the result. Froebel did much for the children he loved so well, yet it is recognised that his "gifts" are of an artificial description. In Nature one finds imperfectly rounded bodies, as apples, nuts, oranges, &c., — not spheres; one finds curved lines, not straight; the wavy lines of leaves, the rounded, irregular outlines of clouds, not the straight edges and plane faces of the cube. The one thing that Nature seems to abhor more than any other—unless under the term Nature the imaginative products of the human mind be included — is a straight line. Nature again seems to delight in the odd numbers three and five, which rarely enter into the artificially devised "gifts." The four-sided figure of straight lines is the conception of the human mind. When Johnnie and Mary wish to divide a piece of cake or an apple between them, it would no doubt be inconvenient to make the division by curved lines and surfaces; the apple is divided by a plane surface or an approximation thereto; the cake is probably made into squares or oblongs. The science of geometry arose from the necessities of agriculture. The field is more easily divided, whether for partition among cultivators, or for various crops, in oblongs than in any other way. The four-sided figure is among the most convenient for men's operations. Yet how seldom the number four is found in nature. It may be said, indeed, that there is the obvious instance of quadrupeds; but is it not a more correct conception to regard them as having two fore-legs and two hind-legs, two pairs of like things, rather than grouping together two sets of unlike things under one heading? In the same way, the insect should be rather described as having a pair of three rather than as having six legs. How often do the numbers three and five occur in Nature? Yet how seldom are they brought under the notice of young children? Yet the instances are close at hand, at the very door. The commonest weed will probably supply



instances of it. The petals and sepals are generally in threes or fives; the stamens should probably be arranged in pairs of these numbers. Leaves are partitioned into an odd number of segments, three, five, seven; so in zoology, the number five appears more frequently—seems to be more favoured by Dame Nature than any other. Yet how seldom does it figure in the school curriculum? Only, with the exception of the reference to the human hand, by the introduction before the children of the “pentagon,” dreadful to them by its name, and as far removed from anything that will ever naturally present itself to them as can be conceived. It is a curious fact that used often to come under my notice that in giving a lesson on “A Fraction” to, say, the Fourth Standard, the teacher would confine himself to halves, fourths, eighths, seldom venturing on the odd denominators, three, five, &c., which, however, would have been really the more effective ones for the purpose of the lesson, because carrying the children into the more general conception of a fraction rather than to that to which familiarity had enslaved them. But there is no reason why our infants should not from natural objects be familiarised with the numbers three, five, &c., and even be prepared for the comprehension of such things as “thirds” and “fifths.”

But there is no need to make a special “lesson” on these numbers; and here comes in the principle of the interweaving of the ideas which need not be made entirely separate subjects of instruction. We wish more than we have done formerly to open children’s eyes to things around them, especially to make country children find a pleasure and an interest in rural sights and sounds. The weeds that continually meet their eyes; the flowers of their gardens; birds and their habits, &c. These are things in which children may be easily drawn to take a delight, and only do not readily find such delight because there has not been the kindly eye and hand of someone to direct them. And then when their observation is turned towards such things, the arithmetical lesson, if such it must be named, will present itself without being specially called in. It is indeed natural to children to count. “Counting,” indeed, though there may be something indefinite in the term, seems to me a pleasanter term to use in regard to infants than “arithmetic.”

It happened accordingly to me to use the former word in my reports upon infant schools, until the *force majeure* of red tape intervened, and compelled obedience to the adoption of the more formal and formidable term "arithmetic." But then, is there never to be a formal arithmetic lesson in an infant school? Well, there are limits no doubt to the adaptiveness of the most lively Kindergarten teachers, and there may be a right and proper use of the stereotyped lesson with the bead wires; but such lessons should be at any rate infrequent; not the daily food; should be brought in occasionally as a change; a seldom-used means of "fixing" what had been previously "developed"—to use terms borrowed from the photographer's art—in the children's minds. In the case of the young children, the "development" is of infinitely more value towards mental training than the "fixing." The natural should be the groundwork; the artificial should be brought in only at the end, or at any rate previously tabooed, so far as the capacity of the teacher admits.

But, of course, all instruction cannot be confined to references to external nature. This must be admitted, but it is important to note the reason *why* this is so. Man and his works are after all part of nature. It is this unfortunate interposition of that disturbing element, the mind of man, in the world, that necessitates the giving of so much that is artificial to the school curriculum. The child, innocent as he is of the fact, is the heir of the ages. Reading is a very artificial thing. To a thoroughly illiterate person the ease of decipherment of the characters of letters and words shown by a fluent reader has in fact the appearance of something magical. Reading and writing of course go together, and with them to some extent must be joined arithmetic, inasmuch as it also is dependent upon a written character or symbol. How slowly, through what long ages of toil and upward endeavour have these arts been brought by the human mind to their present perfection! Here no doubt is the great crux of the teacher. How to facilitate to the minds of the children the manipulation of these artificial symbols with the least possible artificiality of method? How to make the entrance into these arcana as little abrupt as possible? Of the three "R's," reading is the one which in this respect presents the greatest difficulty. Writing may be connected with drawing, which should certainly precede it, and the writing of letters

should of course be made to follow upon the demonstration of their use as symbols in reading; it is in the latter therefore that the greater difficulty to the teacher arises and has to be surmounted. Arithmetic may and should be co-ordinated with the affairs of ordinary life, such as are in the field of the child's own needs and thoughts or come naturally within its own observation; but here again, it is when the explanation of symbols has to be undertaken that difficulty is felt. The abstract symbol must of course be placed beside the concrete object, or at least some pictorial representation of it. And to this adoption of the maxim, "from the known to the unknown," may perhaps also be wisely added to some extent the illustration of the method of making the instruction go along with the actual evolution of each subject, as it occurred historically in its progressive development by the human mind. This method, as is well known, is insisted upon by educationists of great name; among others by the apostle of naturalistic teaching, Herbert Spencer. His theory is often regarded as somewhat of a "fad," and to carry it out in detail would be no doubt tedious and unnecessary. Yet it might well be borne in mind and used with advantage to a modified extent.

In teaching reading therefore, those friendly guides of the young mind are probably justified who begin by placing before the child the picture, say, of a bat, and beside it the word "bat," the ideograph first, afterwards the "phonetic." The picture at once asserts itself to the infant mind as a representation of the object; the symbol is no doubt arbitrary, but by observation and repetition becomes associated in it with the picture, and so with the idea of the thing. By beheading and betailing the word "bat," the force of the component elements, the single letters can be shown; and afterwards other words, as "mat," &c., can be similarly treated; and later the variations of "fan," "man," "pin," "tin," &c.—object and symbol being ever linked, and helped by attempts at drawing, and gradually also by writing.

Similarly, in unriddling the mystery of arithmetical notation; every good teacher would naturally above the "tens" column exhibit actual bundles of things in tens, or pictures of baskets containing, it may be, *ten* eggs or *ten* marbles each, in a different coloured chalk from that used for the "units" column. But might it not be as well in

introducing first the mystery of the "cipher," to adopt to some extent the evolutionary method, and to make the principle of the cipher attractive by comparison with the more cumbrous arithmetical system previously in vogue? The latter, indeed, has its own recommendations. In adding 5 and 6, or 5 and 8, we nowadays rightly teach children to split up the 6 and the 8 into  $5 + 1$ ;  $5 + 3$ ; and so to arrive at the totals of  $10 + 1$ ,  $10 + 3$ , to suit our notation; but this is even more easily shown in the Roman method, where V. and VI., or V. and VIII. indicate at a glance the separation of the 5's; while the comparison of the methods of representing the totals as XI., 11; and XIII., 13 respectively will be easy and interesting. This may lead on to showing the superiority of the later method, when larger numbers, such as 13 and 23 have to be dealt with, and enable the young child of modern days to rejoice that he was not born a Roman, and by increase of interest the more easily to surmount this early "pons asinorum."

There is an anecdote of Froebel, the child-lover, leading out a group of children to a hill outside a village; leading them and beguiling them with similar art to that of the Pied Piper of Hamelyn, but with benevolent instead of malicious intent, until with him they found themselves by surprise at the top. The hill difficulty has somehow to be surmounted; when it has been clomb, a wide plateau with many devious paths expands before the eye; and those who have gained the summit for themselves will choose different paths. One will naturally betake himself to fields of literature, or to scientific observation; one will find his natural vent in pursuing the more abstract studies of mathematics or even metaphysics. Once the hill is clomb, each to his taste; but what the teacher has to do is to make the ascent as little difficult as possible, to ease the slope. Of all the methods that may be adopted for this purpose none seems to be more hopeful than that which is indicated in the paragraph above referred to. Not merely to coordinate the subjects of instruction, but to introduce them and to carry on the instruction in them unartificially, unabruptly, weaving them one into another and drawing them out in a natural way from the surroundings of the children, thus incidentally combining "naturkunde" and the reasoning and reflective powers of mind. This surely is the method of the future; in it lies the secret of wholesome, tearless instruction.

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

[These twenty-four letters to beginners and amateurs in sketching were written from 1891 onwards, at the command of the Editor, in order to form a correspondence-class in connection with the work of the *Parents' Review*. The class ran successfully until, as the last article said, we had to bring to an end both our series of papers and our Fésole Club, because it was impossible to carry on the class as it was then constituted without the occasional paper, and impossible to write the paper, adapting it to new members, without going back over the old ground and wearying the general reader.]

The Editor has now complimented me by proposing a reprint. It is not intended to start the club afresh, but perhaps the articles may be of some use, especially as I hope to add a little gossip about the working of the scheme, and tell how my pupils managed to follow the directions of their unseen and unknown teacher, and when they failed, and, so far as I can, why they failed. In that way, perhaps, the new series may have a new interest, being to some extent an object-lesson in one form of education.]

### I.—WO DIE CITRONEN BLÜH'N.

LATE in the autumn of 1882 I was travelling with Mr. Ruskin in Italy. We had driven up from Florence in the heat of the day; sketched Fra Angelico's monastery—the "Tuscan artist's" observatory that Milton speaks of, on "the top of Fésole"; with sunlight slanting across its pines and purple summits of Apennine looking in among their stems; and we went down before dusk to see the ancient walls of the town. Just outside the gate, my guide, philosopher and friend showed me a strange thing: how the Cyclopean masonry of the foundations seemed to pass by hardly noticeable degrees into a natural escarpment of living rock, so bedded and jointed that it looked like handiwork of men. It seemed that the prehistoric builders had fixed upon that natural feature as the opportunity for their citadel, and only sought to complete and continue the natural wall by fitting together such blocks of native limestone as lay at hand, exactly after the pattern of Nature, bed to bed, and joint to joint.

That, said my teacher, began Etruscan architecture, exemplifying for all time the first law of good building—how stones may be well and truly laid. It grew into the wonderful art which Etruria taught to all Italy; by which Rome itself—not in a day—was built; and after many days Florence, too, down in Val d'Arno, with her Baptistery and Duomo and Giotto's Tower, the consummation of architecture. Meanwhile Fæsulæ—Fésole—Fiesole, founded by the mountain giants, Cyclopes and star-gazing Atlas, grew to be the central and sacred home of Etruscan thought and art, giving out their laws to all the western world, as Athens to Greece. Upon this old citadel was reared the house where the painter-saint of mediæval Christianity in a trance saw heaven opened and angels ascending and descending. There, later still, to the beginner of modern science, heaven once more was opened, if it were only through a telescope: no angels there now, but in their place the mystery of eternal law and the power that guides the stars in their courses. And these—the mythic laws of Fors and Fas, the mystic laws of Heaven and Hell, and the scientific laws of the sacred book of Nature; the triune codes of Conduct, and Faith, and Knowledge—indivisible when rightly viewed, and indissoluble, are the presences that haunt this city of the mountain—the Laws of Fésole.

Founded upon the living rock, built up out of it line upon line, after the primal ordinance of Nature, but repairing its broken places, strengthening its weaker sides, raising its height still higher—that is a parable to us of another sort of Building, with which we are all concerned—the edification of living temples, the education of the human spirit. In *this* architecture, too, we must work according to those first laws of Fésole, not vainly hoping to conjure up an Aladdin-palace out of vacancy, nor hastily piling a Babel of far-fetched graces and futile accomplishments, but developing the resources and confirming the powers which the Creator has given; so that, one with another, the lives we have to form may stand together, wisely planned and nobly grouped into a new city, gloriously to be spoken of, whose foundation is in the Holy Mountains.

And for this end there are many means, which we do not well to neglect. “As well the singers as the players on

instruments shall be there." You see that this inspired conception of a city of God included the finer arts as necessary to its perfection; poetry and music are named as its glories; there was no need to mention the sculptor's work of chapter and cherubim, the embroidery of the Vail in blue and purple and crimson. Mere walls, you had thought, and a roof would have been enough; but it was not so.

Art, as a means of education, has not used its privileges and fulfilled its mission. It has been too often employed in the service of vanity, to teach a mere "accomplishment," an idle trick, by which the amusement of an odd half-hour shall be passed off as a colourable imitation of the work of genius and labour. There is no education in that, any more than in teaching dogs to dance and parrots to talk. And yet Art, when rightly directed, is educational, for it trains not only one faculty, but all the faculties together; it trains the hand and the eye, and it trains the head and the heart; it teaches us to see, and to see truly; it teaches us to think—that, science can do; but it teaches us also to admire and to love.

In this belief, Ruskin began, in his later years, to re-write his teaching, and to re-arrange it in accordance with those methods which a long experience and study had shown him to be the best and truest. Both because the laws he attempted to lay down were the natural and simple canons of practice, like that earliest Etruscan building, developing the powers which we all have in our possession, in solid and straightforward progress; and because his method was learnt from those Italian masters whose art centred in Fiesole, he called his book "The Laws of Fésole."

But that book was never finished. Ill-health and other claims on the author's attention made it impossible for him to carry out his plan completely; and yet the spirit of it is sufficiently indicated for our guidance, if we choose it as a guide, in the learning of this art as a means—not of accomplishment—but of education.

We have been talking about the land where, as Mignon's song says, the lemons grow. All our best lessons on painting come from Italy, and artists, you know, are fond of Italian models. Shall we ask one to sit for us for our first attempt? Some teachers would bid you begin with the "Marmorbilden,"

and keep you a year at the antique; but we may as well study Nature from the first, and if we can't get a Mignon to paint, we can get one of her lemons for a penny. I dare say there is one in the store-room. . . .

I can find only one, and that is a poor specimen; it is not elegant and elliptical, like most lemons; it is too dumpy and lumpy to be perfect, and the wrinkle at the end farthest from the stalk is grossly exaggerated, so that the tip of it is tilted back like a snub nose, or the cap of liberty. It will hardly do for an example. And yet the founders of Fiesole used the material that came to hand; and, indeed, as this lemon lies on the table, I feel that I maligned it at first. It is not a mere lump; see how it pulls itself together to the place where the stalk has been, and swells away from the little round brown spot in varying surfaces that sometimes seem as though they were going to be flat, and then glide into roundness again, like a crystal whose facets have been almost worn away by ages of washing in a river-bed. And then its splendid lustre, and glow of colour! Decidedly, it is worth painting.

But I can't paint it lying down there on the table. I want it on the level of the eye, and farther away. Some other day we can discuss the reasons why; meanwhile, let us put it on the cabinet at the end of the room, about, or nearly, twelve feet away. You think it is too far off to be seen properly; but look! as it stands there it seems, somehow, rounder than it did before; the bright shine comes out brighter, and the dark side seems fuller and broader; all the texture, the little details you expected to be so troublesome, have disappeared; and we see nothing but a space of yellow—so gradated that you recognise it for a solid mass. I put a dark-green book behind it against the wall, to relieve it more distinctly. How it glows there like a golden lamp in the green gloom! Decidedly, it is worth painting.

For a start, we don't need an elaborate outfit: say ten two-penny tubes of moist water colours—cobalt blue, Prussian blue, gamboge, pale chrome yellow, orange chrome, yellow ochre, raw sienna, burnt sienna, light red and crimson lake. Later we may want Chinese white, but it is easier to begin water colour in transparent paints. A plate will do for a palette. A half-crown flat sable brush will serve for most



purposes. In drawing papers, the most generally useful is the surface known as N (*i.e.* not rough nor hot-pressed): a 7 by 5-inch block costs 1s. 6d.

I want to dash away with bright yellow and dark green at once, but we must have an outline to guide the colour. At least, the Laws of Fésole say so. Plenty of clever painting is done without preliminary outlining, and to that power we all hope to attain. But if you can knock in these forms accurately with a brush and a blot you don't need lessons in the rudiments of art.

How big is the outline to be? Better make it just the size of the real thing. We want to train our eyes to accuracy, and we don't train them unless we accustom them to accuracy from the first. Some teachers, I know, forbid measuring, and in an examination that is right; but in study, the more carefully you measure at first with compasses, the sooner you will get the power of measuring with the eye. Take the length and breadth of the lemon, and mark them on the paper with dots; and now draw the outline, if you please.

You can't at a single stroke! No, more can I, to confess the truth. It seemed that almost any round would do, for this is not an elegant lemon. But here it is a little flattened—not too much; it must be rounder. No, that is too round; more tapered towards the point of its snub nose. No, not so much! Well, with pencil and indiarubber we have done our best, and ask the first comer to criticise. We are told: "I think you have made it too *cornery* here and too fat there, but I am not an artist, and I really don't know." Never mind! you are right, and it shall be altered. Is it correct now? Then we had better fix that line with pen and ink, so that it may never get lost when we rub the pencil away. No matter if it shows when the painting is done; it is far too curious and interesting to lose; it has cost us something, and we love it for that—too well to lose it. And now to draw any other shapes in our picture in the same way.

At last we may paint! Without shading? Certainly. If we were not going to colour, shading would be necessary, but when we have coloured properly we shall find that the shading will be there. It will be wise to begin with the background and save up the bright yellow for a treat at the last.

To get the colours right at once, we can mix them first, and touch the tint on the edge of a separate slip of the same sort of paper, and hold it up in a good light (so as neither to get a shade nor a shine on it) against the object—not *touching* the object, but at arm's length between the eye and the object in the distance. The dark-green book seems to be imitable with burnt sienna and Prussian blue. Dry the slip quickly by the fire, and you see it fades a little when dry; so we must put more strength and warmth into our tint, to allow for the colour's drying colder; and remember this as a convenient rule.

Now lay the same tint over the background, not very wet. Where deeper shadows come, throw in some more colour, dryer; and where the lights come, take them out with a nearly dry brush while the tint is still wet. Do a small piece at a time, stopping at any convenient line, or else the colour will dry before you can get your lights taken out and your darks thrown in; and don't put in the darks with very wet colour, or it will run about into slops.

It looks far too dark, does it not? But that is because of its contrast with the white paper. You know how dark even a clean handkerchief looks in the snow. As we have matched the colour, it is bound to be right; and it looks sloppy and granular, but it will dry into flatness and transparency; or, if not to-day, it will come right another day, after you have had a little more practice.

Now, the colour of the cabinet, which is puzzling; burnt sienna won't do without some blue in it; and then perhaps some crimson, and then perhaps some yellow; we shall get it at last. And finally the lemon itself, for which raw chrome-yellow is not enough; it needs a little orange and gamboge to warm it, and the dark side is a very deep yellow—raw sienna chiefly. If it were a very dull day we should need a little blue, for the less light there is in the sky the more grey is in the shades indoors. But the dark side of that lemon will never be black or brown by daylight.

It seems tedious to match these colours, but the work goes more quickly for it in the end; there is no uncertainty, and muddling, and rubbing out, and getting into despair, and wasting time, thanks to the Laws of Fésole. We have tinted the lemon, taken out its light, thrown in its dark, and the

drawing is done; a rather long hour's lesson, but not much more. We will place the picture beside the object and look at them from a distance.

Extremely like! but not exactly like; fainter and mistier, for the tones you matched were the real tones as seen through a dozen feet of atmosphere and suffusing light. Not only the tones, but the colours seem fainter than Nature's. You want to paint them up? more yellow, more green and brown? Very well; try. . . .

You have got your picture darker and deeper in colour, but what has happened? Somehow the sweetness of the colour is gone, its luminousness and the freshness of the first wet work; it is beginning to look what artists call "heavy." And though it will not seem so violent at a distance, it is getting just a little "vulgar"; the refinement and softness of the real tones, harmonised by atmosphere and suffusion, are gone. If you were always to see your picture at the distance of its objects it would be right, but as it stands it is spoiled.

But the lemon will keep, and you can make another drawing; careful outline, penned down; matched tints, steadily laid; no retouching; and if that fails, another till you are satisfied.

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The rest of the paper gave directions to intending pupils about sending in their work. Thirty-one contributed; the contagion of enthusiasm also fired a little girl of five to produce a creditable orange on a bit of note paper, showing that the subject was not too difficult. So far as there were failures, they came from the "little knowledge" which is the "dangerous thing." Some, having shaded from the cast, worked their lemons into cannon balls with black darks and blazing lights. Others, having heard that rough paper is proper for sketches, used a surface so coarse that their tints were mottled with white specks; or, knowing that outlines ought not to be seen in marketable pictures, shirked the penwork altogether. But the object of the lesson was to make them look for themselves, not painting by recipe; and I was much uplifted by the first month's results.

## MOTHERS' EDUCATION COURSE.

### NOTES FROM A DIVINITY PAPER.

BY MRS. T. S. COLE.

PROBABLY the force and value of the Messianic Psalms is largely discounted by us because we have been so accustomed from our earliest days to think of Christ and these Psalms in connection. Suppose that knowing our Gospels, we had suddenly come across these passages in the Jewish poetry bearing upon Him. Or suppose that knowing our Psalms we had suddenly been introduced to the gospel pictures of Christ, having previously known nothing of them. What an intense and eager interest would have been awakened in us by so marvellous a response of literature to literature across the ages! "How came this to be?" we should ask. "May we argue from this coincidence a unity beneath all the apparent dissimilarity?" Certain the fact remains, however we choose to think of it. Jewish poetry supplies words which Christ Himself appropriates to Himself. Take the Passion Psalms—to say the least of it, does it not appear wonderful that centuries before the event such graphic phrases should be written as these in the 22nd Psalm: "All they that see me laugh me to scorn; they shoot out the lip, they shake the head. . . . I am poured out like water and all my bones are out of joint. . . . My strength is dried up like a potsherd; and my tongue cleaveth to my jaws. . . . They pierce my hands and my feet. . . . They part my garments among them, and upon my vesture do they cast lots." Even those who deny the divinity of our Lord must feel the pathetic suggestiveness of the quotation of the opening verse of this Psalm in the very moment of His dying agony. Or turn to the 69th and read again: "They that hate me without a cause are more than the hairs of mine head. . . . For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up: and the reproaches of them that reproach Thee are fallen upon me. . . . And I looked for some to take pity, but there was none; and for comforters, but I found none: They gave me also gall for my meat; and in my thirst they gave me vinegar to drink."

Suppose one says: "Truly a marvellously appropriate quotation, but nothing more — nothing unparalleled in

literature." Still, we maintain the suggestiveness of the fact that such descriptions of the deepest depths of human agony should be more perfectly realised in the Christ than in any other human being. He stands before us as the supreme Sufferer. If we try to let that fact have its due and lawful effect on us—Christ the Sufferer—and then ask ourselves "Why?" What unfathomable abysses open before us! In casting about for an answer there surely must come to us, at all events tentatively, gleaming for a moment down the black gulf of unmerited agony, such words as Isaiah's: "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows: He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with His stripes we are healed."

The Psalms then enforce the teaching of the Gospels as no other literature could. When we turn to such Psalms as the 2nd, the 45th, the 72nd, the 110th,—picturing the triumph of the Messiah—we cannot, from our present standpoint, see their aptness in the same way. That waits for the future to reveal it. But who can blame us if we nevertheless cling to them with special affection? The New Testament is full, not only of interpretation of the past, but of great and wonderful hope for the future. It points not only backwards but forwards, and while the Passion Psalms find in the New Testament their fulfilment, the other Messianic Psalms join it in looking still onward and forward to an accomplishment, an achievement still beyond the power of mortal mind to conceive. Psalms and Gospels thus strengthen and confirm each other.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"I will have mercy and not sacrifice."*

The spirit of this word of Christ's is one easy to understand in the present day. We are eminently practical in our religious views. Philanthropic schemes never met with readier support than they do to-day. We, to a large extent, estimate the worth of religious people, the value of their religion, by what they do for their fellow-creatures. And we fully sympathize with the intensely practical spirit of the old prophets who insisted again and again that religion was not a matter of fasts, and feasts, and solemn assemblies, but of love and care for our fellow-creatures. But there is another familiar Old Testament word which we

need to remember side by side with this one to-day. "To *obey* is better than sacrifice." We are not in much danger of exalting sacrifice over what we are pleased to call "service," meaning thereby the service of our fellow-men. But we are in danger of becoming so imbued with the idea of mercy rather than sacrifice, that we undervalue that obedience to God's will, that inward service of God with all the powers of our being, that devotion to God of mind, and soul, and body, which alone can qualify us for real and lasting usefulness to those around us. We need to remember not only that works of mercy are better than mere formalities of religion, but that works of mercy themselves need to be inspired not only by love of our fellow-men, but by devotion to the great Lover of mankind, who alone can fill our hearts with the tenderness, the compassion, the patience that will fit us to bear with the infirmities, and weaknesses, and incapacities of those whom we seek to serve. We may be sure that Christ our Master never meant by quoting this passage to exalt the Marthas over the Marys but only to point out the futility of formal religious service without a corresponding yielding of the man, the inmost shrine of being to the great God and Father of all.

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*"Give us this day our daily bread."*

*For a child of 5.*

Come, little one ; I am going into those lovely yellow corn-fields for a walk, will you come too ? You remember your kindergarten song about the farmer ploughing the field and the rain watering it, and the dainty green blades shooting up—now come and see the tall beautiful golden corn. You know how it will be cut down and thrashed, and taken to the miller and ground, and then the flour will be made into bread. What a lot of people to get our bread ready for us ! The sower, the ploughman, the miller, the baker—we ought to be very thankful to them all, for we couldn't do their hard work, and get our own bread ready. But is there anyone else we ought to thank ? Tell me, who watered those golden fields ? You and I have been very busy this dry season refreshing our little plants every evening with our water cans. You know how tired they looked before being watered, and how they held their heads up bright and fresh again after it. They couldn't do without water. Could the corn ? Well, then, who

waters it? Who makes the big clouds of rain come travelling along the sky, presently to send showers of refreshing water down on the cracked and thirsty fields? No one but God our Father can do that. So really He gives us our bread, doesn't He? Shall we thank Him by trying to be kind and good with everybody about us? and every time we pray this prayer—whether in church, or alone, or at our family prayers together, let us thank God at the same time, and try more to please Him.

*For a child of 15.*

I wonder if ever you and I have sat down to our well-spread table full of the thought—"This is God's answer to my constant prayer for daily bread." I am afraid it has not been so often, if ever. The meaning has dropped out of the prayer, partly because we have said it so often, and partly because we have never had brought home to us our need of it. Yet it is a prayer which Christ Himself, our Master, put into our lips. He must have meant it to mean something for us. Shall we spend just a moment or two thinking about it, that it may be a more real prayer to us when we use it again?

Why did Christ put this clause into the prayer He taught His disciples? Do you agree with me in thinking that probably one reason was His wish to remind us perpetually of our dependence upon God for all the good gifts of this life? We can easily track our comforts back to the earthly father who works hard day by day to earn money to keep the home going, or to the mother who is constantly busy managing the house, and caring for the children. But it needs a little effort to realize how at the bottom of all there is God the great Father. In the case of bread, it is easy to see how no farmer can grow corn without rain, which God alone can give. And Christ takes bread as a type of all our other mercies. If we will be at the pains to think, we shall find that not one of them could be secured by man's unaided effort, any more than bread could.

Then again, why did Christ teach us to ask for *daily* bread? Is it not because He would teach us in connection with the commonest of all our necessities the great lesson of trusting Him moment by moment? You and I in our easy comfortable homes cannot possibly realize what this prayer has meant, and still means, in its literal simplicity to those whose very

subsistence is uncertain from day to day. If we could go round with some "Sister" among the slums of East London, and hear from one and another poor hard-worked, weary creature the testimony that God has never forsaken them, that even in their direst necessities, some opportune gift has arrived just in time, we should see more in this prayer than we ever saw before. But I think as bread stands as a type of all our other mercies, so the difficulty of getting bread stands as the type of all our other difficulties. You and I have no difficulty in getting bread, but already you have lived long enough to find that the path of human life is not all easy. I remember as a girl at college, with an important examination coming on, being left to entertain a friend of my mother's, who was arriving unexpectedly while she was away. I remember so well the puzzle,—“How can I possibly take this friend out to the place where she wants to be taken, if the examination is fixed for the time she arrives?” Ah! these “ifs.” How needlessly they worry us. The hour of the examination was announced, the time of the friend's arrival was arranged, and when the day came, all worked out as smoothly as possible. I was free in ample time to do my duty by the friend.

And as life goes on, this lesson is taught over and over again—difficulties which looked insurmountable work out all right in the light of patience, and trust in God. That's why this word “daily” stands here. We are not to see all the road clearly mapped before us. Where then would be the manifest need of our Guide? We are to walk day by day—nay, often hour by hour—perhaps right up to the great wall across our path—in fear and trembling if we do not trust—but with quietness and confidence if we do. And be sure when the right time comes for you to pass the wall, the right way will be opened. Perhaps

“A way no more expected,  
Than when God's sheep  
Passed through the deep,  
By crystal walls protected.”

But there the way will be.

Shall we try as we use this petition day by day to remember more vividly our dependence upon God, and to practise more constantly the hourly faith in God which is “the victory that overcometh the world”?



## WHAT IS POETRY?

BY H. A. NESBITT, M.A.

THE question, What is Poetry? has been answered in many different ways. Some one quality has often been fixed upon as describing the whole, such as musicalness, imagination, passion. It has been called "Impassioned Truth." I think this was by Ebenezer Elliott, the author of *Corn Law Rhymes*. But truth may be expressed in the most impassioned manner by an orator—and yet we feel that oratory and poetry are two perfectly distinct things. Again and again we hear the criticism applied to a poem: "Yes, it is eloquent, but hardly poetical." When we feel that there is a difference, a difference must exist; all other appearances, as J. S. Mill observes, may be fallacious, but the appearance of a difference is a real difference. It is, however, true that a poem, to be real poetry, must express passion, or, at least, emotion; and another definition, which is perhaps nearer, is, that poetry is "man's thoughts tinged by his emotions." Even this, however, does not distinguish poetry from eloquence. The difficulty of a satisfactory definition has even led some writers to identify poetry with metrical composition, so that "Hey, diddle diddle" would be poetry and the Book of Job would not. But the real antithesis to poetry is not prose, but, as Wordsworth says, "matter of fact or science." Poetry attaches itself to the feelings, not to the belief. It does its work by moving, not by convincing or persuading.

We have got as far as this, then, that poetry is intended to act on the emotions; but we have not distinguished it from the province of the orator or of the novelist. Indeed, in much true oratory and in all good fiction there is poetry; but the interest felt in a story and the interest felt in poetry are radically different. The one depends on incident, on the ingenious working out of a plot, on the accuracy of the picture of life presented; while in the other, the interest is in the representation of feeling.\*

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\*c.f. *Horatius* and *The Gardener's Daughter*.

Children have little feeling for poetry—their experience does not enable them to understand intense emotion or delicate shades of feeling, but children delight in a story. So it is with primitive nations—the story-teller is everywhere in high repute. Poetry, when it is really such, is truth, and fiction also, if it is good for anything, is truth, but they are different truths. The truth of fiction is to give a true picture of life. When, as in *Jane Eyre*, the incidents are improbable and unnatural, we yet feel that the writer, if an inferior novelist, is in her delicate delineation of feeling a true poet. Impassioned truth—but is poetry truth? Most poetry refers to fanciful creations of the imagination, so that the word poetical is used humorously to indicate falsity. The truth that there is in poetry is this; it must give a correct picture of the emotion of the writer; if that be affected or fictitious it is not true poetry. It is true that the same poem may have both kinds of interest—the interest of the story and the interest of emotion, and in one kind of poetry, the dramatic, they must both be present. Even then they are perfectly distinguishable, and may exist in unequal quality and the most varied proportion. The plots of Byron's plays are poor and ineffective, while the poetry is of a high order. On the other hand, in such a play as the *Lady of Lyons*, the plot is effective, while there is not a feeling exhibited which is not either false or commonplace.

Before proceeding I may be allowed to say something of the medium by which thought is conveyed: I mean language. Everything beyond the tangible things about us and our simplest requirements involves the use of metaphor. What is a *metaphor*? To understand what a metaphor is we must begin with a *simile*. To say that a cat is like a lion is only a *similarity*, because there is actual physical resemblance.

“What though my hours of bliss have been  
Like angels' visits, few and far between,”

This is only a similarity. The hours have been few and far between, and the visits have been few and far between, but—

“By the fair and brave,  
Who blushing unite;  
Like the sun and wave  
When they meet at night.”

Here the resemblance is not between the things, but between their relations to one another. As the sun meets the wave so the fair meets the brave.

Or, "the ship cleaves the water like a plough." We mean that the relation of the ship to the water is like the relation of the plough to the land. We might almost put it as a proportion—

Ship : Water : : Plough : Land.

A simile then is the likeness between relations. Now, if instead of saying that the ship is *like* a plough, we say that the ship *is* a plough, we get a metaphor—

" Her timbers yet are sound,  
And she may float again;  
And charged with England's thunder,  
May plough the distant main."

Here we *say* "may plough." We *mean* "may act like a plough." A metaphor is then a compressed simile. Every metaphor may be expanded into a simile. If I say a thought strikes me, I mean that a thought suddenly affects the mind, as a stone or a stick suddenly affects the body. All the expressions applied to mental phenomena are metaphorical, and express similes taken from physical nature. "His mind was poisoned"; "the expression stung him"—the word "expression," something forced out of one; "he was petrified by fear," &c., &c.

Now most poetry is full of metaphor, and what do we mean by a poetical metaphor, or a poetical simile?—for they are really the same, one being only the contraction of the other. I remember as a child being puzzled by the description in the Book of Job of the war horse. "His neck clothed with thunder." Of all the impossible kinds of clothing for a horse's neck, thunder seemed to be the most impossible and absurd. But if we consider the emotions roused by a clap of thunder—the mingled awe and admiration, the sense of immediate and violent danger, and then try to picture the emotions caused by the war horse as it dashes towards us with extended neck, carrying an armed enemy, I think we shall see the similarity of the emotions and understand what the poet meant.

Let us take a scientific and a poetical description of a lion. The one tells us that it belongs to the family

Felidæ of the order Carnivora, that it has a tawny skin, spotted when young, with a black mane, and a tuft to its tail, &c., &c. The other tells us of the terror caused by its roar, its flashing teeth, the magnificent dash with which it springs on its prey. In other words, the one is objective and the other subjective.

Each is true in its way. The one describes the qualities the lion has, the other the effect on the emotions of the describer. Spenser gives us a poetical account of Una's lion, which is quite incorrect scientifically. A lion does not live in *woods*, but in *deserts*, it does not *run* at its prey, but springs, a lion that should *lick* a young lady's hand would take the skin off, and it would be very unwise for any young lady to venture upon the king of beasts trusting to her maidenhood.

"It fortunèd out of the thickest *wood*  
A ramping lion rushed suddenly  
Hunting full greedy after savage blood ;  
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,  
With gaping mouth at *her ran* greedily  
To have at once devoured her tender corse :  
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,  
His bloody rage assuagèd with remorse,  
And with the *sight amazed* forgot his furious force.

"Instead whereof he *kissed* her weary feet,  
And *licked* her lily hands with fawning tongue,  
Oh ! how can beauty master the most strong  
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong.  
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,  
Still dreading death when she had markèd long  
Her heart 'gan melt in great compassion,  
And drizzling tears did shed in pure affection."

And it does not matter to the poetry that the natural history is wrong. What is true is that if such a circumstance had occurred, it would have affected Una as he makes it do :

" 'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'  
Quoth she, 'his lordly puissance doth abate,  
And mighty proud to humble weak doth yield,  
Forgetful of the hungry rage which late  
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate.  
But he, my lion and my noble lord,  
How does he find in cruel heart to hate  
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,  
As the god of my life. Why has he me abhorred ? ' "

We have not, however, distinguished poetry from oratory—both dealing with the emotions. The difference here is in

the object aimed at. A poet tries to make you understand what *he* feels, and is indifferent as to whether you share his feelings—he has succeeded if he makes you clear as to his own emotion. An orator endeavours to rouse certain feelings in his hearers whether he has those feelings himself or not, and has succeeded if he gives you the emotion he desires. A good example of the very same metaphor used poetically and oratorically is to be found in *Julius Cæsar* where Cæsar's wounds are compared to mouths. In the first case, Antony is moved by deep emotion, and feels that the wounds appeal to him:—

“Over thy wounds now do I prophesy,  
That, like dumb mouths, do ope their ruby lips  
To beg the voice and utterance of my tongue.”

This simile has appealed to his own heart, and he thinks that what has moved him may move others. In his speech to the people he says all he does is to

“Shew you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,  
And beg them speak for me.”

The speaker's emotion has passed, and this is pure oratory, not poetry.

All poetry is of the nature of soliloquy. We may say that oratory is to be *heard*, poetry must be *overheard*. The poet utters his thoughts for himself, and must not shew any consciousness of an audience.

The same contrast between the desire of the artist to express his own emotion and his endeavours to rouse an emotion in others, may be seen in the other arts. In painting, for example. Let us compare two highly emotional paintings:—(1) “The Old Shepherd's Chief Mourner,” by Landseer. Simply the long coffin and the stick and plaid of the shepherd, with his old dog resting his head mournfully upon the case that contains his master's body. This is poetical.

(2) Millais' “North-West Passage.” “It can be done, and England should do it,” is oratorical. It expresses emotion, influenced by the presence of others. Perhaps we may say that generally landscape painting is poetical, historical painting, oratorical; and perhaps this is why the French, the most eloquent nation in Europe, are also the best historical

painters. For in historical paintings the single figures express the feelings of one person as modified by the presence of others. Two sculptures in the British Museum, Endymion and Mithras sacrificing a bull, afford a similar contrast.

In music, the Italian school—Verdi and Rossetti—are highly oratorical, so that intense and passionate grief are often expressed by loud and rapid passages, while the German school—Beethoven and Schubert—are poetical, and grief is expressed in plaintive, slow, monotonous music. Compare “Ebben per mia memoria,” the duet in *La Gazza Ladra*, or Beethoven’s “Ah Perfido,” with Schubert’s “Ecco il supreme istante, l’istante del dolor,” or Winter’s “Paga fui,” or compare a Military March with Schubert’s “Impromptu.”

Poetry is an Art, that is, its chief object is to give pleasure, and though all passions and emotions can be expressed by means of prose, the expression gives far less pleasure than when there is, joined to beautiful sentiments, beauty of form. In other words, true poetry ought to be musically expressed. The earliest poetry was probably intended to be sung, and it is in lyric poetry that we get poetry in its purest form. In epic poetry we are moved by the incidents, we are excited to admiration or to sympathy with the actions of the heroes of the story. In dramatic poetry the feelings of the characters of the play are exhibited to us, but in lyrical poetry we have merely the feelings of the poet. But what is a poet? It is not merely the power to write metrically that makes a man a poet. A man may even write genuine poetry and not be a poet. Most people can do that with culture and intelligence. But the word poet is the name of a variety of Man. The poet is one who thinks, as it were, through his feelings. The law of association is this: any idea on which the mind dwells, of necessity suggests other ideas. This may be done in three ways: first, there may be fortuitous coincidence between two things, so that one of them suggests the other. I pass a house and remember that the last time I was there I met Mr. Jones. The thought of the house then suggests Mr. Jones. Or there may be a real connection between the subjects. I think of the king, that leads me to think of his crown, of what his crown means, of the vast empire over which he rules, of the question whether this empire will pass away like other great empires,

&c., &c. But there is a third mode of association, viz., when an object raises a feeling in my mind, and that feeling suggests something else that excites a similar feeling, as in the case above quoted, where the neck of the horse suggested thunder, through the similarity of the feelings excited. And a person in whom this is the habitual law of association is endowed with the true poetic nature—to him and to him alone is poetry the spontaneous and natural mode of expression. In this sense that old proverb, *Poeta nascitur non fit*, is true, though not true in the sense in which it is used by those who, as Coleridge says, mistake the desire for poetic fame for poetic inspiration. A man cannot become a poet without culture, and by culture a man may enable himself to write poetry, but the poet of culture sees his object in prose and describes it in poetry. The poet of nature sees it in poetry.

Perhaps the most remarkable example of a born poet was Shelley, and we may compare him with one who wrote real poetry with the aid of assiduous culture—Wordsworth. In Wordsworth the thought is the chief thing, and the poetry is the mere setting of the thought; he is always anxious to impress some truth, or what he thinks such. The thought may be more or less valuable than the setting, but there can be no question as to which was first in his mind. His poetry may be truly called “Man’s thoughts coloured by his emotions.” “To me the meanest flower that blows can give *Thoughts* that do lie too deep for tears.” And his poetry is liked and admired by many vigorous and cultivated minds, over whose heads poetry of the opposite description would have flown for want of an original organization in sympathy with it. Shelley, on the contrary, is all emotion. He passes, often too rapidly, from one state of feeling to another. Too often his longer poems are like the broken fragments of a mirror, with single images without end, but no picture. On the other hand, Wordsworth’s poetry is never bounding, never ebullient; has little even of the appearance of spontaneity; the well is never so full that it overflows. He seems to be poetical because he wills to be so, not because he cannot help it. He never even for a few stanzas seems to be given up to exultation, or grief, or pity, or love, or admiration, or devotion, or even animal spirits. He now and then

attempts to make as if he were, and never without leaving an impression of poverty. As in the poem to the skylark :—

“Up with me! up with me! into the clouds!  
 For thy song, lark, is strong;  
 Up with me! up with me! into the clouds!  
 Singing, singing.  
 With clouds and sky about thee ringing,  
 Lift me, guide me, till I find  
 That spot which seems so to thy mind.”

His best poems are those in which he takes an interesting and moving thought and, calmly dwelling upon it, gives it a graceful or beautiful setting of emotion, as in the sonnet to Milton, the sonnet on Westminster Bridge, &c.

Shelley is the reverse of all this—where Wordsworth is strong he is weak, when Wordsworth is weak he is strong. Shelley was wanting in culture; voluntary mental discipline had done little for him, the vividness of his emotions had done it all. His small poems, written to exhale a high state of feeling, are the best. The thoughts and imagery are suggested by the feeling. May I be allowed to read a poem, which I choose partly because it is so well known, to illustrate what I mean, and to serve as a contrast to Wordsworth's on the same subject. It is Shelley's "Ode to a Skylark."

[The lecturer read "The Skylark," showing how in each simile the resemblance was in the emotion roused.]

What constitutes the poet is not the imagery nor the thoughts nor even the feelings, but the law according to which they are called up. He is a poet, not because he has ideas of any particular kind, but because the succession of his ideas is subordinate to the course of his emotions.

To revert to our original question, "What is Poetry?" I propose as an answer, "The musical expression of emotion."

It must be musical. Browning can be musical. Witness the passage beginning—

“O to be in England  
 Now that April's here!”

But too often he goes out of his way, as it seems, to be harsh and unmusical, and in so far as he does this he fails, as it seems to me, to be a poet. In Browning, too, it is the thought rather than the feeling that governs him. Swinburne is musical, but little more. E. A. Poe is a *true* poet so far as



he goes, but his want of culture has prevented him from being a *great* poet.

It does not, however, follow that a man gifted with the true poetic nature is able to write good poetry. A man may have an exquisite ear and an exquisite touch and not be a great musician. What is wanted is a combination of the poetic temperament with power of expression. Power of expression only comes by culture, and yet the kind of culture given by our ordinary education constantly tends to counteract the poetic faculty and to substitute qualities more suited to success in life. It is remarkable that many poets have been men who owed little of their training to systematic education, the culture required being self-given. Burns, for example, used to learn poems by heart, and then study them as he followed the plough, trying to distinguish the true poetry from affectation or fustian. Byron had been at Harrow and Cambridge, but was a half-educated man. His training was given to himself as he meditated on Mr. Pearson's tomb in Harrow Churchyard. Tennyson was not at a public school. Shelley tells us that—

“From that hour did I with earnest thought  
Heap knowledge from forbidden mines of lore;  
Yet nothing that my tyrants knew or taught,  
I cared to learn.”

As our system of education improves, as we get, as I hope we are getting, to train our pupils to think instead of merely inculcating traditional opinions, many of them, as human nature is not yet perfect, necessarily false, it is to be hoped that the contest between culture and imagination may be modified, and that culture may tend to develop imagination instead of stunting it.

Wordsworth's theory was that poetry ought to be written in the language of common life, with metre super-added, but this is a theory he does not act upon in his best poetry.

“Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,  
Maimed, mangled by inhuman men;  
Or thou upon a desert thrown,  
Inheritest the lion's den;  
Or hast been summoned from the deep,  
Thou, thou and all thy mates, to keep  
An incommunicable sleep.”

These lines, from the “Afflictions of Margaret,” are supposed to be uttered by a poor widow of Penrith. So far from being

the language of common life, they are chosen with consummate art. Look at the alliteration—maimed, mangled, men, dungeon, desert, den, deep—consider the words inherited, deep, summoned, incommunicable. Perhaps the answer will be found in what I have said. When people are moved by deep feeling, they do not use the language of common life. The effect of strong feeling is to elevate and refine the language—we find it even in the love letters of uncultured people—there is constantly the effort, not from affectation, but from reverence for the subject, to use the finest and most recondite terms they can find, sometimes with humorously incongruous effect. But the attempt points to the desire for choice and appropriate words with which to express emotion.

Perhaps it is in Tennyson that we find the most perfect balance between culture and emotion. He combined musical effect, power of expression and spontaneous emotion, so that it is difficult to say in which he most excels.

- “ The rain was over, the poet arose,  
He passed through the town and out of the street,  
A light wind sprung from the gates of the sun,  
And waves of shadow went over the wheat.  
He sat him down in a lonely place  
And chanted a melody loud and sweet  
That made the wild swan pause in her cloud  
And the lark drop down at his feet.
- “ The swallow stopped as he hunted the bee,  
The snake slipped under a spray,  
The hawk looked up with the down on his beak  
And stared with his foot on the prey;  
And the nightingale said, ‘I have sung many songs,  
But never a one so gay,’  
For he sings of what the world will be  
When the years have passed away.”

## CONSEILS DE CONDORCET A SA FILLE (1794).\*

CONTRIBUTED BY MRS. WINKWORTH.

MON enfant, si mes caresses, si mes soins ont pu, dans ta première enfance, te consoler quelquefois, si ton cœur en a gardé le souvenir, puissent ces conseils, dictés par ma tendresse, être reçus de toi avec une douce confiance, et contribuer à ton bonheur!

I. Dans quelque situation que tu sois quand tu liras ces lignes, que je trace loin de toi, indifférent à ma destinée, mais occupé de la tienne et de celle de ta mère, songe que rien ne t'en garantit la durée.

Prends l'habitude du travail, non seulement pour te suffire à toi-même sans un service étranger, mais pour que ce travail puisse pourvoir à tes besoins, et que tu puisses être réduite à la pauvreté, sans l'être à la dépendance.

Quand même cette ressource ne te deviendrait jamais nécessaire, elle te servira du moins à te préserver de la crainte, à soutenir ton courage, à te faire envisager d'un œil plus ferme les revers de fortune qui pourraient te menacer.

Tu sentiras que tu peux absolument te passer de richesses, tu les estimeras moins : tu seras plus à l'abri des malheurs auxquels on s'expose pour en acquérir ou par la crainte de les perdre.

Choisis un genre de travail où la main ne soit pas occupée seule, où l'esprit s'exerce sans trop de fatigue, un travail qui dédommage de ce qu'il coûte par le plaisir qu'il procure : sans cela, le dégoût qu'il te causerait, si jamais il te devenait nécessaire, te le rendrait presque aussi insupportable que la dépendance. S'il ne t'en affranchissait que pour te livrer à l'ennui, peut-être n'aurais-tu pas le courage d'embrasser une ressource qui, pour prix de l'indépendance, ne t'offrirait que le malheur.

II. Pour les personnes dont le travail nécessaire ne remplit pas tous les moments, et dont l'esprit a quelque activité, le besoin d'être réveillées par des sensations ou des idées nouvelles devient un des plus impérieux. Si tu ne peux

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\* Robinet's *Vie de Condorcet*.

exister seule, si tu as besoin des autres pour échapper à l'ennui, tu te trouveras nécessairement soumise à leurs goûts, à leurs volontés, au hasard, qui peut éloigner de toi ces moyens de remplir le vide de ton temps, puisqu'ils ne dépendent pas de toi-même.

Ils s'épuisent aisément, semblables aux joujoux de ton enfance, qui perdaient, au bout de quelques jours, le pouvoir de t'amuser.

Bientôt, à force d'en changer, et par l'habitude seule de les voir se succéder, on n'en trouve plus qui aient le charme de la nouveauté, et cette nouveauté même cesse d'être un plaisir.

Rien n'est donc plus nécessaire à ton bonheur que de t'assurer des moyens dépendants de toi seule pour remplir le vide du temps, écarter l'ennui, calmer les inquiétudes, te distraire d'un sentiment pénible.

Ces moyens, l'exercice des arts, le travail de l'esprit, peuvent seuls te les donner. Songe de bonne heure à en acquérir l'habitude.

Si tu n'as pas porté les arts à un certain degré de perfection, si ton esprit ne s'est point formé, étendu, fortifié par des études méthodiques, tu compterais en vain sur ces ressources : la fatigue, le dégoût de ta propre médiocrité, l'emporteraient bientôt sur le plaisir.

Emploie donc une partie de la jeunesse à t'assurer pour ta vie entière ce trésor précieux. La tendresse de ta mère, sa raison supérieure, sauront t'en rendre l'acquisition plus facile. Aie le courage de surmonter les difficultés, les dégoûts momentanés, les petites répugnances qu'elle ne pourra t'éviter—

Le bonheur est un bien que nous vend la nature,  
Il n'est point ici-bas de moissons sans culture.

Ne crois pas que le talent, que la facilité, ces dons de la nature, qui tiennent peut-être plus à notre organisation première qu'à notre éducation ou aux efforts de notre volonté, soient nécessaires pour arriver à ce moyen de bonheur.

Si ces dons te sont refusés, cherche dans des occupations moins brillantes, un but d'utilité qui les relève à tes yeux, dont le charme t'en dérobe l'insipidité.

Si ta main ne peut reproduire sur la toile, ni la beauté, ni les passions, tu pourras du moins rendre des insectes ou des fleurs avec l'exactitude rigoureuse d'un naturaliste.

Vers quelque objet que ton goût t'ait portée, s'il t'a trompé sur ton talent, tu trouveras une semblable ressource.

Mais que la nature t'ait maltraitée ou qu'elle t'ait favorisée, n'oublie point que tu dois avoir pour but ce plaisir de l'occupation qui se renouvelle tous les jours, dont l'indépendance est le fruit, qui préserve de l'ennui, qui prévient ce dégoût vague de l'existence, cette humeur sans objet, ces malheurs d'une vie d'ailleurs paisible et fortunée. Je ne te dirai point d'éviter que l'amour-propre vienne y mêler ses plaisirs et ses chagrins ; mais qu'il n'y domine point, que ses jouissances ne soient pas à tes yeux le prix de tes efforts, que ses peines ne te dégoûtent point de les répéter, que les unes et les autres soient à tes yeux un tribut inévitable que la sagesse même doit payer à la faiblesse humaine.

III. L'habitude des actions de bonté, celles des affections tendres, est la source de bonheur la plus pure, la plus inépuisable.

Elle produit un sentiment de paix, une sorte de volupté douce qui répand du charme sur toutes les occupations, et même sur la simple existence.

Prends de bonne heure l'habitude de la bienfaisance, mais d'une bienfaisance éclairée par la raison, dirigée par la justice.

Ne donne point pour te délivrer du spectacle de la misère ou de la douleur, mais pour te consoler par le plaisir de les avoir soulagées. Ne te borne pas à donner de l'argent, sache aussi donner tes soins, ton temps, tes lumières, et ces affections consolatrices souvent plus précieuses que des secours.

Alors ta bienfaisance ne sera plus bornée par ta fortune : elle en deviendra indépendante, elle sera pour toi une occupation comme une jouissance.

Apprends surtout à l'exercer avec cette délicatesse, avec ce respect pour le malheur, qui double le bienfait et ennoblit le bienfaiteur à ses propres yeux. N'oublie jamais que celui qui reçoit est par la nature l'égal de celui qui donne ; que tout secours qui entraîne de la dépendance n'est plus un don, mais un marché, et que, s'il humilie, il devient une offense.

Jouis des sentiments des personnes que tu aimeras : mais surtout jouis des tiens. Occupe-toi de leur bonheur, et le tien en sera la récompense. Cette espèce d'oubli de soi-même, dans toutes les affections tendres, en augmente la

douceur et diminue les peines de la sensibilité. Si l'on y mêle de la personnalité, on est trop souvent mécontent des autres. L'âme se dessèche, se flétrit, s'aigrit même. On perd le plaisir d'aimer ; celui d'être aimé est corrompu par l'inquiétude, par les douleurs secrètes, que trop de facilité à se blesser reproduit sans cesse.

Ne te borne point à ces sentiments profonds qui pourront t'attacher à un petit nombre d'individus ; laisse germer dans ton cœur de douces affections pour les personnes que les événements, les habitudes de la vie, tes goûts, tes occupations rapprocheront de toi.

Que celles qui t'auront engagé leurs services, ou que tu emploieras, aient part à ces sentiments de préférence qui tiennent le milieu entre l'amitié et cette simple bienveillance par laquelle la nature nous a liés à tous les êtres de notre espèce.

Ces sentiments délassent et calment l'âme, que des affections trop vives fatiguent et troublent quelquefois. En défendant d'affections trop exclusives, ils préservent des fautes et des maux où leur excès pourrait exposer. Le sort peut nous ravir nos amis, nos parents, ce que nous avons de plus cher ; nous pouvons être condamnés à leur survivre, à gémir de leur indifférence ou de leur injustice ; nous ne pouvons les remplacer par d'autres objets ; notre âme même s'y refuse : alors ces sentiments en quelque sorte secondaires, n'en remplissent pas le vide, mais empêchent d'en sentir toute l'horreur, ils ne dédommagent pas, ils ne consolent même pas ; mais ils émoussent la pointe de la douleur, ils adoucissent les regrets, ils aident le temps à les changer en cette tristesse habituelle et paisible qui devient presque un plaisir pour les âmes devenues inaccessibles à ceux de sentiments plus heureux.

Cette douce sensibilité, qui peut être une source de bonheur, a pour origine première ce sentiment naturel qui nous fait partager la douleur de tout être sensible. Conserve donc ce sentiment dans toute sa pureté, dans toute sa force ; qu'il ne se borne point aux souffrances des hommes : que ton humanité s'étende même sur les animaux. Ne rends point malheureux ceux qui t'appartiendront ; ne dédaigne point de t'occuper de leur bien-être ; ne sois pas insensible à leur naïve et sincère reconnaissance ; ne cause à aucun des

douleurs inutiles : c'est une véritable injustice, c'est un outrage à la nature, dont elle nous punit par la dureté de cœur que l'habitude de cette cruauté ne peut manquer de produire. Le défaut de prévoyance dans les animaux est la seule excuse de cette loi barbare qui les condamne à se servir mutuellement de nourriture. Interprètes fidèles de la nature, n'allons pas au delà de ce que cette excuse peut nous permettre.

Je ne te donnerai point l'inutile précepte d'éviter les passions, de te défier d'une sensibilité trop vive ; mais je te dirai d'être sincère avec toi-même, de ne point t'exagérer ta sensibilité, soit par vanité, soit pour flatter ton imagination, soit pour allumer celle d'un autre.

Crains le faux enthousiasme des passions ; celui-là ne dédommage jamais ni de leurs dangers, ni de leurs malheurs. On peut n'être pas maître de ne pas écouter son cœur, mais on l'est toujours de ne pas l'exciter ; et c'est le seul conseil utile et praticable que la raison puisse donner à la sensibilité.

IV. Mon enfant, un des plus sûrs moyens de bonheur est d'avoir su conserver l'estime de soi-même, de pouvoir regarder sa vie entière sans honte et sans remords, sans y avoir une action vile, ni un tort ou un mal fait à autrui, et qu'on n'ait pas réparé.

Rappelle-toi les impressions pénibles que des torts légers, que de petites fautes t'ont fait éprouver, et juge par là des sentiments douloureux qui suivent des torts plus graves, des fautes vraiment honteuses.

Conserve soigneusement cette estime précieuse sans laquelle tu ne saurais entendre raconter les mauvaises actions sans rougir, les actions vertueuses sans te sentir humiliée.

Alors un sentiment doux et pur s'étend sur toute l'existence ; il répand un charme consolateur sur ces moments où l'âme, qu'aucune impression vive ne remplit, qu'aucune idée n'occupe, s'abandonne à une molle rêverie, et laisse les souvenirs du passé errer paisiblement devant elle.

Qu'alors, au milieu de tes peines, tu les sentes s'adoucir par la mémoire d'une action généreuse, par l'image des malheureux dont tu auras essuyé les larmes.

Mais ne laisse point souiller ce sentiment par l'orgueil. Jouis de ta vie sans la comparer à celle d'autrui ; sens que tu es bonne, sans examiner si les autres le sont autant que toi.

Tu achèterais trop cher ces tristes plaisirs de la vanité ; ils

flétriraient ces plaisirs plus purs dont la nature a fait la récompense des bonnes actions.

Si tu n'as point de reproches à te faire, tu pourras être sincère avec les autres comme avec toi-même. N'ayant rien à cacher, tu ne craindras point d'être forcée, tantôt d'employer la ressource humiliante du mensonge, tantôt d'affecter dans d'hypocrites discours des sentiments et des principes qui condamnent ta propre conduite.

Tu ne connaîtras point cette impression habituelle d'une crainte honteuse, supplice des cœurs corrompus. Tu jouiras de cette noble sécurité, de ce sentiment de sa propre dignité, partage des âmes qui peuvent avouer tous leurs mouvements comme toutes leurs actions.

Mais si tu n'as pu éviter les reproches de ta conscience, ne t'abandonne pas au découragement : songe aux moyens de réparer ou d'expié tes fautes ; fais que le souvenir ne puisse s'en présenter à toi qu'avec celui des actions qui les compensent, et qui en ont obtenu le pardon au jugement sévère de ta conscience.

Ne prends point l'habitude de la dissimulation ; aie plutôt le courage d'avouer tes torts. Le sentiment de ce courage te soutiendra au milieu de tes regrets ou de tes remords. Tu n'y ajouteras point le sentiment si pénible de ta propre faiblesse et l'humiliation qui poursuit le mensonge.

Les mauvaises actions sont moins fatales par elles-mêmes au bonheur et à la vertu que par les vices dont elles font contracter l'habitude aux âmes faibles et corrompues. Les remords, dans une âme forte, franche et sensible, inspirent les bonnes actions, les habitudes vertueuses qui doivent en adoucir l'amertume. Alors ils ne se réveillent qu'entourés des consolations qui en émoussent la pointe, et l'on jouit de son repentir comme de ses vertus.

Sans doute les plaisirs d'une âme régénérée sont moins purs, sont moins doux que ceux de l'innocence ; mais c'est alors le seul bonheur que nous puissions encore trouver dans notre conscience, et presque le seul auquel la faiblesse de notre nature et surtout les vices de nos institutions nous permettent d'atteindre.

Hélas ! tous les humains ont besoin de clémence.

V. Si tu veux que la société répande sur ton âme plus de plaisirs ou de consolations que de chagrins ou d'amertumes,



sois indulgente, et préserve-toi de la personnalité comme d'un poison qui en corrompt toutes les douceurs.

L'indulgence n'est pas cette facilité qui, née de l'indifférence ou de l'étourderie, ne pardonne tout que parce qu'elle n'aperçoit ou ne sent rien. J'entends cette indulgence fondée sur la justice, sur la raison, sur la connaissance de sa propre faiblesse, sur cette disposition heureuse qui porte à plaindre les hommes plutôt qu'à les condamner.

Par là tu sauras faire servir à ton bonheur cette foule d'êtres bons, mais faibles, sans défauts rebutants, mais sans qualités brillantes, qui peuvent distraire s'ils ne peuvent occuper, qu'on rencontre avec plaisir et qu'on quitte sans peine, que l'on ne compte point dans l'ensemble de sa vie, mais qui peuvent en remplir quelques vides, en abrégé quelques moments.

Par là tu verras encore ces êtres supérieurs par leurs talents ou par leur âme, se rapprocher de toi avec plus de confiance.

Plus ils sont en droit de croire qu'ils peuvent se passer d'indulgence, plus ils en éprouvent le besoin. Accoutumés à se juger avec sévérité, la douceur d'autrui les attire ; et ils pardonnent d'autant moins le défaut d'indulgence, qu'indulgents eux-mêmes, ils sont portés à voir dans le caractère opposé plus d'orgueil que de délicatesse, plus de prétention que de supériorité réelle, plus de dureté que de véritable vertu.

Tes devoirs, tes intérêts les plus importants, tes sentiments les plus chers, ne te permettront pas toujours de n'avoir pour société habituelle que ceux avec qui tu aurais choisi de vivre. Alors ce qui ne t'aurait rien coûté, si, plus raisonnable et plus juste, tu avais pris l'heureuse habitude de l'indulgence, exigera de toi des sacrifices journaliers et pénibles ; ce qui avec cette habitude n'eût été qu'une légère contrainte, deviendrait sans elle un véritable malheur.

Enfin, elle est également utile et quand les autres ont besoin de nous, et quand nous-mêmes avons besoin d'eux : elle rend plus facile et plus doux le bien que nous pouvons leur faire ; elle rend moins difficile à obtenir et moins pénible à recevoir celui que nous pouvons en attendre. Mais veux-tu prendre l'habitude de l'indulgence ? Avant de juger un autre avec sévérité, avant de t'irriter contre ses défauts, de te révolter contre ce qu'il vient de dire ou de faire, consulte la

justice : ne crains point de faire un retour sur tes propres fautes ; interroge ta raison ; écoute surtout la bonté naturelle que tu trouveras, sans doute, au fond de ton cœur ; car, si tu ne l'y trouves pas, tous les conseils seraient inutiles ; mon expérience et ma tendresse ne pourraient rien pour ton bonheur.

La personnalité dont je voudrais te préserver n'est pas cette disposition constante à nous occuper sans distraction, sans relâche, de nos intérêts personnels, à leur sacrifier les intérêts, les droits, le bonheur des autres ; cet égoïsme est incompatible avec toute espèce de vertu et même de sentiment honnête ; je serais trop malheureux, si je pouvais croire avoir besoin de t'en préserver.

Je parle de cette personnalité qui, dans les détails de la vie, nous fait tout rapporter aux intérêts de notre santé, de notre commodité, de nos goûts, de notre bien-être ; qui nous tient en quelque sorte toujours en présence de nous-mêmes ; qui se nourrit de petits sacrifices qu'elle impose aux autres sans en sentir l'injustice et presque sans le savoir ; qui trouve naturel et juste tout ce qui lui convient, injuste et bizarre tout ce qui la blesse, qui crie au caprice et à la tyrannie, si un autre, en la ménageant, s'occupe un peu de lui-même.

Ce défaut éloigne la bienveillance, afflige et refroidit l'amitié. On est mécontent des autres, dont jamais l'abnégation d'eux-mêmes ne peut être assez complète. On est mécontent de soi, parce qu'une humeur vague et sans objet devient un sentiment constant et pénible dont on n'a plus la force de se délivrer.

Si tu veux éviter ce malheur, fais que le sentiment de l'égalité et celui de la justice deviennent une habitude de ton âme. N'attends, n'exige jamais des autres qu'un peu au-dessous de ce que tu ferais pour eux. Si tu leur fais des sacrifices, apprécie-les d'après ce qu'ils te coûtent réellement, et non d'après l'idée que ce sont des sacrifices ; cherches-en le dédommagement dans ta raison, qui t'en assure la réciprocité, dans ton cœur, qui te dira que même tu n'en auras pas besoin.

Tu trouveras alors que, dans ces détails de la société, il est plus doux, plus commode, si j'ose le dire, de *vivre pour autrui*, et que c'est alors seulement que l'on vit véritablement pour soi-même.

## BIRD LIFE IN JANUARY.

BY SOPHIE SMYTH.

NATURE is now wrapt in slumber. We may no more go in search of flowers; the snow is keeping them warm for us until the spring. Beetles and many other insects lie dormant beneath the ground, so do many animals. The hedgehog is safe in her nest, the dormouse sleeps secure, and her little relations, the field and shrew-mice, are comfortably settled for the winter. The butterflies have hidden themselves in cracks of old walls and other safe places to wait for the approach of spring, when they will emerge from their winter shelter to lay their eggs and die. Even the snails have shut up their houses for the winter and gone to sleep inside.

The greatest cold of the season has yet to come, and now is the time when we may gain a more intimate acquaintance with our little winged companions who reside with us during the winter, and without whom we should be desolate. For who has not been cheered on a dull dark day in January by the sweet notes of the robin, or on a rainy day by the joyous, hopeful song of the thrush?

During this month we may help the birds greatly by providing them with sustenance when there is none of their natural food left. Cruel are the sufferings and hardships borne by them at this time, when hoar-frost hangs upon the trees, the ground is crisp and hardened, and of berries there are few or none at all. Scraps from the breakfast table and crusts softened with boiling water are much appreciated by blackbirds, starlings, robins, thrushes, hedge-sparrows and other birds. We have here, at my home, two bird tables—round pieces of wood nailed on to the top of a rustic pole and fixed into the ground. They are about five feet high, so that no cat or dog may reach the contents. Every morning the food is put out, and if it were forgotten, we should soon be reminded of our neglect, for the birds expect their breakfast as much as children. During a frost of any length it is a kindness to provide your birds with a bowl of water, taking care to keep it thawed, for they are thirsty souls; and how should they be able to quench their thirst when everything around is frost-bound? Jackdaws come from the neighbouring church tower and circle round the house trying to summon up courage to make a dive at the table, then suddenly, one

of them, more courageous than the rest, will take the lead and make off with a large piece of bread, flying into a walnut tree conveniently near. On a cold day in January, the food with which the tables are loaded is usually all consumed by 10.30 in the morning. We hang up half cocoa-nuts in the trees, one of which lasts about a week in severe weather; and meat bones are quickly stripped.

As we wander through the lanes bare of flowers, and forsaken by all insect life, we must necessarily turn our observant eye to the leafless trees and hedgerows, from which may be seen and heard many of our winter residents. There, up above our heads, perched on the topmost bough of a hawthorn bush, a little hedge-sparrow is uttering his newly-acquired song. This bird is one of my winter favourites, so quiet and unassuming in his ways, passing for a house-sparrow to many an unaccustomed eye, for I have often seen him in company with his commoner cousins. Yet on a closer inspection we find this little bird is much more elegant in shape than the ordinary house-sparrow: he is an *accentor*, like the robin, and is more like him altogether except in colouring. You can always distinguish a hedge-sparrow by the bluish-grey head, brown back and very neat appearance of the bird.

The song thrush and the less common missel thrush may be particularly noticed this month. The former, though a shy bird, will resort to the bird table as soon as the weather becomes at all severe, though his favourite diet is snails, which he seizes in his beak, shell and all, bears off to a stone, cracks thereon, and immediately devours the unfortunate inhabitant. Hence the reason why we see so many broken and empty snail shells in the winter and early spring. The missel thrush may be known from the song thrush by being greyer in colour and of a larger size: the songs of the two are somewhat similar.

Starlings will sit on the chimney tops uttering their hoarse cries (they can hardly be called songs) whether the day be dark and dreary or not. They are very bold birds, and too often will chase the others from the table in order to obtain the more for themselves.

Flocks of greenfinches will fly over the ploughed fields, and rooks may be seen pecking the clods of earth for any stray worm they can find.

The skylark, too, may be heard, even in January; so long

as there is no snow on the ground it will rise aloft in the full tide of song.

Owls are frequently heard at night in many districts. Here, in the Midlands, they are very abundant, and even wake me at night with their weird discordant cries. It is wonderful how silently they fly, their soft downy wings making no noise whatever as they come in contact with the air. These birds suffer very much from the cold and often perish with hunger. I remember, a few years ago, finding a beautiful tawny owl lying frozen to death in the snow.

The robin, though a quarrelsome little creature with its fellow companions, is most sociable towards man. As soon as ever its natural food becomes scarce I see the robin hovering round the house, sometimes hopping in at the front door by way of a broad hint that you must not forget him when the time comes. He is one of the birds which seem to sing most of the year round, though we notice him most in the autumn and winter months when other birds are silent. I have heard many people say that female robins have no red breast, and that they have actually seen them with a speckled brown one. Let me assert what I know to be true, that these robins with brown breasts are the young ones, which do not get their bright colouring till later. The females, I believe, are difficult to distinguish from the males, so much do they resemble each other.

The titmouse family is well represented in our gardens and woods just now. Three kinds, the great tit, blue tit and coal tit come constantly to the cocoanut which we provide, making the robin jealous that he cannot feast on the dainty fare as they do; but as he finds it impossible to hang on to the nut, he contents himself with standing underneath and picking up "the crumbs which fall from the rich man's table" (for these little greedy birds are very wasteful with their food).

In the lanes families of little long-tailed titmice may be seen flitting about from bough to bough, hardly remaining still for two seconds together. They sleep together in a bunch on some tree or bush. The marsh tit may be seen frequenting damp places: it likes almost anything it can find at this time—insects best of all, and seeds of various kinds. It appears to be rather solitary in its habits—at least I have never seen families of this species together.

A very interesting and curious little bird is the nut-hatch which may be noticed this month. Often have I watched him

with interest running up a large beech tree, darting hither and thither after the manner of a mouse, in search of insects, and tapping loudly at the bark with his beak; so loud is the noise he makes that you would hardly believe it could be produced by so small a creature, his cry is as loud in proportion as the tapping, and is a very familiar sound of the winter woods.

The tree creeper may also be seen on the trunk of some large tree. He is looking for insects as well, and is very partial to spiders. He is a small bird, dressed in quiet colours of mottled brown, with a long curved beak.

Wrens frequent the neighbourhood of our gardens and woods, and go popping in and out of the hedges searching every nook and cranny for food; they sing a good deal in the winter, quite a loud song, and will sometimes venture during hard frost near the bird table for anything they can procure. I remember two little wrens which took up their abode in a conservatory for the winter; whenever anyone went in, there was sure to be a great commotion made by these two minute birds, who twittered and bustled about in great fear, hardly daring to remain inside, though evidently reluctant to face the cold world again without. What they subsisted on I am not quite sure, but there is no doubt they found some food amongst the soil and very likely helped themselves to bits of green, though I believe small insects are almost essential to keep them in health.

Tinier still is the smallest of all British birds, the golden-crested wren, which is more often noticed in winter than in summer as it flits in and out of the fir trees uttering its miniature song. It is a charming little bird, and when I first saw one hopping about in a hawthorn hedge, I thought to myself "what a pretty little baby chaffinch," supposing it to be one of that tribe.

Walking through the lanes you may frequently see bullfinches fly out in front of you in twos or threes, and sometimes in small flocks. (I have very rarely noticed a solitary bullfinch). These birds are easily known even at a distance by the white rump patch, always so conspicuous when they fly. Their song is very mournful just now, and often amounts only to one solitary note.

Numbers of chaffinches may be seen in the farmyards, busily picking up the loose grain which lies about. Their cry at this season is only the familiar "Spink, spink," but in

another month or so they will be cheering us with a short but beautiful song, heralding in the spring.

Wagtails will come quite close to our dwellings looking eagerly for food, and blackbirds, fieldfares, and others of the same tribe, seek shelter under the banks and hedges from the piercing east wind.

Kingfishers, with their gorgeous colouring, may still be met with, darting up the stream ; these birds, however, are becoming scarcer each year, as a great many are killed by the cold. In some parts of England they are tolerably plentiful, while in others they seem to be absent altogether.

Goldfinches, too, are gradually diminishing in numbers. I have seen them in the South of England flying near the hedges, usually in pairs ; they are unmistakeable with their beautiful gold-tinged wings, but it is difficult to approach them closely for they are shy birds and may perhaps be well aware that many of their companions have mysteriously left them to return no more.

Not any the less beautiful, but happily much more common and less shy than the goldfinch, is the yellow-hammer, which has the habit of flitting along the hedges in front of you as you walk or bicycle along. I remember some years ago when I was only just beginning to take an interest in the out-door world, I was sitting with a lady sketching, when suddenly a little yellow-hammer alighted on a bush only a yard or two in front of us. "What a lovely bird" we said, we had never seen one like it before, perhaps it was rare ! so immediately I set about making a sketch of him, and had just succeeded in putting in his bright colours of yellow and brick red, when off he flew. Imagine my shame and disgust when on presenting my drawing to an authority on birds, I was told there was no doubt it was a cock yellow-hammer. How it was we had never noticed one before is a marvel to me now.

In conclusion, I hope that these few simple words on behalf of our feathered friends may stimulate some of my readers to become observers. For if Nature, to the seeing eye, teems with beauty in a month so inclement, what is she in the later time when she pours forth with a lavish hand the wonders of her inexhaustible storehouse ? From her marvellous display we look up with awe and reverence and love to Him Who is the Architect of Nature, and Who has given as much care to the making of a tiny wren, as to one of those glorious orbs which spangle the midnight sky.

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Astronomy.*

Group; Science. Class IV. Age: 16½ Time: 30 minutes.

BY AGNES C. DRURY.

### OBJECTS.

I. To interest the pupils in studying the heavens for themselves.

II. To show where the planets may be looked for and how they may be recognized.

III. To help the pupils to apply their theoretical knowledge of the planets to explain the movements they can observe with the naked eye.

IV. To exercise the reasoning powers.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Get the pupils to describe the changes to be seen in the sky at night, and, excluding the apparent motion caused by the earth's rotation, find out whether they have noticed and contrasted the constellations of fixed stars and the planets (wanderers).

Let the pupils tell which of the planets are visible to the naked eye, and ask whether they have noticed when and where are to be seen, at the present date, Jupiter, Saturn and Mars, which are in Capricornus, Sagittarius and Leo, respectively.



*Step II*—Draw from the pupils, if possible, the marks by which planets can be distinguished from stars ;—

- (a) Their steady light.
- (b) Size (in the case of Venus and Jupiter).
- (c) Colour (in the case of Mars).
- (d) Position (relatively to known constellations).
- (e) Motion (noticeable after successive observations).

*Step III*.—To enlarge on Point (d), let the pupils name the planets whose orbits are within that of the earth and those whose orbits are outside ours. By the help of a diagram of the solar system, get them to infer, from the nearness to the sun of Venus and Mercury, that these planets are never visible at midnight, but only just before sunrise and after sunset.

*Step IV*.—To appreciate Points (d) and (e), get the pupils to recognize the advantage of knowing the constellations by sight. Show Philip's Planisphere, and refer to the Zodiac, showing that, besides being the sun's apparent path, this is the region in which to seek the planets.

Let the pupils find the portion of the heavens visible at 6 p.m. to-day, and indicate, both in the heavens and with respect to our landscape, the positions of Jupiter and Saturn. Also show how Mars may be looked for in the south, too, about 6 o'clock in the morning.

*Step V*.—To enlarge on Point (e), show a diagram of the path of Venus among the constellations in 1868 (Lockyer's *Elementary Lessons in Astronomy*, p. 183), and get the pupils to notice how large a distance she travelled in one month, in order to induce them to make personal observations. Prepare them to see the planets sometimes move backwards and sometimes remain stationary. Explain this by letting one of the girls move round the table while the other watches how, with respect to her background, she appears to move first from left to right, then to remain stationary, then to move from right to left, and again to remain stationary. The moving girl, observing the other with respect to her background, notices the same phenomena.

Then show the diagram in Lockyer, which illustrates these facts, p. 178, and also another in Reid's *Elements of Astronomy*, p. 137, which shows the apparent motion of one planet viewed from another in motion.

## II.

*Subject: Some Historical Associations of the District.*

Group: History. Class III. Age: 13 and 14. Time: 20-30 minutes.

BY IDA E. FISCHER.

## OBJECTS.

I. To give the children a picture of this district as it was about the beginning of the Christian era.

II. To give the children a new interest in their walks and expeditions, by showing them that history was made in this part of the country as much as in any other.

III. To show that there are reasons why roads are laid down in certain directions.

IV. To strengthen the imagination of the pupils.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—We set off together in spirit for Wansfell Terrace, where we examine the road and find that it is made very firmly of large stones, and although it is grass-covered it is pretty level and dry. It is not a high road, so how can this be? The reason is that it is a Roman road, and therefore we must find out why we have a Roman road here.

The children know the Latin word for a camp, and from that we find out that there must have been an important camp on the site of the modern town of Lancaster (the camp on the Lune).

*Step II.*—Tell how Julius Agricola, Governor of Britain, came to Lancaster in 78 A.D. and built a road from it to Kendal. Describe, drawing as much as possible from the children, the appearance of the country in those days; how it was covered with forests and bogs. Would it be easy to build roads through such a country? No. Therefore the easiest way to get north was to follow the coast line, and so a road was built from the other side of Morecambe Bay, past Ravensglass and on to Carlisle, where another camp was built. The other reason for following the coast line was that communication might be kept up with the fleet.

*Step III.*—But the Romans were not satisfied with going round the coast and tried to get north by a shorter route. Accordingly they found their way to the banks of Windermere, reaching it below where the town of Windermere now lies. They again take the easiest way north, and follow the shore

of the lake to level ground at its head, where they build a camp called Dictis. Before they arrived at Dictis, though, they came to the Troutbeck Valley, and began to explore it. Now they begin to climb and build a road up the side of the mountain on the opposite side of the valley. They go over Ill Bell and Froswick, and make their main road north along the summit of High Street. This road is continued to Brougham, where there was an important camp.

*Step IV.*—Now we return to Dictis, and we see its advantages of position, etc. It was built of Dalton stone chiefly brought up the Lake by boat. By noticing the directions of valleys which radiate from the head of Windermere, the children can tell the direction of the six roads leading from Dictis.

1. The Windermere Road, already mentioned.
2. Wansfell Terrace, which is merely a short cut from Dictis to the High Street Road.
3. The Kirkstone Road, which led over to the west side of Ullswater.
4. The Keswick Road, leading by Rydal, Grasmere and Thirlmere, to a camp at Keswick.
5. The Ravensglass Road went through the Brathay Valley, and over the Wrynose and Harthnott Passes.
6. The last road ran between Coniston and Esthwaite to Dalton-in-Furness.

While the lesson is going on have a sketch map put on the board, and use maps of the district.

*Step V.*—Recapitulate.

### III.

*Subject: From Plutarch's "Greek Lives."*

#### ALEXANDER THE GREAT.

*(An Introductory Lesson.)*

Group: History. Class II. Age: 8 and 9. Time: 30 minutes.

BY E. A. PARISH.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To establish relations with the past.
- II. To introduce the boys to a fresh hero.
- III. To stir them to admiration of the wisdom, valour and self-reliance of Alexander the Great.
- IV. To increase the boys' power of narration.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Begin by connecting Alexander the Great with the time of Demosthenes, of whom the boys have been learning recently.

*Step II.*—Draw from them some account of the times in which Alexander lived and of Philip of Macedonia.

*Step III.*—Arouse the boys' interest in Alexander by the story of the taming of Bucephalus, which must be read, discussed, and then narrated by the boys.

*Step IV.*—Ask the boys what they mean by a hero. The old meaning was demi-god, the Anglo-Saxon meaning, a man. Both really meant a man who was brave and true in every circumstance.

Ask them, "What are the qualities which go to make a hero?" Draw from them how far we can trace these qualities in Alexander. We notice:—

*Wisdom.*—"What a horse are they losing for want of skill to manage him!"

*Perseverance.*—He kept repeating the same expression.

*Self-reliance.*—"And I certainly could." This was justified by the fact that he *could*.

*Observation.*—He noticed that the horse was afraid of its shadow.

*Courage.*—Seeing his opportunity, he leaped upon its back.

*Prudence.*—He went very gently till he could feel that he had perfect control of the animal.

These are not all the qualities one looks for in a hero, but as the boys will be learning all about Alexander next term, they will be able to find out for themselves what others he had. They will see, for instance, how he never imagined a defeat, but went on conquering as he went. (*Hope.*)

The name of Alexander has never been forgotten, because he was such a hero. Owing to him, the language and civilization of Greece were carried over a great part of Asia.

Show map illustrating his campaigns. He tried to improve the land wherever he went. Owing to his travels, people began to know more than they had ever known of geography and natural history.

Himself a hero, Alexander revered heroes, keeping "the casket copy" of *The Iliad*.

*Step V.*—Recapitulate Step IV. by means of questions.

## IV.

*Subject: English History.*

## WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

Group: History. Class 1b. Age: 9. Time: 20 minutes.

BY E. MAY GARNIER.

## OBJECTS.

I. To make history and literature more real to J—, by interesting her in the great men who have been buried in the Abbey.

II. To enable J— to take an intelligent interest in the Abbey, so that she may better appreciate it, should she ever go there again.

III. To link Chaucer and Tennyson together in their love for flowers (mention especially the daisy), thus connecting history, literature and nature-lore together.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Show J— pictures of Westminster Abbey, and ask a few questions to see if she knows where it is and who built it; also find out from her the two public functions that are held in the Abbey, viz., the Coronation of the Monarch and funerals of great men.

*Step II.*—Show J— the plan of Westminster Abbey, and get from her what tombs she has already learnt about, *i.e.*, Lord Shaftesbury's and General Gordon's.

*Step III.*—Tell her that to-day we are going to talk about the tombs in one special part of the Abbey. Show her the place in the plan, refer her to the same position in Ambleside Church. Ask her if she knows what it is called, and why it is called the *Poets' Corner*.

*Step IV.*—Find out if she knows—having been twice to the Abbey—the names of any of the poets buried there. Tell her that to-day we are going to think about the tombs of the first and last poets that have been buried there, viz., Chaucer and Lord Tennyson.

*Step V.*—See if she knows anything about Chaucer, and then tell her shortly about him, mentioning his love for flowers. Read to her his description of the daisy, and

suggest she should think of it as the "day's eye" when next she sees one.

*Step VI.*—Ask her what she knows about Tennyson. Show her his picture, and relate how when he was a little boy he lived in the country and was very fond of flowers and animals; how he came to write his first poem at the suggestion of his elder brother. Tell her a little about his poems, especially mentioning *Idylls of the King* and *The Revenge*. Show how when he was grown up he kept his love for flowers, and loved the country better than the town, like all poets. Tell her he was very short-sighted and had to look very closely at flowers. Ask her what flower Chaucer was fond of. Tell her that Tennyson wrote a poem about "The Daisy," and he said once that when you tread on daisies, they turn up under foot and get rosy.

*Step VII.*—Recapitulation. Ask J—— what part of the Abbey we have been talking about; what men, getting her to say shortly what she knows about them.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

### *Subjects for January.*

I.—*A Winter Landscape.* Paint from the window if it is impossible to go out of doors. Take the frame of the windows as your boundary, and paint exactly what you see.

II.—*A Study in Whites: Still Life.* A subtle variety may be had in tone by the careful choice of different white objects placed together.

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## OUR WORK.

*House of Education.*—Next term begins January 15th.

*Parents' Review School.*—Next term begins January 19th.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for January: From Schiller's *Wilhelm Tell*.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for January: From Tennyson's *In Memoriam*.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

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## BOOKS.

*Dante and His Time*, by Karl Federn (Heinemann, 6/-). Dr. Federn's book is somewhat of a new departure. A German author writes a version of his book in English for an English public, and we have reason to be grateful as we should probably have missed much in a translation. Indeed the author shares Dante's own sentiment:—"Therefore let everybody know that nothing that is brought (or made) to harmonise in the musical bonds of verse can be translated out of one language into another without all its harmony and sweetness being broken:" for this reason, perhaps, only one of the nineteen chapters is devoted to "The Divine Comedy." "All

the treasures of beauty," says Dr. Federn, "and the most wonderful of his mysteries the reader must look for in Dante's own work." The two terms of the title are elucidated in the two parts of the book. Part I. treats of *The Time*, with chapters on, *The Destruction of the Antique*, *The New Moral Ideal*, *The Political Ideal*, *Social Conditions*, *Medieval Knowledge*, *Italian Poetry*, *The Franciscans*, etc., etc. This seems to us on the whole the more valuable part of the volume. Mr. Arther Butler, in his interesting introduction, speaks of Dante, as of all the great poets of the world, the one who takes most explaining and who appeals most to that love of solving problems which affords a motive to many of us. The reader who has little skill in, or taste for, the solving of problems, is yet aware of the need of a fit setting for the great poem of the Middle Ages, in which, as Carlyle has said, "ten silent centuries have found a voice." Therefore some knowledge of the centuries that led up to it, and some more intimate knowledge of the Thirteenth Century itself, is really a necessary condition for the understanding of the poem, a setting to hold the jewel. Dr. Federn writes modestly of his book, and says, that, "especially in the first part, I have mostly worked out the result of other people's investigations." It seems to us that in this first part he has given a scholarly and philosophic, and at the same time most interesting and readable review of all those influences which, so to say, culminated in Dante. Part II. deals with "Dante," his work, his youth, *Beatrice*, *Dante and Florence*, *Dante in Exile*, and *The Divine Comedy*. The author endeavours to hold the scales even between those who regard the events and persons associated with Dante's life as things "mystic, wonderful," and those others who would reduce the great world-poet to a common place among common men. Dr. Federn is both sane and sympathetic, as well as reverent. The lovers of Dante, who have not already read everything about the poet, will find this volume deeply interesting. The three existing portraits, the bronze at Naples and the Mask in the Uffizzi are well reproduced.

*Historical Essays and Reviews*, by Mandell Creighton, D.D. (Longmans, 5/-). We are glad that Mrs. Creighton has thought well to collect the essays and reviews in this volume. No historical utterance of Dr. Creighton's should be allowed to drop. His sane judgment, encyclopedic knowledge, and broad outlook give unique value to even his slightest treatment of historical subjects. Perhaps the essays, and chiefly the character studies, dealing with the Renaissance are the most important part of the volume, because they illustrate a period; and this period, one of peculiar interest to those desultory readers of history who delight in collecting their knowledge of a period from studies embodied in essays. It goes without saying that Dr. Creighton's essays afford charming reading. He is not of the dry-as-dust historians to whom human and humane interests do not appeal.

*Cecilia*, by Marion Crawford (Macmillan, 6/-). We need not say that Mr. Marion Crawford knows his "Rome," and his picture of Roman society, everyday, easy-going, and without plot or much intrigue, is distinctly pleasant, and is the sort of thing that could be given to us only by one who knows. The "Countess Fortiguerra" is a charming study. She is easy, simple, by no means intellectual, but blessed with the instincts of a



nice woman and a lady. The setting, too, is quietly and delightfully Roman, the old convent garden especially lingers in one's memory; but, for the rest, what shall we say? The *motif* of the book is one that Mr. Kipling has treated with great delicacy and charm in *The Brushwood Boy*; but we have come across two or three novels lately presenting an unpleasant, even a loathsome treatment of the same theme. This theme is hypnotic self-suggestion, and *Cecilia* is to our mind distinctly unpleasant. The daily meeting in the land of dreams, between Cecilia and her unknown lover, the reader might have condoned, but the kiss which always accompanied this meeting is too offensive and suggestive. That way madness lies, we should like to say of the reading of many novels elucidating this dangerous theme.

*Broken Stalks*, by Lily H. Montagu (Brimley Johnson, 6/-). Miss Lily Montagu's style is a little unequal, neither plot nor incidents are noteworthy, and though some of her dialogues are sparkling and charming, others are, perhaps, rather dull. But, all the same, *Broken Stalks* has distinct literary value of an unusual kind. Like Mr. Barrie in *Sentimental Tommy*, Miss Montagu presents us with a new character in fiction (or at any rate a new development in character), so convincing that we feel we have been intimate with her all along. This is "Mrs. Carey," who appears as the mother of the heroine, but does in truth herself fill that character, and is a very delicate, psychological study. We have her excited and restless in her anxiety about "Millicent," the beautiful crippled girl, to whom she and her family owe their home; but an operation restores Millicent to vigorous health; and savage jealousy, on behalf of her plain daughter Joan, awakes in Mrs. Carey's heart. The phases of this passion, the poor woman's distress and distressfulness, and her restoration to her right mind when both Millicent and Joan are safely married, form an interesting and profitable study. We hope Miss Montagu will do more work of the careful and artistic quality she has put into "Mrs. Carey" even if she must eliminate what is practically padding; for example, "Ellis" and his up-to-date views.

*The Boy's Iliad*, by Walter C. Perry (Macmillan, 6/-). Mr. Copeland Perry amply justifies the production of *The Boy's Iliad*, if so capital a book needs justification. He gives us many of the charming legends and fables connected with the Trojan war, which are not to be found in *The Iliad* of Homer. Among these are:—the judgment of Paris, the birth and education of Achilles, the sacrifice of Iphigenia, the story of Ænone, the building of the Wooden Horse, the fate of Laocoon, the burning of Troy. "These events, the importance of which will be seen at once, I have had," says the author, "to cull from the whole range of the classic literature of Greece and Rome." Everyone should know stories which have been appropriated by modern as well as classic art and literature, and we are happy to have Mr. Copeland Perry as *raconteur*. How boys and girls will enjoy the tale of the horses "who incessantly wept hot tears" for the loss of their master Patroklos! We think outline illustrations would have been more suggestive than Mr. Jacomb Hood's pictures.

*The Natural History of Selborne*, by Gilbert White, with Notes by R. Kearton and 123 Illustrations from photographs taken direct from

Nature, by C. and R. Kearton (Cassell, 6/-). It was truly a happy thought to publish *The Natural History of Selborne*, with Notes by Richard Kearton, and photographs by Cherry and Richard Kearton. We could wish for the biographical notice, which appeared in some of the earlier editions, wherein we were told that a Selborne cottager had summed up the praises of Gilbert White in the phrase, "He had no harm in him." We could wish, too, for a larger, though not a clearer type; but, having put in a *caveat* on these two points, we have nothing but praise for this beautiful and quite delightful volume. "Selborne" is a household word in every English home that has even a bowing acquaintance with Nature, and those of us who have been on pilgrimage and know the Pastor, the Short Lithe, the Hanger, and the brick path leading thereto from Gilbert White's house, and the swallows to be seen from his study windows in their hundreds—these will hail with delight Mr. Kearton's photographs. While for the naturalist who has not been thither on pilgrimage (is there such an one)? there is the squirrel on page 257, the young screech owls on page 155, the starling on 148, the skylark on 144, things of delight upon every page, and an introduction by Mr. Kearton, which vindicates his fellowship with Gilbert White.

*London*, by Mrs. E. T. Cook : *Highways and Byways Series* (Macmillan, 6/-). Mrs. Cook seems to us to have performed an astonishing and delightful feat. The notion of one of the *Highways and Byways Series* dealing with London is overwhelming. Thought staggers before the incalculable mass of detail which it would be possible to crowd into such a book; or, before the task of selecting and presenting with any degree of persuasiveness and literary charm. But Mrs. Cook has done this impossible thing. Almost everyone of her 472 pages is delightful in itself; and because, somehow or other, the author has hit upon the very thing you wish to be told in that particular connection. The modern Earl's Court and the associations of Old Kensington, the Venetian Gothic of the Crown Insurance Office, and Old St. Saviour's, Southwark; Charles Lamb and the Temple, Lord Beaconsfield and Mayfair, A. B. C. shops, and the Edward Passmore Settlement, Ruskin and Denmark Hill, the flotsam and jetsam of the streets,—nothing has eluded the author's seeing eye and understanding heart. To her catholic sympathy we owe the scenes and colloquies, now humorous, now pathetic, in the British Museum, the A.B.C. shop, on the Omnibus, and that delightful criticism of life in the scene in Mudie's. The charming sequence, easy and natural, which Mrs. Cook has arrived at, is one of the wonders of the volume. As for the illustrations, we can only say they are worthy of the text. It is good to be introduced to unknown bits of vanishing London and to humorous street scenes of to-day, by Mr. Hugh Thomson and his colleague, Mr. Griggs. Every Londoner will hug his book of *Highways and Byways*, and every Briton, at home and over seas, will find in it the primer of his imperial education.

*The Fairchild Family*, by Mrs. Sherwood (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 6/-). *The Fairchild Family*, in this very dainty edition, is a gift from the publishers which we elders at any rate, who have grown up upon "The Family," will heartily appreciate. First published in 1818 (the first part, that is), it has nearly counted its century, and has long ago taken its place as a classic. *The Fairchild Family* is not only a record of family

life, fascinating in its simplicity, directness and, (greatest charm of all to the young mind), endless detail, but it is a child's *vade mecum*. Pondering the fortunes of the three young Fairchild's, he will learn how to conduct his own life and how to manage himself. The charming episode of the ring and the doll illustrates what we mean. Emily had found Lady Noble's lost ring, and the lady had given her a beautiful doll, with which Lucy was not inclined to play. "Then Mrs. Fairchild called Lucy to her and said, 'My dear child, you are crying. Can you tell me what makes you unhappy?'" and then follows the talk in which Lucy learns that she is suffering from envy, ending with—"Do you ever feel any envy now, mamma?" said Lucy." In this easy way, in the natural course of the day's living, the sins which most easily beset us, the virtues most to be desired of us, are displayed as in a mirror, and the child who reads *The Fairchild Family* all by himself in his pet corner, who has read it as the young Butts (Mrs. Sherwood's maiden name) read their *Robinson Crusoe*, beginning again when they had reached the last page, well, that child will have got out of his book a moral and religious education for himself. But we think it is one of the books that children should read by themselves and for themselves. If it is read to them, or even talked over with them, they will begin to suspect preaching. Certainly our children would be the better for a tincture of the piety and moral purpose of the pre-Victorian days which produced Henry Martyn (who was a friend, by the way, of Mrs. Sherwood's). The pictures, by Miss Florence Rudland, are charmingly quaint. The demure little trio walking to church before mamma and papa is delightful; so, too, is the picture of little Marten peeping into the kitchen; but, indeed, all the pictures are sympathetic and charming, and so is the cover, and so is Miss Mary Palgrave's introduction containing a sketch of Mrs. Sherwood's life. We hope no parents will think that, in praising *The Fairchild Family*, we endorse all the methods of the "Fairchild" parents!

*The Sunday Pleasure Book* (Gardner, Darton & Co., 2/6), will afford special interests and pleasures for many a Sunday. There are outlines to colour, pictures wanting words, scripture characters, houses, palaces, plants, trees of the Bible, texts to colour, and much besides.

*Agathos: The Rocky Island*, by Samuel Wilberforce, D.D. (Seeley 1/6). It was a happy thought to bring out once again Bishop Wilberforce's well-known allegory. We of an older generation have had the deep waters stirred within us by this beautiful story. The author's preface is especially interesting to parents:—"The following allegories and stories have been actually related by the author to his children on successive Sunday evenings. He began the practice with the earnest desire of combining some sort of occupation suitable to the Lord's Day, with something which might amuse his little ones. Few parents can, he thinks, have failed to feel the want which he would here hope in some measure to supply."

*The Bertrams of Ladywell*, by B. Marchand (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 2/-). Sarah Beaufort Bertram, aged eleven, writes the story of how she and her brother and sisters "try to do good" at Ladywell, their house in the country. Pleasant reading.

*The Cape Cousins*, by E. M. Green (Wells, Gardner, 2/-). Molly goes out to visit her Cape cousins at the Residency, and Molly's experiences in surroundings interesting to everyone just now form very good reading.

*The Noisy Years*, by Mabel Dearmer (Smith, Elder, 6/-). Mrs. Dearmer has a gift of delicate irony worthy of Jane Austen, and that is why she has been able to write a book for parents which is also a story book for children, who have, happily, no perception of irony. The first part is said to be *for parents only*, but we believe children would read it in good faith and would not perceive that the mother in the story was brought to book for letting her little boys become enamoured of the Salvation Army and of Rome, as the tastes of their nurses chanced to fall. Nor would they see that the Kindergarten Transition School, with its system and its object lessons, and its Miss MacTavish, who scorned books and got all the learning out of her own head, who also scorned Adam and Eve and Abraham, and was modern and instructive, and gave "lovely lessons," is also being laughed at a little. There is nothing better in the book than the description of how the helpless and charming young mother has discovered for her by a friend the school "good enough for them." "It's so delightful, a sort of extension of the kindergarten system, if you know what that is"; and then—she superintends their "preparation"! Toby, the younger of the little boys, is a delicately sketched character, sensitive, imaginative, loving, and very truthful notwithstanding his inventions *re* how the world was made. And in the second part he is sent to Great Aunt Maria, who begins with the notion that the little boy has to be taught to speak the truth. Most of us can be made to look as if we were lying by the person who believes that we are doing so, and poor little Toby fell into many such snares and went through troubled waters till his "pet-lamb-tulip" mother came to fetch him away. Then comes part three, *In Green Fields*, where the children have a good time with bad days now and then. Every page shows delicate observation of children, and a sense of the two things few of us comprehend—the illimitable ignorance of children and their unlimited Ithuriel-like intelligence. Mrs. Dearmer's sermons will go home because she does not preach them.

*Bells Miniature Series of Painters—Hogarth and Gainsborough* (1/- net, each). We gladly welcome two more volumes of this useful little series. Each volume has eight excellent illustrations, a list of the painter's chief works, and where each is to be seen, and a bibliography. The art criticisms in each case seem to us sound and helpful, and the story of the life is brightly told.

*The Master of Ballantrae*, by R. L. Stevenson; edited, with notes, by R. Cartwright (Cassell & Co.) This is an excellent example of how *not* to introduce a classic. The introduction tells us how to read "the Master," gives us the *dramatis personæ* and a sketch of the plot, with remarks upon the language, style, and incidents which should save the reader the trouble of thinking; not but that these remarks contain some valuable criticism, but that to our thinking a book should be allowed its own chance with the reader. Neither should it be explained to him that "romantical" means romantic, and that "cadet" is a "younger son," that "ribaldry" is "obscene language," and that "imminent" means "threatening,"

and so on for some sixteen closely printed columns. The type is bad, and the page uninviting.

*Don Quixote*, illustrated by W. Heath Robinson (Dent & Co., 5/-). The Knight of La Mancha is always welcome, but this edition has special claims on our attention. "The present edition," the editor tells us "is one specially adapted for young people," the lengthy disquisitions on Knight Errantry, on the classics, etc., have been omitted, and, a fact for which we are especially thankful, some of the coarser passages have been excised. But the Knight and Sancho Panza, Rozinante and Dapple, the ineffable Dulcinea, the Barber and the Curate, the brisk movement of Sixteenth Century life with the grotesque and magnanimous annotations and interpretations of the Errant Knight, these things glide by in living pictures never to be forgotten. Type and paper are inviting, and the pictures are in character, many of them spirited and entertaining.

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### THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Can any of your Brighton readers inform me if there is a good school in that town for girls (or both sexes preferred), within easy reach of the Central Station, where the teaching is on modern lines, especially with regard to manual work and ear training (tonic sol-fa).

Yours truly,

MOTHER.

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### P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

#### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.

CARDIFF.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Collendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

**ESHER.**

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

**HUDDERSFIELD.**

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

**NOTTINGHAM.****PRESTBURY.****SURBITON.****SWANSEA.**

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer* : Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

**P.N.E.U. LIBRARY.**

Will Members kindly note that *Bible Lessons* (Abbot) has been added to the Library.

HESTON.—On Monday, Dec. 8th, Mrs. Anson (member of the Central Executive Committee) addressed the Parish Mothers' Meeting, at Heston, Middlesex, on "The Training of Children." About fifty cottage women were present, and one or two members of the P.N.E.U. residing in the neighbourhood also attended the meeting. After a few words of introduction by the Rev. B. O. Sharp, Vicar of Heston, Mrs. Anson gave a brief account of the work of the P.N.E.U., as initiated by Miss Charlotte Mason, and expressed the hope that its great advantages might one day be shared by rich and poor alike. She also said that there was more sympathy felt for the poorer mothers among the richer ones than was always attributed to them, and all the advantages were not necessarily on one side. The poorer mother gets no help from nurses or governesses; but, on the other hand, there is no one to come between her and her children; and "mother" means everything to a cottage child. After emphasizing the sacredness of the task entrusted to each mother with the birth of each child, Mrs. Anson went on to say that children were trained by their parents, whether parents wished it or not; if not well trained, then badly trained, for the parents' companionship and behaviour necessarily influenced the child. Children who realised their parents' love, returned it, and this mutual affection was the greatest safeguard at the difficult time when girls and boys were about fifteen and began to live their own life. A girl who is on terms of intimate friendship with her mother is not so likely as another to make fatal mistakes when the time comes for choosing a husband. Some discussion followed, the women being evidently keenly interested in the address they had heard, and the meeting terminated with a hearty vote of thanks to Mrs. Anson, and to Mrs. Devonshire who had organised the proceedings.

BELGRAVIA.—On Nov. 26th, at 133, Queen's Gate (by kind permission of Miss Douglas) Mrs. Franklin, Hon. Org. Sec., lectured to new members and friends of members on "The Place of the Parent in Education." Mrs. Franklin gave a most inspiring and helpful address, with the result that several new members were enrolled.—On Dec. 2nd and 9th, at 35, Bryanston Square (by kind permission of Mrs. Jameson Bryce), Mrs. Scott Malden gave "Two Plain Talks on the Moral Training of Boys," for an account of which see "Hyde Park notes."—The first Discussion Meeting took place at 46, Eaton Square, on Nov. 13th. Seven members have joined this autumn. At the first meeting chapters I. and II., *Parents and Children*, by Miss Mason, and 12 pages of Professor Blackie's *Self-Culture* were discussed. *Parents and Children* was taken first, and the meeting discussed several points of interest which had struck them and which they had forwarded to the Hon. Sec. the day before. Family isolation was the first point, and the dangers of it. How it leads to self-praising if not checked, that it is more noticeable in large rather than small families as smaller families have fewer interests at home. How it is wise to allow children to stay with nice people, as it enlarges their ideas and shows them that different families often live in quite different ways. Point 2: how far is it practicable to try to attain the ideal in training, education, family life? As water cannot rise above its source, neither can we live at a higher level than that of the conception we form of our place and use in life. The meeting thought that there ought to be no undue straining after the ideal, that the ideal should be led up to by the unconscious mind, and that if the children have no ideals it is probably something wrong in the parents which affects them. It is wise to give them the lives of good men and women to read. Point 3: whether any member could give any details of French family life as personally known to them? One member said, speaking of country life in France 30 years ago, that the members of a French family are completely taken up with themselves, their grand-parents, the young married people, cousins, aunts, etc., and the girls are much kept back. The three last points dealt with the subject of obedience; should obedience be unquestioning, have parents the right to decide for their children on any given point on which the child is capable of making a decision for itself? The following ideas were brought forward; up to a certain age, the child will obey through love, it is better to lead than to drive, that as soon as a child can understand, give it a reason. The experience of life, not the fact of parent-hood, gives the parents their authority. Parents should never relinquish their authority altogether, but should give way on unimportant points. In *Self-Culture*, the first point discussed was excessive reading, which was regarded as a malady or narcotic. Reading ought to be well directed but not banished altogether. The value of object lessons was the next point, how they should be used in conjunction with reading. In seeing pictures, children should be encouraged to criticise, to state why they admire them, and any special thing which strikes their fancy. In comparing historical characters they should be encouraged to say why they like or dislike them, and what special traits they admire.

BRONDESBURY AND KILBURN.—A very interesting paper was read on Nov. 26th, by Miss Daniell, on "How and when to begin Modern

Languages." She spoke with considerable experience, and made some very helpful suggestions.—On Dec. 10th, Dr. Cunningham read a paper on "Common Sense in Hygiene." From his knowledge of sanitation and public health, Dr. Cunningham was able to give some valuable advice on matters of every-day life of importance to his hearers.

BOLTON AND FARNWORTH—A lecture arranged by the M U. and the P.N.E.U. was given at the Central Hall, Bolton, on Dec. 9th, when Mrs. Clare Goslett gave a most interesting address on "Brain Health and the Care of the Mind." The lecture was well attended and much enjoyed, and it is hoped that Mrs. Goslett may give us another lecture on the same subject at some future date.

DARLINGTON.—A meeting was held at Woodside, by kind permission of Mrs. Gurney Pease, on Nov. 20th, Miss Katherine Pease in the chair. Mr. Philip Wicksteed gave an address entitled, "Is Education a Failure?" After touching on the interest taken by parents at the present day in the education of their children, the lecturer went on to consider the success of modern education from various points of view. What was the sense of responsibility for an opinion, of responsibility in making a statement, or of a capacity for weighing evidence? The lecturer thought the average educated man did not feel any responsibility at all for forming an opinion; he bought it daily, ready-made, for a penny or a halfpenny. A peasant's statement might often be more surely relied on; it was at least based on his own observation, while that of the so-called educated man could only be trusted to have appeared in print. As to capacity for weighing evidence, the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy proved how little appreciation people had of the difference between coincidences which were significant and those which were not. The lecturer pointed out, too, that though gambling was sapping the moral fibre of the nation, there was still a fundamental ignorance of the laws of chance. How many people, for instance, could be got to believe that the number of times a penny had turned up heads or tails had no influence whatever on what it would turn up next time? So far, then, education could not be considered a success. The lecturer went on to describe the education of the Greeks. Based on a distinct organisation and theory of society, it was divided into two kinds: liberal education for free men, and useful or servile education for slaves. Liberal education was not intended to teach people to earn a living, but to teach them how to live and to employ their leisure worthily. Those arts only were liberal which were an end in themselves. Philosophy was widely studied—that divine knowledge; the knowledge of the gods or such knowledge as the gods rejoiced in. Unlike the Greeks, we had no theory of society, and, therefore, no real basis for a theory of education. Practically, of course, we still had slaves and free men—men who, from the cradle to the grave, worked for others in order to earn their daily bread; and men, on the other hand, who lived on the labour of others. No one, however, would sit down to work out a theory of education on this basis. At present there was great clamouring against the useless education of public schools, and a desire at the same time to give more liberal and humanising education in the elementary schools. In the former respect, Mr. Wicksteed deplored the growing tendency to look upon England merely as a great commercial



competitor, and to conform education to this idea. As for education in elementary schools, the lecturer thought it might be liberalised on better lines than those at present sought after. Surely there were great possibilities in teaching those in primary relations with the planet. In spite of all the existing confusion of ideas, the lecturer saw hope in this striving after some theory of education. It could never be reached until there was a right conception of citizenship, and thus we might hope to be driven back to reconstruct our social ideas and system. In view of the great interest taken at the present time in the study of a child's mind, the lecturer uttered a warning against cultivating a second-hand self-consciousness in children. There was danger, too, in not valuing subjects such as literature, astronomy, &c., for their own sake, but for their value in training children's minds. Teachers who did this did not know what the intellectual life was. The lecturer drew an amusing contrast between the old-fashioned pedagogue and that of to-day. The former, facing his object, held the child in front of him and kicked and pushed him to the goal; the latter, turning his back to the object, faced the child, and gently beckoned him along. The ideal teacher, of course, was one with an enthusiasm for his subject and an affinity for children. Much good was taught incidentally by the old stupid methods. A child set to get through a brick wall had to knock his head against it till he found a loose brick. In modern intelligence, there might be a danger of losing this dull, dead capacity for forcing a way through difficulties. The lecturer concluded his address by assuring teachers that their faults were not infectious, and that, given a teacher who honestly cared for his subject, he would teach his best self.

DERBY.—On Nov. 25th, at 35, The Wardwick (by kind permission of the Hon. Mrs. Alexander), Mrs. Meynell gave a beautiful and practical address on "Prayer for and with our children." Dealing with the time when in the earliest days the mother should *kneel with her little ones* to the days when, sons and daughters grown up and absent, "prayer is the only means we have of touching them," she gave food for reflection and several useful hints to the parents present, who much appreciated the address.

DULWICH.—This branch held its first meeting of the session on Sept. 30th, at Pond House, Dulwich, when Miss Sieveking, hon. sec. to the Horticultural College at Swanley, came and spoke on "Gardening as an occupation for women." She explained the course of training carried out there, and how students after three years' training are enabled to take situations as lady gardeners.—On Oct. 24th, at the High School for Girls, West Dulwich (by kind permission of Miss Silcox, the head-mistress), Miss Annie Evans gave a lecture entitled, "The Story of the Virgin Mary as told in pictures by the Great Masters," which was illustrated by lantern slides.—On Nov. 20th, at The Chestnuts, Dulwich Common (by kind permission of Mrs. Whiteley), Mr. Olive gave his lecture on "Loss of sympathy between parents and children." Mr. Olive treated the subject in a most interesting and witty manner, which was much appreciated by all present. More fathers were among the audience than usual, and they all kindly joined in the discussion which ensued. The Rev. J. H. Mallinson presided.—The next meeting of this branch will be held on Jan. 22nd,

when Miss Beth Finlay has promised to come forward and give her lecture on "The Restlessness of Modern Youth."

EDGBASTON.—The second meeting of the session of 1902-3 was held on Dec. 4th, by kind invitation of Lady Lodge. There was a large attendance, and Mrs. George Cadbury was in the chair. Lady Isabel Margesson, who had been expected, was prevented by severe illness from coming, and at a few hours' notice Mrs. Clement Parsons, with great kindness, came down from London to address the meeting. She took as her subject the "Training of the Will," and spoke most beautifully and eloquently upon it, illustrating as she went along by a series of extracts from great authors, which were read by different ladies present. Mrs. Parsons began by speaking of the will as a momentum, the force that moves us, hence the great importance in right education, of "putting into the mind good desires," making the daily habits in a young life tend in the direction of good. Habit is a persistency of impression, a memory of the will—thus gradually grow abiding qualities, and so in the end character is formed; so decisions in particular instances are made naturally without effort, running on what have well been called "the railway-lines of habit." Parental sloth is sometimes to blame that children are left to find their own way in these matters; what you want your children to be, you must be yourself: it is no use teaching them what you do not believe, and it is a good plan always to seem to *expect* good of your children. Obedience is rendered either through fear or through faith, and Mrs. Parsons doubted whether unquestioning obedience need be so strenuously insisted on as a good in itself. On this matter she gave much helpful advice as to "turning the thoughts" if a struggle seemed imminent: preparing a child overnight in special cases for some difficult or distasteful duty. She urged the necessity of *occupying*, of constructing good as a means of keeping out evil. Mrs. Parsons then went on to describe the three stages of will: first, the primitive will, which struggles to acquire, to possess and to act for self and its own claims; second, the will to endure, which is the ideal of the stoic philosophers; and third, the highest development, when the human will is merged in the Divine. This is of course beyond a child's capacity, but surely the goal to strive for. A child naturally starts with the primitive will when self and its desires are uppermost. School-life and young companions will do more than any grown-up maxims towards attaining to a useful stoicism, and hero-worship is an immense impetus to the young soul. An intimate knowledge of noble and heroic poetry has been a wonderful guide and inspiration to many. Mrs. Parsons reminded us that character can only be truly formed in the current of the world, not in the moral hothouse; and she concluded by speaking of the "temperate will," neither obstinate or flaccid, and then of the pessimism so common in this latter day, illustrating from Dante's *Inferno* where souls suffer punishment for accidia, the sin of gloom. A short and interesting discussion followed.

EDINBURGH.—The meeting of this branch was held on the evening of Friday, Dec. 12th, by the kind permission of Mrs. Whyte, at 7, Charlotte Square, when Mr. E. H. Miles, Honours Coach and Lecturer at Cambridge University, amateur tennis and racquets champion of the world, gave a very

interesting address on "Diet and Exercise." He strongly advocated the desirability of a non-flesh diet to a large extent, on the ground that meat contained an excessive amount of uric acid. He commented unfavourably upon those who expected to find sufficient nourishment on vegetables alone, and recommended plasmon very strongly as a good substitute for meat. He also dealt with the question of exercises, and gave an exhibition of some useful and interesting forms. There was some discussion after the address, and the meeting did not break up until eleven o'clock. There were about 80 present.

GLASGOW.—The second lecture of the session was delivered on Dec. 5th, at 11, Great Western Terrace (by kind permission of Mrs. Frome), when Dr. Harper, of the Athenæum School of Music, spoke on "Higher Musical Culture." The lecturer deplored the low standard of musical education which still contents people, not only in this country, but in Italy, Germany and the United States (though both old and young do better now than 50 years ago). He instituted a comparison between the results of a general and of a musical education, much to the disadvantage of the latter. At the end of his musical education the ordinary student has learnt to play certain pieces from copies or from memory, and may have a good knowledge of the theory of music, but he cannot tackle anything out of his repertoire. His is a mechanical education, he cannot speak in musical language. Yet the current system does good work. It leads from admiration to imitation, and thence progress springs, but it does not produce original thinkers and composers. Now a general education does not leave a pupil unable to carry on a conversation save out of a phrase-book or by reference to works studied at school; even the worst scholar can speak freely and naturally on a subject of general interest. Yet few can compose any music, making intelligent use of accepted facts for the presentation of thought. Only an occasional musician can tell any mistakes on first hearing a piece of music, and how many can sit down with a new score and tell how it goes? Some may hum the melody, but few realise the harmonies. Such a result is akin to that of the humble speller who reads with lips as well as eyes. The lecturer next dealt with conversational improvisation between two players on different instruments, making new music as they go on. At this point, Mr. Turner, of the Athenæum School of Music, gave interesting illustrations of this ability to deal with the ideas of others. Resuming, Dr. Harper spoke of what more can be done, how to do it, and with whom to deal. He held that students should not only interpret masters, according to their teachers, but should be able to give an interpretation of their own. He emphasised the need of daily reading at sight. The connection of the sound and the printed symbol should be a part of life. Mothers may do much to encourage sight-reading, to develop a musical ear, and to inspirit their children. They should ask about their music, learn what the composer's idea was, and teach them to interpret the composer's meaning, not merely to reproduce the sounds. Children should practise several times a day, not all at a sitting. They should read from the bass up, not from the harmony; give time, don't hurry. Let all be done slowly. This is the golden key. Various questions followed, and votes of thanks were warmly accorded.

HAMPSTEAD.—The second meeting of the Hampstead branch was held on Friday, Nov. 14th, at 12, Eton Avenue, by kind invitation of Mrs. Maxwell. Miss Alice Woods, principal of the Maria Grey Training College, lectured on "Emotional Development in Children," and the chair was taken by Dr. Richard Garrett, C.B. Miss Woods, in the course of a very able and suggestive address, dwelt on the emotion of attraction and repulsion, of love and hate, as an important part of activity. Though no one is likely to confess to it, we allow a good deal of materialism to tinge the education of our children. Many, theoretically, admit the necessity of acts of will, but virtually aim at repression, and are unwilling that their sons and daughters should grow up with an individuality of their own. Do not judge of the emotions by their excess. The basic value of the emotions in education is large. Children come into the world endowed with impulses, of which the egoistic naturally predominates in the first place, but there is also a great susceptibility to ideas, and we must aim at cultivating the emotions of attraction. A good discussion followed, and there was a large attendance.—The third meeting was held on Wednesday evening, Dec. 3rd, at 9a, Church Row, by kind invitation of Miss Herford. Miss Cecilia Waern, art lecturer, gave an address on "How to study the Old Masters," and the chair was taken by Mr. Henry Holiday. Miss Waern said that art education was carried on by (1) travel abroad; (2) by study of the masterpieces here; and (3) by study of the reproductions; of which she proposed to consider the second means. She affirmed that great national collections are a sign of the decadence of modern times. If art were alive, pictures would be in our houses, churches, and public buildings. The art sense is a birthright of all, which the race cannot afford to lose, yet we are passing through an inartistic phase. Artistic interest is mixed with antiquarian interest, and few dare controvert the accepted standard of taste. The collections have been made representative, and not educative. A knowledge of the *history* of art is confused with a knowledge of art, whereas the latter is hindered by bookish study. There are three points of view in looking at pictures critically and not historically—(1) Truth to nature; (2) technique; (3) charm and decorative quality. The lecturer then proceeded to demonstrate from various pictures the qualities of unity, harmony, variety and expression. Mr. Holiday then followed with an interesting speech, and there was a short discussion. There was a large attendance.—There will be a public meeting at the Hampstead Town Hall, Haverstock Hill, on Wednesday, Jan. 14th, 1903, at 8.30, when the Hon. and Rev. Canon Lyttelton (Head Master of Haileybury College) will lecture on "The Teaching of Scripture and the Higher Criticism." The Vicar of Hampstead will be in the chair.

HARROW.—A most enjoyable lecture was given on Dec. 10th, at Mrs. Gregory Foster's house, by Mrs. Clement Parsons, on "Education in the Use of Money." The primary reason Mrs. Parsons' addresses are so interesting, is because of the personal note which always makes itself felt in all she says, and the delicate touches of humour which are never absent from them. This was again the case in her last week's lecture, especially in some of her remarks about the selfishness which flourishes unchecked in many of the members of a household over the spending, on themselves,

of the hard-earned money of the father and bread-winner. Mrs. Parsons urged on parents the advisability of exercising a wise control over the actual items of their children's outlay of pocket money; that unless the girls were methodical and accurate in their accounts, in after years when they had household expenditure to manage, they would find themselves landed in many unnecessary extravagances.—On Dec. 16th, Dr. Savage gave an address at Professor Hill's house, on "Forward, Backward and Froward Children." He said that in some cases precocity may be the explosion of power, which only leads to nervous destruction. We should always bear in mind that, as there are mental giants, so there are also mental pigmies. He added (a sentence that should carry on its back more thought than perhaps we are apt to give it) that what might appear harmless eccentricity in a rich man's child, will appear, often, criminal in a poor man's. Dr. Savage, in the course of his remarks on "Froward Children," said he thought they might be called "organically naughty children." There are those who are functionally and organically froward, and those who are only temporarily froward. As regarded punishments, he spoke strongly on the advisability of only giving it in private and "*with ceremony*."—The next lecture is on Jan. 8th, at 3.30, at 4, Lyon Road, by Mr. Rice (late head-master of King Alfred's School.)

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. "At Home" Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—On Nov. 26th, Mrs. Franklin lectured to new members and friends of members, at 133, Queen's Gate (by the kind permission of Miss Douglas). There were about 60 present, and several new members joined after the meeting.—On Dec. 2nd and 9th, at 35, Bryanston Square (by kind permission of Mrs. Jameson Bryce), Mrs. Scott-Malden gave two "Plain Talks on the Moral Training of Boys," to the combined Hyde Park and Belgravia Branches. There were about 150 present, and many useful hints were given.—The programme with new lectures, &c., will be issued early in January. Members are reminded that their subscriptions are now due.

IPSWICH.—The annual meeting of this branch was held at the Museum, on Wednesday, Nov. 26th. Lady Farren, the local president, was in the chair. After the usual business of the annual meeting, Mrs. Howard Glover, of Hampstead, read a most thoughtful, suggestive, and impressive paper, by Mrs. Franklin, on "The Parents' Place in Education." The attendance was better than usual, about 40 members and their friends being present.

LEEDS.—The Rev. W. H. Draper gave an excellent and useful address to this branch, on Wednesday, Dec. 3rd. Considering the very bad weather there was a good attendance, and some discussion followed the lecture. The subject was, "Stages in the Religious Life of Children." Mr. Draper divided the religious life into four stages:—(1) The time of unconscious learning, when the child learns the character of God through its parents; (2) The time of trust and conscious learning, when the child asks many questions, and must be taught as much as it can learn; (3) The time of reserve and silence—most critical and difficult time of all—when parents can only stand by and be ready to help if needed; and (4) The

time of maturity, when doubts have passed away. The lecturer illustrated his remarks by passages from Cowper, Dr. Johnson, and the Confessions of St. Augustine.

LEWES.—A meeting of this branch was held on Dec. 3rd, when Mr. Chesterton gave an address on "Children and Literature." About forty people were present. The chair was kindly taken by A. S. Bicknell, Esq.

READING.—The Annual General Meeting of this branch was held on Friday, Nov. 28th, at the Abbey Hall (kindly lent by Messrs. Sutton and Sons), when Miss Hay gave an interesting and instructive paper on "Elocution," impressing on her hearers the importance of teaching children when young the art of speaking clearly and distinctly. This paper was preceded by the following business: Election of President, Vice-Presidents, and Committee for the ensuing year; reading of reports and financial statements of the branch and the Natural History Club, both of which were satisfactory. This meeting closes the year's work; the new programme will be forthcoming early in the year.

REIGATE.—Nov. 28th, a drawing-room meeting was held, by kind permission of Mrs. Powell, at "Ivanhoe," Reigate, with the object of considering the expediency of forming a local branch of the P.N.E.U. for Reigate and district.—Mrs. Clement Parsons read a paper on "The Aims and Works of the Parents' National Educational Union." The audience showed great appreciation of Mrs. Clement Parsons' paper, and the proposal of the chairman (H. S. Stone, Esq, B.A., M.B.) that a local branch should be formed was unanimously carried. A committee of the following ladies was then appointed: Mrs. Sewill, Mrs. Stone, Mrs. Sim, Mrs. von Fleischl, Mrs. Latham, Mrs. Pfeil, Mrs. Davies.—A committee meeting was held on Dec. 8th, when lectures were arranged for February and March; and it was also decided to start a Children's Natural History Club. The branch starts with about thirty members.

SCARBOROUGH.—On Dec. 10th a drawing-room meeting was held at Riseborough (by invitation of Mr. and Mrs. George Rowntree). Miss Hart-Davis (Reading) gave a delightful address upon "Nature Study at Home and at School." Many charming hints were given of how children may be trained to observe Nature, and of the many avenues open to study. About forty-four members were present. There were on exhibition eight cases of moths and butterflies showing the "life histories." These were shown by a student of the Bootham School, York, which has the oldest Natural History Society—established in 1834. Some lovely photographs were sent by two brothers, showing the results of camera work during the nesting season. Miss Mason sent six Nature note-books from students at the House of Education, Ambleside; and Mr. Badley Bedales, Petersfield, sent some junior note-books of pupils between the ages of ten and fourteen. All these added largely to the interest of the meeting.

WAKEFIELD AND DISTRICT.—On the evening of Nov. 10th, Dr. Reddie, Master of the New School, Abbottsholme, Derbyshire, gave an address on "English Educational Apathy, contrasted with Foreign Educational Enthusiasm." Dr. Reddie spoke very strongly on the advisability of boys being kept at home, or at any rate being taught by lady teachers till eleven years of age, then to be sent straight to a public school where they would

remain until going to college. He much deprecated the custom of changing a boy's school at the age of fourteen or fifteen; he also said that at the present time too much importance is laid upon Latin and Greek, and advised a more thorough study of the English language.—A well attended meeting of this branch was held at the Technical School, on Dec. 11th. The address was given by Miss Simon, Head Mistress of Wintersdorf School, Birkdale, Southport. Her subject, "For their sakes I sanctify myself," was a most suitable one for all parents and teachers, especially those who have to do with young children. Miss Simon showed how everyone should lay himself apart for his special work in life, whatever that work may be, and that what we do will never be satisfactory unless we train ourselves for it. "Training must be our watch-word," and parents must remember that though the love which comes into the world with a little baby is a most holy and sacred thing, this is not in itself sufficient for the well-being and bringing up of the child, it must be supplemented by much self-training on the part of the parents.—Canon Lyttelton will give an address on January 8th, on "Time for Growth." The Hon. Sec. will be very glad to give particulars of this or any of the lectures to readers of the *Review* who may live at a distance, but would like to avail themselves of the advantages of this branch.

WANSTEAD AND WOODFORD.—The second meeting of the new session was held on Nov. 13th, at Minto House, South Woodford. Dr. Smythe Palmer presided, and Mrs. Franklin (Hon. Organising Secretary P.N.E.U.) gave a paper on "The Place of the Parent in Education." The lecture was characterised throughout by its adherence to P.N.E.U. teaching and principles, and there was scope enough for Mrs. Franklin to delight her audience by the originality and wisdom of her remarks, and by her well-thought suggestions as to the practical application of these principles. The lecturer contended that although we are inclined to look upon schools and teachers as the legitimate moulders of our children's minds and morals, yet the greater part of their education was and ought to be accomplished by parents, both before and during school life. Mrs. Franklin then ably dealt with education under its threefold aspect—an atmosphere—a discipline—a life; concluding with most valuable hints on the choice of books, the treatment of pictures, and other matters apparently trivial, but in reality all-important to the successful development of "a human being at his best." A short discussion, with an appreciatory speech from the Chairman, brought an enjoyable and inspiring afternoon to a close.—The second evening lecture of the session was given on Wednesday, Dec. 10th, at Bellegrove, S. Woodford (by the kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Warner). The lecturer for the occasion, Dr. Albert Wilson, is extremely well-known to the members, not only personally, but through his writings on medical subjects. The theme chosen was "The Brain in Relation to Mental Development," and that it was a subject of special attraction and interest to the audience was abundantly evidenced by the large attendance of parents of both sexes. Dr. Wilson, as a lecturer, possesses in no small degree the happy and enviable faculty—so rare among *savants*—of being able to reduce the most highly scientific information to ordinary common-place language, capable of being

"understood of the people," so that, aided by graphic diagrams and illustrated by the microscope, the lecture proved extremely educative and enlightening to the lay mind, and was received with every mark of appreciation and approval by those present. At the conclusion, Mr. Frank Warner, as chairman, made an able speech in support of the lecturer's views and invited discussion. Several of the members asked for further information as to the hours a child should study during the day, and other matters of importance in the rearing of young children, all of which Dr. Wilson answered most fully and explicitly. It was the general wish that the lecture should be printed in pamphlet form, that the members might have the chance of possessing a copy. The usual vote of thanks brought to a close a most successful evening. The next Meeting of the Branch will be held on Jan. 17th, at Minto House, S. Woodford, at which Miss Fanny Johnson will lecture.

WINCHESTER.—On Saturday, Dec. 13th, Mrs. Wingfield very kindly lent her drawing-room for the lecture on "Co-education," by Miss Rankin. Dr. Wingfield introduced the speaker, who gave a most delightful and well-thought-out paper on this subject. Miss Rankin's varied experience enhances the value of her opinion on such a topic. Without too rabidly advocating the adoption of co-education in secondary schools, the lecturer set before us, with great fairness, its advantages and disadvantages. With regard to day-schools there seems to be practically no difficulty, but for boarding-schools the system does not yet seem perfected. Taking the home as the great training-centre, is it not the large family, where brothers and sisters rub each other's angles down, that produces the finest type of men and women? If this useful comradeship succeeds so well, why should it suddenly terminate, and girls and boys live apart for nine months of the year? Does such estrangement bring about the best results? It seems not, for the trend of the age is towards co-education, and Miss Rankin thinks it will in time take its place naturally and acceptably without any of the premature forcing which sometimes has the effect of rousing the antagonism of those who might otherwise have been its best friends. The lecturer quoted largely from the latest educational reports dealing with this subject. At the close, Miss Rankin was warmly thanked, and in the discussion which followed, Mr. Cowen gave a most interesting account of several Co-educational Schools in Hampshire. Miss Bramston also told us of a day-school where the system seems to have had nothing but good results.—The next lecture will be at the College, on Jan. 31st, when Mr. Sadler will speak of "Pestalozzi."

WOKING.—On Tuesday, Nov. 18th, at Riverside, Mrs. Franklin read a most interesting paper on "The Parent's Place in Education." Mrs. Franklin's kindness in coming so far to speak to so small a branch was greatly appreciated. The chair was taken by Mrs. Ingham Baker, who opened the meeting with a few words expressing the great pleasure it gave her to introduce the lecturer, and the warm interest that she took in the work. The lecture was followed by a certain amount of discussion.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

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"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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## HERO - WORSHIP.

BY G. E. TROUTBECK.

My subject this afternoon is Hero-worship and its importance as an element in education. Education is, truly, a much debated subject, and many are the theories put forward by those who consider themselves experts. The questions are indeed endless, and are, alas, not devoid of bitterness.

I do not claim to be able to expound the subject as an expert—far from it. But if we are to endeavour to place hero-worship as an important element and factor in education, we must try to arrive, very shortly, at some rough-and-ready idea of what we mean by that word "education," which ever rings so loudly in our ears.

I suppose I am safe in assuming that we all agree on this one point at least, namely, that education does not mean simply the acquisition of knowledge, the mere cramming of the mind with a mass of facts, scientific, historical, or otherwise. We agree, I feel sure, that education and instruction are not synonymous, not interchangeable terms. What we do mean by education is the drawing-out of all the natural powers and faculties, the all-round development, as far as may be, of the whole man, the just co-ordination of all our activities—physical, intellectual, moral and spiritual. This alone is education worthy of the name.

True education may be compatible with a very moderate amount of "instruction" properly so-called. A highly-

instructed person is not always, by any means, a well-educated one; and conversely, a comparatively uninstructed person is not always uneducated. "Learning," as Hegel points out, "when regarded as a mere process of reception and matter of memory, is a most imperfect kind of education. . . . It is through thinking that the thoughts of others are seized, and this after-thinking is the real learning." When all is said and done, is not the end and aim of all true education the *formation of character*?

Now I maintain that hero-worship, taken in its right and proper sense, helps us to learn that reverent admiration for every form of human goodness and greatness which is an essential element in high character, and which is inseparable from all true education. Evanescent in its outward form, hero-worship is, in its inner meaning, one of the most powerful influences for good that can be brought to bear on the human being. It is quite as necessary and important that our emotions and our sentiments should be educated and disciplined as that our intellectual powers should be developed. What we like and admire is of more consequence, so far as character is concerned, than what we know. It is here that the sentiment we call hero-worship has its work to do.

I have had conversations with friends on this subject, and have found that there are, apparently, many people who are prepared to disagree strongly with my views. I had feared that what I was about to say this afternoon was quite disastrously obvious, thick-set with platitudes, and was relieved to find a refreshing difference of opinion. It is clear that many people consider hero-worship to be a mild and amiable form of imbecility, and that, to some minds, the word suggests only what is silly. Of course we may, if we like, dwell solely on the exaggeration of an idea, but I propose to speak of hero-worship from its rational side, for in spite of the occasional follies perpetrated in its name, it has got a rational side. It is not a mere nonsensical adoration of some creature of our own fevered brain, of some person whom we picture to ourselves as a compound of impossible and incompatible excellencies. No, hero-worship implies the recognition of a profound truth, and is akin to that insight of the artist of which Tennyson speaks so finely in the lines :

"As when a painter, poring on a face,  
Divinely thro' all hindrance finds the man  
Behind it."

It is part of that natural love which to the mediæval mind was, literally, the power that moves the universe, and of which Dante writes in the splendid and incisive way that is his alone, saying that "from some real thing it draws forth the ideal element."

"Vostra apprensiva da esser verace  
Tragge intenzione."

It is just this form of love, this recognition of what is good, great, or beautiful, that is the most effective panacea for that besetting sin of democracy, namely, *envy*. As Goethe so grandly says: "There is no remedy but love against great superiorities of others." No unworthy grudging spirit can hold its own in a soul which has once learnt the lesson of which hero-worship, with all its sublime follies, is in a sense the alphabet. It is the recognition of excellence that keeps our thoughts sane and pure, amid the many temptations to pessimism and cynicism that beset us in times of rapid change like our own, when old landmarks tend to disappear, and leave us wandering in a wilderness of new and strange surroundings.

I would, therefore, consider hero-worship mainly in its effect on character, which is, after all, the only thing that really matters, either in this world or the next. And now for a few preliminary remarks on the general subject, remarks which, I hope, will not appear too far from the point.

Firstly, I will make bold to say that in spite of the famous watchword, "Liberty, Equality, Fraternity," the natural man really abhors equality, knowing, as he does at the back of his mind, that liberty and equality are two incompatible things. Inequality of every sort and description is the law of nature, and this wonderful arrangement just makes the difference between harmony and monotony.

A right-minded person hates a dead level, and instinctively feels that it is dull, ugly, uninteresting, and unfavourable to life, both without us and within. Most of our purest pleasure is derived from the power of looking up to something above us. As George Eliot says: "The first need of the human heart is something to love; the second, something to reverence." A writer of a very different school, Renan, points out very truly and beautifully, that "a man's moral worth is in proportion to his faculty of admiration." We may feel

pretty certain that people who are without this faculty of admiration have got something wrong with them—something very precious and sacred is lacking in their moral and spiritual equipment; they are dreary company, and create an arid waste around them.

I suppose we all have a Mephistopheles side to us, and although the “denying spirit” is very useful in his right place, he requires to be kept in that place with a strong hand. I have heard cynicism defined as the inability to perceive the ideal element in men and things, and it is to be feared that at times we are all of us not only unable, but unwilling, to see that ideal element, which, nevertheless, we are bound to believe to be there.

I would fain plead that the critical habit of mind should not be too much encouraged in children, that they should not constantly hear disparaging remarks on the things and persons around them, that they should not grow up in an atmosphere of pessimistic reflection. The power of destructive criticism develops only too soon, and the habit of “sitting in judgment” on everything and everybody is only too fatally easy to acquire. It is an unpleasant habit at any age, but odious in youth, to which we look for generous enthusiasms, and warm-hearted, if perhaps indiscriminating, admiration of great men and great causes. The critical faculty lays us open to great temptations, because the cultivation of it is often a cheap way of getting a reputation for smartness, and a talent for finding fault is frequently mistaken for real ability. As a matter of fact, this attitude of mind usually characterizes people of inferior character and intellect, and it might be well if this could now and then be pointed out to the young, who are naturally given to copy what seems rather “grown-up” and superior! At any rate, we may try and remember the somewhat mordant words of advice given by Prosper Mérimée: “Do not be too anxious to think the world foolish and ridiculous. It is only too much so. It is better to have some illusions than none at all.”

Now, whatever we may think of the advisability of having illusions, we may ask: What can be a greater moral preservative or a better intellectual stimulus than the sentiment which, for want of any other name, we call hero-worship? I am not suggesting that hero-worship is precisely an end in

itself, but that it is a very important *element* or *stage* in our education, and here I should like to draw attention to one or two points which indirectly illustrate my meaning. Hero-worship, as we usually understand it, forms part of most people's mental experience in their youth, and indeed, belongs almost exclusively to that period, to be followed only too often by a real and sad fading out of the glow of feeling as we grow to maturity. We are happy if our hero-worships pass peacefully into the glorified life of memory without the shattering of our idols, or the desecration of the temples in which they were enshrined. We are happy if no trace of bitterness remains behind.

It is a matter of common experience that, as life goes on, powerful personalities appear to cease from among us. We are fain to say that "there were giants in the earth in those days," unmistakeably implying that there are no more giants left now. The commonplace, the mediocre, seems to usurp the place of what was remarkable, interesting, influential—a desolating outlook, truly!

There are many theories we might put forward to account for this almost universal mental experience, for such it seems to be. Some people will tell us that the change is in ourselves, that it is internal and subjective. Either we have lost the freshness, faith and enthusiasm of youth, or, perhaps, our judgment is more matured, our powers of observation better trained, the balance between reason and emotion more evenly held. Or, it may be:

"That the past will always win  
A glory from its being far;  
And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not, when we moved therein."

Others, on the contrary, will tell us that there is an external and objective change, a change in the world and society around us. We are told that it is an age of respectable mediocrity, that the fierce jealousy of a democracy is unfavourable to the development of powerful individualities, and that what we are pleased to call education is crushing out the last sparks of originality by endeavouring to run everybody into the same mould, like so many candles. Those who consider that an alteration has actually taken place in our outward circumstances might point to the various

changes, political and social, which tend to obliterate distinctions, and to the levelling up or down, whichever you like, that results from altered economic conditions.

But without dwelling too long on this point, we must admit that whether we are hero-worshippers suffering from blighted adorations or not, the disenchantments that lie in wait for us appear to be many, and we certainly cannot be accused of being unconscious of them, or of failing to lament them. The rather irritating complacency with which our so-called "progress" is vaunted, the tiresome and conceited glorification of modern ideas and "improvements," are counterbalanced, in many quarters, by a very sufficiently loud-voiced regret for the past, and by very pertinent suggestions that the past may have something to do with the wonderful excellence of the present!

However, the most despondent among us must confess that the fearful general deterioration usually complained of by the inveterate "praisers of past times" cannot have been going on from generation to generation in this fashion, for, at that rate, we could hardly expect to find even the remnants of a world left by now. So let us take heart, and realize, though perhaps sadly, that it is, mainly, we who change. As we grow older, we find it hard and irksome to adapt ourselves to different ways of living and of thinking, such as are forced upon us by gradual changes of circumstance, and we feel sadly tempted to think that nothing is as good as it was, and nobody as great. We say, in common parlance, that we have "seen through things," thereby intending to imply that we have weighed them and found them wanting. Surely we must have looked "through things" the wrong way, if we feel that they are worthless. We have thought only of the "outward and visible sign," and not of the "inward and spiritual grace." When we really come to "see through things," our soul will then "understand the great Word that makes all things new."

But, it will be asked, what has all this to do with hero-worship as a factor in education? In reply, I would suggest that it helps us to see what it is that hero-worship may teach us.

It does not follow that a sentiment or a mode of thought is foolish and useless because, in a sense, we may be said to

grow out of it. If, in later years, we put away childish things, we do not believe that the childish things have taught us nothing. Moreover, let us be quite sure that we have "become men" before we put away these things, lest we lose their most valuable lessons and consolations.

What then can we claim as the special lessons taught by the sentiment we call hero-worship? First, it teaches us the *recognition of merit*, which, as Goethe says, is the true liberality. It is rare, if indeed it ever happens, that we make a hero of a man from a low or unworthy motive. A hero, even to the silliest young person, is always someone who possesses really fine qualities, be those qualities physical, intellectual or moral. Nobody, I imagine, ever made a hero of a man merely because he was rich, or for any sordid reason whatever. Hero-worship is the recognition of some true merit, and that recognition is in itself of priceless value. But while insisting that the natural impulse is to admire and revere what is good, and to love the things that are more excellent, we should remember that this tendency, however well marked in sane and wholesome natures, needs encouragement. There are exceptions to every rule, and there is no disputing the existence of decadence and depravity among mankind. Therefore, those among us who have any influence or authority over the young have a responsibility with respect to the ideals we hold up to them, and the views of life which, consciously or unconsciously, we impress upon them. If we are bitter and cynical, if we admire what is false and unworthy, we hand on the seeds of death rather than the torch of life. It is, of course, impossible to enter into detail on so wide a subject as this; examples and illustrations cannot fail to suggest themselves, especially to those whose calling it is to watch and guide the development of young minds.

Again with regard to the acquisition of knowledge in its various branches, how invaluable is the influence of commanding personalities, and how potent the faculty of admiration. Does not most of our interest in history,—nay, even in literature and art, hinge upon a yet keener interest which is aroused by some heroic figure, in whom a whole epoch, a whole subject, seems to be embodied? What, for example, would most of us care for the history even of our own country, if the figures of King Alfred,

Edward I., Henry VIII., Elizabeth, and Mary, Queen of Scots, were blotted out of it? How many of us would be interested in the history of the great Civil War without the still-living personalities of Charles I. and Cromwell? What does a young creature care for the history of a confused and indistinguishable crowd? Even in what are called "popular" movements, it is the leader, the inspirer, who is remembered. As Carlyle truly said, "No great man lives in vain. The history of the world is but the biography of great men." And indeed, this saying applies, not only to the history of the world, but to the life-history of most of the people in it. In our own lives, have not the powerful personalities with whom we have come in contact made the crises, the turning-points in the development of our own minds and characters? Nothing calls out our powers and faculties so fully and so adequately as personal influence, the influence, direct or indirect, of someone whom we at the same time love and admire. There are few things more striking than the effect of a great personality—a hero, if we will, in developing the latent possibilities in those around him. Many talents, many moral qualities, seem as though they would remain dormant save for the vivifying touch of some powerful nature, a touch which teaches us to recognise greatness when we see it, and which, perhaps, gives us our first glimpse of our best self. If we look back on our lives in the past, or consider them in the present, do we not find that whatever of interest, usefulness, happiness they may contain, derives mainly from the influence of some person or persons, to whom we, possibly childishly, have attributed heroic character or attainments? From hero-worship, too, we may learn something of that virtue which is the very foundation stone of high and Christian character, namely, humility. As we contemplate our heroes, we feel that we must say with Lancelot of the Lake—

"In me there dwells

No greatness, save it be from far-off touch  
Of greatness to know well I am not great."

In contact with those whom we instinctively know to be cast in more heroic mould than ourselves, we find at once our own limitations and our own possibilities.

And again, hero-worship, the generous, if perhaps uncritical admiration of great qualities and high achievements, lifts us



above mere generalities, and places our feet on the solid rock of something historical and concrete. It delivers us from the thrall of those ghastly abstractions (abstractions such as "Humanity," for example) which we spell with the largest of capital letters, and which we so often mistake for true realities apart from realization in the particular. Does the cult of Humanity never stand between us and an honest, unselfish affection for individual human beings? Far be it from me to decry the "enthusiasm of humanity," but we have to learn it by means of love and reverence for some one person, and a hard enough lesson it is at best. Do we not feel, many of us, that the one person—the hero—is much more interesting and loveable than the class or the mass? An indiscriminate mob of people seems to some minds a highly unsatisfactory substitute for the one commanding personality, which symbolizes so much. Indeed, it must be admitted that there are natures to whom the crowd, the great number, is an object of repulsion rather than of attraction, reprehensible as this may seem to our modern ideas. To such minds hero-worship is at once a consolation and wholesome preservative against a hatred of their kind. I claim for hero-worship that it saves us from hasty generalizations, and, by fixing our attention on one great and conspicuous character, conduces to an accurate observation of our fellow-creatures. When we have learnt the lesson and discerned the meaning, the book is closed. The enchanting pictures, the inspiring words, live perhaps only in memory, and are potent only so far as we have absorbed into ourselves their true significance. We begin to see that this faculty of admiration which we call hero-worship is an unconscious recognition of the *supreme and absolute worth of human personality*, a conviction which often needs strengthening in these days of increased scientific study, for amid an ever-widening view of the wonders of the universe, we may truly echo the Psalmist's cry: "What is man, that Thou art mindful of him?"

When thus overwhelmed and confounded before the spectacle of Nature's forces, it is a source of strength to us if we can perceive the loftier and more essential features of humanity as illustrated and embodied in powerful personalities. We are thus helped in that intercourse with others whereby

alone we can attain the full consciousness of self, and we are helped to that conviction of our own personality which is our only test of reality. Of course, I do not advance so absurd a pretension as to claim that we are conscious of the ultimate results while our hero-worships are in their full swing; but we see afterwards that they have responded to a deep necessity of our nature, and helped to lay the foundations on which we may rear a worthy and beautiful edifice of life.

Finally, I propose to conclude with what at first sight may appear to contradict much of what I have been saying. It is evident, I think, that hero-worship in some form or other exists in the hearts of the great majority of mankind; that it is an almost inseparable part of the childhood and youth both of the race and of the individual, and that a change seems to pass over both the race and the individual when maturity is reached. We all recognise that we have to be taught by means of the particular and concrete, and that only thus can we rise to the apprehension of an universal truth. We have to be shown virtues and capacities as they exist, or appear to exist, in some one individual, whose personality assumes heroic proportions in our mind, and who comes to have an almost symbolic significance for us.

Hero-worship need by no means disgust us with the greater number of our fellow-creatures. If we are healthy-minded, it should, in the end, have a contrary effect. So far from engendering a contempt for the "common herd," it ought to teach us that in the sight of God there is no such thing as the "common herd." As our notions concerning the world around us become matured by time and corrected by experience, our ideas of heroism undergo a change. We find that we transfer our admiration from the various types of stage-hero, to people possessing virtues and graces of a less obvious and conspicuous kind. Having learnt to recognize the heroic, we are now able to see it in the humbler and obscurer places of life, in what we are pleased to call "every-day" duties performed cheerfully and conscientiously, in suffering borne silently. We come to appreciate a less blatant sort of excellence than that usually displayed by the conventional hero, and we acquire a greater respect for what is somewhat impertinently styled "ordinary" goodness—whatever "ordinary" may mean in such a connection. From the

contemplation of what we instinctively feel to be the ideal and divine element in some one person, we rise to the conviction that the same divine spark is present, potentially, in all men.

Hero-worship is an antidote against the decay of belief and the fading of enthusiasm, moral disasters by which, if we are overtaken, we may indeed exclaim with Hamlet,—

“How weary, stale, flat and unprofitable  
Seem to me all the uses of this world!”

And lastly, hero-worship, rightly understood, is a defence against the scepticism which is fraught, not with intellectual doubt only—that were comparatively of little moment—but with that awful, numbing moral doubt which paralyses our best efforts and mocks our noblest aspirations.

Let me end with the words of Carlyle: “Hero-worship never dies, nor can die. Loyalty and sovereignty are everlasting in the world: and there is this in them, that they are grounded not on garnitures and semblances, but on realities and sincerities.”

And once more, with Kingsley's lines:—

“To God-like souls how deep our debt;  
We could not, if we would, forget!”

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### II.—THE BOUGHS OF THE BRANSTOCK.

AT their third lesson, usually, beginners in landscape-drawing ask, "Please show us how to do trees!" And though the Fésole Club is not intended for landscape only, the request is sure to come, and may be forestalled in this second lesson. It is a very reasonable request, too, so long as you understand that there is no royal road to doing trees, and that no rule of thumb, nor secret of the brush, is worth having compared with an observant eye and a trained hand.

A tree in summer is a very difficult thing to draw adequately; the best of painters can only tell some of the facts about it. A conventional or symbolic manner of tree-drawing may be learnt with ease; but what is it worth? When you are a skilled painter you may adopt any conventional manner that you find to express your own feeling and satisfy your artistic conscience. But, to begin, you must begin with the simplest facts, taking a few at a time. In the winter half of the year trees are not such hopeless subjects, because they have no twinkling, troublesome leaves upon them; we can study their boughs in peace, and wait until summer to attack the second half of the problem—the foliage.

It is not for the sake of the anatomy that we should do this: for anatomy, the scientific knowledge of the structure, will help us very little. An artist's business is to draw what he sees—the external appearance and the expression of life and character. You might study a hundred grinning skulls and be less able than ever to catch your friend's smile and glance, which are just what you want, as an artist, to record: not the orbital indices and dental formulæ, which are affairs of science, not of art. So you may know all about the botany of a tree, its fibrous structure, mechanical stability, and so forth, and still care nothing for its own self, its life and character.

In front of my window there used to be an old oak which in summer was one huge cloud of foliage. Early in the morning, with the sun full on it, you saw a great flat mass of indistinguishable, interwoven colour; shadowless and motionless against an opaline background of hazy fellside; with tender blue coming behind its topmost crown, and its lower boughs faintly relieved in warm light against the deeper azure of the undisturbed lake, beneath the reflected rocks and copsewood of heights beyond. It was a single mass of sweet harmony, with not even the accentuation of a strong note of light or dark; all in pure modulation of transparent colour—the delicatest *aubade* of a full orchestra playing *pianissimo*. To paint it!—well, it might have been attempted by Turner, almost achieved by Alfred Hunt; but what would a botanist have seen in it or done with it?

And then, as the sun moved round, little shadows crept in among the boughs, and the shaping of the tree began to be visible. Out of the majestic mist of greenery there gradually emerged a solid dome, overarching a great temple as it were—storeys piled on storeys, crypts beneath and chambers above, between thick masses of leafage, interconnected by curious galleries and crooked stairways running along the lesser branches and many-corridored complexities, like a palace of fairyland. Through the midst of it you could just trace the great trunk like the Branstock of the mythic hall of King Völsung, who (says the Saga) “let build a noble hall in such a wise, that a big oak-tree stood therein, and the limbs of the tree blossomed fair out over the roof of the hall, while below stood the trunk within it; and the said trunk did men call Branstock.” It was indeed the palace of the birds; for in every room of it the leaf-curtains shadowed happy tenanted nests; and you could watch the flash of wings going in and out of deep recesses, as parent birds carried the morning meal to their young. You could not draw the glittering and the fluttering and the singing that made the summer morning an enchanted hour; but if you knew how, and loved it well enough, you could have studied out the solid leaf-masses, and suggested the cavernous chambers of the great oak—but not by help of botany or knowledge of tree-anatomy. It was the aspect, the appearance to an admiring eye, the expression of life and character, that made it a subject for an artist.

So then, in this preliminary lesson of the leafless oak, we are not to suppose that a study of bare boughs will put us far on the way to painting foliage; but it will teach us some facts about trees which hasty sketchers are apt to overlook, and some principles of drawing, some tricks of fence with brush-point and edge, which will stand us in good stead later on.

First of all, to get the outline of the whole, as seen against the sky; for it *has* an outline as a whole, like the lemon we did last month—that is to say, a limit beyond which the branches do not reach, but touched by them, as if there were a gossamer net, thrown over the tree and drawn deftly round it. The outline need not follow every little indentation between twig and twig; it is to “block out” the main contour, so that we may not find, after labouring at the boughs, that our tree is without balance or character. It has been said that the outlines of different species of trees resemble the outlines of their leaves, more or less; and you observe that the birch is, in general shape, broad at the base from its slender stem; the fir, at a distance, is a spike; and the outline of our oak—with many and varying indentations, not angular and spiky, but forming curved bays and swelling promontories—does somewhat resemble an oakleaf.

The next thing is to indicate the position and direction of the stem and boughs, without attempting their thickness yet awhile: the stem, fairly upright and straight, with a little curvature in its upper part; the main boughs, at all angles to the stem. And here you begin to feel that the tree is not a flat thing like a pressed fern, or a seaweed dried upon paper. It is a solid mass; that is, some branches come towards you, and some retreat, foreshortened in perspective; though the perspective is such as no mathematical rule can teach nor instrument draw. Even those boughs which stand out to right and left of the stem, and at first seem to be quite without foreshortening, when you come to look at them are found to be full of twist and turn, sometimes advancing and sometimes retiring a little; so that there is nothing that is not in perspective. How are we to give the look of this transparent solidity? If we saw the tree in a fog, the farther branches would be fainter and the nearer ones darker; but this is not in a fog, and there is practically no aerial perspective to help us out. There are parts of the more distant

boughs which are quite sharp and distinct, and some of the near branches are so faint, where the light comes on them, that they can hardly be distinguished. The only way is to draw correctly, and trust to honest rightness as the best policy. Get all the main lines into their proper places, neglecting detail; and you will find that, in spite of difficulty, your drawing is beginning to look like a solid tree—a tree that you can *see into*. This is the second thing to be learnt about trees.

The third stage is to give the proper thickness to the main boughs. You observe that the trunk is thickest at the base; and wherever a bough shoots out from it, it must be diminished, as a matter of course, by the substance of that bough. The trunk above the fork, *plus* the bough, equals the trunk below the fork. But it does not look so at first sight; the diminution seems smaller than you might perhaps expect, because the substance of the bough is almost lost in the trunk, as when a little soap-bubble loses itself in a big one: consequently the stem is diminished by only a fraction of the breadth of that bough. This happens everywhere, at every fork, down to the smallest. No compasses can measure and divide the breadth of all your boughs and twigs; it must be done by the eye and the hand; and so many little twigs part from every branch that the diminution goes on from root to top almost imperceptibly, never to be measured or done by rule. But if you understand this principle of tree-architecture you will be on your guard against drawing the stem like a post, or the boughs like a bundle of worms, as some too careless artists have done; and, on the other hand, you will not make them diminish too rapidly, by fits and starts, but in their true amount of tapering—small by degrees and beautifully less. And when you have thoroughly felt this beauty in trees you will feel it in drawing human limbs when you come to try them.

Fourth stage. All these boughs, even in the stiffest oak, radiate from the root. You notice that fact much more in an ash or a birch, but we choose an oak for this lesson because it is important to see that this is a law of growth which no trees can really evade. The branches are not like arrows shot into the stem, nor rafters laid against it, even in fir-trees. They start from it like branch railway-lines, along which the

sap must run without turning such awkward corners as would cause stoppage or congestion of traffic. Notice the junction of the main boughs with the oak-trunk, and you will see how cunningly they turn at the last moment and join the main line. The only exception is in the case of the lower boughs of a very old tree, in which the later growths of the huge trunk have overlaid and concealed the original point of junction.

And fifthly, all these boughs are curved. The stem itself is not as straight as a pillar; it leans a little this way, and again a little the other way. In the older branches, what with the wreckage of many winters and the stiffening overgrowth of many summers, their first springing leap into life has been sobered down into steady-going strength and stubbornness; but you will not find a straight line. Every inch of bough is curved, more or less; subtly and stiffly in places, but still curved. The very stiffness of the curvature is part of the character of the thing: an oak-bough is nothing like a worm, it does not lie along the ground in floppy, wriggling indecision. Perhaps I do worms a wrong; so let us say, a bit of soft string or knitting-wool, flung loosely on the table—curved, but not in living curvature—undulating, but not in lines of action. Think of what an oak-bough has to do for its living; how it wants to reach light and air. But when it starts from a stem already standing straight up, it must strike out in some other direction, and struggle to get away from the interference of the stem and the leaves above it and around it; and at the same time it must resist the temptation to succumb to gravity and sink downwards to the earth; which if it did, it would lose all. So there are many different forces at work to guide the bough and pull it in different ways, at different times and stages of its growth:—escape from interference on various sides, struggle against the attraction of gravitation, and aspiration to light and air. No wonder it never grows straight; but, energetic thing as it is, it would be a wonder if it ever looked limp.

Now that you have noticed the fact, and the nature of living, springing curvature as contrasted with dead, inert wriggle, you have only to look at your boughs and do your best to give their true lines; and having completed the main



branches go on, as time and patience serve, to the more obviously and gracefully curved twigs, putting in as many as you can with care, and not resting satisfied with mere scrabble and fuzziness. This you can do with any leafless tree in wood, park or garden. It need not be a particularly noble or finely grown specimen; it had better not be some rarity which you fancy because of its strangeness, but such a tree as you are sure to find not far away, standing well against the sky or plain background of wall. Keep these points or stages in mind, and try for one at a time—(1) Outline of whole tree, (2) placing and perspective of main boughs, (3) their thickness and tapering, (4) their radiation, (5) their curvature, and (6) the smaller twigs.

Then to paint what you have pencilled, for by now it is likely that your drawing will be rather messy, and you will be glad of the opportunity of fixing the true lines in colour, and then cleaning away the mistakes with indiarubber or bread. Take a brush with a point to it, and paint your tree, the finer boughs with the point, the broader with the edge. If you are a town-dweller perhaps lampblack will be colour enough; but if you live in the country, and especially if you work on a sunny day, you will find many pretty warm colours in the stem and greater branches, and purple greys in the shadows and across them. It would be wiser not to attempt a background; the tree is troublesome enough in itself. The drawing will not, perhaps, be a very beautiful picture; the value will be in what you learn rather than in what you produce. It is to give you power, to put a weapon in your hands, that I ask you to take all this trouble. Do you remember how the story of the Branstock ended?—how one evening an old man, one-eyed, whom they knew for Father Odin, came and smote his sword to the hilt into the trunk and said, “Whoso draweth this sword from this stock shall have the same as a gift from me, and shall find in good sooth that never bare he better sword in hand than this is.”

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In this second month our correspondence class already began to get into difficulties. A quotation from the manuscript criticism sent round with the portfolio of drawings will show what the difficulties were:—

“In writing the article I omitted to consult the clerk of the weather, and entirely failed to foresee that some of the

members would be prevented by east winds from working out of doors. I had hoped, however, that most—if not all—the members would be able to find a window in their own house or in a friend's, from which a tree would be visible; and I am greatly concerned to hear that one 'cannot find a tree within a mile' of her home. A country in which trees do not exist, or are hidden by fog, or are made inaccessible by storm and cold in April, is unfortunately situated for Fine Art. When Mr. Ruskin abused the developments of modern civilisation, the destruction of the 'country,' the smoke-fogs and 'storm-wind of the nineteenth century,' he had some reason for his bitterness, after all!"

To avoid this difficulty, in the following year the subject was varied thus:—"Students who cannot see a tree from a window, or find it too cold for out-of-doors sketching, can draw a bough such as may be picked up in any country walk, blown from a tree, or broken—with permission—from a hedge. The bough should be pretty well set with twigs, and not too much battered to look like a miniature tree when planted in the room in a flower pot or in a pile of books. If you happen to find a hazel, and like playing with your work as most people with imagination do, you might hang a couple of Christmas tree tinsel fruits on the leafless twigs and illustrate the rhyme, 'I had a little nut tree.' But in any case, spread a sheet or a white paper behind the bough, since you cannot possibly follow out the twigs if they come against the furniture, pictures and wall-patterns which crowd the ordinary dwelling-room." There is a way out of most difficulties, and this gave some pretty results.

With the portfolio I sent round some plates from *Modern Painters* to illustrate the subject; "The Aspen," to show how delicately and thoroughly such a leafless tree might be drawn; "Good and Bad Tree-drawing," with some necessary elucidation from the text; and "The Dryad's Toil" and "Young Ivy," to exemplify bough-drawing and springing curvature.

## THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF ARTISTIC FEELING IN THE YOUNG.

BY CANON NORRIS.

THERE is much misleading talk in these days about "Art." We have "art" schools, and "art" lectures, and "art" classes, and "art" professors, and "art" students. We have even "art" fabrics and "art" colours,—and lowest degradation of all,—we have the "art style" in furniture, fenders and gas fittings. Now this is all wrong, and all very misleading. It is apt to give the impression—it certainly has given the impression—that art is a quality which can be taught or created, or even manufactured by machinery. The young man who has attended certain classes or gone through certain courses of instruction and obtained stated qualifications, believes himself on these grounds to be an artist. He begins to give lessons: he takes a room: he puts up a brass plate—"John Smith, Art Master,"—and henceforward is known as Mr. Smith, the Artist.

Now this would not matter so much if Mr. Smith did not give lessons, and otherwise spread it about amongst the young people and the aspiring parents of his neighbourhood, that "art" can be taught. A worse thing still happens—Mr. Smith means to get on; he has his eyes open to the trend of public life and municipal institutions.

To his artistic qualifications, he adds many certificates or proficiency in the elements of various sciences or of various industries. He can teach designing, weaving, dyeing or mining construction, machine drawing, etc., etc. And he applies for, and gets, a position as head master of the "School of Art" in a provincial town.

Here the matter becomes really serious, because this gives him considerable influence.

There is even a movement afoot at the present moment to put the "art" teaching in all our elementary schools under

the control of the principals or head teachers of the Schools of Art; this has already been done at some of the large towns in the Midlands.

Now here I do not wish to be misunderstood. If you have a true artist at the head of the School of Art, as we have in some of our larger towns, by all means let him have control over, or at least some say in, the handling of the whole subject throughout the town. But the point is,—that in existing circumstances Mr. Smith may, and does, become head of the so-called “School of Art” without having a particle of true art in his composition, and solely on the ground of having obtained certain qualifications which are within the reach of most intelligent young men who choose to work, whether they have any true art in them or not. I propose to come back to this difficult question of “Schools of Art” presently. Meanwhile let us keep clearly before us in all we do or say about the encouragement of artistic feeling in the young, that art is a sacred thing; it is a gift of God, and—“*poeta nascitur non fit*” is true. You can no more make a child an artist than you can make him a poet if God has not given him the gift. We recognise this quite clearly about poetry. We try to teach our children something of the purpose and the beauty of poetry—we teach them, or we ought to teach them, about the lives and work of the great poets. We make them learn portions of the great poems by heart, we may even teach them the mysteries of scansion or the rules of the sonnet; but we do not for a single moment allow either ourselves or them to suppose that all this will make them poets. So it should be with “art.”

Keeping it quite clear then that we cannot teach art if it is not there; that we cannot, that is to say, create, or infuse into a child, the spirit of art if God has not put it there—we can come safely to the consideration of the question how best to “encourage” art in the young.

A little while ago an artist, in talking on the subject, said, “You cannot infuse the artistic spirit *into* a child, but you can infuse it *in* a child if you use the word ‘infuse’ in the sense in which it is used of tea! You can infuse the tea if it is in the teapot by pouring boiling water upon it, but there must be tea in the pot and the water must be boiling if the infusion is to be a success.”

So,—you can infuse the artistic spirit (if it is there), and draw out all its rich and subtle qualities by surrounding it with the right environment. That is, I think, a fair analogy and one which may well be borne in mind.

I believe that there is in most children something of the artistic spirit, and it only needs the right surroundings and the right encouragement to draw it out and cultivate it. It has been said, indeed, that all children have it. But without going so far as this, there is no doubt that it is true of very many. Almost all children have an inclination to draw. Witness the margins of our old school books—the chalk marks on our gate-posts, walls, and pavements—the stick-drawings on the sands, mercifully to be obliterated by the coming tide. That is, almost all children have an inclination to produce with the hand what they see with the eye. Here you have an element, something to work upon. Train the eye to appreciate and look for the beautiful, and train the hand (medium matters little) to reproduce correctly what the eye has selected, and you have gone a long way towards the right kind of encouragement of the artistic spirit.

Our endeavour should therefore be to surround our children in every way we can from their earliest childhood with things that at any rate shall not vitiate by their vulgarity and ugliness. And this wants watching in the homes and schools of the well-to-do classes, more than in the homes and schools of the poor. To put it bluntly, there is generally more that is vulgar and ugly and misleading in the former than in the latter. To simplify matters there, take drawing specifically. Now in the teaching of drawing, what are we going to aim at, and how is it going to be done? The aim is undoubtedly the appreciation of the beautiful; but you may aim at appreciation with a view to expression (*i.e.* “to make an artist of him”), or you may aim at expression merely with a view to a better appreciation, and this latter is by far the safer aim; the other is quite sure to force itself out if it is to come.\*

Our aim then being appreciation of the beautiful, and expression with a view to fuller appreciation, let us look at some of the difficulties and some of the opportunities with which we are surrounded in these days and in this country.

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\* Turner was a hairdresser's apprentice. De Wint was trained to the law, and numberless other instances could be quoted.

Perhaps we had better take the difficulties first, and amongst the difficulties, first and foremost must be placed the ordinary "school of art," as it exists commonly in the provincial towns in this country at the present time.

Owing to the exigencies of finance, "science and art" have been lumped together, and our "schools of art" depend to a very large extent upon the grants they earn for their existence. These grants are for all sorts of things, many, if not most, of which have nothing whatever to do with art—elementary sciences or technical subjects of all sorts and kinds. This means, as I have already suggested, that the successful teacher of a "school of art" would not have, and very often has not, any sort of artistic feeling at all, and the results are disastrous, because from the position he occupies he is obliged, even if he may have sufficient proper feeling to be unwilling, to pose as an artist. And however innocent or ignorant of the harm he is doing the teacher may be, false standards, wrong aims, and meretricious methods are disseminated amongst his pupils—pupils numbering, remember, in our larger towns, their hundreds every year. And so it comes to pass that artists are commonly known to advise parents by all means to avoid the "school of art," if the child shows any artistic feeling. So, too, it comes to pass, that at the annual prize-giving or exhibition of the students' work, you expect to find, and too often do find, nothing but a dreary series of copies of second-rate pictures, or plaques and fire-screens bedizened with the inevitable Iris.

One does not see what is to save "schools of art" until the fatal and wholly ill-matched union of "science and art" can be dissipated, and we can have men appointed to "schools of art" because they are artists, and not because they are successful teachers of all kinds of things that have nothing to do with art. This is not impossible; in Scotland it has already been effected; the Glasgow School of Art is a school of art pure and simple, and receives a block-grant from the Government, in the use of which it has a free hand. This is an immensely important point. First let us get rid of the connection with science, and secondly let us get rid of the grant-earning (payment by results) system, and then we might go forward. Until those two things are done, not only shall we not get much help out of our schools of art, but they

will be active difficulties in our way, because they spread a false idea of what art is and means. And here again, to avoid misunderstanding, be it acknowledged that they are most useful institutions apart from art; and what one complains of is not their existence, but their name. It is one of those matters in which a name makes all the difference. Call them Schools for Hand and Eye Training, or Technical Schools, or Schools of Elementary Science, or Commercial Schools, or what you will, but do not call them schools of art when true art hardly enters into their purview at all.

Another difficulty is machinery. The production of cheap furniture, cheap decoration, cheap mouldings, picture frames, bell handles, coal scuttles—all on a pattern—turned out by the million with no personality and no life, may have its advantages economically; but from an artistic point of view it is destructive, because it surrounds us, if not with positive vulgarity, at any rate with soulless and meaningless ornamentation. In this direction things are improving. Tottenham Court Road is a different thing from what it was five-and-twenty years ago. Guilds of handicraft (such as at Manchester and Birmingham), arts and crafts exhibitions, as well as great individual teachers like William Morris, have done and are doing great things for the elevation of public taste. It is not very difficult now, and one looks forward to the time when it will be positively easy to surround our young people with things of every kind, which shall further and not hinder their artistic training. In the towns we have another difficulty, less felt in the country districts, and that is the ugliness and dulness of our straight streets, endless rows of monotonous houses, iron-girdered bridges, and too often pretentiously vulgar public buildings. Now all these things must be counteracted if we are to teach our children to feel after beauty and encourage their faculty for expression. Therefore, turn now to our opportunities and to the possibilities within everyone's reach.

The subject as it affects elementary schools and the homes of the working classes is outside our present scope; it is rather for the better-to-do that this article is intended; what then can we do? First, we can surround our children with things that are good so far as they go, and not bad. Why should not our nursery and our schoolroom be hung with the

really beautiful reproductions of good pictures (*e.g.*, the Auto-type Company's), instead of with garish advertisements of Christmas numbers? Again, wall paper, paint, curtains; how often one hears it said: "Oh, it doesn't matter, it's only for the schoolroom!" Remember that the impressions of early youth *stick*, strong habits of mind are formed when we are very young. Many a man, as he chooses some frightful thing for his own house, says, in justification: "Well, I can't help it, I love that sort of thing, we had it on the stairs at home." Accustom a child to what is good and beautiful and true, and he will learn unconsciously to discard what is ugly and vulgar.

And to come to the more positive and direct aspect of the subject. Encourage a child to draw, and to draw correctly. One looks back and marvels at the "clean-paper" difficulty; how one used to grab at an unused half sheet, and one looked with nothing short of distant awe on a whole clean sheet of foolscap. Paper is cheap enough, let the children have it, and pencils. Don't let children go on scribbling from fancy or from memory, and doing things wrong. Who has not heard: "Oh, I know it's wrong, but I always do it like that; you see horses' feet are so difficult."

If a child shows any real aptitude for drawing, it is worth while to take great pains with him when he is young, and perhaps the most important thing of all is to insist on truth from the very beginning.

"What shall I draw?" is continually on the child's lips, and instead of telling him to draw a farmyard with some horses and cows in it, or a house and garden and some children playing in it, or any other impossible thing;—give him something simple and see that he does it right, a leaf, a twig from an apple tree, a kitchen chair, a wheelbarrow, a candlestick, anything that he can grasp and understand, and that will interest him. Don't let him copy from the flat except to teach him some particular things—*e.g.*, composition. It may be answered that Turner copied from the flat when he was a boy, and it is quite true he did, week after week assiduously, but it must be remembered that the drawings which he copied were carefully selected examples of men who were masters, that he copied them with a view to learning what he could of composition and line, and probably tore them up



directly afterwards because he worked in those days under a patron who knew what he was about and treated his copies as exercises.

It is of the utmost importance to remember that drawing is a means to an end and not an end in itself. When a man has learnt to see correctly and has sufficient mastery over his medium,—be it pencil or paint or what not,—to be able to put down correctly what he has seen or conceived, he has then the necessary equipment, the stock-in-trade so to speak of the artist; he has in fact as much as can be given him or can be taught him; the rest no man can teach or give him—he has either got it or he has not—that is to say, these things do not make him an artist, and this is the lesson that needs to be learnt by the present generation. The besetting sin of the age in this matter is the confusion of equipment with art. The walls of any modern exhibition will give an idea of the enormous number of persons who have the necessary equipment, but who lack the gift which alone could breathe life and power into their work. No,—“*poeta nascitur non fit.*” An artist is an inventor, a creator. No one can manufacture him, all you can do is to give the gift a chance if it is there.

We don't want all our children to be artists, while we do want them to feel after and appreciate what is beautiful, and let us frankly acknowledge that it is not everyone that can be taught even that much. At least then we can lose no opportunity of showing them really beautiful things, examples of great masters in painting, sculpture or craftsmanship (of which there are increasing numbers within reach)—at least we can teach them something of the beauty of nature and common things, something of the grandeur of simplicity and truth. And we can encourage them in drawing, modelling, needlework, carpentering, and a score of other things which will help them to use their eyes and hands accurately, both for their own pleasure and for the advantage of their generation.

## ALTRUISM.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. JAMES BAKER.

[DEAR MADAM.—Most persons interested in Education—and more especially in Military Education—must during the past year have read with pleasure the many letters appearing on this subject in the *Times*, *Morning Post*, and *United Service Gazette*, over the signature James Baker, Lieut.-Colonel, Inglewood, Parkstone, Dorset. Those who heard his notable lecture on “Education,” delivered last May in the theatre of the Royal United Service Institution—since published in the August Journal of that Institution—will undoubtedly attach even greater weight to his opinions. Those who, like myself, have the honour of Colonel Baker’s acquaintance, can even better appreciate the sound judgment, ripe experience, and tempered enthusiasm, which are the foundation of all his educational ideas. It is because I am firmly convinced that Colonel Baker’s words will be an inspiration to parents and teachers everywhere, that I venture to send you for publication in the *Parents’ Review* a lecture of his, delivered at Victoria, British Columbia. Colonel Baker is the last of a famous trio of brothers. The names of Sir Samuel and Valentine will for all time be connected with those of England’s most famous explorers and cavalry leaders. In a different field—that of Education—Colonel James Baker has led a no less strenuous life. England’s need just now is perhaps even greater for educationalists than for explorers or cavalry leaders. For England’s sake let us hope that the last of the brothers will not be the least famous of the three.

Yours faithfully,

Royal Military Academy, Woolwich,  
December 14th, 1902.

B. R. WARD, *Major R.E.*]

It is good for us—it is both useful as well as instructive—to occasionally turn aside from the busy hum, the daily routine and mechanism of life, in order to study what I may term the motors of society, because by so doing we are the better able to understand and appreciate the various forces which are acting upon the temporary habitation of the mind—the body—and which are impelling us either upwards or downwards along the complicated path of evolution according to the direction which we may give to the mysterious and inherited force of “free will” which is at the disposal of every sane man and sane woman.

A student who endeavours to fathom the depths of sociology soon becomes attracted by the hypothesis of the continuity

and augmentation of thought. He realizes that the mind of man is not only influenced and formed by his present environment, but that he is more or less an inheritor of thoughts and conclusions of individuals and generations who have preceded him. For example, the philosophy of Plato, the science of Aristotle, the logic of Socrates did not die and pass away with the decay of their bodies, but they continued to live and are living still to take temporary habitation in the minds and bodies of present and future generations.

And so it is with every individual thought ; it forms one of the many units which make up the general evolution of mind, and it will have an impelling or retarding effect upon that evolution according to the disposal of the free will of the individual.

This free will is a mystery in life, and as yet is far beyond our ken, but we are able to recognise the eternity of mind, by means of induction, from the experience of the past and the consequent deductions for the future.

Continuity and augmentation of thought are not mere mental conceptions, but they have been given a substantial form by means of writing and the printing press. A new conception of the mind comes to us by what we call intuition. but that is merely a term which is so indefinite as to mark its uncertainty. How we obtain our ideas we cannot always prove. They may be around us, although invisible—an onward wave of progressive thought which beats against our sensitive brain and leaves some impress there.

But a short time ago we should have laughed to scorn the man who asserted that he could see through a deal door, but we now know how effectively it can be done by means of the Röntgen rays. And so, perhaps, in the far future we may be permitted to see and recognise the mysterious forces which surround us, and which are shaping our thoughts and actions.

But what I want to impress upon you now is that your mind—or soul, if you like so to call it—will go on for ever, and that you therefore have a selfish and personal interest in the future. Whatever the measure of improvement in your mind now, so much will it have gained or added to it in the future ; whatever the measure of debasement in your mind now, so much lost ground will it have to make good in the future—as you sow you will reap. This is not only an axiom of religion,

but it is being verified by scientific research. Science has revealed to us two great forces in nature—the force of evolution, or the lifting up of life to a higher order of being, and the force of degeneration, or the gravitation of life towards its primitive form of existence. The dawn of this knowledge was visible in early forms of religion which recognised a creating and a destroying angel, and we recognise it ourselves through our conceptions of God and the devil. Between these two contending forces of evolution and degeneration there stands the mysterious power of free will. We are conscious of its possession, but that is all we know about it.

To gravitate towards a lower order of being is so easy that it requires no effort, it is assisted by the force of gravitation ; but to be lifted up to a higher level requires effort. Now, all effort must be at the expense of some other force in nature and produces change, and this change to a higher order of being is evolution.

Scientific research has always indicated certain species and organisms which have all the attributes of degeneration, and there is an interesting example of this gravitation to a lower level in one of the Ascidians known to boys as the “sea-squirt,” which is found in the seaweed among the rocks at low water. In appearance it is an oval-shaped, fleshy lump of seaweed, with two orifices at the top. With one it sucks in sea water, and squirts it out with the other in a fatuous sort of manner. But if this apparent lump of seaweed is dissected, it is found to contain a stomach and other organs somewhat resembling those of a human being, and it is a curious fact that the young of this Ascidian are little animals, very similar to young tadpoles, which swim about in the water and after a time fix on to the rocks. Their tails then disappear by atrophy, and it gradually assumes the seaweed form of the sea-squirt. We thus have a short epitome of degeneration in the ontological history of the sea-squirt, which evidently once occupied a far higher position in the scale of life.

We are accustomed to talk of so-and-so as having been a good fellow, but that he has completely run to seed—degenerated, in fact,—and when we look upon the melancholy spectacle of a poor drunken sot, we ask ourselves, what of his further degeneration ? It is one of the functions of Altruism to knit together the units of society in order that they may

mutually support each other in the effort to rise to a higher plane of existence, and the teachers of our public schools have cast upon them a grave responsibility in this respect, inasmuch as they have committed to their charge the moulding of immature minds at an age when inherited tendencies are easily directed to either higher or lower aims.

It is a matter of every-day experience that the mind is greatly influenced by its environment. Place a young boy among bad associates and he soon becomes contaminated by their vices ; on the other hand, let him be living with those whose thoughts and actions are manly and noble, and he will rise in the scale of humanity—in either case his inherited tendencies will be respectively debased or exalted by his environment. But if you acknowledge the eternity of mind, and if you also acknowledge that mind is greatly influenced by its environment, then you are bound to recognise the obvious fact that the more you can improve the environment—or society—of the future the greater must be the improvement in your own mind or soul. Therefore, it is not only to your interest to improve society in the present, but it is equally to your interest to submit to present sacrifice, if necessary, in order to improve society in the future, when it will also form part of your environment.

The span of bodily life is merely a pulsation in the progress of the soul, and nature affords us many examples of this rhythmic motion. The day alternates with night, the summer with winter ; the trees put forth and drop their leaves in regular cadence ; we sleep at night to awake in the morning ; we take our long rest at the close of bodily life that our soul may awaken refreshed for further activity in a new habitation. But the measure of the rhythm varies greatly in length.

There is no such thing as absolute rest in nature, but everything is more or less in motion—even the atoms of a solid piece of iron or any other metal are in a constant state of vibration. Neither is there any such thing as complete destruction ; there is only—change.

And so it is with the mind ; it is in progressive motion, and every unit of society has a permanent interest in the movement. Hence the paramount importance of Altruism, or duty towards your neighbour, as a function of sociology.

Now, how shall I convey to you the thoughts which are in

my mind upon this subject? Has it ever occurred to you how thoughts are conveyed from one to another? I must first produce an effort of that mysterious power called my WILL to give direction to my brain. After that the mechanical process sets in. My brain, acting under directions from my will, telegraphs by means of my nerves to certain muscles, which act upon my lungs and tongue; the movement of my lungs creates a current of air through my throat and mouth, and produces what we call sound; the movements of my tongue give inflexions to this sound and form language; the vibrations of this language act upon the particles of air, which impinge upon the drums of your ears, and from thence are conveyed by your nerves to the diaphragm of your brains, upon which they are indented, to be afterwards at the disposal of individual will—and so my thoughts are conveyed to you. It is therefore apparent that a mechanical process is necessary before my thoughts can be placed in conjunction with your thoughts, and the velocity with which thoughts can be transmitted from one to another by this vocal process is limited to the velocity of sound, which varies somewhat as the volume of sound, but at no time is it very great. For example, the sound from the firing of an ordinary cannon would travel at the rate of about thirteen hundred feet per second. But, by means of mechanical contrivances, we are now able to greatly increase not only the velocity but also the distance over which thoughts can be transmitted. The telephone is a long wire with a diaphragm at each end of it; the vibrations of language strike against the diaphragm at one end; from there they are carried by the electric current—which travels at about the same speed as light, or one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles in one second—to the diaphragm at the other end of the wire, and from thence to the drum of the ear of the listener, and so to his brain. By means of the telegraph and the electric current, we can transmit our thoughts at the velocity of one hundred and eighty-five thousand miles per second to almost any part of the world, but in this case the eye and the hand become factors in the operation instead of the voice and the ear. Then, again, the printing press enables us to strike off any number of copies of our thoughts, and to distribute them among a large number of people in a comparatively short space of time.

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Therefore, by means of the press and the telegraph, we are able to have placed upon our breakfast table every morning the thoughts of numbers of people from all parts of the world a few hours after the thinking process. Now, you may ask, what has this to do with Altruism ? It has a most important bearing upon it, because scientific discovery and mechanical contrivance place us in closer touch with nature, and "a touch of nature makes the whole world kin." It has the effect of greatly enlarging our environment, or, in other words, of increasing the area of our Altruism, and the responsibility cast upon us is proportionate to this increase of area. Society hardly yet realizes the grave importance of this increase in the velocity and distribution of thought and the effect it is having upon the human race.

*(To be continued.)*

## BALZAC.

THERE must be many homes in England in which only a few, if any, French novels stand on the bookshelves; and for obvious reasons. Everyone knows that there are many very beautiful novels in French, some of which are worthy to rank with the world's finest prose works. But everyone is also aware that many French books deal with subjects which in England are not deemed suitable for general reading. Tastes differ: and the longer English people keep their refined ideas the better. It is those undesirable volumes that keep the good ones out—for fear of leaving one bad book about many refuse to leave any about. And yet it is a pity that good French novels are not more often read in the original in England. Prose has attained great perfection in France, and to study the language of the best writers is in itself an education. But not only does one lose the beauty of the language in translations: one also seeks in vain for the translator who can render into another language the peculiarities of the original, the many little details which distinguish it from the idioms of other nations, and the strange native beauties which each language possesses to a greater or lesser degree. It is with a view to giving the names of some of the best and most suitable novels that these notes have been written, and their object will have been fulfilled if some of the beautiful books written during the course of the nineteenth century in France become (to use Emerson's expression) new stars in our readers' literary firmament.

Probably few people would own to reading books only for the sake of "killing time." Some read for amusement—that is to say, they like to converse with a clever mind that lies behind the print; others read for instruction, and will leave the most touching scene or the most exquisite landscape-painting to find the meaning of a word or the characteristic of a plant. For the young the pages are tinted with the roseate hues of the future; for the old there seems to be an autumn atmosphere of remembrance, mists in which the



summer sunshine seems to linger. But for all there is the *spirit* of a book, so difficult to define and yet so inevitable, that it is, so to speak, the outcome of the author's very soul. It springs from his habitual way of thinking, from the philosophy which guides his life and from the religion by which his love is fed. It is to learn to know this *spirit* that we ought to read. Truths are repeated, facts recorded, love, hate, hope, despair, and all the hundred incidents of the inner life, as well as the sequence of events termed plot or history—all these are brought before us by every author with more or less skill, but always on the same white page and with the same black letters. The main difference lies in the *how* and *why*—two essential factors of the *spirit* of a book.

Two answers might be given to the question, "*Why* did Balzac write?" The first would be: he had a great talent for writing, and his powerful genius found the pen to be the point of least resistance. The other reason is that he was nearly always in need of money, and so he wrote for money. That is, perhaps, why his books are so terribly full of money matters. The fortunes of his characters are nearly always detailed: we are told whence the wealth sprang, how it was invested and what income it produced. Pages and pages of such details begin to weary even the patient reader; but it must be remembered that these questions regarding money are as important in the plan of the work as are the long discussions on religious and political topics. Balzac looked upon money as one of the great—if not quite the greatest—force in modern life. Little wonder if the man whose head was full of the wildest schemes for making millions and whose purse was nearly always empty (comparatively speaking) was apt to overestimate the real importance of money. Undoubtedly it *is* one of the largest wheels in the world's complicated machinery—one on which even the smallest wheel must depend; and yet all must have the feeling that Balzac made too much of it; that, after all, we do not live in a world of coins of gold and silver, but amidst men and women whose instinct for something higher is always, perhaps in spite of themselves, stronger than the fascination of the world.

And if one asks *how* Balzac leads his readers into his world and to what end he points out to them with so much skill the beauty and the ugliness, the good and evil in his

land of fiction, there can be but one answer. His main idea is a moral one—sometimes, as has been hinted already, he insists upon it to the detriment of his art. There is an interesting volume, edited by Alphonse Pagès, entitled *Balzac Moraliste*, and though it was written many years ago, the idea which suggested its publication seems still to come to many as a surprise. They will be sure to say that morals are the last thing to be looked for in Balzac; and it is certain that his books are neither novels with a moral nor volumes of wise proverbs. But the works of Balzac—they are a literature by themselves—are all that novels can be, and by the word *novel* we mean that form of literature which has been chosen by so many modern thinkers as their vehicle of thought. It is well to bear in mind when studying the writings of very prolific writers that it is essential to choose some point of view to commence with. In the course of study the author becomes more familiar, and other aspects must be considered until the reader can obtain a view of the whole. But whatever phase of Balzac's work we choose to study, it always seems as if there had been two minds at work: one the materialistic, close observer of the human heart, sceptical almost and terribly realistic in the smallest details, seeming to take pleasure in revealing the motives which underlie our good actions as well as our trespasses; the other casts an atmosphere of beauty over landscapes, homes and hearts; it shows us, as poetry must, all that is so plain when once we see it, it reminds us of the nobility of life and of the presence of the unseen Power which directs the least and most trivial events. In other words there is the man Balzac, so strange and inexplicable that it is difficult to condemn even what seems downright folly, and, within that outer man, the poet whose mission is, as he has said himself, to reveal to us the poetry of everything which occupies our thoughts. And who but a poet could have made us feel sympathy for many of the awful characters which people his *Comédie Humaine*?

In *Eugénie Grandet*, a book which all should read, he asks "Les philosophes qui rencontrent des Nanon, des Madame Grandet, des Eugénie, ne sont-ils pas en droit de trouver que l'ironie est le fond du caractère de la Providence?" Aye, indeed, for has it not been said that the world consists of

those who laugh and of those who are laughed at? But the exquisite comedy of many of the scenes in *Eugénie Grandet*, such, for instance, as when the miser tells his child Eugénie to accept the gift offered by her friends—"M. Grandet dit un, 'Prends, ma fille!' dont l'accent eût illustré un acteur"—or when the family and friends sit, apparently playing cards, but all, with the exception of the child Eugénie and Nanon the servant, thinking of the miser's millions; or the ridiculous scenes, so full of pathos, when Eugénie and her mother do their utmost to make Charles, the cousin from Paris, comfortable in their miserable home without the miser's knowledge; or lastly, to mention the finest scene of all, when, on a New Year's day, the miser asks Eugénie for the gold she has given to her cousin to help him on his journey, such scenes as these make us realise what tragedy can underlie the most absurd and homely quarrels, and how every minute can be blessed or tainted by our passions. Balzac points this out when he says: "*Eugénie, devenue aussi rusée par amour que son père l'était par avarice . . .*" But if all intense passions seem the same, we feel there is a difference, such as for instance between the miser's terrible "*Ta, ta, ta, ta!*" or his "*nous verrons cela,*" and Eugénie's sweet egoism: speaking of her lover she says "*Pensons à lui, ma mère, et n'en parlons pas. Vous souffrez, vous avant tout.*" Tout, c'était lui." Grandet is as fine a creation as Molière's Avare. So realistic is the picture that we can almost sympathise with the abjectness of the man, so enthralled by the love of gold that he sacrifices wife and child to it. His daughter Eugénie survived his cruelty, but his poor wife passed away without a word of complaint, only a sad prophecy: "*Mon enfant, il n'y a de bonheur que dans le ciel, tu le sauras un jour.*" Eugénie lived on, cherishing the love which explained to her the meaning of eternity, and giving up her life to the service of the poor. The only character who seems really blessed with happiness is the servant Nanon. But if Grandet and his wife are piteous characters, we feel that Eugénie has her reward, "*la femme a cela de commun avec l'ange, que les êtres souffrants lui appartiennent.*"

Another sad, but very beautiful novel, is *Pierrette*. Balzac dedicated it to a child, thinking that perhaps she might learn to realise her own happiness when reading a tale so full of

melancholy. And is not that the only excuse for writing about sad things? The contemplation of great misery nobly endured casts our petty worries to the background, and helps us to see where lies real happiness, we mean in giving up one's life for others' happiness. And, at the same time, suffering and sorrow are touchstones of sublimity. The story of Calvary is the sublimest of all stories of suffering—all others are grand in proportion to the nobleness of the pain and grief.

Pierrette is a poor orphan entrusted to the care of two relations who cannot appreciate her loving, sensitive nature because their hearts are dead to all real sentiment; they have been hardened by the struggle for life; and their longing for the country, the visions which haunted their dingy shop in Paris seem to have been the last trace of poetry within them, doomed to fade when once their object was attained. Pierrette is gradually done to death; her life is extinguished like a lamp which is unrefuelled. They merely neglected her at first; but her heart longed for words of kindness and never heard them until the end was nigh: and then it was in the joy of being loved that she found strength to suffer. Her death is pathetically told; she passes away gently, growing more and more beautiful as she approaches the life beyond; and her last moments are brightened by the presence of the boy who loved her, of the old grandmother who saved her from her cruel guardians, and of the noble doctor.

To revert to what has been said above with reference to choosing some point of view: the doctor in *Pierrette* must attract the attention of many readers, for he is an ideal doctor; and it will be found that Balzac has developed this character in two novels—the first one treating of a village doctor, *le médecin de campagne*, the second of a physician of the soul, *le curé de village*.

In *Le Médecin de Campagne* we find all we could expect from the man who wrote so beautifully about the medical calling in *Pierrette*. He brings before us a man who has given up his life to improving the condition of a country-side in France near Grenoble. When first he went as doctor to the village, noted for the number of its imbeciles, and attempted to prevent the spreading of that terrible disease by drastic measures, the inhabitants tried to stone him. Some years

later he was so beloved that no one would have dreamt of doubting his word—all would, in fact, have been ready to stone one who raised a hand against him. And it is his life story and the way in which he helped to raise the peasants from a state of poverty to one of prosperity and active life, which constitute the novel. The doctor is the dominant character of the book; but there are other figures which fascinate; such an one is La Fosseuse, a poor frail child who needed the gentlest care and sympathy to help her to withstand the roughness of the world. She was like one of those delicate spring flowers which blossom only if the sun shine on their paleness, droop and wither when at night the winter's breath still lingers on the ground. When the doctor dies and she kneels weeping by his grave, her life is saved and she is strong enough to stand alone, though hearts like hers seem doomed to suffering, as if to compensate the exquisite happiness they alone can know. She would feel sad when the sky was dreary, and weep with the clouds; a fine day made her look more beautiful, and the perfume of a flower afforded her a day's delight. Tears would roll down her cheeks as she watched the landscape when the evening fell, and though she could but seldom give expression to her feelings, a wealth of thought was in her eyes. Fitful, vain, loving, timid, taking no thought for the morrow, she had all the attributes of gentle womanhood; all she needed was a hand to aid and guide her. And Balzac has described how the sincerity and patience of the doctor gave her the confidence she needed, and led her to a life more in obedience to the daily round of a work-a-day world. She was like a slender vessel tossing on rough waters, which only patience and great care can restore to calmer roads. How many are the tender children cast too soon upon the rough paths of life who could be comforted, and in some cases saved, by sympathetic love and care such as gave La Fosseuse strength for many years of useful life! And it was thus with all who needed the doctor's help. His time, his money and his knowledge were devoted to bettering the lot of the villagers; so, when death came to him, he lived on in their hearts, and the humble mound they raised upon his grave was a monument which spoke of an existence spent for the one true purpose of this life.

*Le Curé de Village* contains two protagonists—M. le Curé Bonnet, and Véronique, the daughter of one miser and the wife of another. The story of her childhood and first years of married life reminds one of the pathetic picture of Eugénie Grandet's life. But the misers soon give place to other more noble passions. There is the terrible figure of Tascheron who has been condemned for theft and murder, raging so wildly in his cell that none can even approach him, except the *curé*, who calms him and sets his mind at peace before the end. There is that other criminal Farrabesche, also called to repentance by the *curé* and converted to a life of useful activity. And, lastly, there is Véronique herself; she who seemed to all so perfect was brought to death's door by her terrible secret; and the *curé* led her also to the source of all happiness and peace. The *curé's* work seems contrasted with that of the *médecin de campagne*. They are analogous, for the one heals their minds by curing their bodily ailments, and the other saves their souls by doing away with some moral disease. But the *curé* seems further from us, on a higher level. In *Le Médecin de Campagne* the doctor is by far the most important figure; in the *Curé de Village* it is Véronique who occupies the foreground; yet we feel that over and above all the characters there is the saintly *curé*.

Of the four novels we have mentioned, the last two may be found to be difficult reading. If they contain much philosophy that is very beautiful and profound, it is, perhaps, somewhat to the detriment of the story. The connecting thread is often lost in the long conversations and dissertations regarding political economy, religion and similar subjects. Like all men of genius, Balzac wrote books which contain more thought than the works of many average authors together. The volume, *Balzac Moraliste*, is an illustration of this, for it is nothing but a selection of the maxims to be found scattered about in Balzac's novels, and yet it compares with such finished books as those of La Bruyère, La Rochefoucauld and Pascal. In the same way books might be written on one or another of the hundred subjects which Balzac studied and wrote about with so much fervour. But want of space prevents even the mention of any of them, except, perhaps, one which is dominant in the books we have mentioned. It is the conviction that home and family form the foundation

on which everything must rest. There is only one thing, Balzac says, which is more important, and that is religion. And by religion he means not only the sentiment of dependence upon God which nowadays is often held to be all that is needed, but also the outward forms and ceremonies of the church. There is a striking illustration of this in *Le Médecin de Campagne*; he contrasts a death in the house of the valley and death in the mountain home. Anyone who reads carefully that chapter (Ch. II., "*à travers champs*") cannot fail to feel the weakness of the peasants who do not know what mourning means and the grand simplicity of the scene in the farmhouse on the hill. The death-scene there has the power of a Greek tragedy; there insincerity would vanish in the presence of such true heartfelt sentiments which are the fruit of a blameless life. All outward forms and rites must be either sublime or trivial: there is no medium, for the spirit knows no mediocrity. When funeral ceremonies are sublime the living seem to stand awhile together with the dead, where a pure light shines and reveals the inmost heart. Man is for a few moments transfigured by the contact with death, grief, hope and trust. Such moments are an ever active power within the heart, ever cherished and recalled. So with all the noble institutions which link families with bonds of love. The home is to childhood what the Church becomes to manhood; and the reminiscence of the rules at home will form the basis of the philosophy of riper years.

Perhaps these few notes may induce some to study these four volumes more closely for themselves.

G. L. F.

## MOTHERS' EDUCATION COURSE.

### NOTES FROM A DIVINITY PAPER.

BY MRS. T. S. COLE.

*"Suppose ye that I am come to bring peace on the earth. I tell you nay, but rather division." Explain this. Illustrate it from every-day life as for a boy or girl of twelve.*

AT first sight it is altogether startling to find Him whom we rejoice to know as the "Prince of Peace," uttering such words as those before us. How can the Prince of Peace say, with any consistency, that He is not come to bring peace, but division? Is not this a contradiction? It may be apparently, but not in reality. Think of the two phrases of St. Paul's—"Peace to every man *that worketh good*," "Peace at all times, *in all ways*." This makes clear to us that the peace which Christ brings is not to be a "peace at any price." It is not for persistent rebels. And one of the "ways" in which it is to be attained may be, so to speak, by the sword. We have heard enough in our day of a "Majuba Hill settlement," to have our eyes open to the fact that in many cases, before lasting harmony can be established, there must for a time be bitter opposition. John the Baptist speaks of the "winnowing fan" in the hand of Christ. This is just the same idea—separation, division, cleavage. And a study of St. Matthew's Gospel reveals clearly the progress of this separating process during the ministry of Christ on earth. It may still be seen to-day. You remember in "Tom Brown" the discussion as to the use of cribs? How strongly Arthur was convinced of the wrongness of the proceeding, and how absurd his objections seemed to the average school-boys round about him! There was the "winnowing" going on. To follow Christ faithfully, to attempt to regulate our lives by His commands *must* bring us into opposition to the careless, self-pleasing men and women, and boys and girls who never stop a moment to think what Christ would like



them to do. And so anyone who earnestly endeavours to be loyal to Christ will soon discover the meaning of the words we are discussing. That is constantly the way with Christ's words. They can only be understood by those who are striving to obey Him. To such it is clear enough that the Prince of Peace did indeed come to bring division.

\* \* \* \* \*

*A brief review of the life and success of our Lord, as it might have appeared, on the eve of the Lord's Supper, from a worldly point of view.*

*For children of 12 or 14 years of age.*

I remember once to have read a book whose title I now forget—something like “As He was seen of Men”—which purported to be the letters written by a Jew from Jerusalem to a friend, just after the crucifixion of our Lord. It struck me as a marvellous picture of the wonderment, the half-belief, half-unbelief, the utter bewilderment which would naturally arise in the mind of a devout Jew, as at that moment he thought of the life of Christ. Here was a humble carpenter, from a distant country village, drawing multitudes after him by sheer force of his marvellous personality, and yet in the end put to the most shameful death by the general wish of these multitudes. Let us try to gather up one or two points which would seem likely to arrest the attention of one who was not a follower of Christ, as he ran over the life of our Lord up to the time of the Lord's Supper.

I. Could he fail to notice the contrast between the avowed object of Christ, and His apparent failure? St. Matthew tells us very early in his gospel that Jesus went about preaching the “*gospel of the kingdom*,” and all through his teaching, “*the kingdom of heaven*” was a prominent subject. Considering how the Jews were looking and longing for their expected Messiah, how they were confidently awaiting His appearance to free them from the Roman yoke, can we wonder that they inclined to think this man, who was so full of the idea of the “kingdom of God,” must have come to lead them into the freedom for which they longed? And yet, how far had this kingdom advanced when Christ called his disciples around him for that farewell meal? Just twelve disciples,

nearly all men of lowly birth, and a handful of men and women besides, were all there appeared to be as the subjects of it.

II. Think of the inadequacy of those left to carry out Christ's schemes. Only twelve in number, nearly all mere ignorant, untrained men.

III. Remember the growing opposition of the scribes and Pharisees—how they lost no opportunity of casting scorn upon this young carpenter who seemed such a wild reformer, such an upsetter of all their established ways of life and modes of thought.

IV. Try to realize how an unbeliever in Christ would be struck by what he might hear of this "kingdom of heaven." Would it not seem to him utter sentimentality and weakness? The Roman empire was based upon principles so utterly different—fancy a Roman first hearing of a kingdom to be inherited by the meek, by the poor in spirit, by those who visited the sick, and clothed the naked, and fed the starving. Would he not be inclined to pity the folly of those who relied on such means of conquest?

It seems to me that the more the non-believing observer reviewed the life of Christ, the more certain he would be that "failure" was the only word to be used regarding it.

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*"I believe in the communion of saints."*

*Notes of a lesson for a boy or girl preparing for Confirmation.*

I. Who are "Saints"? The modern use of the word is altogether misleading. It often seems to be used as if it were applicable only to those who set themselves up as being better than their fellows. But notice what sort of teaching you find in St. Paul's letters, which are distinctly addressed to "saints." Evidently his notion of a "saint" was a man struggling yet with sins and habits common to his age and to the society he lived in. One is appalled at the very elementary notions of right and wrong which were apparently held by the members of the first Christian churches. Yet Paul calls them "saints," and writes to them such marvellous expositions of Christian truth, as we find for instance in the letter to the Ephesians. Therefore do not let us think that it

is impossible for us to have any personal interest in the "communion of saints" because we are not good enough. Remember Westcott's comforting, stimulating words: "Consecration, not perfection, is the note of Christianity." A "saint" is one who is wholly given to the Lord, set apart for God to use. He may be very undeveloped, he may be painfully conscious of terrible imperfections in his service. But his inmost heart is set on obeying Christ. He is determined to "follow on that he may know the Lord," however full of faults he feels himself to be at present.

II. What is then the "communion" enjoyed by "saints"?

(a) It is participation in all the benefits of their Saviour's passion. One and all have been exposed to the same terrible danger of losing everything because of sin. One and all have been saved by the blessed life and death of Christ. One and all, day by day, look to His life in them to set them free from the slavery of evil passions and habits. Is it possible that those who share such experiences—experiences moving them to their inmost soul—should not be welded together? Must there not inevitably be "communion"?

(b) Therefore in the next place it is rejoicing with each other, sympathizing with each other, and think what that "each other" means. Think of the Christians all over the world to-day—Chinese, Indian, African, dwellers in the distant islands of the ocean—diverse races, diverse nationalities, diverse in habits of life and thought, diverse dwelling places—yet linked together by trust in a common Saviour, loyalty to a common King. Think not only of Christians to-day in different places, but of those living at different times—the fishermen of Galilee, the martyred followers of Christ in Rome, the monks and nuns of the Middle Ages, the Puritans, the Huguenots, the Vaudois heroes. Surely our hearts must burn within us as we take our stand with such as these. Surely our consecration must be deepened as we reflect upon Christ's noble followers in every age. A shared faith is a strengthened faith. To find another believing what I believe, fortifies me in my belief. We cannot then afford to forget this "communion of saints" if our own Christian life is to be perfected.

(c) And again, let us think not only of these men and women of past ages as in the past, as left behind there in

distant times. "For all Thy servants departed this life in Thy fear and love, we bless and praise Thy holy name." But we go on to say, "With angels and archangels, *and with all the glorious company of heaven*" we join our worship and adoration. Without venturing into regions of speculation, may we not gladden our hearts as we sing the magnificent "Te Deum," by remembering our own beloved dead—by conceiving of their place in the vast chorus of praise in which even we are allowed our humble share? "We are come," says the writer of the Hebrews, "to the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, *to the general assembly and church of the first-born . . . . and to the spirits of just men made perfect.*" May we not then rejoice in our belief in this glorious communion of saints, saints in all countries, in all ages, saints in this world, and saints already in the next—is there any other communion so universal, so far-reaching, so eternal, so all-embracing?

With thankfulness and gladness well may we each say, "I believe in the communion of saints."

## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF GREAT BOOKS.

### JOB.

THE poet said "the saddest of all words of tongue or pen are these: 'It might have been.'" And ah! how often do they rise unbidden to our lips! How little serves to strike that tense chord within us!—the smiling of a child whose brightness speaks of all the day-dreams fraught with boundless hope, the silence of an evening when the landscape seems to gently close its eyelids after having watched the glories of the sunset, the falling of the leaves, the passing of the year during the course of which so much was left undone, some half-forgotten melody linked with sweet memory of the past, a grave in which not only all the future, but even the present seem to have been entombed—all these, and many other things, remind us how seldom we "drink life to the lees."

But was the poet right? Are, "*It might have been!*" indeed the saddest words? Surely there are moods so piteous that *sadness* is not the true expression. It was *sadness* made Job curse the day of his birth, and pray for death; but it was *despair* made him exclaim, "If I had called, and He had answered me, yet would I not believe that He had hearkened unto my voice. For He breaketh me *without a cause* . . . Oh! that I might come even to His seat. But I cannot behold Him; *He hideth Himself* . . ." And throughout the book of Job there is the agony of the question, "Why *is* there injustice in God's dealings? Why *do* the righteous suffer and the wicked flourish?" It is a question every religion must answer, for it perplexes every heart. *We* have the answer; but it is not to find the answer that we read the book of Job; the answer is not there. And yet Job was restored to peace of mind, for "the Lord blessed the latter end of Job more than his beginning." How was Job satisfied? We shall see.

But before entering upon my subject, let me say a few words with regard to the object of these notes on "The Educational Value of Great Books." So much has already been said about the ever-living works of men of genius, that

it may seem superfluous even to remind one that they are the most precious inheritance of each successive generation. But it is often the most self-evident truths that bear most repetition. Are the great books we all have on our shelves valued and used as they should be? Do we derive the constant benefit from them which only a true knowledge of their message can impart? You know how snow-clad mountains change their hue as day advances, saffron in the clear still dawn, so white at dazzling noon, then fading to the faintest blue, till, in the evening, comes the flush from the far-setting sun, fit prelude to the night through which the stars shine oh! so brightly over the dim mountains deep in slumber and so weird and still. So in all ages, and in all moments of our life, the great books stand prominent, changing only in aspect as we progress upon the road of life. For the weak they have a store of strength, and for the sad full comfort. They purify the gladness of the happy and direct the steps of the victorious. Throughout our lives they stand in readiness upon our shelves, and we can go to them already when "shades of the prison house begin to close" upon us, or in the prime of life, or in the evening, when their words are full of reminiscence of the past, and when the first stars twinkle in the greyness of the east, as if to reassure us that there are suns which shine even in the dark obscurity of night. If these few notes lead some to hold communion with the minds that live in the world's classics, their object will have been achieved.

The book of Job has been called a drama; and in one sense it is a tragedy. As Lamartine says, "there are three protagonists, God, man and destiny—and what more sublime conception could a poet have? But drama, strictly speaking, is not to be found in Hebrew literature; the genius of the Semitic races tends far rather to the sublime lyric poetry which abounds in the earlier psalms and the song of Solomon, in the books of Joel, Amos, Hosea and Isaiah, in the lovely psalms of the Exile, in Jeremiah's writings, and lastly in the books of Esdras, Nehemiah and Malachi. The whole literature of the Jews is full of pure lyric song to God—and how should it be otherwise? God was everything to them—the Almighty Lord was present everywhere, and the whole world was nothing but His footstool. This religion was full of awe and respect for an immense, all-powerful, omniscient Creator.

And was not that the natural outcome of their life in those wild boundless deserts, which are the very picture of infinity and solitude? Their minds were able to understand the meaning of the term infinity, for their eyes beheld the infinite each day and all night long; they could realise what solitude meant—what more lonely than those inhospitable wastes “where no man is”? And in their family life the father ruled supreme, despotic head of wife and children. There was monotheism in the air they breathed; they could not but think of God as the despotic Lord of the Creation. It is extraordinary to what a great extent our thoughts of God are moulded by what our earthly father is or seems to us to be. It is to the Jewish race that the world owes its most lofty and most pure conception of the Godhead. Men who looked upon things concerning God as being beyond discussion—“too wonderful for them”—could not progress in art or science. All the faculties of heart and head were concentrated in the sublime worship which kept them in the way of that great religion destined to prepare the world for Christianity. It was only when the Jews came in touch with foreign races that philosophy and grammar occurred to them. The prophets who represent the true spirit of Judaism were ever loud in recalling them from the strange gods to the pure worship of Jehovah. And, indeed, that was their true mission; they seem to have had that exalted religion from the earliest times as if by inspiration; and even Job could say, “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth.”

Job was the greatest of all the men of the east, and in God's eyes there was none like him in the earth; he was the instructor of many, and the strengthener of weak hands. He says that in the days of his youth when the secret of God was upon his tabernacle; when the Almighty was yet with him, when his children were about him, when he washed his steps with butter and the rock poured him out rivers of oil; when he went out to the gate through the city, when he prepared his seat in the street, the young men saw him and hid themselves, and the aged arose and stood up; the princes refrained from talking and laid their hand on their mouth . . . he delivered the poor that cried and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he caused the widow's heart to sing for

joy. He put on righteousness and it clothed him; his judgment was as a robe and a diadem. He was eyes to the blind and feet to the lame. He was a father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he searched out. Unto him men gave ear, and waited, and kept silence at his counsel; they waited for him as for the rain. He chose out their way and sat chief, and dwelt as a king in the army, as one that comforteth the mourners. Such was the man whom Satan was authorised to prove. When Satan touched all that he possessed, Job rent his mantle and said: "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord." When Satan touched his bone and flesh, Job said: "What! shall we receive good at the hand of God, and shall we not receive evil?" "In all this did not Job sin with his lips."

Then came Job's friends, and during seven days and seven nights durst not speak a word to him, "for they saw that his grief was very great." The agony of those seven days' silence is measured by Job's first words, "Let the day perish wherein I was born. . . ." What a contrast to the last words of the man whose "substance was increased in the land"! Now it is the bitter in soul, longing to be where the prisoners rest together, where the weary are at rest. When he, about whose house God made a hedge, exclaims "I was not in safety, neither had I rest, neither was I quiet; yet trouble came," we realize to what a depth of misery he has sunk. How terrible are the outbursts of trouble and despair, when, after seven days' patient silence, his heroic endurance gives way: "Wherefore is light given to him that is in misery and longs for death? The thing which I greatly feared is come upon me. I was not in safety and yet trouble came." He tries to justify all his bitter words by declaring that his calamity is heavier than the sand of the sea. He is in such extremity of pain that he prays God to loose His hand and cut him off; and, turning to his friends, he tells them that he seeks nothing of them, save to be taught wherein he had erred. He wishes to be frank with them, but his wild anguish terrifies them and they move to leave him.

He tries to speak more gently, but gradually as he records his sufferings he is wrought upon, and says: "I will complain in the bitterness of my soul," and other words more rebellious follow: "What is man that Thou shouldest try him every moment?" He realises the full insignificance of man face to



face with his Maker; "lo! He goeth by me, and I see Him not; He taketh away, who can hinder Him?" How impossible it is for him to speak to God, to reason with Him, for he is broken without a cause, aye, without a cause, for he has striven to do right, and has done nothing to deserve so great an evil. Surely God destroyeth the perfect as well as the wicked; if not, where or who is He? He feels weary of life, and asks for nothing but to be shown wherefore God, who knew that he was not wicked, contended with him. In his abjectness and suffering he asks to be left alone, that he may take comfort a little before he go whence there is no return.

The end of Chapter x. marks Job's utmost material despair—confusion and darkness, and it is then that Zophar speaks to him of the assured blessing of repentance! Job asks for bread and they give him a stone. No wonder if he remind them that he is not inferior to them, and that they only tell him things which everyone knows. Even the beasts, fowls, fishes recognise the power and glory of God. "Ask now the beasts and they shall tell thee!" and Job repeats, only with double emphasis, all that Zophar has said concerning God's marvellous power and wisdom. "Shall not His excellency make you afraid? O that ye would altogether hold your peace, ye forgers of lies, ye physicians of no value!" And he turns to God and bids Him call, for he would answer. "How many are mine iniquities and sins? Make me to know my transgression and my sin . . . wherefore holdest Thou me for Thine enemy? Turn from me, that I may rest; for, though there is hope of a tree which through the scent of water will bud, man dieth, and where is he? They shall not be awake, nor be raised out of their sleep." And in his suffering, Job says to his friends: "I could speak as ye do if your soul were in my soul's stead; for though I speak, my grief is not assuaged, and though I forbear, what am I eased?"

In his terror he sees the visitations of God as if his enemies compassed him about. In that terrible passage (ch. xvi.) he speaks indiscriminately of God and of his enemies; but it is after that spasm of delirium that there comes the touching prayer, "O earth, cover not my blood, and let my cry have no place. Also now, behold, my witness is in heaven, and my record is on high. My friends scorn me, but mine eye

pouresth out tears unto God. O! that one might plead for a man with God, as a man pleadeth for his neighbour! When a few years are come, then I shall go the way whence I shall not return. . . . Where is now my hope? I have said to corruption, thou art my father." And how pathetic is the next outburst of Job's despair; full of terror, suffering and bitterness. For the fifth time he listens to the same argument of his friends, regarding the punishment of the wicked; and he turns to them and says, "Be it indeed that I have erred, what of that, compared to all I suffer? I cry out of wrong, but I am not heard; my breath is strange to my wife, though I entreated for the children's sake of mine own body. Yea, young children despised me; I arose, and they spake against me. Have pity upon me, have pity upon me, O ye my friends, for the hand of God hath touched me. Oh that my words were now written! For I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth." How vapid now seem Zophar's moralizings, "The triumph of the wicked is short. . . . This is the portion of the wicked. . . ." And how we sympathise with the untruth with which Job answers Zophar, "Wherefore *do* the wicked live, become old, yea, are mighty in power?" And when Eliphaz accuses Job of manifold errors, Job turns away. "O that I knew where I might find Him! that I might come even to His seat! There the righteous might dispute with Him. . . . but He hideth Himself that I cannot see Him." To the very end Job affirms his innocence. "God forbid that I should justify you! till I die I will not remove mine integrity from me." And in the subsequent *parable* Job gives an account of all he was, compared with what he is become since God touched him, and he makes a solemn protestation of his integrity. After that, Job's words are ended, and there is another awful silence, until God's voice is heard out of the whirlwind. And what could Job answer to those wonderful words, but, "Behold, I am vile. What shall I answer Thee?"

There are two questions which are certain to perplex many when this point is reached. Why was Job satisfied? God refused to answer any of his questions, and merely crushed him by the sense of omnipotence. But God accepted him, and we can see why. But let us first consider the other question. Why was God's wrath kindled against Eliphaz and against his two friends? Are not their words of comfort and

remonstrance full of pity and truth? No doubt; but like the shallow lore of Polonius, all their wisdom comes from the head instead of the heart. Polonius utters many words as beautiful as the well-known "To thine own self be true," but they are all quotations from Euphues. In the same way Eliphaz and Bildad have their "windlaces and assays of bias." The one says, "Now a thing was secretly brought to me in thoughts from the visions of the night," and the other bids Job "enquire of the former age and prepare himself to the search of their fathers," or again, "I will show thee that which wise men have told from their fathers." When Job's three friends take for granted that Job has sinned, they miss the point. Clearly Job had erred, as all men must; but he could say with perfect honesty that he was innocent, because he knew that he had always striven to do God's will, and had committed no wrong deserving so great a punishment. "In all this did not Job sin with his lips." That was what constituted his integrity. His despair had only burst the self-control when "all this evil" had weighed upon him seven days. The arguments of Job's friends, taken by themselves, are true enough; applied to his case they are quite false. Over and over again we find words as beautiful as is the exclamation, "Happy is the man whom God correcteth," but how inappropriate are they to assuage the terrible despair to which Job gives utterance! They are evaporated by the fierceness of his passion like water which is poured upon a blazing furnace. But this is not enough to account for God's wrath. "They had not spoken right," we are told; nor had Job—and yet God accepted Job. Why? Clearly because Job prayed for his friends: "and the Lord turned the captivity of Job, *when he prayed for his friends.*" This gives the reason why God was wroth with Job's friends. In spite of all their wisdom and piety, it had not occurred to them to pray to God, to make intercession for their stricken friend, to turn to God with confidence, with the assurance that He would accept the burnt offering of a faithful heart;—sure proof that all their comfort was cold—that it was no heart-feeling, but mere words; wise words, no doubt, some of them very beautiful, but all lacking that vital warmth which only true deep love and sympathy can give.

And now the other question needs no answer—Job was content because the Lord had given him the power to pray.

How sweet and sudden, like the scent of flowers after an evening thunder-shower, is the peace which breathes in Job's words: "I know that Thou can'st do everything. . . . Hear I *beseech* Thee and I will speak. . . . I have heard of Thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth Thee." Job has been translated into the life which is sustained by prayer, prayer which opens our minds to infinite secrets of the soul. We hear "the morning stars still singing together, and all the sons of God shouting for joy." We dimly feel that we are moving towards the consummation of all things, and our fitful hearts occasionally throb in unison with the vast music of the spheres. Our minds range free from thought to thought, through space and darkness, even to God's very seat, where only prayer can stoop, silent, with veiled eyes in the beams of love.

And if the Lord refused to answer Job except out of the whirlwind, a time was coming when God would speak, not of His terrible power, not of His awful attributes, not of His marvellous works, but rather of a child and of a virgin-mother. The opening of Isaiah's book is strangely knit with the book of Job. There is the same longing for sincerity in both; Isaiah expresses it by the words: "Bring no more vain oblations; incense is an abomination unto me." And Isaiah also says: "Cease to do evil, learn to do well; seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, judge the fatherless, plead for the widow." All these virtues Job had practised. But God is no longer the defiant voice in the whirlwind: "Hast thou an arm like God? or can'st thou thunder with a voice like Him?" It is: "Come, now, let us reason together, saith the Lord. . . . Judge, I pray you, betwixt Me and My vineyard. What could have been done more to My vineyard, that I have not done in it?" How beautiful is this transition from the jealous God to the living Father of the Messiah to be! and how profound the lesson! For it is on the feeling of God's power and of our own weakness that all religion must be founded; this is the rock on which our faith must stand, otherwise it is impossible to understand the full meaning of the gospel of love. Before God spake to him, and in spite of his despair, Job did not realise his own weakness. It was only afterwards that his eye saw God, and that his mind was capable of feeling the need of the "everlasting arms." "He that abideth in Me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit; for without Me ye can do nothing."

## MOSES: A STUDY.

BY THE EDITOR.

*Hebrews* xi. 24—26.

\* \* \* \* \*

—SUCH entrance had the tempter won to soul  
Less single, faithful, free from self. For him,  
The lesser praise of sacrifice is lost  
In high obedience, that perceives no choice;  
In faith, so fixed on glories of the promise,  
That all immediate and more personal good  
Devoid of lustre shows, uncertain, dim,  
Like men and trees and shapes of earth to eyes  
Long filled with splendours of a western sun.  
Happy the people are in such a case!  
Yea, blest are they for whom their God provides  
Deliverer so meet !

\* \* \* \* \*

*“ It came into his heart to visit his brethren.”*

Some souls there are, confined in given sphere,  
Who feel within an energy divine  
That could, with freer scope, do mighty things :  
They see high work untouched around them lie,  
The work sure inner witness ear-marks theirs,  
But cannot reach it—so hemm’d in are they !  
Wish for a thing enough, times, and again,  
To importunity, though it be dumb,  
The wish is given; these one day wake to find  
Hindrances vanished, the work brought to their hand,  
As with permit to test their fitness for it.  
No weak mistrust of self their ardour damps ;—  
With lofty confidence and fearless zeal  
They essay their powers : the goal draws near : when lo !  
Some casual failure in self-mastery,  
Some want of judgment, tact, or reticence,  
Makes shipwreck of the whole ! Do they escape,—  
Barely escape, seizing their lives as prey,—  
Then, in hot agony of self-abasement,

Which is but pride taking the lowest place  
 That so no further fall be possible,  
 The condemnation issues from themselves,  
 They had refused to read in obstacles  
 That hindered their advance. "They are not fit,  
 They never were, they never will be fit  
 For aught but to escape from eyes of men  
 And silent creep to an unhonoured grave!"

\* \* \* \* \*

*"Moses was content to dwell with the man."*

Only the warped in mind do fret and fume  
 And spend their force in mad attempts to shift  
 The stubborn bounds that fix their place in life.  
 True natures acquiesce — holding as creed  
 That Circumstance, a sacred oracle,  
 Speaks with the voice of God to faithful souls.

"Content to dwell"

With Midian's shepherd chief and herd his flock,—  
 The only record of the prophet's mind  
 In all those forty years.

\* \* \* \* \*

*"The Lord spake unto Moses face to face, as a man speaketh  
 unto his friend."*

High years! that stand

As the red-letter era of our race:  
 Days when a man did prove how high, how deep,  
 Mere man might reach in knowledge of our God:  
 Height never soared, depth never sounded since,  
 Save by the Son Who shares the Father's essence.  
 O Mystery of Grace! that any man,  
 Standing for forty years with open breast  
 Beneath the full down-dropping of the Spirit,  
 Should be at last so utterly fulfill'd,  
 Possessed, imbued, with the mind divine,  
 That apprehending human eye could meet  
 The gaze of God!—that He, once among men,  
 Should note the glow of answering sympathy!

# A PLAIN ACCOUNT OF A KERRY POTATO-PATCH.

*April to November, 1902.*

BY E. A. MAGILL.

DURING the early months of this spring I amused myself—as orders were to do no real work—by doing odd jobs in the kitchen-garden, being taken on as “garden boy.” This led me to think I should be able to work a little garden of my own. For many years I had been hoping that some day I should have time and opportunity to experiment on the possibilities of market-gardening, and now it seemed the occasion had come, the only question to be decided being where was the experiment to be carried on. In the field outside the west wall of the real garden and bordered on the north wall by the extension (continuation) of the garden south wall, a croquet lawn some 100 ft. square had been enclosed and levelled during the preceding winter. The simplest plan seemed to be to allot to me a plot round about the croquet lawn. Taking the wall facing east, *i.e.*, the west wall of the old garden, which is 200 ft. long, as radius, and the angle it makes with the north protecting wall at centre, a circle was described, and the quadrant contained by the two walls nominated “My Potato Garden.” Note that I had only 80 ft. of wall, the east one, a couple of elms grow by the other, so it all appertains to the croquet lawn, which makes the area of my patch—the area of the lawn being deducted—about 2381 yards or half an acre. I should perhaps explain that hereaway any part of a field which is set aside by the farmer, as this was, is designated his potato garden. My original intention too was to set the greater part of this half acre with Brown Rocks, a good potato to set in April. But I wished to test what could be done by one individual with the very least possible capital, and if £10 per statute acre be the least working capital which should be invested in a farm, how much should one be prepared to invest in a garden?

I decided later to put in cabbage as being cheaper than potatoes, and I am not so sure that I did decide wrongly :

Potato seed should have cost about £5 0 0 per acre (English)

Manure—

Farmyard, £2 ; Artificial, £3 5 0 0 „

Other expenses—

Harvesting, Marketing, etc. 5 0 0 „

£15 0 0

Cabbage plants at 3s. per 1000 .. 1 10 0 „

Manure .. .. 2 10 0 „

Other expenses .. .. 2 0 0 „

£6 0 0 „

Potato yield average—13 tons per acre at 3s. per cwt. = £39 0 0

In the Dublin markets from 1st October to middle November,

Irish potatoes 3s. 9d. to 2s. 10d.

Cabbages at 1d. per head or 8s. per 100, *i.e.*, 120 .. £30 0 0

Locally, 1½d. or 2d. per head is not unusual in December.

An old glass frame, 8 ft. by 4½ ft. by 1¼ ft., and a donkey and cart—the poorest peasant would possess the latter—were all the “plant” available.

A Glass Frame made by local carpenter cost .. £0 14 0

Including cost of timber, putty, glass, nails, paint and carpenter's wage.

Donkey and Harness £1 15 0 Cart .. £2 10 0

On April 9th the paling round the lawn was taken up and put out to my boundary ; by that day week the plot had been marked out, manure ploughed in, and harrowed. The plan is of the simplest : a patch, roughly semi-circular, round the paling, a border 15 ft. by 80 ft. along the east wall, two other borders running south and east respectively, the one 80 ft. by 10 ft., the other 90 ft. by 10 ft., round the lawn, and an ugly triangular plot, area 50 square yards, in the angle between the wall border and that running east. The latter is called the “Flower Border,” as it is given over to furnishing the “pleasant” part of the garden.

Keeping in mind that the fact to be ascertained was if with small capital such a plot would pay, it is evident that *the* thing to be done during this first year was to get the land into a state of cultivation, and at the end of twelve months to have paid the rent (!) and yet have enough cash left to venture forward. So far the actual money put out was 5s. for



hire of horses, plough and harrow, and 25s. for seven tons of farmyard manure; hire of man, plough and horses is 11s. per day, working from 7 30 a.m. to 6 p.m.; patch took four hours altogether to plough and harrow. The semi-circular patch, the area of which is 2,000 square yards, was put up into "lazy beds," *i.e.*, long beds 4 ft. wide with a  $1\frac{1}{2}$  ft. trench between each, in these 4,250 cabbage at 3s. per 1,000, 13s., were planted, and in the two long borders 800 cauliflowers at 2s. 6d. per 100, £1.

The flower border and the triangle were not left idle; in one, 100 plants of California Violets at 20s. per 100 found a home. This kind of violet is far the best for amateurs. A seed-raising bed was got ready, for this a trench 9 ft. long by 5 ft. wide and 3 ft. deep was dug out and filled with stable manure, which was covered with  $\frac{1}{2}$  ft. of earth. Over the "hot bed" thus prepared the glass frame was placed, under which, on the bed, were boxes of stocks, wallflowers, carnations, and other flower seeds—these cost 5s.; also a "pinch" of cabbage seed. That "pinch" proved a bright idea! It is always better to start even cabbages under glass if the seedlings be pricked out as soon as they can be handled.

One other item and then the summary of the stock of this trial ground is completed. When the violets in the garden within the walls were being rebedded and spring-cleaned, the useless (?) "runners" were thrown into the weed fire. A few I saved. "Is it this *dirt* you want, Miss?" from a scornful garden boy, in the act of throwing that last armful after the others. "This dirt" I put into water for two to three hours, then shortened the "runners" and stuck them into a spare corner of the triangle. From that corner 100 good plants of Princess of Wales' Violets were transplanted into rich mould in the last week of August. These violets are about the same price as the Californians. I do not think they are quite so hardy nor so prolific, but the flowers are enormous and deliciously fragrant, and they sell better. It is not good to allow violet plants to spend their strength in growing runners.

In August and September I was allowed to keep the few hundred plants, off which came the "dirt" above referred to, free of these thieves. The result is some 4,000 to 5,000 young plants, that will be ready for sale or removal to

flowering quarters next March or April. Summing up, initial expenses so far amounted to £4 8s. 6d.

I do not propose to bore you with daily extracts from my diary, but I wish you could have seen the cabbage in my Potato Patch—which groweth no potatoes!—on Friday evening, the 30th May, not one plant had missed, even the “slug” had been obliging and sought food elsewhere. The symmetry of the beds was really admirable; and there was the “pinch” that had been sown under the frame about six weeks before, thriving. The nights are still cold in May, and to shield the seedlings from any unkindly frost, they were covered with matting. The morning after I had been showing off my little garden, I went out rather early—between 5.30 and 6—to work in it. When I opened the door that leads into it from the kitchen garden, I could see no cabbage, only sheep! The whole flock, over 200, had broken through the fence of the field they were in, found the wicket by the croquet lawn open, and advanced in force to breakfast off my cabbage. They retired in haste! I had arrived in time to save the cauliflower that was hardly touched, the bast matting had saved the seedlings. But alas! every lazy bed was cleared of everything but cabbage stalks. It was mid-June before the seedlings were big enough to clothe the desert. That “pinch” was a good idea, wasn’t it?

I have not yet referred to the nature of the soil nor the labour necessary to get it up to an average state of cultivation. This strip of land between the McGillicuddy reeks and the Tralee hills is mostly either bog or red sandy loam. Red sandy loam is the best for early potatoes; even if it be a trifle light as ours is, ’tis better than bog. There the frost grips more keenly: tubers are not sufficiently regular for early market, nor is the quality up to the mark. My patch is sandy. The field of which it was a part has been untilled—“ban,” as we say—for many years, wherefore thistles have found it a suitable lodging-place; also when it used to be tilled this corner “along by the garden wall” was considered a suitable place to throw all the stones gathered off the field. To clear the plot of stones was a serious undertaking. The paths are grass, hence the stones had to be removed. ’Tis done. Peat-mould was to be had for the taking “back in the bog,” so the whole had a top-dressing of it. A little bog-mould would not unfit the patch for early potatoes, the

soil being somewhat *too* sandy. I have not made out a "labour-bill," because most of the work I did myself. I do not think a man has worked there for three weeks altogether. Three weeks' labour would be 30s., and there could be no work connected with such a bit of land which a boy—I might almost say a woman—could not do. It would really be difficult with the data I have to reckon how much of a man's time it would take to keep my garden up to pattern, though it was "ban" a man has not worked twenty whole days in it. I seldom did more than two or three hours' work there daily—for two months none at all. Certainly a man's labour for six weeks, working full hours, would be ample *while the produce was confined to potatoes and cabbage*. Labour here is 10s. a week, so £3 would be enough to allow for the year. I am not sure about the ploughing.

The first monetary return this garden made was 21s. for the flower-seedlings, postage and advertising expenses being deducted; then the cauliflower, 90s., cost of sending eight miles to market, and tolls, deducted. The cabbage from the sixpennyworth of seed is nearly all gone now, at 7s. per 100, that is £15, or £30 per acre. Some realized 10s., others 8s. per 100, so I have stated the lowest figure. The violets bring about 3s. a week.

Allowing 18s. for rent, that is, 30s. per acre, which is more than double what could be obtained for much cultivated land in this part of Ireland, the output and income of £ s. d. reads: expenses, £6 16s. 6d.; which being paid, leave £13 14s. 6d.\* £6 of that will now go in planting early potatoes: the seed will cost £3, the manures—for artificials must be used—£2 10s., the necessary ploughing, etc., 10s. If those "Puritans" be on the market by June 1st and sell at £45 per acre, it is a simple sum to make out what return this potato-patch should yield on £6 16s. 6d. in thirteen months. The clear profit should, by June 1st, work out to between £27 and £30, if the violets and little flowers be allowed for their sweetness' sake to count for something!

For the reasons already stated, I have not reduced the labour to money-value. £13 14s. 6d. is not much to clear from eight months' work, and for that reason I feel my patch is hardly of an age to be talked about. But a year's rent has been paid, and there is a balance to carry the experiment

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\* Output, £6 16s. 6d.; income, £20 11s.

forward. The return, small as it is, has far exceeded my expectations ; in spite of an unusually cold summer, and the depredations of sheep, I believe I have won. I know now—having learned through many mistakes—that that £13 could, with ease, have been doubled during the eight months.

Yields and money-returns from small plots, when converted into yields and returns per acre, almost invariably come out very much greater than those of crops grown on a large scale, even when one is most careful to ensure accuracy and to allow a good margin to cover such expenses as rent, rates, cultivation, seed, manure, harvesting, and marketing. This I know—I have borne it in mind, and yet I am wholly confident, through the teaching I have received from my little potato-patch; and from the facts I have gathered from other similar experiments carried out by other experimentors—that intensive agriculture is what the country wants.\*

You see this experiment has been looked at altogether from a commercial standpoint. I have told you nothing about the flower-border, with its wealth of stock, mignonette, old clove carnations, etc., that with the great hedge of sweet-pea round the cabbage bed, saturated the air with fragrance in the summer and autumn evenings. Nor have I told you of the family of wee wood-wrens that were brought up in a cranny in the ivy-covered wall, and let me watch them at their first flying lessons ; nor of the golden-crested wren, who is so much tamer, and still comes through from the kitchen garden to enquire what I am doing. The robins I ignore, only they do look so hurt if I forget their weakness for cake, that I had better refer to them “by the way.” Why I chiefly love to go down into my garden is not to look at cabbage that sells at a penny a head, but because from it I can see straight away to the mountains. It is open on the east and south to the wide field, which is bordered by a belt of firs that make rather a fitting setting to the high hills five miles off.

You remember those lines of T. Brown’s, beginning,—

“A garden is a lovesome spot—God wot.”

My garden has no fringed pool nor fern grot, but from it one may lift up one’s eyes unto the hills and see all their

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\* Note the agricultural history of Denmark during the last thirty years. Read *Fields, Factories, and Workshops*, by Prince Krapotkin.

surpassing glory. And on a clear day one can imagine one sees far off the outlines of a scheme of intensive agriculture which might possibly be a means of bringing salvation—*i.e.*, health—to the minds and bodies of the natives of this hapless county, which, in spite of all its wondrous mystic beauty, is, as regards civilizing enterprise—according to statistics—the most hopeless district in Ireland.

Were I ever to say a word about gardening for the little ones, it would resolve itself into a plea to let the children do all the work in their gardens themselves. There is absolutely nothing which a child of nine cannot do himself in a garden of about 140 square yards. Let him make mistakes. Let him dig up the bulbs in his *own* garden to find out what they are doing down there in the dark silent earth—if they don't behave the least bit differently to the ones in glasses! Let him plant them upside down if he wants to see what will happen! Only two things do *not* let him do: call the soil "dirt," or earth-worms "beasts." You are neglecting him if he does either.

Children love to possess property, and to have sole charge of a piece of ground develops the idea that they are responsible citizens in a wonderful way. If a child keeps his holding in a condition that offends the other land-holders in his vicinity, it is not fit that that holding should remain his. Such is the law! Only *very* lazy tenants are put out, so he *must* keep his plot free from weeds. When we were children, the idea of evicting originated amongst ourselves. Once only had a writ to be issued, but the offender was very penitent, and had redeemed her property by careful weeding before the days of grace were up.

I have mentioned the word "dirt." It reminds me that there is one lesson gardening teaches everyone—big and little—perfectly, it is this: in a garden there is no such thing as "dirt." "Nature's" economy is very plain: she has a use for everything in garden ground. Weeds, stones, dead rats, in a garden all have their proper places. (I don't know about slugs or sparrows!) I have met people who have thought it wrong to allow the children to manure their own gardens! I have seen people hold up their hands in holy horror at the idea of a grown-up person digging farm-yard manure into her garden! It is strange how we cramp the

child-mind with the paralyzing idea that there could be work in a garden which it is *infra dig.* for him to do!

Next to letting the children do as they like in their gardens, let them *learn* as they like: they will come to the grown-up friend fast enough when they want advice or information. It is all-important not to hamper them as they try to seek out knowledge in their own way. It was with something like horror I heard a very keen gardener say a few days ago: "The children are always asking questions about their gardens! If only someone would write a book on gardening for children!" *A book on gardening for children!* Truly I would say a prayer of thankfulness could I hope that such a thing does not exist! I will tell you how a small child of nine felt once when someone suggested that a book on gardening for grown-ups was outside her comprehension. It was on such a bleak east-windy day as this that a book arrived for her. The parcel was opened before all the family, the small child bursting with suppressed excitement. It had come at last! There it was in its sober green cover: Sutton's *Culture of Vegetables and Flowers*. There were questions: "Who sent it?" "Where has it come from?" "What will you do with it?" "Oh, I ordered it myself! I bought it all with my own money—my 'carnation money,' you know." "You! Do you think a scrap like you will be able to understand all Messrs. Sutton have to say about vegetables and flowers?" Did I think! After watching those plants—raised from Sutton's own Prize Carnation seed—grow, after tending them for so many months, and at last letting them go—not without tears—in order to get the necessary 5s. for Mr. Sutton's book.\* And now it was supposed that I would not be able to understand it! Did I think, indeed! Poor grown-ups, they were to be pitied, but really 'twas hardly to be endured! Well, just the same indignation and pity comes over me now when I hear these wise people talk of a book on gardening for children. Therefore, I would suggest that in this matter the children be treated with due reverence; that we take heed lest we offend one of these little ones who so delight to do all the work in their own way in their own gardens. There are numbers of excellent books for amateurs, and papers and journals which the children can use. How

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\* Our gardens were from the first self-supporting.

we children used to look forward to Fridays when our paper came, for nearly every week it had an answer to some query we had sent in to the editor. It is unnecessary to insist on the fact that such gardening is a most mighty power for good in the moulding of character. There is not a day that the child has not to make at least one decision, if it be only the answer to "What shall I do in my garden to-day?" He is always observing; he learns to "translate his thoughts into actions"; to obey law; to watch its working patiently; to count no beginning small, for there is nothing "not worth doing." He can confidently say "I know" and "I don't know." He experiments; he compares; he deduces. In fact, as a training preparatory to the study of any part of physical science, I wonder is there—could there be—a better! For is not the child-gardener like Bacon's scientific student, "a bee that gathers and produces"? The altruistic side of his being is not left to shrink. Let him once see the delight which a gift of flowers of his own growing can give to those who have no garden, and it will only be necessary to enquire occasionally "What flowers are you sending to So-and-so this week?" Slowly, but very surely, his garden will teach the child that this world is a very comely place; that the garments of this earth are right glorious within and without; and that to each one is given a little bit of the embroidery of those stately robes to do, and if anyone does not try to do his bit a long way better than his very best, he is simply no use.

There is no part of my life that I recall with such keen pleasure as the two years, eight to ten, and all the joy is in that one word "garden." I have hardly gardened at all since those days, excepting this last nine months. The foregoing remarks are put forward with all diffidence. I write now as a common labourer and not at all as a gardener. I know I am unskilled, but I do firmly believe that it is in the direction of wholesome out-door occupation that the way lies, for the most of us, towards that whole mind or sanity which means nearness to God, without which we, with our littleness, can never comprehend anything of the great beauty which our God has set all around us for our entertainment.

And that seems to be all my "Potato-Patch" has to say for itself to-day!

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Introduction to the Second Book of Euclid.*

Group: Mathematics. Class IV. Age: 16½. Time: 30 minutes.

BY IDA E. FISCHER.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To cultivate the power of inductive reasoning.
- II. To give a first introduction to the second book of Euclid, showing its close connection with part of the first book.
- III. To teach the first proposition of Book II.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Begin by noticing that there is more than one way of proving that figures are equal in area. When they are similar as well as equal the equality may be proved by superposition as in I. 4. This the pupils know and tell themselves. But this cannot be done when we have a parallelogram and a triangle to compare, or two dissimilar triangles or quadrilaterals, for example in Propositions 41 and 43 of Book I. We notice that Book II. consists almost entirely of comparing quadrilaterals and might be taken in connection with parts of Book I.

*Step II.*—Before beginning the proposition show the pupils why rectangles are said to be contained by any two of their conterminous sides. Thus ABCD is said to be contained by AB and BC and it is written  $AB \cdot BC$ . The point really being =  $\times$ . Thus, if  $AB = 3$  and  $BC = 2$ ,  $AB \cdot BC = 6$ .



The area of  $ABCD$  is really its length multiplied by its breadth, that is  $AB$  multiplied by  $BC$ . All this the pupils can give themselves as well as the meaning and derivation of conterminous.

*Step III.*—Begin with the particular enunciation of Proposition 1, Book II.

*Particular Enunciation.* Let  $AB$  and  $CD$  be two given straight lines, let  $CD$  be divided into any number of segments,  $CE$ ,  $EF$ ,  $FD$ .

It is required to prove  $AB \cdot CD = AB \cdot CE + AB \cdot EF + AB \cdot FD$ .

*Construction.* From  $C$  draw  $CG \perp$  to  $CD$  and  $= AB$ . (I. ii. 3.)

Through  $G$  draw  $GH \parallel$  to  $CD$ , and through  $E$  and  $F$  draw  $EK$ ,  $FL$ ,  $DH \parallel$  to  $CG$ . (I. 31.)

*Proof.* Then  $CH = CK + EL + FH$ . (I. ax. 8.)

That is  $GC \cdot CD = GC \cdot CE + KE \cdot EF + LF \cdot FD$ .

But  $GC$ ,  $KE$ ,  $LF$  are each  $= AB$ . (Constr. I. 34.)

$\therefore AB \cdot CD = AB \cdot CE + AB \cdot EF + AB \cdot FD$ .

Let the girls do as much of the work as possible without help, such as constructing the figure and giving the proof.

*Step IV.*—Let the girls write out the proof, having the figure on the board, and from the proof let them give the general enunciation:—"If there be two straight lines, one of which is divided into any number of parts, the rectangle contained by the two straight lines is equal to the rectangle contained by the undivided line and the several parts of the divided line." Do not have the long enunciation learnt by heart.

*Step V.*—Recapitulate.

## II.

*Subject: Spiders.*

Group: Natural Science. Class Ib. Age: 9. Time: 20 minutes.

BY D. SMYTH.

## OBJECTS.

I. To teach the children something about the common garden spider, and so give them an added interest in their walks out of doors.

II. To arouse a feeling of wonder and reverence for insect life.

III. To increase the powers of attention, observation and narration.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Let the children look carefully at a spider, and ask them to describe its appearance and everything they notice about it.

*Step II.*—Make a diagram of the spider on the board enlarged, so that the children may get a clear idea of the shape and position of the spinnerets, breathing holes, eyes, fangs, etc., which would be difficult to see distinctly on the living spider, and point out these parts, giving the name for each, and telling them the use of each part.

*Step III.*—Now ask the children to think of the spiders' webs they have seen, and how wonderfully they are made. From what the children have already been told, they will know that the web comes out of her body through the spinnerets. Then draw a diagram of the five spinnerets with the threads coming out, and while drawing it explain that it does not come out of one hole, as might be expected, but that there are 100 holes in each spinneret. As there are five spinnerets the children will be able to tell you that there are 500 holes altogether. Out of each hole a line comes, and one thread of a spider's web is made up of 500 lines, as in the diagram.

*Step IV.*—Show how the spider begins her web, by means of a drawing on the board of a suitable place for a web; a branch of a tree and a post or bush; and explain how the spider begins her web, and all her proceedings, at the same time drawing in the web. She begins at (*a*) and goes on to (*b*), then from (*b*) to (*c*), and explain that these four lines take longer to construct than all the other part, and are the most irksome.

*Step V.*—Explain how the spider catches her prey. After finishing the web she carries a line (*f*) with her, which is attached to the middle of the web, and hides under some leaf. Directly an insect gets into the web she feels a pull and immediately darts out. The children will most likely be able to tell how she kills her prey, from the information

they have already had about her poison fangs. Tell them what the spider does when her prey is too strong to kill in this way; she weaves a covering of silk round him, till he can struggle no more.

*Step VI.*—Tell them that in the autumn the spider lays her eggs. She spins a cocoon scarcely half an inch across and lays in it from six to eight hundred eggs and then leaves it.

*Step VII.*—Summarize. Go over the points you wish them to remember.

*Step VIII.*—Recapitulation.

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### III.

*Subject: Glacial Action.*

Group: Science. Class III. Age: 13 and 14. Time: 40 minutes.

BY W. T. WILKINSON.

#### OBJECTS.

I. To help the pupils to trace cause from effect, and so develop their powers of reasoning.

II. To cultivate a taste for independent mental activity.

III. To give the pupils a further interest in their own district.

IV. To help the pupils to recognise from the evidences left behind that there were once great glaciers in England.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Make sure that the pupils know what a glacier is and how it is formed. Let them tell where glaciers can now be seen, *i.e.*, in Switzerland, Norway, etc.

*Step II.*—*Glaciated Rocks.* Show the pupils a piece of glaciated rock found in the Lake district, and ask if they know what has made the striations upon it, and why the side with the striations is polished. Ask them for local examples of similar rocks where the striations are well marked, as on the rock in Ambleside Churchyard.

*Step III.*—Put these sketches on the board:—Ground before a glacier has passed over it, and ground after being smoothed by the action of a glacier; and let the pupils think

which way the glacier has passed, namely, from left to right, smoothing down the slopes on the side facing the glacier, and leaving the sheltered side almost unaffected, with *débris* in the hollow.

Compare the appearance of English glaciated rocks with those of Switzerland by showing a picture of the Grimsel.

*Step IV.—Moraines.* Show the pupils pictures of moraines that have been formed, as in Borrowdale; and of moraines now being formed, as on the “*mer de glace*,” in Switzerland.

Draw from the pupils how those moraines have been formed, *i.e.*, by stones and rubbish falling on to the glacier, and either being banked up or thrown off at the sides, as in lateral moraines; or left where the glacier melts into streams, as in terminal moraines, or being carried along by the streams and spread over the land, as in morainic mounds or drift. Tell the pupils that this drift is a stiff clayey soil with boulders of rock in it, and is found as far south as the Thames Valley.

*Step V.*—Show the pupils the map of the Lake district, and, if they do not know, show them where some good examples of moraines and morainic mounds can be seen, as in the Grisedale. St. John's, Greenup and numerous other valleys, and in the Honister Pass.

Let the pupils find out from the lie of the moraines the direction and limits of the passage of some of the Lake district glaciers.

*Step VI.—Erratics.* Show the pupils some pictures of Erratics, and tell them what kind of stone they are, *viz.*, at Wolverhampton is a large block of Scotch granite and blocks of andesite from the Lake district; at Birmingham there are large blocks of stone from the Arenig mountains in North Wales; at Flamborough Head there are blocks of Shap granite; and in Norfolk and Lincoln are blocks of stone only found in Scandinavia.

Get the pupils to say how these blocks got to their present destinations, so far from the parent rocks, and say why they could not have come by water or by icebergs—because they are not rounded or water worn, nor are they scattered indiscriminately, but follow a certain definite plan, *i.e.*, those found in Lancashire and Cheshire are always to the south-west of the place of origin.

*Step VII.*—Mention the names of some Arctic animals, *e.g.*, musk sheep, Arctic fox; and trees, as the Arctic willow and dwarf birch, the remains of which are found in England in the drift and river-glacial deposits.

*Step VIII.*—From these evidences let the pupils draw the conclusion that this country was once united to the Continent, and that the part of England north of the Thames was once covered with ice, as is Greenland in the present day.

Let the pupils show, on a map, the directions of the Scotch, Lake district and Scandinavian glaciers, and make a rough sketch of their directions on the board.

*Step IX.*—From their knowledge of the position of glaciated rocks and moraines, draw from the pupils the fact that the glacial formation lies next to the recent formation. Tell them that these two formations belong to what is called the Quaternary system, the most recent system of the four great series into which the formations of the earth are divided. Tell them that the Glacial Period is supposed to have begun about 200,000 years ago, and lasted about 150,000 years.

*Step X.*—Recapitulation.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

### *Subjects for February.*

I.—Take a branch of a tree and place it against a sheet of white paper. Draw the outline first, the same size as the original, then try and paint in as you see it.

II.—*Still Life*. A lemon, a piece of old pewter or silver, and a knife in the foreground, keep your background and table on which the objects rest quiet and harmonious in tone.

III.—Try and get a woodcut of one of Albert Deur's landscapes and copy very carefully in pen and ink.

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## OUR WORK.

### HOUSE OF EDUCATION, AMBLESIDE.

*Examination in the Theory and Practice of Teaching (Method, History, Psychology and Practical Teaching), Christmas, 1902.*

CLASS I.	CLASS II.	CLASS III.
{ A. C. DRURY	{ C. HEATH	H. M. A. BELL
{ W. WILKINSON	{ E. M. OGDEN	D. SMYTH
I. E. FISCHER	M. E. MOULE	G. A. MENDHAM
{ L. LEES	{ H. M. FOUNTAIN	
{ E. A. PARISH	{ E. M. GARNIER	
B. DISMORR	C. FRASER	
L. E. CLENDINNEN		
E. M. PIKE		

The written part of the examination consisted of three papers, one on Method, a second on the History of Education, and the third on Psychology. Of these the paper on Method was answered with the greatest success. There was ample evidence that the students understood the principles on which effective teaching depends.

The papers on the History of Education and on Psychology were not quite so well answered as the paper on Method. The answers showed some want of exact, though plain, information. A very fair standard of merit was, however, generally maintained. It is gratifying to notice that so large a proportion of the students are placed either in the first or second class.

T. G. ROOPER,

*H.M. Inspector of Schools.*

#### REPORT ON THE INSPECTION OF THE HOUSE OF EDUCATION, 1902.

In consequence of the unfortunate indisposition of Mr. Rooper, whose interest in the system of education carried on here from its inception to the present time has been unabated, thoroughly in sympathy as he has been from the first with the ideas of the founder, I was invited to represent him in regard to that part of the duties of an examiner which involves personal inquiry. It was with alacrity that I responded to the call, knowing as I did something of the character of the aim kept in view, and the anticipation I had entertained of pleasure in this my first visit was more than gratified. . . . .

It has been said that, "to understand is to enjoy!" This, I take it, is what has, of set purpose, been adopted as the guiding principle on which, so far as the mental faculties are concerned, the training of the students here has been directed. Given, first of all, that moral basis which is indicated by the choice of Dante's "*umile piante*" for the seal of the House, the main object beyond this is to open out as far as possible to the choice of the students the whole cornucopia of interests that Nature and Art offer, in order that they may be able to lay out a fuller and ampler map of life before the children who shall in future be under their charge. The importance of this aim, its influence in moulding, enlarging and brightening the lives of the coming generation, can hardly be over-estimated. And certainly this aim is reached in the House itself. It is impossible, in visiting it, not to be struck with the abounding vitality and the consequent happiness of all its inmates. Yes, it is very much alive, and its atmosphere is one of happy delight in the varied work and employments. At the same time, whatever is attempted even down to the handwriting—in which the simple but artistic design of Mrs. R. Bridges is adopted—is done as a thing to be done well; with a conscientious care that would have delighted Ruskin, "in the eyes of all, good, irreproachable, and without flaw," according to the maxim of some old Deutschland trade corporations. One reason why these ideas can be actually carried out, is that not too much is done in the way of writing in exercise books; at the same time the beauty of the students' written exercises—on Nature lore, for example, illustrated by themselves as these are with pictorial representations of the objects seen in their walks in the charming country around them, which in themselves are quite works of art, needs no praise from me. It has, as was to be expected, been awarded the bronze medal of the recent Nature Study Exhibition.

At my visit, besides inspecting the Handicraft Specimens, including cardboard sloyd, leatherwork, bookbinding, clay-modelling, needlework, &c., of the children in the practising school, and of the students, and the

Museum, and noticing the recently instituted Botanical Garden in which plants of various orders are grown in accordance with a scheme arranged by the Rev. W. Tuckwell, and the superintendence of which has, for the benefit of the students, kindly been undertaken by Miss Armitt, a lady living in the neighbourhood who is proficient in such lore; and besides being entertained by the students themselves, among other ways, by a little theatrical performance in French, in which their at-homeness with the language was well displayed, I systematically heard lessons given by the 17 students of the second year, and also by the several mistresses. The lessons given by the students, as ought to be the case, and in accordance with the custom in vogue also in the Government Training Colleges, had been chosen and drawn out by themselves. Of the three lessons thus drawn out by each student one was given before me. In perusing the notes I was much pleased to notice that, whatever the subject was, true comprehension of principles, and the meaning and *rationale* of processes were throughout given a prominent place. I was also glad to see that the children taught were in the habit of quite freely asking questions about any part of the lesson they had not grasped. It should also be mentioned that there is no stint in the provision of illustrative apparatus, and that always of the best that is known.

Among the mistresses, Miss Sumner gave some information on photo-gravures, &c., and then specially directed the attention of the class to the subject of the art of Velasquez. The subject belongs to a branch of knowledge of which Miss Sumner has evidently made herself entirely in command, and she was able to direct the students' attention to many points, suggested by the pictures, in such a way as to give them real insight into the art of the painter. I afterwards saw the class busily engaged, under her able direction, in painting the life figure of one of themselves in the picturesque peasant costume which she had worn in the little French play.

Miss Stirling comes in from Ambleside to give lessons on Physiology, in which she is well versed. Her subject was the Human Ear, and the lesson she gave was remarkable for the way in which it advanced, in treating so complicated a matter, step by step, without pause and without hesitation or faltering, and yet with security that each point was well grasped before the next was taken up.

Mdlle. Mottu gave an admirably sustained lesson on a passage of French poetry to an advanced class on the Gouin system, and I also saw her engaged in giving a composition lesson on a historical subject, the students showing facility in writing French grammatically and idiomatically as well as in speaking.

Fraülein Diez also gave an excellent lesson on some verses of Heine, which the class took up well.

Miss Barnett gave a well illustrated and instructive lesson on Protective Adaptation of Green Leaves against Insects, one which was well calculated to stimulate the observation of the students in their rambles. Miss Barnett also superintends, with eminent success, the teaching of the various handicrafts.



Miss Firth, the daughter of the lady who so kindly interests herself in giving "Art Talks" to the students, was engaged in one of the rooms I visited in giving a Cookery lesson, combining, as I think, therein the artistic with thoroughly scientific method.

Once more, in concluding this somewhat lengthy report, I cannot but express my most hearty admiration of the animation and enjoyment with which the students enter into their daily occupation, and my appreciation of the determination displayed in the conduct and management of the House to bring to the fore all that is known as the *best*, whether in method or apparatus. I have already spoken of the charm of the happy spirit that pervades the House. . . . .

C. H. PAREZ,

*Vicar of Mentmore;*

*Dec. 10th, 1902*

*Late One of H.M. Chief Inspectors of Schools.*

#### REPORT. EXAMINATION OF THE NATIONAL HEALTH SOCIETY.

*Christmas, 1902.*

*Passed:* H. Wix, D. Thomson, W. Tibbits, W. White, E. Brookes, B. Goode, M. Wooler, C. Heath, A. Roffe, M. Willis, D. Brownell, E. Carter, R. Hollins, M. Wilson.

*Failed:* M. Mart, A. Cox.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for February: From one of Racine's Plays.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for February: From Shakespere's Sonnets.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.,*

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

#### BOOKS.

*Stories from Froissart*, by Henry Newbolt (Gardner, Darton, 6/-). No one is better qualified than Mr. Henry Newbolt to present us with tales from Froissart, for he too is moved by "high patriotism for this realm of England." His introduction is singularly interesting. "From the beginning," he says, "we shall be struck with the evident persistence of national types of character": and, in truth, notwithstanding the trappings of chivalry, it is because Froissart is modern, in spite of the colour and splendour of his pages, that we read him with ever fresh delight. Chivalry was to him "but a plain rule of life," and plain things suit us in the twentieth century as in the fourteenth. Mr. Newbolt's recognition of the curse and the blessing of war, his sense that games to-day are as the jousts of the

fourteenth century, his comforting assurance that the best things are not past, are very good to read, for we know that he notes the signs of the times. It is too late in the day for any commendation of the old knight's delightful gossip, but certainly a knowledge of the *Chronicles* is necessary to a sympathetic understanding of the humours of the fourteenth century. The illustrations by Gordon Browne are spirited and suggestive.

*Leading Strings* (Gardner, Darton, 2/-), in spite of its forbidding title, is full of bright reading and pictures which children will enjoy.

*Cassell's Family Magazine*, 1902 (8/-), is, as usual, full of really interesting matter and good illustrations; those belonging to the story of *The Diamond Necklace* which wrought undeserved havoc on the fortunes of Marie Antoinette are especially good. Messrs. Cassell know how to cater for the people.

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## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Your correspondent, Mrs. Littleboy, asked in your December issue for other parents' experiences of stammering in children, and at what age children with this defect should be placed under special training. As in her own case, I have a boy of ten, who has inherited a tendency to stammering which has come down through at least three generations, but I am glad to say that, thanks to his doctor father's careful training, the tendency has almost entirely disappeared. It was noticeable first at about three years of age, and as he grew older and became more aware of it, we observed his desire to avoid going errands where he would have to give a message and he disliked saying grace at meals before strangers. From the very first, his father insisted on his repeating clearly and slowly every sentence in which there was any hesitation, and he was taught to inhale deeply, and thoroughly inflate the lungs before speaking. It often seemed cruel to oblige the child to give the message when he knew that he would stammer, or to check him in his eagerness to tell us something that interested him, and make him tell it slowly, but the seeming cruelty was only the veil of a wise kindness for which the boy can never be grateful enough when he grows older.

Our boy attends a large grammar school, and we owe a debt of gratitude to the mistress of the preparatory form, who never hurried him and always gave him time to speak slowly. His present form master says that he never stammers in school now, and he reads aloud unusually well.

All tendencies to stammer go hand in hand with a highly nervous organization, and if parents understood the unceasing care that must be exercised in each individual case, and the special home training that must begin before the tendency becomes a confirmed habit, we should have fewer of these sad cases that need a specialist's advice, sometimes too late to effect a cure.

42, Foregate Street, Worcester.

J. M. READ.

DEAR EDITOR,—A recent number of the *Spectator* contains the following passages:—"Would it be possible to establish some kind of a Standard Child's Library? would it, that is, be a possible and a useful undertaking to collect together some dozen or twenty books which the verdict of time has pronounced to be good rather than merely exciting—a child's book can be, but not often is, both—and which a child would be the happier for reading? . . . There is a large ethical question—or perhaps, we should say, a broad educational problem—underlying the simple question of the selection of a book to give a child . . . children do not demand any particular kind of book; they take what they are given. They were delighted with Kate Greenaway twenty years ago; they could be taught to be delighted to-day. The responsibility . . . lies with the giver of the book, who is not a child . . . A child's book—a book belonging to the Child's Library—ought to have a certain nobility about it. The princes ought to be brave and the princesses beautiful; the men and women and children ought to do gracious things . . ." I venture to bring these passages to the notice of the readers of the *Parents' Review* in the hope that you may be able to open your columns to a discussion on this subject. Parents may be willing to communicate their experience as to what their children read; they may find time to express an opinion as to what books they consider most helpful to a child, and why. With this help it would be possible to select a certain number of books for a Standard Child's Library; and such a selection would bear more weight than any individual choice; for tastes and ideas differ;—but only to a certain extent. It cannot be doubted that there are certain books which all would acknowledge as standard books for children, if they knew them. Would it not be useful to discuss this question with a view to helping those who purchase children's books? For is not the choosing the most important thing in giving? It is difficult to estimate the influence of books on the young mind, but there can be no doubt that in many cases the heart, character and general disposition of the sentiments are materially affected for good or evil by the books of childhood. Of course it is those who have the guiding of young minds who are responsible. They should know what books are useful, what books harmful. Is it not possible to discuss this question in such a way that this time next year many children will, thanks to the *Parents' Review*, receive books beautiful enough in thought and illustration to teach their eager minds to see and love all that is good and noble in this world rather than what is trivial and worthless?

Yours, etc.,

G. L. F.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.

CARDIFF.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Collendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer :* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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BIRMINGHAM.—The third meeting of the session (1902-3) took the form of an address to boys, given by Canon Lyttelton, of Haileybury, at King Edward's Grammar School, on Jan. 7th, to a very large gathering of more than four hundred boys of school age, accompanied in some instances by their parents. Canon Lyttelton took the subject of "Honour" and spoke very interestingly for about forty-five minutes. He instanced various kinds of honour, "outside honour," such as the honour received for good deeds, the honour of school and country, and "inside honour," the inner obligation

to right, and this was the point he enlarged upon. The standard of honour is various, and in some cases curious and unexpected—honour among thieves, among horse-dealers, domestic servants, and then, finally, among schoolboys. He recalled several stories of his own school days, illustrating the subject, showing how one-sided a thing is schoolboy honour, and yet of what force and value. No schoolboys tolerate a companion who is dirty in his person, and yet how constantly they pass over the far worse uncleanness of soul. The standard of honour in any particular class (schoolboys for example) is often both low and limited, and some amount of bravery is needed in any individual to rise above it, but where this is achieved it is remarkable how helpful and inspiring such an example may be. This willingness to appreciate the efforts made to raise the standard of honour shows the influence of the Holy Spirit of God in every heart, leading men or boys, or whoever it may be, to recognize their own imperfections and shortcomings, and to acknowledge and accept a standard of right higher than their own.

DERBY.—One of the most interesting lectures of the season was given by Mr. Arnold Bemrose, on Dec. 17th, at his own house. His subject was "Wild Animals of Derbyshire 20,000 years ago." He described, with the assistance of diagrams and lantern slides, a cavern which has recently been discovered in the Peak district of Derbyshire, in which a large number of bones of extinct animals, probably belonging to the Glacial period, have been found. The lecture was of unique interest, in that the lecturer himself had taken part in the excavations. Afterwards the audience adjourned to another room and were allowed to examine some hundreds of the bones themselves. There was a large attendance both of children, to whom the lecture was primarily addressed, and of parents, who were only too glad to avail themselves of Mr. and Mrs. Arnold Bemrose's kind permission to be present.

HAMPSTEAD.—A meeting was held at the Town Hall, on Wednesday, Jan. 14th, when the Rev. and Hon. E. Lyttelton (Headmaster of Haileybury,) gave a lecture on "The Teaching of Scripture and the Higher Criticism," the chair being taken by the Rev. Brook Deedes, Vicar of Hampstead. Canon Lyttelton said he thought there was no doubt that the subject which he had chosen was one which they all had more or less in their minds at the present time. It would be as well to take a few of the situations in which they then were in regard to the very difficult question, in many ways, of the Old Testament, their former ideas upon it, and the light that had been thrown upon it by modern science. First of all, they must remember that if any truth was discovered in the Bible it could not possibly do the Bible any harm. Instead of thanking the Almighty for adding to their knowledge they spent about twenty years in abusing each other. He had seen it put this way:—Supposing they got a testimony from the rocks which spoke without any doubt as to the age of mankind on the earth, and supposing that contradicted a certain date in the marginal notes of the Bible, which of the two were they to believe? The answer was that the testimony of the rocks was the Word of the Almighty in Nature, while the testimony in the margin of the Bible was written by the hand of man, and they could believe which they liked. For many

years it was thought that anything which questioned the truth of the marginal notes of the Bible was an impiety; but it was quite clear that people had now got accustomed to looking at it in a different way. Let them take note of what the old view used to be and what the view is now. When he spoke of the old view he wanted them to understand that it was not really a view at all. It was what Mr. "Punch" would call "a mixed notion." Anyone who grew up amid "mixed notions" would take strange views of the Old Testament. He did not speak as a man who had studied the history of Egypt, Assyria, or Chaldea; but he had been through the experience of being challenged as to what they thought and being asked what they held with regard to the Old Testament, and he had been inclined to resist what had been thrown up by other people on this momentous question. The first thing they had to ask was, what was the old view which many people were prepared to stick to at all costs? Briefly speaking, it was that from the very beginning of Genesis they had a historical record, and that the books in the Old Testament were written in the order in which they are placed; and that to doubt any statement in the Old Testament was an impiety. The question was, why was it an impiety? and the answer was that the writers were inspired to speak the truth. They had to consider the proper way of introducing this subject to the young child. The minds of the children were not capable of distinguishing between what was true and what was not, and the only thing to do was to wait until they began to ask questions. About the age of ten or twelve they might get questions which would show that the difficulties of the narrative were beginning to occur. The best thing to do was to reply what they believed to be true and teach the children to prepare for, and not be shocked if there were discrepancies. True or not true was not a proper test question about, say, the Creation. About the age of ten the child might discover that there are two separate accounts of the Creation, one in the first and the other in the second chapter of Genesis, and totally different. The answer to that was that they were written by different men at the same time, and afterwards put into form by a third. It was a very good thing to take the boy or girl to the British Museum, and let them see the tablet and picture showing how the world was made, point them out and explain them, and let them see the difference between inspiration and literal verbal fact. Whatever might be said about the first chapter of Genesis it contained verbal fact, and that man could understand. The best thing to teach children was that the story in the first chapter of Genesis was the best one that could be understood by a nation in its childhood, and to gradually impart that view to them, so that there could be no difficulty about it. What they wanted to do in the meantime was to get themselves in a position not to be shocked if something in the Bible which they had always believed was all wrong. Some people said that the new views about the Old Testament were introduced by the laity, and that it was a long time before they were accepted by the clergy. That was not true, for those who introduced these views were, without exception, clergymen of the Church of England, or ministers of the Church of Scotland. They must learn to love the Old Testament. He emphatically recommended those who had not done so to read what

the best thinkers and writers had to say on the subject, and then they would find it easier to teach. It was a fact that the young people of the present day were not Bible readers at all. They might read it from a sense of duty to a certain extent, but after they reached the age of twenty-five they did not read it at all. Whatever views they might choose to take about the truth of the Bible, there was no doubt that it was the greatest book that was ever written, and it would be a loss which no man could describe if they allowed the younger generation to grow up without reading it properly.

HARROW.—“Co-education” was the subject for lecture and discussion on Jan. 8th, at the house of the Hon. Sec., Mr. Charles Rice, of West Heath School, West Hampstead, was the lecturer, and Mr. Fred. Matheson in the chair. Mr. Rice said he had never found that girls are inferior, nor are they superior, to boys; but they are more receptive at an early age, and more nimble-minded; boys, on the whole, are slower, but they see more deeply. He said he had found that girls who had been brought up by sensible mothers are no whit inferior to boys in games, and what they lack in strength they make up in nimbleness. Mr. Rice urged that there should be no artificial restrictions between girls and boys; if we *do* allow this, then we shall certainly deface our own handiwork: and every time we weaken this we shall make the time of sex-consciousness begin earlier. Mr. Matheson spoke, after the lecture, a few words as to the great good co-education had achieved in America, and Mrs. Curwen, whose life had been for the most part spent in America, said that girls brought up entirely with the opposite sex there have as much *esprit de corps* as is usual among boys; and it was agreed generally that the reason that English girls as a whole are somewhat lacking in this sense was due largely to the fact that their education hitherto has been deficient in the bringing out of that particular quality.

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. “At Home” Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—The first lecture of the session was announced for Jan. 22nd.—On Feb. 11th, Professor Adams (Professor of Education at the University of London) will lecture at 5 p.m., at 17, Oxford Square (by kind permission of Mrs. Henry Gooch) on “Mental Backgrounds.” Tea and Coffee, 4.30.—March 13th, Dr. Helen Boyle will lecture on the “Use and Abuse of Nervous Energy in Girls and Young Women,” at 3.30, at 98, Harley Street.

IPSWICH.—A most interesting lecture, the second of the session, was given by Mr. C. Simmons, of University College School, Hampstead, on “A Talk upon Home Work.” Mr. Raynor, Headmaster of Queen Elizabeth’s School, Ipswich, was in the chair. The lecture, which denoted the most patient study and diligent observation of “that complex organism”—boy, was greatly enjoyed by the audience. The lecturer started by saying that the average boy was a deeply misunderstood and ill-used being, and that after thirty years of teaching he was only beginning to understand him. Mr. Simmons maintained throughout that home work was, to any large extent, injurious both to nerves and eyesight, both in boys and girls, and a hindrance to family intercourse. The most

productive mental results were obtained when little or no home work was the custom. Mr. Raynor agreed with Mr. Simmons as to its being the ideal theory, but did not see how it could be put into practice. He thought that the opportunity a boy had in his own home to do the work or leave it was formative as to character. Mr. Cattell, Headmaster of the Middle School, endorsed Mr. Raynor's remarks. Mr. F. Bond seconded the vote of thanks, coupling Mr. Raynor's name with that of the lecturer.

WAKEFIELD.—The fourth meeting of the session was held on Jan. 8th, at the Girls' High School, when a most interesting and suggestive lecture was given by the Hon. Canon Lyttelton, on "Time for Growth." The lecturer told us that the tendency of the age with regard to education is to hinder the healthy growth of children's minds by giving them too many facts at a time, which prevents proper digestion, and is the reason why so much is forgotten, and this is caused by parents and teachers being over-anxious for quick results. He pointed out that mentally children do not all grow at the same rate, and therefore it is wrong to expect all children of the same age to show equal intelligence. He condemned the present system of examinations as being entirely a wrong one. The lecturer suggested that a child's thinking powers may be much aided by the intelligent use of questions, put by those in authority, but is certainly hindered by his being crammed with facts. At the close of the lecture, Canon Lyttelton spoke of the importance of religious training for the young, and he said that what is really necessary is that they are to be led to feel the *need* of religion, and that it is something to give them strength in time of temptation, the strength and help which nothing else can give, and it is then not likely that when they grow up they will regard religion as something superfluous and which has nothing to do with their own lives.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

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OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF GREAT BOOKS. HOMER.

To many it must seem passing strange that in the far bygone ages there should loom the mysterious figure of a genius, still styled by universal voice the King of Poets. That Homer should never have been dethroned by any subsequent lord of song seems contrary to theories of progress. If indeed the law of evolution may be applied to the higher faculties of man, how can we account for this unrivalled product of an age so far remote? We think nowadays that, although some great man of the heroic age is great in his way, his way is "not ours, nor meant for ours."

"And ours is greater, had we skill to know."

And yet no one denies the assertion that Homer's poems rank higher than all others. To attempt to explain this may seem presumptuous, because everything connected with genius is difficult to account for. But perhaps in this case the reason is not so obscure. Certain it is that one of man's highest faculties is and always has been what is called the sense of poetry. The commonest object may be full of poetry to one who sees beneath the surface; how much more the sublimer aspects of creation, the beauties of colour and sound, the charm of friendship, the communion of love on earth or prayer in heaven—all these and many others, how full of poetry even to a casual observer. It must, we think, be

taken for granted that all this poetry is not a thing which has grown better or more intense ; it must have existed in Adam's time even as in our own. (One is perhaps tempted to think that change, if any, may have been for the worse. But let us beware of such reflections. We must encourage that still small voice within us which assures us that there must be harmony and progress in spite of appearances.) If then there must have been in past times as in these a wealth of poetry in life, "past comprehension," it means that the first man had, so to speak, as much to sing as any bard that followed. The progress lies in the power of expression, for if we cannot assert that there must be many unknown Homers in the world, we can at least feel sure that there are many whose conceptions are sublime, but who have neither opportunity nor skill to sing. But still we are met with the same difficulty : if the power of giving expression to the thoughts, which are to a great or small extent present in most breasts, is the measure of progress, how comes it that no one has yet eclipsed the bard who sang so many centuries ago ? But then, how is it that there are several great figures in the past with which no modern can presume to compare himself ? The question is faulty. We cannot tell what present times can offer in comparison with past ages. Each glorious figure is the incarnation and summit of a branch of civilisation, and perhaps the names of Beethoven and Shakespeare are sufficient to prove that the spirit which inspired Homer still breathes through our souls—in a different way. So far as genius can be explained, it is to be looked on as the product of a multitude of concomitant forces ; it appears only at certain epochs, just as the clouds, which are indeed most beautiful at all times, are transcendently so only at dawn and sunset. Those who wonder how it is that Homer is so supreme in the world of poetry must remember that the first step towards solving that mystery is to know and to appreciate his poems, to grasp as much as possible the almost miraculous conception of what is called the Olympian system, and to mark the beauty of the language which came to life in his works. To realise not only the grandeur of the books themselves, but also the part they played in the subsequent history of Greece, aye, of the world, is to feel vaguely how much we are benighted with regard to all that went to prepare the way for so gigantic a mind.

Here, if anywhere, we may complain of *embarras de richesses*. How choose one of so many interesting topics? The Theogony with its conceptions of right and wrong, the great heroes, foremost among them Achilles and Ulysses, questions regarding the title "Lord of men," the contrast between Homer and Hesiod, the differences between the Iliads and the Odyssey, the Christian doctrines of which suggestions are found in Homer's poems, the language of Homer, more especially with reference to his metaphors and epithets, the historical and ethnographical value of the poems, the matchless eloquence of the debates and speeches—all these subjects furnish almost endless matter of absorbing interest.

But there is one other subject, perhaps as attractive as any of the foregoing. Gladstone has treated it; but could we do better than go over ground traversed by him? He writes: "The bond that held Greek society together in the Homeric times and that seemed the basis on which it was to be organised and developed was five-fold, and the strands of this well-knit rope are represented respectively by Greek words (signifying the following ideas):—

"(1.) The Deity, and the worship of immortal and unseen beings in all its various forms.

"(2.) The principle of social right and duty, chiefly as between neighbours and fellow-citizens.

"(3.) The ultimate sanction of good faith.

"(4.) The basis of kindly and friendly relation and of good offices among men, beyond the limits of probity and of class.

"(5.) The great institution of marriage, determining the relation between the two varieties of human kind, constituting the family and providing for the continuance of the species.

"The one great creative and formative idea which runs through the whole of these is REVERENCE, that powerful principle, the counter agent to all meanness and selfishness, which obliges a man to have regard to some law or standard above that of force and extrinsic to his own free will, his own passions, or his own propensities."

It is deeply interesting to trace the many phases of this sense of reverence. It is surprising how steeped in it are the Homeric poems—surprising because one is apt to think of the Homeric age as one in which brute force obtained to an overwhelming extent. In spite of the rough ways and

crude customs which, as depicted in the *Iliad*, undoubtedly represent the manners of the Homeric age, there is an underlying power for good which is entirely due to reverence. This is more marked in the *Odyssey* and for obvious reasons. During warfare, during the struggles for life and victory, in the face of death and bereavement, man's passions are prone to break restraints—of which one of the most potent is the feeling of reverence. On the other hand the story of the *Odyssey* may be said to be entirely founded on this noble sentiment, and as one turns the pages phase after phase is depicted in admirable variety.

First and foremost comes the reverence for the gods and the immortal beings. However foreign to our conceptions anthropomorphism may be, we cannot but be struck by the exquisite beauty of many of the Greek (*i.e.*, Homeric) ideas. Heaven is represented as consisting of an assembly of gods, knit together as members of one family, as denizens of the immortal race of heaven, as persons bound by the laws of hospitality and by the bond of fellowship. Thus the Greek could emulate this fourfold perfection in his daily life. His aim might be what would now be termed realising on earth the kingdom of God. But beside this sublime family of Olympus, which was an idealised reflection (if not forecast) of Greek national and family life at its best, there was that voice of conscience so grandly personified in the Erinyes of Homer—very different from the Furies of a more degraded age. It is difficult to speak with moderation of this Olympian system; the more one broods on it the more dazzled is he by the ideal perfection of all that lies beneath what seems to modern minds a somewhat grotesque exterior. How could a religion fail to be a powerful influence for good when its votaries could affirm—

.... "Sure the gods their impious acts detest,  
And honour justice and the righteous breast,  
Pirates and conquerors of harden'd mind,  
The foes of peace, and scourges of mankind  
To whom offending men are made a prey  
When Jove in vengeance gives a land away;  
Ev'n these, when of their ill-got spoils possessed  
Find sure tormentors in the guilty breast,  
Some voice of God close whispering from within,  
'Wretch! this is villainy and this is sin!'" (Od. xiv. 101.)

It is evident that the Olympian system had defects which subsequent ages enlarged to the detriment of the ideals, and that it gave the rein to much that Christianity condemns. But there is the practical demonstration of its vast influence: it was reverence for this great religion that made Greece the land of literature and art—made Greeks a nation capable of showing the world how divine a mortal race may be.

And if the reverence for heavenly powers is the first duty of a man, the second is a reverence for parents. As in the history of the Jews, so here we find that great truth once again: much (more than we realise) depends upon the family life. Home is, or should be, a foreshadowing of heaven. It is the nearest approach to perfect peace, perfect love and perfect light. And if there be no reverence at home, can there be reverence in the house of God? Piteous is the lot of the orphan; but how far more piteous is the child who leaves his place at home. Be the fault the child's, the sadder is his lot. Is there a place on earth where sorrow, trouble, shame, can be assuaged with tender sympathy, if not at home? Is the rough world wont to reverence the modesty of grief? Can the heart turn to a heavenly, unseen Father when the earthly father cannot understand? Sometimes it must. We hear so often of youth struggling single-handed in the world, like young birds fallen from the nest! They tread a dangerous path, dangerous not only to themselves, but also to those around them. They cannot be called valuable citizens; for like an army that has lost its base, they stake all on the issue of one fight: reverence is apt to be forgotten in the strife, whereas it flourishes when nurtured by the wisdom of mature years and by the sympathy of love. In the *Odyssey* all the reverence seems to have some connection with that home in Ithaca. How intense is Ulysses' love for Ithaca the fair, that pleasant shore, than which none lovelier in his eyes. Throughout his wanderings his soul ever rested there, and often, as he sat longing for the home deep-imaged in his soul, the sun seemed slow to move and the hours to roll! How worthy of this love was Penelope, who yearned for him during twenty years; and the son so like his noble father! There can be no such reverence without nobleness. Man is not born to reverence the base: what is sublime can appeal even to the most callous. It is the purity, the freedom of

willing obedience, the charm of a familiarity born of respect, that make English homes proverbial in the world. Homes such as our best ones are schools of reverence.

Closely connected with the reverence for parents and for home is the reverence for the stranger and the poor. Hospitality seems to be one of the principles inherent in the mind of man; it is a virtue closely kin to charity—the greatest Christian virtue. Hospitality was a duty to the Jew; to the Greek also. The origin of the sentiment seems to have been in both cases the same. A Hebrew would entertain a stranger because angels often came to earth disguised. In the same way the Greek would think—

“ Ill fits the stranger and the poor to wound,  
Unblessed thy hand! if in this low disguise  
Wander, perhaps, some inmate of the skies.” (Od. xvii. 575.)

But the conception of reverence for the homeless or the poor was more noble than such a motive would imply. In Homer we find misery spoken of as sacred to the gods (Od. v. 572) and hospitality as a debt: “ Oh! pity human woe! ’Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe!” (Od. vii. 198). It is considered a test of civilisation; in an unknown land Ulysses wonders whether it is peopled by—

.... “ A race unjust, of barbarous might,  
Rude and unconscious of a stranger’s right,  
Or such who harbour pity in their breast,  
Revere the gods and succour the distress’d.” (Od. ix. 203.)

A little later on in the same book we find a passage entirely inspired with reverence:—

“ Low at thy knee thy succour we implore,  
Respect us human and relieve us poor;  
At least some hospitable gift bestow,  
’Tis what the happy to the unhappy owe;  
’Tis what the gods require: those gods revere;  
The poor and stranger are their constant care;  
To Jove their cause and their revenge belongs,  
He wanders with them and he feels their wrongs.”  
(Od. ix. 318.)

In this passage we find the mention of another kind of reverence: the reverence for what is human. It was, of course, a natural consequence of anthropomorphism; but from it sprung many noble sentiments, such as the reverence

for old age, the reverence for the dead, and the reverence for the body. Age is called sacred (Od. xxiii. 26), and a touching incident illustrates the way in which Telemachus was brought up to reverence age. When he returned to Ithaca and found the beggar (his father disguised) sitting by Eumæus—

“His seat Ulysses to the prince resigned.  
 ‘Not so’ (exclaims the prince with decent grace)  
 ‘For me, this house shall find an humbler place,  
 T’ usurp the honours due to silver hairs  
 And reverend strangers modest youth forbears.’”

(Od. xvi. 42.)

How charming is the picture! What a world of emotions must have filled Ulysses’ heart! And equal reverence was to be paid to any stranger. Laodamas, a king’s best beloved son, rose and gave his seat beside the throne to the guest; and even the queen of heaven would rise to give her throne to a guest in the assembly of the gods.

Even in the height of fury Ulysses revered the corpses of the suitors. When Euryclea screamed for joy, he rebuked her, saying,—

“T’ insult the dead is cruel and unjust,  
 Fate and their crime have sunk them to the dust.”

(Od. xxii. 450.)

This same feeling gave rise to all the elaborate ceremonies connected with burial and to the horror of leaving a body unburied. Elpenor in Hades entreated Ulysses to bury his body as soon as he returned to the upper world, and Antigone speaks of the duty of burying her brother as one of

“The infallible, unwritten laws of Heaven,  
 Not now or yesterday they have their being,  
 But éverlastingly, and none can tell  
 The home that saw their birth.”

Again; the spirit of reverence is evident in the dread of breaking an oath. It is worthy of notice, because perjury seems to be the only crime which is expressly mentioned as punishable in Hades; even the gods were subject to the consequences of perjury. In the Iliad it is the Trojans who break their word flippantly; to a Greek it was one of the worst forms of crime. We find the invocation, “Powers beneath, that all the perjuries of men chastise ev’n after

death." And it is into the mouth of Achilles that Homer puts the powerful words—

"Who dares think one thing and another tell,  
My heart detests him as the gates of hell."

All this seems the more remarkable when the gods are found using deceit of every kind and Ulysses praised by the goddess for his lying. But the inconsistency is only apparent; the ideal existed plainly in the mind, but could take only a relative position in an anthropomorphical conception. To a Greek mind the idea of anything absolute seems to have been foreign. Just as unlimited power was an abomination to them, so did absolute perfection never occur to them; their most ideal creations were intensely human. It is characteristic that Homer's Jupiter was an exalted Agamemnon; the heavenly king was a glorified impersonation of the earthly king of kings. On the other hand the Greeks were apt to worship superlative gifts, exceptional beauty of mind or body. In Achilles we have Homer's highest conception of man as the divinest creature of creation; in Ulysses, the more human aspect, less spiritual but more touching, less noble but with a mind as quick and powerful, less sensitive but nevertheless a true son, husband, father, ruler. Of Achilles, all we can say is that he was as divine as a man can be: Ulysses only wished to be remembered as the father of Telemachus.

Of the reverence for marriage little need be said; sufficient testimony to this is given by the siege of Troy itself and also by that mother of all noble wives, Penelope. Paris, the cause of all the dire trouble which came to the Greeks and Trojans, is spoken of in the Iliad in these words: "Accurs'd, made but in beauty's scorn! Imposter, woman's man! O heav'n, that thou hads't ne'er been born, or, being so manless, never liv'd to bear man's noblest state, the nuptial honour." And in the eyes of the Greeks Paris was doubly to blame. He had not only outraged the laws of marriage, but also those of hospitality.

And lastly, without entering upon the fascinating question as to the origin of Christian ideas prevalent in Homer, it is interesting to turn once more to the beautiful lines which seem to have a special meaning in a land which owes so much of its greatness to the sentiment of reverence—reverence



for king, for parents, home and country, respect for age, poverty and weakness, love of what is pure and beautiful, and above all that reverence for God which makes our service one of the sublimest that man has ever proffered to his Maker.

“ Bear, with a soul resigned, the will of Jove ;  
Who breathes, must mourn : thy woes are from above.  
But since thou tread'st our hospitable shore,  
'Tis mine to bid the wretched grieve no more,  
To clothe the naked, and thy way to guide . . . .  
. . . . Safe in the love of heaven an ocean flows  
Around our realm, a barrier from the foes ;  
'Tis ours this son of sorrow to relieve,  
Cheer the sad heart, nor let affliction grieve ;  
By Jove the stranger and the poor are sent ;  
And what to those we give, to Jove is lent.”

(Od. vi. 230—242.)

W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

## “FOR THEIR SAKES I SANCTIFY MYSELF.”

BY MISS SIMON.

So surely as our minds are strenuously set on one point of study, as surely do we find that other minds are working on similar lines. Since I fixed upon the subject for the present paper I have met this doctrine, shall I call it, of self-training in face of our life-work over and over again in almost every thoughtful address or article in magazine or newspaper. The thing is in the air once more. It always has been here, always will be, as is the manner of such things; but we do not feel it, or is it that these things do not assert themselves, either until some person in dire need sees, feels and insists upon our seeing and feeling with him. We are familiar with this fact in art, in science and in ethics. The world needed to enjoy the subtilties of a Turner. John Ruskin felt, saw, and he must needs make all the world see and feel. In science needs and names rush in upon one as one writes. In ethics it is the same. In education, even the present somewhat wearing Education Bill is no exception to this rule.

While pondering as to the form this paper must take, the Philomathic Society held its meeting in Liverpool, Sir Oliver Lodge being the guest of the evening. In his speech I found what I sought: the recognition of personal responsibility in all matters appertaining to human progress and development. I fear we are shirking just this burden of responsibility. We all work, in fact the desire for work is almost at fever heat amongst us; but are we not unwilling to bear this burden, this necessary weight of responsibility? “I will do any amount of work you like, but I won’t be responsible.” Well, even if this is our danger, at any rate we see it, and in seeing the battle is half won, the victory is not far off.

But let me quote Sir Oliver Lodge’s words: “Just as the land calls out for labour, and agriculture is hampered for lack of tending, personal care, so it is at present with the many avenues for development which are open to this nation. A great number of improvements are possible, are seen to be possible by those whose vision is fixed ahead; but they hang fire, and progress but slowly, because there are few who

will take them up, few who will train themselves to take them up effectively, Training must be our watchword. Education is in the air, and it has a meaning deeper than people even yet suspect."

The speaker would be the last to claim originality for his thought—he is only directing our attention once more to the truth, contained in the spirit of the words, which I have chosen as the title for this paper—that spirit which flooded the mind of the first Man, Who, standing before His life-work, realized the relation between it and Him; for their sakes, for its sake, I sanctify, set myself apart.

Training, Sir Oliver Lodge declares, is to be our watchword; training, the putting of ourselves to school: the result—that illumination, which I have called the realizing of the relation which exists between ourselves and our work. That this training is as old as history needs no argument. The names of great leaders, whether in the dominion of thought or action, occur to us, and the same truth concerning each obtains, namely, that between the realization and its consequence there interposes a time of training, a period of testing. Our own lives teach us this; and that just in so far as we have been obedient or disobedient to the Heavenly vision, our work has been an intelligent or an ignorant achievement. I use the word intelligent because it is the word I need; for I believe that if our work is done as we *mean* it to be done, because we have decided that it is the right way to do it, though, on reviewing it we see it weak in places where we deemed it strong, even at times wrong where we meant it to be right; then I believe, nay, have proved that its strength has been greater than its weaknesses, its right-doing has over-topped its mistakes. But the happy-go-lucky workman who is now right by good luck, now wrong by the same irresponsible god outside the machine, the hay and stubble of his labour suggest anything rather than beauty and durability.

This attitude of the mind towards the work of life is the principle which underlies, which, indeed, is the *raison d'être* of the Association to which we belong and whose interests have brought us together to-day. This fact is too obvious to require more than a passing mention.

Having, therefore, realized that, here are we and here is our work; how about the sanctifying, the setting apart of

ourselves for it? The tool must be adequate and set apart for just the work it has to do. We do not paint a picture with the chisel of the sculptor; nor shall we, parents and teachers, paint our picture, or release the angel imprisoned within the block of cold and often stubborn marble unless we are adequate—set apart for just this task.

And how is this setting apart to be done? Where are we to begin? We have all at one time believed that the mere fact of two young creatures becoming parents is sufficient preparation, or shall I say inspiration?—nay! I almost fear this belief has survived when many less fatal delusions have suffered a well-deserved death. Only the other day I came across, in an otherwise helpful article on the wife and mother, this very fallacy. The writer shows us a mother gazing for the first time into the face of her new-born babe, and so gazing is anointed into the mystic kingdom of perfect motherhood. Not for one moment would I dare to speak otherwise than with deepest reverence of the effect of that first look into the face of her first-born, even upon the most thoughtless young mother, but it is only the beginning of this sanctifying and need never go farther than a gracious, most sacred emotion. In many cases, however, I know it has been the unveiling of the heavenly vision, to which, being obedient, the whole after-life of the mother has been a sanctifying process.

Here I find myself compelled to cease these pleasant generalizations, and come to closer quarters with my subject. This I do with extreme diffidence, as whatever I say regarding the attitude of parents towards this preparation of themselves for the sacred work to which they are consecrated, I still speak as an outsider, as one who looks on, not as one who knows. At the same time the attitude of the teacher is, in so many respects, the counterpart of that of the parent that, by virtue of more than thirty years' study and practice, I am perhaps in a position at any rate to give the result of that observation to others, and, while shrinking from the didactic in its more aggressive forms, give some little help to both parents and teachers, not so much as to how they should train those committed to their charge, but as to how they—we, must train ourselves.

I spoke just now of the close relationship between the parent and the teacher in respect of this duty of self-culture—education, what you will; but is it not true that the parent is

the teacher before everything else? I wonder whether fathers and mothers really mean it when they so often say that, never under any circumstances, could they have been teachers. Some do, I regret to say, and a nursery full of untaught little ones cries aloud in attestation of the truth of the assertion. But many say it because they have not yet realized themselves or their relation to the work they have undertaken. For the sake of argument let us take the case of a young father and mother who have not yet looked themselves in the face; I do not mean each other, but *themselves*, and asked the question, "Am I prepared, trained for the work I have undertaken to do?" This question must be asked, yes, and answered too, by every father, mother and teacher for himself and herself, alone with God and his or her own separate individuality.

Suppose the reply be in the negative, then permit me parenthetically to ask what would be said of a surgeon or a physician who should have to ask himself this question after he had attempted an operation or stood baffled by the bedside of a patient?

Yet thousands of men and women have had no more training for the sacred office of teacher than that which dire necessity, or love for children provides. And who shall count the number of those who dare to enter into the holy estate of matrimony, give children to the house and life with no more training for the post of supreme teacher, other than that afforded by love for each other? God grant there be that; love at any rate is a holy thing, and teaches much.

But to return to the young mother who asks this question as she looks for the first time into the inscrutable face of her first-born, and is obliged to confess that she holds no certificate to prove herself to have had a training which will enable her to deal with the question now staring her in the face. She knows that it is not the child who needs the training so much as herself; the training of the child will arise out of her own consecration, sanctification for the work. And as she looks at, and feels the tiny presence beside her, the resolution is taken: "For thy sake I will sanctify myself." How to begin? I daresay you will not follow me or rather not quite agree with me, when I say that the first lesson the mother has to learn is the nature of love. Now, love is inherent, the very essence of motherhood. I shall, I know, be told that I have proved myself an outsider, for what can I know of mother-love? But let that pass!

Love at its highest, its noblest, is not so much an *emotion* as a *quality*. Emotion, that much abused, that almost undiscovered quantity, is the poetry of love, of every sentiment which is finest and most beautiful ; but like poetry, it needs a restraining hand upon its expression, lest by its very inspiration it carry us beyond the real too far into the ideal.

Perfect love, or better, *love made perfect*, that quality as distinguished from mere emotion, which becomes the very breath of our life—our true self indeed—is not irresponsible, as is mere emotion. Emotion does not reason ; can give no account of its act, all is untutored, unchallenged, and unrestrained. But a hand is laid on this free wild thing and reason ascends the throne ; the intellect asserts itself, and, having decided to act thus and thus, can satisfy the enquirer by rendering an account of the motive behind the act. This condition is not reached at once, on the spur of the moment, or even by a determined act of will ; it is the outcome of long and patient self-culture, until that habit of mind is formed which enables us to take our stand without hesitation on the right side, and that instinctively ; and, although avoiding all appearance of dogmatism or obstinacy, remain firm to our decision. Love thus perfected becomes the dominant factor, the essential element in our character ; the result of experience, self-knowledge, and conviction : its outward and visible signs—clearness of insight, unswerving justice, infinite patience, and undying hopefulness.

I know that, here, I am open to the charge of neglecting the very nature of our constitution, namely *temperament*. But what about temperament ? Surely the calmer and more evenly balanced dispositions, as well as the emotional, are a matter of temperament, a condition for which we are no more responsible than we are for the fact of our being in the world at all. And we are met too often when discussing these things by the cant quotation, "No man can jump over his own shadow." Certainly not, nor do we wish him to waste time in attempting the feat. The acceptance of this creed of helplessness in the matter of temperament is fatal. The opposite attitude towards this birthright of ours is hardly less destructive, although more deserving of respect, as it almost always proceeds from a desire to take the building up of our character in a serious spirit. I mean the belief that our temperament is our enemy and must be subdued—well-nigh eradicated, at all costs. I wonder whether this is one of

human nature's many guesses, wide of the mark, at the meaning of the "Fall"?

How much hard fighting, often unnecessary, this belief has caused some of us, it would be hard to say. But what is this inevitable factor in our complex constitution, which comes into the world with us, and on leaving it, is strong in death, and which, so far as poor weak eyes can see, will throughout eternity differentiate you from me, and us from every other of God Almighty's intelligences? Surely it is the material (spiritual, intangible), therefore so difficult of treatment with which each individual is endowed, and out of which he, the master of his fate, has, craftsmanlike, to mould his character. Therefore is it not of the first importance that we study what manner of persons we are? And having learnt ourselves, having realized what this thing is which is the motive power of all our words and actions, respect the discovery, look upon this thing as a friend to be understood, to be yoked to our intelligent will power, and as friend and servant to be treated with that patience and consideration the true friend and faithful servant deserve; not closing our eyes to its weaknesses, not cloaking its offences, but extending to it the same patient forbearance, the same generous consideration which friend must extend to friend and master to servant in the days when the clouds hang low, and failure, not success, threatens our work.

Under this treatment the merely emotional love becomes the perfect. We all know how this untrained emotional temperament acts in the home and in the school. The parent or the teacher has discovered a grave fault in the child; the culprit is convicted of the offence, is reasoned with, admonished, declares his or her regret, "I am sorry, I will never do it again," the kiss of forgiveness is given and the episode closed. Oh, how easy this is for us, how ineffective with the little offender! We have an emotional nature, untrained, unprepared for the strain imposed upon judge and prisoner at the bar, so the case is hurried over, the sun shines again, skies are blue overhead, and peace, for a time, reigns in nursery and schoolroom.

I do not suggest modes of treatment in the training of our children, but urge with what power I have at my command, the necessity for preparedness on the part of parents and teachers. Even if I had to enter upon the question I could give little help. The case cited, the first of a type which

presented itself, would be treated in many different ways by the competent teacher, father or mother, notably by that supreme teacher, the mother. For it is merely to state a truism to say that no competent parent or teacher would ever dream of training a number of children on the same lines.

We have all heard that heart-breaking moan from the parents of children who have gone wrong while other children of their family have gone right. "And they all had the same training." As I said somewhere else the other day, I have spent thirty-five years in trying to help girls to build up their own character, but I have yet to find any two girls who need the same kind of help.

How, therefore, can we look for anything less than failure if we attempt to give all the children of one family or school the same training? In this, of course, the supreme difficulty lies. The soil is ready to our hand, the possibilities, lying dormant within it, are infinite, but only he who has trained his eye to detect those possibilities and his hand to till the soil will reap the golden harvest.

I said just now that the first lesson we learn in the school in which we sanctify ourselves for this work, is a right conception of love. I ought to have said that it is the last as surely as it is the first; for, if perfect love finds its final expression in clearness of insight, unswerving justice, infinite patience and undying hopefulness, what more is needed to make us ready for service? Clearness of insight, that faculty which like the physical eye grows as we cultivate it, and which, in its perfection, means almost instinct, certainly sympathy, and all those illuminating qualities bordering on revelation of the unseen and spiritual. What a power in the hands of the wise and loving! Unswerving justice, that sterner grace, the judgment-seat before which the wrong-doer stands self-convicted, the righteous self-acquitted, for has not the clear-eyed insight of the judge detected the wrong and comprehended the right? Infinite patience, that heavenly tact which is never weary in waiting long for results, never hurrying, but never forgetting, willing to let our character develop on its own lines, but ever watching the development as the husbandman waits long for the fruits of the earth with that whole-souled, large-hearted patience, which is Nature's; and, as an atmosphere enveloping this, undying hopefulness. Perhaps after all this is the quality which is the most



difficult of cultivation; for here, temperament has such a share in the matter that in the sanguine, buoyant nature hopefulness becomes almost a vice. It certainly leads, when not trained to service, to carelessness, if not to indifference. I am not sure whether the irrepressible optimist be not a more hopelessly irritating subject than the weary, heavy laden and hopelessly depressing pessimist. However that may be, hopefulness must be sane and well-balanced, the radiant sunshine, overcast at times, but always there, easily recalled, never mistaken for anything else; a steady light on a dark night, the inherent strength of a soul that knows in whom it has believed. We love people, how often, not for their virtues but because of their eternal, reasonable hopefulness; just because they are happy and we love to bask in the warmth of their sunny nature. Such an attitude towards our life work is surely worth striving after. Albeit the lessons are hard, and the education is never complete, for there is no finishing school here, the learning goes on to the very end, until the shadows lengthen, and the sun shall go down behind the hill and the labourer's task be done, well done, because we leave behind us those for whose sake we have sanctified ourselves;—others who, tenderly remembering our labours, continue the line of those who live for the future of the race, for the building up of a wider and mightier empire than the world has yet conceived, wherein peace and goodwill are no mere Christmas greeting, but a divinely ordered condition of life. As I write of labour ended, the goal reached, and the blessed succession of workers, the words of Matthew Arnold as he stood one autumn evening before the grave of his father in Rugby Chapel occur to me. Nothing could put more effectively what I have been trying to say this afternoon.

Thomas Arnold, perfect father and model teacher, lies at rest, "His work well done, his crown well won," and the son sees it all.

"There thou dost lie, in the gloom  
Of the autumn evening. But ah!  
That word, *gloom*, to my mind  
Brings thee back, in the light  
Of thy radiant vigour, again;  
In the gloom of November we pass'd  
Days not dark at thy side;

Seasons impair'd not the ray  
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.  
Such thou wast! and I stand  
In the autumn evening, and think  
Of bygone autumns with thee.

O strong soul, by what shore  
Tarriest thou now? For that force,  
Surely, has not been left vain!  
Somewhere, surely, afar,  
In the sounding labour-house vast  
Of being, is practised that strength,  
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes! in some far shining sphere,  
Conscious or not of the past,  
Still thou performest the word  
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—  
Prompt, unwearied, as here!  
Still thou upraimest with zeal  
The humble good from the ground,  
Sternly represses the bad!  
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse  
Those who with half-open eyes  
Tread the border-land dim  
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,  
Succourest!—this was thy work,  
This was thy life upon earth.  
—Thou would'st not *alone*  
Be saved, my father! *alone*  
Conquer and come to thy goal,  
Leaving the rest in the wild.  
We were weary, and we  
Fearful, and we in our march  
Fain to drop down and to die,  
Still thou turnedst, and still  
Beckonedst the trembler, and still  
Gavest the weary thy hand.  
If, in the paths of the world,  
Stones might have wounded thy feet,  
Toil or dejection have tried  
Thy spirit, of that we saw  
Nothing—to us thou was still  
Cheerful and helpful and firm!  
Therefore to thee it was given  
Many to save with thyself;  
And, at the end of thy day,  
Oh faithful shepherd! to come,  
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand."

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### III.—FLOWER STUDIES IN THE FRESCO SCHOOL.

THE leaves have not yet come upon the trees, and we must wait a while before proceeding with our studies of foliage. But we can lead up to them, and prepare ourselves for them, by some careful watching of the smaller and simpler kinds of plant life. Any small ground-growing flower will do for study, provided that you get it with the ground it grows on.

In town, you can buy a primrose-root for a few pence ; in any part of the country you can dig one up in your garden, or by the wayside. Then set it in a shallow box about a foot square, or in a little tray or dish, along with such tufts of moss, weed and grass as grow around it naturally ; bits of stone also, if you like, to fill out the box and imitate a real bank. The best thing of all would be to cut a turf, without disturbing its accidents of dead leaves and tangled shoots—"All March begun with, April's endeavour"—and transfer that as it stands into your tray.

You will now have a bit of Nature brought indoors. No wet days, no wind and wintry weather, can prevent your quiet study. The roots can be watered, and they will keep fresh as long as they are needed. In that alone they have a great advantage over a cut posy, which droops or withers only too soon. And a cut posy is not quite natural. Our first object in this lesson is to observe and note down in the frankest manner the radiating lines of growth, the springing curves of life, the way the plant comes out of the earth, and the poise of the flower upon its stalk ; much of this is lost when flowers are picked and put in water. More than that, we may reasonably expect a charm and an interest in Nature's own arrangement of her decorative objects ; in her harmonious composition of differently shaped and variously tinted leaves ; in her economy of exciting colour,—for flowers do not grow in bouquets, but in constellations. These traits of character and turns of behaviour are family secrets among flowers, revealed only to their friends : and you know them well only when you know them at home.

This portable garden, then, can be set up (as you set the lemon) on a cabinet or shelf, or on a pile of books or boxes. On this it can be propped so that it slopes a little towards you, as if it were part of the surface of a wayside bank, just below (but not much below) the level of your eye. It should be ten or twelve feet distant from you; for you want to see it as a whole, not poring into its minor details as if you wanted to make a botanical diagram of the pattern on its wrinkled leaves; but getting the true relations of light and dark colour, and the broad effect of undulating surface. When you come to paint, do not go up to it every now and again to peep into the obscure or tangled parts. If anything looks obscure, paint it obscure; if you see a tangle, try to match the colour of the space, without following out the details. For you will see what you would not see if you had the primrose on the table beside you—the spring of the lines, and the gradation of the surfaces of the leaves, and the tender softness of the petals, not cut up by any hard marks and violent, exaggerated modelling. In a word, you put yourself at the point of view of one of the early Italian fresco-painters, who gave truth without pettiness, and breadth without emptiness; and you abandon the point of view of the vulgar still-life painters—the painters of flies on cast-iron books and dewdrops on waxy lilies. The difference between these two standpoints is the distance of the highest from the lowest aims in art.

But before you begin to paint, measure one of the nearest and most important flowers, so that you draw it strictly life-size; and then pencil down the subject without further measurement, which would only mislead you, since the whole thing is in perspective owing to the slope of the box, and the fact that some of the plants come in front of the others, not to mention the foreshortening of the leaves themselves. So one measurement, the breadth of one flower, will be enough to fix the scale of your drawing. Sketch that flower in the middle of your paper; add the rest around it, in due proportion and position, so that the whole picture is filled up with flowers, leaves and stones, without showing either box or background. You will see that there is the making of a beautiful picture there—a window, at any rate, over a garden of fadeless blooms.

When the shapes have been settled with pencilled outlines, get someone to criticise, remembering that it is always

possible to make a mistake. A fresh eye—that is, anyone except the student—may discover mistakes that escaped the fatigued and accustomed eye. At this stage of the proceeding it costs little to make an alteration. Later on, you may have to throw your drawing away in disgust at finding how the beauty of the subject depends on the right size of each space of colour, and its right position—two conditions which require an accurate outline. So spare no trouble to get the spaces rightly planned out, or “placed” in relation to one another; and then stop, for that will be enough at one sitting. Put the work away till next day; not, however, till next week, or you may find that your garden has grown, and that you have to do the sketch over again.

At the next sitting take a fine pen; put some wet paint (brown or black) into your pen with the brush, and draw your outlines neatly; that is to say, the *contours* or coast-lines of the colour-masses only; not the little markings and details which are not edges but shades. Then rub out the pencil.

“But,” says someone, “here is teaching quite contrary to the accepted methods of art. There is no outline in Nature, nor in good painters’ work that we see in exhibitions.”

There is no outline in Nature; but there is an edge to most things, and that edge, in such objects as the human figure, flowers, landscape detail, and so on, is definite and beautiful. It is a line—an ideal or mathematical line, not a solid black one; but it cannot be separately studied and independently represented without using a black line to stand for the impalpable but actual limit-line. Unless you study it separately and independently, giving undivided attention, you are likely to ignore it, and never appreciate form. That is why some sort of outline is desirable in students’ work; and the Laws of Fésole lay it down that it must be a pen outline (or a fine brush line, which is much more difficult to draw) because the first pencilling is likely to be undecided, which implies some clumsiness and error, and needs to be corrected by the pen-line, continuous, unbroken, equal in thickness throughout, and as delicate as you like.

“But Mr. Ruskin says that you can’t outline candle-flames and cotton-wool, and yet he tells the student to outline his studies. Is not this one of those contradictions which are said to abound in his writings?”

Precisely; and a very good specimen, for these contradictions are mostly verbal and not real; they do not exist in

the author's mind, but only in the reader's, when he has misunderstood either the general drift or the exact limitation of the matter in question. Flames and cotton-wool, and such like edgeless objects, can be painted only as *tours-de-force*, and are not subjects for students. In our primrose and its associated tufts of feathery grass, wherever no edge is visible, draw none; where one colour fades by gradation into another, paint it so, by working two wet tints simultaneously together. The Laws of Fésole only ask that where you do see an edge it should be drawn with the fine point and with full attention to all its delicacy and beauty, so that you acquire the habit of looking for form, rather than contenting yourself with conventional blots of pleasant or forcible colour, and the distance of the object from your eye will save you from all niggling and pettiness of treatment.

"But," says a third, "how about the majority of modern artists who don't outline—who greatly object to a hard outline, as they call it, and insist on softness?"

In many pictures there has been a most careful outline, which is only obliterated by the strength of the colour. In others, the outline, though not drawn with a point, is expressed by dexterous limitation of touches and washes, in a way which no beginner can rival. (Since this was first written there has been a great development of "Brush-drawing" for small children, showing that something of the artist's power is within reach of anybody. As we proceed you will see that we gradually drop the pen line and get to pure brush work; but as these lessons are planned for learners who are not in a kindergarten and not under immediate superintendence of a teacher, the old reasons for outlining still, I think, hold good).

The English school of water-colour painting began in a method very like that which we are following; with careful severe outline, often with the reed pen, clearly tinted with colour. From that the art advanced to the fuller and more complicated methods, such as those of William Hunt. His plan was to outline very sketchily, and, as he said, "fudge out" the painting with clever washes and free touches, hatching and stippling, in transparent and solid colour—processes which he could never explain to his pupils, nor give any reason for, just because they were the uncoded result of his own peculiar talent and experience. But he began in his youth with the severe style of the old-fashioned school.

His method was practically that from which the water-colour painting of the pre-Raphaelites was originally derived, and that of Frederick Walker and his school, though they made such use of body-colour, in the end, as created a new manner, like distemper painting. Fifty or sixty years ago Ruskin tried to get his pupils to paint somewhat like old William Hunt, sketching in and "fudging out," with great attention to local colour and texture. He found, however, during a long experience, that the average untalented beginner needs a much more certain method and definite guidance, and one that ensures attention to the higher qualities of art. It is dangerous to tell him to be clever, to be free, to aim at "quality and surface"—that is like encouraging the piano-student to storm the keyboard before he can finger Bach's Inventions. In all the arts the most romantic and emotional masters start from the severe classic school, and recur to it with pleasure. Byron, with his innovations and audacity, leans upon Pope; Mendelssohn, all melody and sentiment, you would think, bases his tunes on the counterpoint of Bach. And in an age which found its expression in the softness of Reynolds, the sketchiness of Gainsborough, and the slap-dash of Romney, it was the height of taste "to admire the works of Pietro Perugino," which in many cases are as severely outlined as can be. All the chief early schools of Italy, in which the greatest masters studied, lean upon the undisguised outline; and necessarily, as practising chiefly Fresco, in which decision, certainty, and distinctness are absolutely required. Beginning in that way, the great painters both of Italy and England developed their own talents in their own way. We can't ask better than to start as they started—from old "mother outline," as Blake said.

"But," once more, "a primrose is, if anything, soft, fragile, and delicate. Will not the outline make it look hard?" Not of necessity; not if the lines are continuous and even, delicate and beautifully curved, the gradations gentle, the colour clear, the relations of light and dark accurate, the tones broad, the detail unexaggerated. It is not the vagueness or blur of the edge that makes a face or a flower soft, but the truth of relief and the delicacy of modelling.

In the study, then, for the second sitting, get a fine pen outline, giving the radiating curvature of stems and leaves,

which you will feel with its full force after the lesson in tree-boughs last month. And then with all doubts and difficulties of drawing put aside, proceed at the third sitting to colour, on the principle of matching tints and finishing at once. And here you will be exemplifying the third principle of Fresco: the first was Breadth of mass, the next Definition of contour, and now Freshness of colour resulting from decisive execution. Each primrose flower should be done at once, without retouching. In one brush take diluted pale chrome yellow for the lights; in another, faint yellow ochre and cobalt, matched beforehand, for the shades; and lay them on without hesitating, letting them run into one another where they meet so as to produce their own natural gradations, which are so much more perfect than any stippling or sponging can elaborate. If you need to take out lights, wipe them out before the tint dries, using a clean brush which has been wetted and nearly dried on your paint rag.

You may at first think the darks are not strong enough, and want to re-enforce them; but beware! The fresh tint and first wet gradations will give softness and luminosity, and if you have matched carefully, trust to your matching. Of the leaves, match both lights and darks: use whatever paints will represent them; not violent metallic greens like viridian, nor crude mixtures of prussian blue and gamboge and such like. A quiet pigment, cleanly laid, and not fouled by subsequent rubbing or washing, gives a much sweeter and stronger tint than you might suppose; so that cobalt and raw sienna will probably be green enough for your leaves.

One sitting should suffice for the colouring of your study, which will look highly finished without labour; for most of the time is spent, in water-colour work, in retrieving mistakes and polishing coarseness, from both of which you are delivered by this new-old method of wet work, the Fresco style of Fésole.

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The Primrose lesson was so simple that the drawings sent in were nearly all successful. Some of the directions or suggestions perhaps require a little emphasis and explanation.

In setting up any still-life model, see that some part of it is on the level of your eye, as you stand or sit at work. If you look *down* on your subject, you will paint a picture which



every body must look *down* upon to see it rightly ; but usually pictures are hung up to be looked at, more or less on the level of the eye. Seeing the picture, when done, ought to be like looking at the model, when it was being painted ; therefore, also, when you hang your pictures, don't hang them very high or low on the wall. A good deal of the wearisomeness of exhibitions comes from the necessity of adapting your eyes to unnatural points of view for "skied" or "floored" pictures ; and this need never happen in a private house.

The student's outline is merely the guide to the correct placing and shape of colour-masses : do not, therefore, make it into an elaborate pen-drawing of textures and details ; but consider it as the boundaries of countries and counties on a coloured map, and don't put in "rivers, roads and mountains," *i.e.*, ribs of a leaf, etc.

The directions for colouring proceed on the assumption that the work is done in pure and transparent water-colour, without chinese white. We came to body colour later on, in our Fésole Club ; but at first, chinese white in a beginner's brush generally means daubing.

## ALTRUISM.

BY LIEUT.-COLONEL THE HON. JAMES BAKER.

*(Continued from page 111.)*

IT may be well to dwell for a moment upon what we really understand by the term Altruism. If you turn to the dictionaries, they will tell you that Altruism is opposed to Egoism. But I think that is a misleading explanation of the term, because although Egoism may exist without Altruism, Altruism cannot exist without Egoism. It should rather be called the complement or consort of Egoism. But I may, perhaps, be better able to elucidate the question by placing it before you in the form of an idyl. I will therefore ask you to call upon your imaginations for a time, and to picture to yourselves a young man, in the prime of life and in a state of nature, asleep upon the grass on a small but beautiful and fertile island; and I will ask you to so conceive of him that when he awakes he will be oblivious of the past and he will only be cognizant of the circumstances of the present. He awakes, stretches his supple limbs, and gazes around him with indolent curiosity. Soon a craving for food comes upon him, and he wanders about the island in search of something to satisfy his hunger, but he finds neither habitation nor human being upon the island, and then he realizes that he is alone upon the land, and that he must be dependent upon his own exertions to provide himself with food, with raiment, and with shelter. And so he labours day after day until, in course of time, he has obtained for himself a fair standard of comfort. But you will observe that this is entirely egoistic labour; he has neither thought nor care for anyone but himself, and if he did not labour he would starve, and his body would decay. Therefore, Egoism is necessary for existence. One day, however, as he wends his way back to his solitary hut, he is startled by the apparition of a human form lying asleep among the flowers, and as he draws near and gazes upon the form of a beautiful girl there comes upon him a great pity, which is akin to love, and soon he realizes the poetic words, "I live to love, and because I love I live"—and lo! the spirit of Altruism is breathed into his soul.

And now mark the change which comes over his being; note the cheerful vigour he puts into his work. He has no

longer to provide for himself alone, but he has to labour for another, and it is a labour of love. And this begets within him—mark the point—the spirit of sacrifice; he is ready to bear any hardship, to cheerfully brave any danger, and to forfeit his life if needs be—for what? For the welfare of a fellow-being.

And she reciprocates the beautiful emotion, and in a hundred tender ways lightens his burdens and ministers to his wants, and cleaves to him in sunshine and in shadow, in sickness and in sorrow, until death shall them, temporarily, part. Egoism has found a consort and become Altruism. After a time there arrives the purest Altruism of all, in the mother's love for her child. It is bone of her bone and flesh of her flesh, and she slaves for it, nourishes it, sacrifices herself—mark you—not only for its present but also for its future welfare, long after she may have passed away in the flesh and be no more seen.

This maternal Altruism is typical of what the Altruism of society should be. It should be prepared for present sacrifice, if necessary, for the advancement of society in the future, and the sacrifice should be a labour of love.

We are able to realize the wonderful power of self-sacrifice over the human race by turning back the pages of history and noting the conduct of the followers of Christ and the noble army of martyrs. And think you that their sacrifice has been in vain? Nay; it has ennobled humanity.

But to return to our idyl. I have pictured to you the pure Altruism of the family, which may be taken as the unit of society, and it is easy to imagine the family expanded into a tribe and a tribe into a nation.

But, unfortunately, society has, as yet, advanced but a short distance along the path of evolution, and it still inherits many of the savage instincts of its animal progenitors, and must therefore be protected against itself by means of laws.

Now, there is a law of nature called natural selection, or the survival of the fittest, and by that law we find that, both in the animal and vegetable kingdoms, one species wars against another species to wholly or partially destroy it, and, as far as evolution has as yet advanced, that law appears to be a necessity of life, otherwise the velocity of propagation would be so great that in a very short time the sustenance of the earth would not be sufficient to support the life which

would be upon it. There are minute organisms which propagate with such rapidity that one pair will, if unchecked, increase in a fortnight to over fourteen millions. I am very glad that they do not require education. We therefore find that life is a battlefield, and that in the struggle for existence the stronger overcomes and dominates the weaker, and we can clearly see that the result of this law must tend towards the minority dominating the majority, because, in the perpetual struggle for existence, the fittest can only survive through the extermination or subjection of the greater number. But, when we say that the stronger overcomes and dominates the weaker, what do we mean by the term "stronger"? We find that, in the process of evolution, there are two forces in operation—the physical force, or development of the organism, and the psychical force, or the development of the mind. They may be designated co-operative forces, because we are not yet able to recognise one apart from the other. If we place a weak mind in a strong body, it will tend to lead the body to destruction; on the other hand, if we place a strong mind in a weak body, it will tend to wear out the latter, and, in either case, the forces will cease to be co-operative. To put the case mathematically, we may therefore say that the greatest effect is obtained from the sum of the two forces when the ratio of one to the other makes unity, and when such is the case the power of the sum of the forces will naturally vary directly as the power of the components. This reminds us of the quotation, "*Mens sana in corpore sano*"—"A sound mind in a sound body." And nature offers us a useful object lesson by proving the importance of duly cultivating the strength and healthiness of the body at the same time as we are cultivating the strength of the mind, which marks the necessity for healthy recreation.

Now, the higher we ascend in the scale of evolution the nearer do we approach to perfect unity in the ratio between the physical and psychical forces. But in the earlier stages of human existence—in the days of primitive man—we find the physical force of brute strength the predominant factor in the ascendancy of one man over his fellow-men. "Might became right." And we recognise the same motive and its equivalent effect among the savages of the present age.

My brother told me that on one occasion, when he was in Central Africa, he was entertained by a savage potentate, and in return he made him a present of a rifle, and after explaining its destructive powers he shewed him how to use it. The savage was quite delighted, and immediately began to fire at some women who were drawing water at a neighbouring well, and he killed one poor woman before he could be stopped. This savage did not feel as much concern over the death of the woman as I should over the death of a mouse. His Altruism was entirely overshadowed by his Egoism—in his eyes might was right. But as we ascend in the scale of evolution, and the psychical power becomes more developed in us, we recognise that the fiat that might shall be right must be reversed, and that for the future “right shall be might.”

The law of the survival of the fittest is sometimes advanced by individualists as an argument in favour of one portion of society being permitted to prey upon another portion. It is pointed out that because there is no such thing as perfect equality in nature, either in the animal or vegetable kingdom; therefore, for the sake of sustenance for the whole, it is evidently intended that the weakest should go to the wall, and, consequently, our motto should be “every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost.” But in this argument we detect the hereditary taint of our brute existence; it is the old formula that “might shall be right.” It is useless, however, for the advocates of that egoistic principle to attempt to ignore, in the present age, the progressive spirit of Altruism which has illuminated the human race, and which has also written its name upon the pages of history through centuries upon centuries of contests between Demos and Aristos, Plebs and Patrician, and in a hundred other ways, as finger-posts on the road to justice. It has revealed to us the law that “right shall be might,” and the problem which now has to be solved is this: “When shall man be evolved to such a degree as to be competent to enact laws which shall give to every unit of society equality of opportunity, and at the same time proportion the number of units to the productiveness of their environment?”

This would be carrying out the law of the survival of the fittest in a higher sense; it would be Altruism perfected by making the greater more fitted to survive. I do not mean

that we should arrive at an equality of mental capacity in all human beings—God forbid, because to do that would bring evolution to a standstill—but we should cultivate the field of choice, we should raise the general standard of humanity and still retain the standard bearers to lead on their followers to higher planes. The goal, however, is still far distant, but when it is reached, then Mammon will be dethroned and Intellect\* will be king.

We are now passing through a transition stage as the result of rapid scientific discovery, and society has not yet had time to equilibrate the new forces which have been brought to bear upon its progress. But, already, the effect has been to give a great stimulus to Altruism, and the last half century has afforded us numerous examples of the practical working of this important function of evolution, both in the major and minor affairs of life.

I may mention free education, the Factory Acts, County Councils, Mechanics' Lien Act, the Postal Union, Savings Banks, the numerous Benevolent Societies, Co-operative Societies, the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, the similar Society (and no less needed) for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, besides many others. Then we have the agitation in favour of International Arbitration, for Imperial Federation, for an International currency, weights, and measures, and all of these are Altruistic movements of the last half century. Even in my own profession, the movement is most marked in the greater care and comfort bestowed upon the private soldier and the closer sympathy between officers and men, and in minor details there is curious evidence of the advance of military Altruism by the manner in which a company is formed for manœuvre. In my time the captain of a company sized his men by placing the tallest on the flanks, so as to present a smart and uniform appearance; but now that is all changed, and Altruism takes precedence. Comradeship is the rule, and the closest chums are placed next each other so as to bring their Altruism to bear in time of danger. In fact, the closer we look into the working of society, the more we become aware of the wonderful advance which has been and is being made in Altruistic tendencies.

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\* Character?—Ed.

We frequently hear the present age called an age of frivolity, and "*laissez faire*," and in many ways the charge is, unfortunately, only too true, but there is a strong undercurrent of sound progressive thought, which, as it gathers strength from tributary channels, will sweep away all the eddies of folly and frivolity, and will, let us hope, scour out a broad channel for the onward flow of the nobler traits of humanity.

I have endeavoured to point out how Altruism takes its source from the family, and I have shown that in the family the mother is the paramount cause of Altruism, and this proves to us the pre-eminent part which woman plays in the ethics of society.

We have recognised, also, two forces which are acting upon society—the force of evolution and the force of degeneration. The former has partially lifted man out of his brute existence, but his inherited animal tendencies still cling to him and produce that dual character of the individual which is so familiar to us all, and which demands from us so much charity in our judgment of the conduct of our fellow-beings.

The surging passions of man's worsed self—of greed, or gluttony, or lust, or plunder, varying both in kind and in degree according to the inherited tendency and vigour of his temperament—ofttimes seize upon him, struggle with him, master him, drag him to the very brink of the abyss, when, suddenly, his course is arrested and he is held back by the force of conscience—which carries the echo of the mother's voice—and then for a time he loaths his worsed self.

But the flow of maternal Altruism is naturally interrupted when the child first enters the public school, and a large portion of the maternal responsibility then devolves upon the public school teacher. To restrain his enthusiasm he is, however, prohibited by law in British Columbia from teaching the young child any form or kind of religion. Strange irony on the derivation of the word "*religio*"—"I bind again!" But the teacher is permitted to inculcate the highest morality, and he thus becomes, in a partial sense, a delegate from the mother to further the progress of the child, mentally, morally, and physically as a unit of society. It is a responsibility which should never be undertaken without a due appreciation of the gravity of the situation. The gauging of inherited

tendencies in immature minds, and the patient labour of directing and restraining them in proper channels, is an honourable task which should carry with it some of the best rewards which society can bestow, and the time will assuredly come when the conscientious performance of such important duties will be duly recognised.

In conclusion, I would submit for the consideration of public school teachers the advisability of occasionally laying aside their books, in order to talk to the pupils, so as to relieve their young minds of the mechanism and monotony of routine, and to enlighten them on various topics of interest and usefulness. And, among other things, what might you tell them? Let us take the boys. Appeal to their manliness and to their courage; tell them life is a battlefield and they are the soldiers marching as to war, and that they will find every kind of impediment strewn along their route, and that if they wish for victory and success they must stand shoulder to shoulder in the struggle for existence and fight for it. They must be brave collectively as well as individually; they must be loyal to their army, which is society. Tell them that the very soul of an army is made up of discipline and duty—and dwell upon that word “duty.” Make it a point of honour; tell them that the man who neglects to do his daily duty conscientiously is as false as the coward who deserts his post in the hour of danger—for there is always danger in neglect of duty; warn them to expect many failures, both in their material and moral aims—ah, how many! But when they are thwarted, obstructed, and beaten down, perchance by their own inherited tendencies, bid them not to despair or to be downhearted, but to be up again and manfully to press on through every difficulty, danger, and temptation until they reach the front and the din, the excitement, and the glory of the open battle. Warn them that in avoiding the Scylla of cant and hypocrisy to beware lest they drift on to the Charybdis of debauchery, for many a young man’s life has been wrecked from that very cause. Teach them reverence for woman, and tell them that the man who scoffs at woman scoffs at his own mother, and the man who scoffs at his own mother is sliding down—down to the very depths of Avernus.

And the girls—Ah! what shall you tell them? Tell them that they are the source of Altruism, and that men are—what women make them.



## HENRIETTE RENAN.

THERE are many people in England who have a vague idea that Renan's books are "of the devil." It is safe to assert that these people have not read him. But there are many who have read his *Life of Jesus* and who candidly believe that his work is pernicious: blasphemous to every Christian many of his expressions must seem: pernicious perhaps only to those who are able really to appreciate the force of much that he asserts in contradiction to orthodoxy and the beauty of the language with which he clothes his ideas. Nothing can be more fascinating than his exquisite descriptions of the Holy Land, nothing more dangerous to a ductile mind than the spell of his powerful logic and rich poetic style. Perhaps the book has indeed been an agent for bad in the minds of many; if so, it is sincerely to be deplored. But no one can deny that such books serve a purpose: truth is inviolable, and therefore no attack can do it harm; on the other hand, opposition merely rouses the defence to a keener sense of its own strength. To dispute the teaching of orthodoxy is to give a fillip to discussion whereby many are instructed in matters with which all should be conversant. All opposition has its drawbacks and its advantages. The war has not been an unmitigated curse: it has taught much that required learning and much that could not have been learnt otherwise. The education question gained infinitely by being vigorously opposed, and the country at large is probably fairly well informed with regard to a subject which might not have interested the public had there been no debating. In the same way books like Renan's may do a certain amount of harm; but it is probable that the good they do by inciting thought is far greater than the damage done to easily-influenced minds. Renan's *Life of Jesus* is responsible for a literature which amounts to nearly 200 volumes (there are more than 170 in the catalogue of the British Museum). But apart from this there is an earnestness, a high moral tone, throughout his works, which speaks for the author and convinces the reader that the criticism is no superficial judgment, but the deep thought of a sincere thinker. By all means let

a ductile intellect be warned and told of the fascination of the book; but to anathematise Renan is narrow-minded. I have begun by speaking of his books, because I feel convinced that any book bearing the name of *Renan* is rigorously excluded from many an English home. And if I cannot unreservedly recommend any of Renan's books for indiscriminate reading, I do not hesitate to say that one of the most beautiful volumes published recently in France is one entitled *Lettres intimes, 1842-1845*, containing a short sketch of Henriette Renan's life (it is not so much a sketch as a tribute of a brother's love), and, to supplement this memoir, a few letters selected with taste to illustrate the entire devotion of a sister to her brother's interests. The short biography is the tale of a sister's self-sacrifice: the letters of this devoted sister are sublime in their absolute self-effacement.

In the preface to the memoir Renan writes that, although lives nobly lived require no other remembrance than God's, pains are ever taken to record them. And we ought to be thankful for such records: nothing can be more useful than the reminder that lovely lives do exist, though they so often pass unobserved—pass all too quickly amidst the commonplace circumstances which, as a rule, fill all the columns of our newspapers and the pages of our books, and tend to make believe that the world is uniformly grey, whereas it is anything but monotonous. On one side of us there may be an unsuspected height of virtue; on the other, piteous suffering, passions, disappointment—all perhaps just, but only just, concealed beneath the cloak of conventional form. I say it is well to be reminded that saintly lives pass daily unobserved, because, like the song of birds and the beauty of flowers, they are spent for God, for God alone, and like all beauty pass too soon—“*Gott machte nur das Vergängliche schön.*”

Henriette Renan was born at Tréguier, in 1811. Tréguier, now only a little town rich in poetic monuments, was once an episcopal city. Its streets are to a large extent bordered by the high walls which enclose the convent gardens: everywhere there is an atmosphere of sanctity and refinement which gives a peculiar charm to those ancient cities which seem almost dead compared with the modern towns around

them. Her childhood was spent in the vicinity of the cathedral, whose spire points up to heaven—the higher for standing near a stunted Roman tower. Its arches rise in fearless curves till lost in the dimness which conceals the roof; its ever-burning light shines late upon a few solitary worshippers, kneeling here or there in the gloom of evening, pouring out their souls in prayer to a God who seems so near in that mysterious atmosphere of venerable silence. Or she would go with her relations to the ruins of an old church on an eminence, long since destroyed by lightning. Thither it was their wont to go on Holy Thursday, when the bells are said to go to Rome for the Pope's blessing: they would close their eyes and see them passing through the air, gently swaying, with their lace robes (those they wore when they were christened) floating in the breeze behind them.

Such associations as these (and the town was full of them) could not but strongly bias a soul naturally pious and prone to melancholy. Subsequent events made this tendency more marked. Her father was a sailor, who, after having served in the fleets of the Republic, carried on business on his own account. Utterly unfitted for commerce, he gradually lost his fortune and his joy in life; so when, in 1828, his ship returned without him, no one could tell how the accident had occurred, whether on purpose or by mishap. His body was washed to shore near St Brieuc and buried in the sands; and all the tender love of Henriette which had been his, fell to the little brother, who was at that time seven years old. Thenceforward her whole life was wrapped in his: all she did was done in the first instance for him: his welfare was the one object of her life; and it was for him that she abandoned her wish to take the veil, for him that she faced the bitter struggle in Paris and the long years of exile so far away from home.

From 1835 until 1840 she lived in Paris, teaching and working sixteen hours a day, acquiring knowledge which enabled her to participate in all her brother's work in later years. In 1840 she accepted a situation as governess in the family of Count André Zamoyski; this with a view not only to wiping out the family debt incurred by the father's misfortunes, but also to acquiring money to defray her brother's education if necessary. There she remained for ten years;

the measure of her suffering may be found in her brother's words: "*En Septembre, 1850, j'allai la rejoindre à Berlin. Ces dix années d'exil l'avaient toute transformée. Les rides de la vieillesse s'étaient prématurément imprimées sur son front: du charme qu'elle avait encore quand elle me dit adieu dans le parloir du séminaire Saint-Nicholas, il ne lui restait que l'expression délicieuse de son ineffable bonté.*" \*

Soon after this they took a small flat in Paris, where they lived in peace and seclusion; the sister sharing in all her brother's studies, writing out his MSS. for him, correcting his proofs, criticising his style, stimulating his thought and sustaining his courage. Though she herself wrote sometimes for her friends, her only real ambition was to be her brother's indispensable companion: her one idea was to love him as no one else could love him, to be more worthy of his love than anyone else. But the inevitable "someone else" came to disturb for awhile the absolute tranquility of that little household. Henriette suffered intensely when first she learnt that her brother was engaged to Ary Scheffer's daughter—and yet she herself had advised him to marry. Like all women who really love, Henriette could not bear to think that someone else shared the heart she loved so deeply; nothing but entire love could repay and satisfy her own entire devotion. But after a few struggles, so touching in that they reveal all the weakness which mingles with the sublime, after a few tears, all was peace once more, and the household now numbered three instead of two. And although Henriette must ever have regretted the days when she was her brother's sole companion, she certainly had the satisfaction of retaining her unique position in his life: she accompanied him during his journeys in Asia Minor and Palestine, and shared his literary labours. And when the end came, both lay stricken with fever, as if death had feared to take the one whilst the other watched. Death came to Henriette; and her brother was near her, unconscious, he, too, at death's door. And when consciousness returned, it seemed to him as if he had lost a member, so habitual was

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\* I met her in Berlin, in September, 1850. That ten years' exile had entirely changed her. Her forehead was prematurely wrinkled, and her sweet look of ineffable goodness was all that remained of the charm she possessed when she said good-bye to me in the college parlour.

the intercourse of these two minds, so used was the one heart to rest beside the other, that every moment brought the pang of remembrance, the feeling of that something missing.

The twenty-nine letters which are included in this volume were written during the years 1842-1845. Nineteen of these are Renan's, the remainder his sister's. Even as specimens of correspondence they must be of interest to all who value letters, and who know what "letter-writing" in its best sense can mean. It would, I fancy, be difficult to pick out letters amongst the millions which circulate each day, worthy to find a place beside these letters of a brother to his sister, of the sister to her brother. They are all long, necessarily so, because of the considerable intervals which elapsed between the posts. And yet there is no room for frivolity or commonplaces. All is written in a tone seldom dreamt of by many of us. Throughout there are three guiding thoughts—first, great importance of study and the inestimable value of time; second, the thought of the old mother so dearly loved and respected; and, lastly, the mutual love, so different in the sister, and yet at heart the same as the brother's, a communion of thought and a harmony of aspiration, ambition, and ideas which knit them in a friendship as rare as it is exquisite.

The letters were written at a time when Renan was preparing for the Church, and during which he gradually came to the conviction that he must abandon the idea of taking Holy Orders. The mental struggles attest his earnestness: the noble sentiments must soften the judgment, even of those who most disapprove his theories; and the way in which he plans to carefully prepare his mother's mind for the inevitable disappointment, proves not only how much he thought of her, and with what tact he smoothed the way for what must otherwise have been a great shock to her, but also the force of his conviction that it was his duty entirely to renounce a calling for which he seemed in so many ways eminently suited, and with a view to which all his earlier studies had been arranged.

But it is rather concerning Henriette Renan's letters that I would like to add a few words. Perhaps a few extracts (though half the charm is lost in translation) will be sufficient to reveal the character of the letters, and to tempt my

readers to add so delightful a volume to their shelf of French books.

. . . . "I cannot cease to beg you, darling Ernest, to ask you as tenderly as might a mother, to beware of rashly binding yourself in any way; before accepting any engagements which will determine your lot in life, be sure you understand their full import. I might, dear boy, take advantage of the influence I could bring to bear on you through my love and the experience of a much-tried life; but I will not do so because I have confidence in your intelligence, and I shall never do more than appeal to it. You are right, my Ernest, you were not born to a life of frivolity, and I feel with you that the calling of which you speak (Holy Orders) would be most suited to your inclinations, if only it be found practicable. . . .

. . . . "Better than anyone else, your sissy is able to appreciate the charm of a life at once *secluded, free, independent, full of work* and, above all else, *of use*; but where is it to be found? Such independence I hold, if not impossible, at all events granted but to a very few. Personally, I have never come across a single instance; how then can I dare hope for you?

. . . . But wait awhile, when you are become a man you will be able to decide what to refuse, what to accept. Then, even if you still adhere to your present views, will you not need some practical knowledge of life before being entrusted with the guidance of others' lives? How can a young man of four or five-and-twenty, who has never done anything much but study, be capable of acting as a guide and help to those who have perpetually to struggle against life's many difficulties? . . . .

. . . . "Let no thought of the needs of the family stand in your way: has not the one comfort in all my work been the dream that the fruit of it might some day be useful to those I love, to you, the child of my adoption, my own dear Ernest? One day, it will be your turn, if I live long enough; but say, do we ever *owe* anything to those we love? . . .

. . . . "Be sure that I will not betray the secret of your doubts to mother; I feel as you do about it. You know that, so long as I can do so without deception, I like to keep from her everything which might trouble her peace of mind. On her happiness depends my own. . . .

. . . . "Yes, dear boy, a life of seclusion from the world

of fashion, of devotion to the good of others, of complete independence, would surely be the realisation of the dreams of every generous heart; unfortunately such a life is not of this world. Independence itself, that best of boons, is only a bright vision, and your chief, to whom you opened your heart, was wise in asking you, 'Ah! but where will you find it?' How often have I, just like you, longed for it more than all else! How often, in lovely rooms or at a sumptuous table, have I said in my heart, 'My God, dry bread and rest and leisure with myself is all I ask!' Vain longings, which many another, without doubt, fondly cherishes, but to attain to which how few are destined! . . . I agree with you, that we are fortunate in possessing faculties which no man can coerce; it is in the assurance that this is so, that relief from suffering is found; but I can assure you, Ernest, that it is only after many a struggle that that inner freedom can be secured from all intrusion. . . .

. . . "Whatever happens, my own dear brother, you will ever have my zealous and devoted help. Unfortunately my power to aid you is restricted; but, at any rate, what little I can do will never fail you. Courage, dear boy, and onward in the path of right, wisdom, prudence, so that whatever be your ultimate decision, you will always be a true gentleman. Never lose your confidence in me; I will ever look upon it as most precious and sacred. All my life I shall depend upon it, as I shall on your reciprocating the boundless love I feel for you. . . .

. . . "As to the delicacy which makes you refuse to accept my offer to pay for you whilst studying independently, let me argue the question with you, dear boy. Is not my one wish, my one aim in working as I do, to help you to succeed in life? Do you think I could allow a trifling outlay to stand in the way when your whole life depends upon it? A young man who chooses to work and live carefully can do with 1200 francs a year in Paris; and even if I had to give two or three times that amount to prepare a career for you, you know, dear boy, that I would not hesitate a moment. Should I not be more than satisfied to see the future well defined? All this, of course, is strictly *entre nous*; did we not long ago agree to have everything in common? . . .

. . . "Let it be your constant care to fit yourself for the highest calling, whatever your ultimate course may be; and

believe me, to sow your seed sparingly would be not only a fatal speculation, but also a grave error from a moral point of view. 'To whom much is given, from him shall much be required,' saith the Scripture, and the man who concealed his talent was punished as severely as if he had been a spendthrift. What a treasure of wisdom there is in that Book, my Ernest, and how many of us fail to profit by it! Let us try, my boy, let us at any rate do our best to let the gifts which heaven gave you fructify. . . . If ever I saw you take a mistaken and irrevocable decision, it would be a life-long grief to me, and I should hear a voice asking, 'where is thy brother?' . . . Weigh well my counsels, I entreat you. They are prompted by an affection so true, so free from any selfish thought, that I cannot fear to have them misunderstood either by you or by dear mother. Oh, would I could be with you, if only for a day, an hour! I think that by the very force of my conviction I could bring you to think as I do. . . ."

And so, throughout all the letters of which these fragments can give but a poor idea, there is that intense love, that self-devotion which was the mainspring of Henriette Renan's life. Some will perhaps be struck with what seems like selfishness in Renan: some of his letters indeed gave me that impression. But I fancy that the development of exceptional talents often involves a certain amount of self-culture to the detriment of others. And can one regret it in this case, when it is perhaps perceptible only because contrasted with Henriette's unselfishness; and, after all, had there been no Renan to live for, Henriette's beautiful existence might have been one of the countless lovely lives, unnoticed save by a few close friends, without other record than the one in heaven.

G. L. F.



## OBEDIENCE.

BY M. MACEACHARN.

ARE the children of the present day obedient? Anyone who has much to do with children would emphatically answer "No," and parents meekly accept this state of things as a phase of the *Zeitgeist*, and therefore inevitable. Yet there never was a time when parents so unselfishly tried to do the best that can be done for their children. What then is the cause? We cannot reasonably put the blame on the children themselves.

Times of transition are always difficult and necessarily create a certain amount of confusion in theory and practice. The ideas of the educated world are undergoing a change in matters of education. Parents are beginning to understand what the word "education" means; they realise that each child has an individual personality and innate capacities to be developed; that he has a complex moral nature; and that over-severity and the suppression of spontaneity may do injury to the child. This realization creates a state of vacillation. We are so accustomed to having our pre-conceived convictions upset by the results of child study that we hesitate interfering with the child as we hesitate putting our finger on the wing of a beautiful moth. We have discovered so often that the child has been right and we wrong, and we are so afraid of being unjust to the child's nature that we almost shrink from asserting authority.

The weakening of conviction results in a weakening of will power. The child is quick to detect hesitation, and because he knows exactly what he wants the strength of his will frequently over-rides that of his parent, who is left wondering whether the object of the child's desire was caprice or necessity, and whether it was right to give way.

There are sentimentalists who argue that we have no right to demand obedience from the child, so that he may learn to command himself. There has even been a book

written by an American lady advocating these ideas, but however much we fail in exacting obedience from children, few of us in possession of well-balanced minds would acknowledge the wisdom of them. It is hardly advisable to invert domestic life, for if the child does not obey parents they must obey the child, as in an ordinary household they cannot easily act independently of one another. We must live in obedience to something. As reason develops obedience grows less conscious and more abstract; but with the child, who is occupied with the world of things, not of ideas, the motive of obedience must have a concrete form, or be meaningless. He must learn to obey clear and definite *words* before he can obey abstract ideals. We may not have more innate wisdom than the child, but at least we have the wisdom of experience, and it is right that the child should profit by that which we have.

One frequent cause of disobedience is the undue nervousness of mothers, which often prevents children having the necessary outlet to energy and spirits. Many mothers see and imagine dangers everywhere and are so afraid of possible catastrophes, and hedge children in with so many precautions, preventions and prohibitions, that the temptation to disobey becomes overwhelmingly strong, or else, the children become as over-cautious and nervous as their mothers themselves. A large amount of physical freedom children must have if they are not to become rebellious or spiritless. I do not believe one child in a hundred, under ten years of age, belonging to the upper classes, has sufficient freedom to run, jump, and climb, or to dabble in earth and water—to tumble and “mess” about, in other words.

People not in continual contact with children cannot realize what an enormous amount of energy and spirit is wasted by disobedience. It causes so much unnecessary friction, which might be avoided if only children were brought up to look upon obedience as a necessity, and not as an optional matter. Whether children do this or not depends largely upon the training they receive during the first three years of life. Who does not know the home where life is a whirl of unrest and friction? Why do nurseries so often resemble bear-gardens, rather than gardens for the nurture of delicate human souls? Simply because there is no

discipline. The life of a governess is made unnecessarily difficult nowadays by the amount of "breaking in" she has to do with each new pupil.

To give a small instance, but one which one can witness any day in Kensington Gardens, or anywhere that children congregate.

A child, sailing his boat, is called by his governess, and takes no notice; he is called again and still takes no notice; a third time he is called, and this time he responds, "I'm coming," but calmly continues sailing his boat; then the governess, annoyed, hastens towards the child, lifts his boat out of the water, takes his hand in a not too patient frame of mind, and hurries homewards, meditating on the futility of words, and whether the child deserves a slight punishment.

It is a small matter, but this kind of thing occurring all day long is what makes life with children difficult and exhausting. Moreover, it wastes a great deal of time. Obedience, in spirit and in letter, is the only soil in which the educator can delve with any profit whatsoever.

Parents frequently say of boys, "Oh! they'll learn discipline when they go to school." Now, is it fair either to the boy or to the schoolmaster to postpone disciplinary training until school years? The longer training in the habit of obedience is put off the more difficult is it to acquire that habit. Who would think of saying, "Oh! he'll learn to be truthful when he goes to school."

It is the *necessity* of obedience that so many children fail to grasp. "Why must I?" one hears continually from their lips. This attitude of criticism and scepticism is hardly desirable in a child. Trustfulness is one of childhood's most beautiful characteristics. It is that calm and joyful attitude of trustfulness and confidence which is so beautiful in the minds of some of our greatest thinkers — Emerson, for instance — for all great minds retain some of the charm of childhood.

A child may still retain an enquiring mind and yet have sufficient faith in parents, or those whom parents have chosen to guide their children, to believe that their authority is for his good, and not for the purpose of frustrating his plans and aims. One cannot help asking sometimes if children have even an elementary idea of the meaning of respect; and

where ideas of respect are undeveloped so will those be of reverence.

“This is the thing that I know and which, if you labour faithfully, you shall know also . . . that in Reverence is the chief joy and power of life : . . . Reverence for what is pure and bright in your own youth ; for what is true and tried in the age of others ; for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead, . . . and marvellous in the powers that cannot die.”

These beautiful words of Ruskin's have more meaning to one the older one grows. To a child, however, reverence can never be the chief joy and power of life, for the feeling of reverence “for all that is gracious among the living, great among the dead” is the outcome of many years of education in what is beautiful and true. The starting-point on the road to reverence is the feeling of respect, which develops as the habit of obedience is trained.

Another serious result of the slack discipline in modern homes is the over-bearing manner of many children towards servants.

What endless struggles are saved us when we have learned that our wills are ours not to gratify self, but that “Our wills are ours to make them Thine.”

Our up-bringing of children should be more vigorous and manly and less sentimental.

Many people bring up children on the theory that love is enough, and that persuasion through love can do all things. We all have seen the fatal consequences of severity overridden by tenderness, where severity would have been the wise course to pursue. The power of love is infinite, but the soul requires some disciplinary preparation, as the world did, before it is capable of being appealed to by that power. We have to guard against mawkishness in training just as much as against over-severity. The love that encircles a child should not be of the idolising kind if we wish him to have a healthy attitude towards life. Even the word “love” can be heard too often by a child, for his frequent use of it in regard to such things as pears and bananas shows that it conveys but an elementary meaning to him. It is better for a child to be concerned with things and actions than to think much about his feelings for them. If he is talked to too much

about feelings he become undesirably introspective. If discipline is maintained entirely by love, what will be the result if the personal influence of the disciplinarian is withdrawn, as all personal influence is liable to be? Obedience should be based on a sense of duty, not on the emotions. Boys, in particular, are very reticent in regard to matters of sentiment. Is it not because in healthy boys feelings are unconscious, except when the sense of protection necessitates activity, as in the case of pet animals; a boy is probably more conscious of his love for his rabbit than of his love for his younger brother. Of what avail is it to speak of brotherly love to a child whose brother has just smashed his favourite engine? The child has many battles to fight before he achieves the height of living by love. If we attempt to put ideals before the child which are those only of a highly-evolved mind, we shall produce that state which induces him to say, "It's no good trying to be good."

In the days when discipline was everything and self-activity not considered worthy of attention, it was, of course, much easier to maintain discipline, because self-activity was suppressed to such an extent that the child took for granted everything he wanted to do must be wrong. Now individuality is developed to such an extent that the child is inclined to think everything he wants to do must be right.

If we consider the history of the Stuarts do we not see that it was an absence of that submissive spirit, which sacrifices the will of the individual for the welfare of the many, which was the cause of the misfortunes of that unhappy race?

By obedience a child first receives some elementary ideas of law and the necessity of its recognition. A child not amenable to discipline is a disturbing element in society, a miniature Peer Gynt. Sooner or later he must learn that there are others in the world whose claims have to be considered. If trained to obey he grows up with that knowledge. History teaches us that in the earlier stages of civilization strict adherence to law is necessary for the development of morality, otherwise the disorderliness of life would leave no smooth places for the growth of virtue. Ultimately, law ceases to exist for the civilized man, for it has become a part of his nature. The German psychologist, Brentano, says: "Public laws, however much in the first instance established

under the influence of lower motives, were yet preliminary conditions for the free unfolding of our noblest capacities.”\* The same holds good in domestic life if we believe the history of the race to be repeated in that of the individual. People need preparation for self-government. We know that the Emancipation of the Slaves was not an unmixed blessing, either to themselves or to America at large, because they were not ready for the responsibilities thrust upon them.

Life is difficult, and we should not increase the child's difficulties by giving him too much freedom of choice in action. In home life, as in that of the State, discipline is a “preliminary condition for the free unfolding of our noblest capacities.”

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\* *The Origin of the Knowledge of Right and Wrong*, by Franz Brentano, translated by Cecil Hague (Constable).

## CO-EDUCATION.\*

BY F. RANKIN.

FOR those who are weary of the reiteration of the first principles of education, propounded as they have so often been lately from platform and pulpit, these first few lines are not written. Henceforth, every teacher fresh from the training college and eager to have his or her name upon the government register, will be scribbling in her examination what has during the time of probation become almost a mechanical formula. But at present there are still a few uninitiated, and for the benefit of these we must begin the discussion of all theories of education upon the recognised lines, and must have clearly before our minds what is meant by education in schools, mixed or otherwise. Later on we shall deal with the actual definition of the word itself, a definition which often differs so widely from the interpretation, but the early part of the discussion is concerned more with the end and aim of education and the purposes which it is intended to fulfil. These are not difficult to express in words. The development of every faculty so that it can be most wisely used; the formation of a character which will sustain the home, which will nevertheless at the crucial moment sink love of family in citizenship, citizenship in patriotism, and patriotism in devotion to humanity. We shall all agree that this view, expressed, though not exactly in those words, by a well-known educationist, is the only ideal that we may contemplate either within the walls of the school or beyond them. Whether conscious of such an aim or whether only dimly realizing the striving for it, all who have to do with the training of children are interested in its attainment.

In an article written some time ago for this magazine may be found these words: "Now man being made to live among men, we cannot go too far in the process of moulding the child

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\* Paper read before the Winchester Branch of the P.N.E.U.

for social life, in counteracting his egoistic instincts when they first unfold by the development of his altruistic and social instincts."

This first begins at home. In the free intercourse between brothers and sisters which rubs off all the corners, and where selfishness almost amounts to crime, the altruistic faculty has every opportunity. The larger the family, the wider the scope, the more certain the success. Different qualities unduly assert themselves according to the want of balance in the different temperaments and are as quickly reduced to normal proportions. In a nursery full of children the selfish one will find himself friendless, the little girl who runs away from a cow will grow brave under the stress of public opinion, and a show of ill-temper will be rewarded for weeks after by the pseudonym of "Lady Spit-fire."

In no case will any difference be made for girls. The success of this nursery democracy is the mainspring of the co-education theory. It is argued that the family life is the type of the social life and that we cannot do better than follow the lines laid down for us. A thoughtful person might think of one or two reasons why this argument is weak, but for the moment we will waive dissension, and consider this idea as one great argument in favour of keeping boys and girls together. They meet each other in the holidays, they mingle in the world together when they are grown up; why, then, for nine months in the year should they be kept apart, until gradually a barrier is formed between them, which though only slightly indicated by nature has been strongly emphasized by society? In these civilized days when need of reform asserts itself, it is not unwise to study simple methods, that is, natural methods. It follows then that the first object of education, namely, that of fitting a human being for family life, is best attained first, in a day school, secondly, in a co-education school.

But we must go farther. The ideal man is to sink home in citizenship, that is love of his neighbours, his townfolk. He is a member of a large community in which each must bear his share for the common weal. His motto (that of a well-known modern school) must be "Work of each for weal of all" and by "all" is meant fellow-women as well as fellow-men. Will he be better fitted to work for and understand his women citizens if he has shared his boyhood with them?



Will he be a better or worse member of society because he has sat side by side at school with the girl whom he now takes down to dinner, and will they have the less to say because they have had interests in common? It is a question which remains yet to be answered in practice. Theoretically there seems no flaw. It is at this point that a problem arises which it is impossible to do more than touch upon in this paper, the relation of men and women, or rather, perhaps of grown-up boys and girls.

If this relationship is all that can be desired, then so far as its social side is concerned our present education is adequate. If on the other hand there are those who are dissatisfied with existing conditions, they may find a remedy in the influence of mixed schools. It is a point upon which it is difficult to offer any opinion, but we are in a state of evolution, and possibly in a future age so-called love will not step in and break friendships so ruthlessly as now. Another point following close upon this one is the question of chivalry, and here it must be owned the enemies of co-education will find food for argument. It is, they say, the death-blow to chivalry, and there is but one answer, that a virtue so easily done to death is no virtue at all. We are told by the experienced that chivalry is already doomed because the majority of women over men and the necessity of their earning a living has already placed them socially, not above or below, but upon an equality with men and sharing halfpence means sharing blows. This need not be, and co-education properly carried out may be one of the preventives to this apparent evil brought about by the inevitable changes in society. Co-education, badly done, would bring about just what is feared, and girls would have to fight their way metaphorically and literally.

As a matter of fact experience seems to show that boys are not rough and rude to girls in the same school; they simply ignore them, the tendency being to imitate neither the mediæval knight nor the mediæval ruffian, while there is a school, not altogether obscure, where the girls have taken matters into their own hands and ridden the high horse, at least as far as class-work goes, over their weaker brethren. The remedy of both these extremes lies in the hands of the head master and his staff.

We have now reached the third stage in the education programme, namely, that of patriotism. So much has been said about this during the last twenty years in connection with child-training that it may be dismissed with a few words, and those are only necessary as showing the relation of public schools to the question at issue. England is immensely proud of its patriotism and England is immensely proud of what it holds to be the nursery of patriotism, its public schools. To the *esprit de corps* born and fostered there we owe partly, at least, that strong national feeling which we call loyalty to king and country and which is shared by an entire people in common, one with the other to the exclusion of private interest. Will the lukewarm spirit of a mixed school supplant this enthusiasm, almost the finest result of English training? One cannot, even in the most hostile spirit, suppose that it would, but of this we may rest assured, the public schools lie quite outside the co-education question. As all the world knows, they are not perfect institutions, but because of the self-government which their methods teach, because of the courage, the tact, and the self-control which a boy may learn in them, they will stand untouched by the modern spirit of change in this respect for many a long day. We are dealing now with the high schools and the new boarding schools of which the cry is increasingly, "they come, they come!"

Let us now go into the matter more in detail. This scheme was started in America and in America it seems to flourish. Notwithstanding that it has been recently said, "co-education is decreasing in the country districts," it is correct to say that at the present time education there is mixed; statistics prove it beyond a doubt. But Americans object to boarding schools, we like them; and at once the subject of our paper assumes more importance. Shall our boarding schools be mixed? Let us discuss this a moment from the girls' standpoint and find out what are the advantages and disadvantages. Any one who has had experience of both kinds of schools will probably be struck with one fact. Girls in a mixed school are very proud of their position as pioneers, and consider their circumstances much more fortunate than those of the old-fashioned schoolgirl. It is, however, quite a question whether they are really having so good a time. Many

girls from twelve to fourteen are sensitive and shy and the companionship of boys is not congenial. They simply make friends with other girls. Knowing what glorious places a few modern girls' schools are, one cannot help feeling that the privileges of the advanced are somewhat dearly bought. Again, twelve years of age is early to send a girl away from home. Every girl should lead a corporate life for a few years, if only to get rid of the sense of her own importance, but the later the better, and college life will do this as well or better than school life. The drawback of a co-education boarding school might be redeemed by an immaculate lady superintendent, but here a host of minor difficulties arises. If the head is married his wife must superintend the girls, and it goes without saying that her influence over them will be small. Either she will have children of her own and so never seem quite to belong to them, or, since she is married, they will feel intuitively that they do not stand first with her. The women who have done so much for girls in their schools have been unmarried. The ideal matron of the girls' house is a possible solution, but it must be borne in mind that in England she can never be the head and her influence will be proportionately limited. Therefore the idea of typifying the home life in all its aspects must be given up.

In regard to the details of discipline, punishments, and athletics, much might be written, but space is limited, and as all of these three can be regulated to fit the altered circumstances, they do not bear to any extent upon the question. A point of more importance is the actual work studied, and we shall all agree that this is of greater consequence to the boy than the girl. Whatever standard, whatever curriculum is necessary to the former, that standard and that curriculum must be established, and that this implies no disparagement with respect to the girls will be seen when we consider the different kinds of life led by men and women. A man is essentially active, his work is action, and the sphere he will fill in the future depends (apart from character) upon the material he has amassed for use in his early days. His education must be utilitarian, and what he learns at school, be he mathematician, scholar, statesman, or man of business, must be the foundation of knowledge that will be used for its own sake. Now turn to woman's work. It is a truism to

say that with the few exceptions that prove the rule, no woman is a great thinker, philosopher, poet, inventor, musician; her work is rarely active or visible, and though this does not for a moment mean that it is inferior to that of the man, it proves undoubtedly that it is different. It is the woman with the finest intuition who is best equipped for life. Up to sixteen years of age it is a matter of small consequence what a girl studies. If she has to specialize she can well do so after that age, but until then whatever she learns is grist to the mill. She will assimilate and use it afterwards in her own way which will almost always be an indirect one. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to add that, of course, some differences must be made in the school time-table, but these are so slight that they need raise no discussion.

The recreation time and the question of games needs some thinking out. Girls again show a tendency to go back to girls and boys to boys in the free time, but since the average girl cannot play cricket and never will play football this is not a matter of surprise. It is impossible that there can be quite the same bond of feeling if half the school cannot enter into it actively, and perhaps here something must be sacrificed. At all events, nothing must be forced and to co-educate at unsuitable times, or in a manner clearly indicated as foolish, would be a far greater mistake than that of total separation.

There now remains to discuss only the moral standpoint of our subject, the most important of all and upon which nevertheless all opinion must be indefinite. In one of the special government reports recently published after investigations in America one may read these words, "To whatever cause it may be attributed the entire courteous devotion of American men to their wives is a pleasant sight to see." This is the outside of the platter, and helps to settle the question of chivalry, but it also indicates real devotion, as if the wife were also friend and companion. The supposition then that co-education will prevent happy marriages is an untrue one. The writer goes on to say, "It seems an admitted fact that girls become more full of resource and capable of much self-reliance, that boys gain in refinement and in a deeper respect for girlhood." There are still many people who complain of the want of manners found in high

school girls. Frances Mary Buss, recognising what might be an evil, maintained a system of discipline in minor matters undreamt of by the ordinary public school boy. Experience has since taught that rowdiness in girls is not conquered by suppression, for it really arises from the emotions at a time when it would do much harm for them to be pent up. The immense amount of want of self-control in later years may in many cases be traced to too much of it in early ones. Girls need not be noisy and rough, but they want as much free play for every side of their character as a boy, and the enormous increase in athletics for girls bears witness to this. If we teach our boys and girls together we must be careful lest the pendulum swing too far in the other direction ; lest a poor imitation of masculinity be looked upon as a growth in self-reliance. There is a danger of this in the case of a large majority of boys, but just as in the home a girl with many brothers is as gentle as one with none, so it may be in a larger community. It is the staff who are responsible, for the girls will follow their standard instinctively, and it may be said in passing that any education that enables them to meet with wise fortitude the coming years is the one to be advocated apart from other considerations. Mental balance is all-important for boys and girls, but particularly for the latter, and a society built up of girls alone is not its best training-ground. There is a healthier if rougher tone in the mixed schools. With regard to the boys, it is only the schoolmaster who is fully qualified to speak. Their simpler natures make thoughtfulness less habitual, and it is possible the brute sensations find a readier response in them than the girls ; at all events it is very natural and easy to them to use their fists ; so it may be that some of the training hitherto devoted to girls might be expended upon them profitably, and since all of this is only vague surmise we must agree to wait for results before it can be unanimously declared that co-education has or has not conferred some benefit morally upon both sexes.

Another result, and a very far-reaching one, is that it will open the teaching profession still further to women. Instead of the small boys only being given into their charge they will be found capable of taking the higher mixed classes, and if we again study the reports we shall see that this leads more

and more to the monopoly of teaching by women. We may, indeed, read of America, "It is now quite possible for a youth to pass through all the grades of education from the primary school to the high school, thence to the end of a university course, without ever having been taught by a man." Here in England, with tradition weighing so heavily in the balance against the forward movement, it seems beside the mark to hint at such a condition, and we may rest assured that the day will not come when English boys acknowledge a head mistress, as it appears those of other countries occasionally do. The same writer, Sir Joshua Fitch, goes on to say, "All are agreed that the best characteristics, both of man and of woman, ought to be enlisted in the work of education, and that the services of both are indispensable. But at what particular stage in the career of a boy or girl there is most need of the more virile and masterful discipline, and what are the subjects and the kinds of instruction which are best suited for teachers and learners of the two sexes respectively, we have yet much to learn." In respect of discipline and influence, the devotion of a boy for his master from the age of twelve to that of eighteen goes far to prove that English educators have not greatly erred. At that period a woman's influence upon him must be secondary, not because it is the custom, but because the nature of the boy himself has so ordained it. Outside the parents, of whom we are not now speaking, the master is the boy's hero, the embodied example of his ideals, the fixed centre of his youth from which his noblest aspirations spring, to whom he ever returns as the complexities of life gradually unfold before him. As he thinks the boy will think, as he acts the boy will act, following after lamely it may be, sometimes even outstripping, but ever pervaded in his most impressionable years by a sense of guidance and sympathy.

The same is true of girls and their mistresses, and this relation of pupil to teacher is so beautiful a thing that to destroy it would be an unpardonable crime, and so delicate that even to remark it is sometimes the cause of its disappearance. Let us beware that we do not rush in with our clumsy new methods to dissever this sacred bond. For this reason as well as some others of a minor nature, the advocates for co-education must not be too expeditious in their action, above all they must not use force. When a reform creeps in without

noise or vulgar push, we may know that it has come in due time, and then we may find that only good is the result of a progression that is natural and in order. Meanwhile, those who see every advantage in the new movement need not despair, for it rests with them whether the idea shall be accepted by those whose high motives are the common good, or whether it shall be tainted by the patronage only of the eccentric and extraordinary. There is no need to think that secondary education as it is carried on in England at the present time is so far behind America, for those who have thoroughly investigated the methods of both countries give us reason to believe that, though our schools may be backward in regard to modern appliances, the tone of the education is unequalled. Different countries and people need different treatment, and while retaining always an open mind, let us remember that America has no such schools already established as those of which we are so justly proud. This is not the voice of insular prejudice. So great was the impression made by our best public schools for boys and girls upon one educationist who came to report upon them, that he is endeavouring to build up something upon the same lines in America. The schools that he visited are not, it is true, among those that we would reform in the matter of co-education, but such a testimony from an American who has made a study of the subject is well worth consideration, and we may fall back on it gratefully when strenuous pioneers denounce existing conditions as rotten and decayed. There is, however, a double meaning to that much-tried and long-suffering word, education. Its definition is usually held to be a leading forth of that which is in the mind and disposition of the child, and this is the fundamental principle upon which our present methods, harmonious or discordant, have been based; a second interpretation, that of leading forth into the working world, has been hitherto in a large measure overlooked; the older institutions, at all events, with regard to their curriculum, seem to have taken into small account the utilitarian value of training. Co-education is one of the radical changes by which it is hoped this second meaning of education may be more efficiently carried out; its promoters are confident that the conditions of a mixed school portraying in miniature those of a larger community, will bring about still better and happier conditions than those which already exist.

Having now run briefly through the chief results of this co-ordinate school life as regards home, society and the world, we will close by glancing for a moment at something which transcends all of these, namely, the ultimate ideal. In respect of this, all the elaborate appliances of America, all the newest and most carefully evolved methods, are as dross compared with the desire and thought constantly directed towards our children. A standard of living, being and doing, may be put before them in words; a thousand times during their school life they may be told of things that are most worth because they are most lasting, but never will the small mind be touched unless the words are an expression of honest thought directed from the teacher to the taught. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," is a truth established by experience and by a still higher authority; it is apparently left to this century to show how greatly the man, especially in the early years of childhood, may be influenced by the thoughts of those surrounding him. If those to whom you have committed the care of your children are such as you would wish them to be like, it is a small matter whether the apparatus be the most modern, or even whether the school is a mixed one. It is wisely said :—

"Old things need not be therefore true,  
O brother men, nor yet the new."

For, though both time and method are indispensable to the evolution of truth, its essence is independent of either, and the key to the success of present and future education lies not in outward forms, but in the characters of those who undertake it.



## THE THEOLOGY OF SALLY.

BY SONIA CROSS.

SALLY was praying: praying as she understood prayer, and this was what she said, "Oh God, I pray Thee let my rose-tree have a bud on it, like Dolly's. Father, I know Thou canst do everything, and I know that if Thy child asks believing Thou wilt give what he asks; so, Lord, I pray Thee let there be one bud, one single bud on my tree."

Sally had run up after breakfast into her little bed-room, and knelt down, breathless, partly from running and partly from a pleasant and yet awful excitement. She had shut her eyes tight, and forced herself to call up a vivid picture of heaven, so that she might be really speaking to God, and now she saw clearly a foreground of very green, very glassy sea, and across the water, broad, white marble steps, leading to a white throne. The throne was a capacious arm-chair, with a straight back, and queer winged Assyrian-looking beasts forming the arm-rests; a canopy of bright blue velvet, spangled with silver stars, stretched behind and above it, and on the throne sat God. Yes, she saw God. He was like to a very old man, so much she knew, although the face was not very distinct; but it was an old face, and the long waving hair and beard that hung round it were very white and silky. His garment was flowing white, with a beautiful, embroidered key-pattern in gold all round the edge. Sally even saw God's sandalled foot appearing from beneath the garment, and resting on the globe, which is God's footstool. Of course a person would have found it a terribly cold one, for the globe was the right way up, so that the foot rested on the North Pole, but God could make that the coldness did not affect Him.

So Sally knew she was in God's presence, and knew, too, that she had asked very plainly and trustingly for what she wanted, and had used as far as she remembered words like those of the Prayer-book, even down to the masculine pronoun that she mentally set in italics.

She got up quietly from her knees, still feeling something of the mystery of the great white presence around her.

Slowly she left the room. Once outside, in the sun-bathed passage, the awful chilly whiteness seemed to half melt away before an inward glow of happiness and satisfaction, which betrayed itself in a little smile of confident contentment.

She had been so distressed when she ran out that bright June morning before breakfast and found that there was *still* no bud on her tree. Dolly's had three on it already, and yet Dolly was away at school and could not care about them; it seemed almost a waste. And Sally did so long for one, because mother was coming home in a week's time, and it would be so lovely to have a rose off her own tree to give her. She felt jealous, until conscience suddenly made itself heard, and the Tenth Commandment ran through her mind. "Covet" meant want what is someone else's; no one would ever be likely to covet the Kelly's tumble-down house, nor yet cross old Mrs. Kelly, and they were the only neighbours within two miles of Sally's home, and had no servant, no ox, and no ass; but Dolly was certainly Sally's neighbour in the matter of gardens, and it was not possible to exclude a rose from the comprehensive finish to the Commandment, the "anything" that was evidently put in on account of the variety of human tastes and inclinations.

"So if I covet her rose," reasoned Sally, "I shall be transgressing a jot or a tittle, I don't know which; but that's as bad as transgressing all, and I shall go to hell all the same"; and the thought of flames and fierce dragons, too terrible to be clearly defined, caused a look of dismay to shadow the big grey eyes. But she determined to find some way out of the difficulty, and finally discovered that after all the Tenth Commandment was a rather superfluous one, because, if you want a thing very badly, there is no need to covet it, you have only to ask for it with great faith and you will get it, unless it is bad for you.

Sally had asked God several times for a rose-bud, but it had only come in with a miscellaneous list of other things that she had spoken of in her little extra evening prayer, so, although she really wanted the bud, perhaps she had not made clear how very special the want was. She therefore decided to make a perfect prayer, one that should contain enough faith to remove even Mount Everest into the middle of the ocean should it need to be applied to such an object.

Her mind pursued this fascinating subject, and she thought of the upset to the geography books and the confusion that would arise should the great faith miracle take place in the middle of an examination; all the girls who had said the mountain was in the Himalayas would be wrong, and perhaps fail on that account! But all that Sally longed for was the rose-bud, and that was quite a small thing compared with Mount Everest, and could surely be obtained for the same amount of faith.

So the prayer had been made. The solemnity was now over, and it only remained to witness the joyous accomplishment thereof.

Once downstairs, Sally snatched up her garden hat and ran out. How bright the sun was! "I do believe such a warm sun could bring out a bud without any help from God," thought Sally, "so that it won't *seem* like a miracle to other people when they see the bud, only of course I shall know that it *is* one. I wonder how big it will be?"

A curious creepy feeling ran through her little body and down her long legs, and then it seemed as if she were moving through the air without touching the ground. Presently she consciously slackened speed, and went down the terrace and round the peacock-yew not too fast, so as to give the bud plenty of time to get there.

"Well, my nemophila is out, at any rate, since breakfast—oh God! I thank Thee for that," she muttered as the patch of blue caught her eye from a distance. When she reached her own plot she stretched out a leg eagerly till one little foot was firmly planted in the middle of the bed, while the other remained on the path. Thus established, she cast a hasty, nervous glance over the rose-bush, but of course she did not expect to see the bud at the first look. She began a searching examination; patiently she handled every branch, she pulled apart the new leaves at the tips of the twigs, and scrutinized their formation; she gently pinched every place where it was possible that a bud could be found, but no hardness made itself felt anywhere.

"It must be here! I know it is," said Sally, but a sinking feeling began to drag at her heart. Her breath came quicker, and her cheeks burned. "I must have overlooked it," she whispered. Her legs were aching, but she renewed her

diligent search. Systematically she worked in circles round and round the bush, visiting every leaf, every knot, every tip. Her heart seemed to swell, and she felt a pain gripping her throat; she did not know that the brightness died out of her eyes, nor that the corners of her mouth began to droop; but she experienced the terrible unfathomable pang that accompanies the last flicker of hope.

Only one shoot remained. Dared she touch it? "I know it won't be there—I know it will." Conviction and credulity flashed their decrees simultaneously across her brain. She was trembling all over now. She turned away her head and pinched the tip of the spray. "Yes, I'm sure it's hard, I'm sure there's a bud," she whispered, but all the time, she knew, in her heart, that there was none. She forced her eyes to look; they saw a dainty leaf, with its leaflets folded tightly together, and at the tip of the stalk another excrescence which she knew would also in time develop into a leaf, but never into a bud.

The tears rushed into her eyes, but she brushed them away with the back of her hand, as she took again a firm pose, both feet now planted on the path. It was not a disappointment to her, it was a deception, and, as she stared at the little tree she felt everything unsteady, vaporous, vanishing around her. The tremor passed and the next moment Sally was standing with her arms hanging straight down at her sides, and her face turned up to the blue cloudless sky. "It's not true, about God," she was saying. "The blue goes on for ever and ever, and there's nothing beyond it. I've never got what I wanted by praying, so I shan't say any more prayers; if God had been there I *must* have found my bud."

## SEA-BIRDS.

BY S. HIRTZEL.

A BITTER east wind was blowing "great guns," and I stood on the long break-water, all "wimply" with the cold, yet those gulls were bathing. Yes, actually indulging in a cold tub, and seemingly enjoying the process. There were half-a-dozen black-headed gulls and a few big grey-backed gulls, in the pool made by a sand-bank, into which every seventh wave or so came swishing, filling it with foam. The black-caps were the most vigorous bathers, indeed they appear to be more lively than the bigger gulls. Amongst the group of birds on the beach were several of a darker hue, and, at first, I thought they belonged to another species altogether. But after watching them for some time I found them to be young gulls of the year—one a black-cap and the others grey-backs. They were quite a dark brown colour, and had a mottled appearance in the distance, owing to the striping of the feathers. The beak was a dirty yellow (colours) with black markings. Somehow they looked bigger than the old birds; perhaps their colouring had something to do with it.

The black-cap gull at this time of the year belies its name, for its head is snowy white. The feathers undergo some peculiar change as the winter approaches. This change is not the same as the ordinary autumn moult, but takes place in the pigment cells. The colouring of this gull in winter is almost exactly the same as that of the big grey-backed gull, with the exception of two crescent-shaped black patches behind the eye, which give the bird quite a peculiar appearance. Its legs also are slender and blood-red as is the beak, while the bigger gull has pale orange-coloured legs and beak. As I stood on the break-water, the birds rose in the air and took their stand over the stream which enters the sea at this point. I say, took their stand, for that is exactly what they seemed to do. They appear to have the power of remaining poised in one place, and to tread air as they so often tread the water. Their feet are not drawn up as with

land-birds, but are carried stretched under the tail, and are occasionally used like an oar. Their mode of rising from the ground is rather peculiar; instead of using the crouch and spring action of a land-bird, they take three or four big strides with the wings uplifted, and then, with a vigorous take-off of the left foot spring into the air like a man jumping sideways over a bar.

These gulls do not swim much, except in very calm weather, but are generally seen just skimming the water with wings outspread and feet treading water. They are not dainty feeders, indeed you generally find them hovering over a stream into which the rubbish of a town is poured, or crowding round the spot where the scavenger dumps his cart, lifting dainty feet, and looking strangely out of place like little whited sepulchres.

It is only in the winter that the black-cap frequents the shore, in summer he goes inland or to the estuaries along the coast. Most sea-birds are voracious feeders, like their foster-mother the all-devouring sea, and, like her, they are unceasingly on the move. I saw a pretty sight one day. Walking down to the cliffs, past low-lying meadows, whose high thorn hedges make a shelter from the wind, we came across a flock of sea-gulls sitting on the grass. There was an off-shore breeze newly sprung up, which was beginning to break up a wall of fog, day-long on the sea. The gulls, disturbed, rose in the air all silent, till they caught the lift of the wind, then "sho-ooo" down they sailed with still, outspread wings and the joy of a small boy on a toboggan, right into the mist-curtain and out of sight, leaving a picture as haunting as that of the Gowbarrow Park daffodils.

Often as we go down to the sea we stop to watch the gulls as they follow the plough, and very handsome they look against the "good red earth," which by the way is blackish yellow in this eastern county. The gull haunts the plough as the robin haunts the gardener's spade and with the same object in view—worms.

More graceful than the gull with many of the same characteristics is the dainty tern with his slender flashing wings and black bonnet, fitly named "in the vulgar tongue" the sea-swallow. Seen on the wing he is like a tiny wind-driven grey and white cloud come down to touch Mother-earth at the gathering together of the waters.

At Blakeney, in Norfolk. you may see hundreds of these birds in the brooding season, for it is one of their chosen havens. Not much of a haven now, poor birds, haunted as it is by that objectionable and ever-increasing class of humanity—the “collector.” If they would only collect stones (there are plenty on the pebble ridge), or buttons, or even taxes instead of birds’ corpses and eggs! In spite of many enemies, however, the tern continues to visit Blakeney and to scrape holes above high-water mark for her eggs. She makes no nest, but just deposits them in a little hollow, and they are so cunningly coloured that a Philistine has hard work to discover them. The birds leave their eggs a good deal in hot weather, sitting on them at night and when it is chilly. If you go near the terns’ breeding-ground you are at once made aware that your presence is undesirable, for the parents fly round overhead and scream at you just as a green plover does.

At Blakeney, too, you may see the shore-haunting snipe and his many relations—sanderlings, greenshanks, oyster-catchers, &c. In fact almost any bird which is classed as “rare” or a “straggler” may haply come to this part of the East coast. It is as favourite a halting-place for migratory birds, as is Waterloo or Victoria station for migratory human beings. Many a rare sea-bird has come to Blakeney marshes, to be wiped off the face of the earth by the gun of some rabid “collector.” It is a melancholy task to walk through some of our big museums and to read the tickets on the bird cases. Here is a treasure—a great auk or gare-fowl, stuffed, with this device attached—“now extinct.” The strange creature, so agile in the water, yet so helpless and floppy out of its element, which fell such an easy prey on land, where cold-blooded sailor men did their utmost to exterminate him and unhappily succeeded. Strange stories are told of the last of the gare-fowl living in a cave or on a deserted island, lonely, aged, and disreputable.

Just opposite the great auk, in a big case, is the albatross, his enormous wings outstretched as if in protest at the indignity thrust upon him. Like a huge gander, with wings that measure nearly fourteen feet from tip to tip, he must indeed be a welcome sight far out at sea, no land within many miles, swinging over the grey water, tireless, friendly. No wonder the Ancient Mariner was devoured by remorse after

his foolish murder. Who but a very young or very idle salt would have destroyed the friendly "Sheep of the Cape"? In spite of his mild disposition, however, the gulls don't like him. Like the cuckoo, or a bedayed owl, he is often pursued by small sea-birds which torment him so that he is obliged to drop into the water and make a fight for it.

One of the most interesting of our sea-birds is the cormorant or corvorant. He is very much like his relation, the untidy pelican, out of the water—in build, that is; but *in* the water no living creature could be more graceful and agile than this bird with an ugly name. Lithe, swift as a streak of greased lightning, as brilliant as the flashing dragon-fly, he is a sight to be thankful for. Only one other creature have I seen to equal him in the water, and that is another fish-thief, the much abused otter; in fact when I first saw a cormorant in the water, shooting along with a wake of bubbles behind him, I thought an otter had taken to the sea. This bird sits very low in the water, only showing head and neck and appears rather to shoot along than to swim. The plumage of an adult bird is very handsome. A white collar goes half way round the neck, starting from under the beak and turning behind the eyes. The cheeks are greenish-yellow. The top of the head, neck, breast, and under parts lustrous greenish-black like a rook in full plumage. The feathers of the back and wings are brownish, bordered with the same lustrous tint as the rest of the body. The beak is blackish. The spring plumage is even more beautiful, but this I have not seen. The male bird develops a crest of metallic feathers and tufts of white feathers on the top of the head, neck and thighs. The cormorant has a peculiarly constructed head and beak to enable him to catch and hold large fish, the muscles of the upper mandible being remarkably strong and attached to an additional bone at the back of the head; the muscles of the lower mandibles are weak which enables the bird to drop it right back in swallowing a large fish. The cormorant will sit for hours at a time, drying himself in the sun and panting. He throws his head right back until it touches the wings and squats on a rock, basking like a dog, with the beak slightly open, blowing out the guttural pouch, and sticking out his wet feathers—a most ludicrous sight. The young birds are very ugly, being hatched naked, and having the skin of a purplish-black colour. They are nearly as clever in the water at about



six days as their parents. Cormorants are enormous feeders like all sea-birds, and there is a quaint old French rhyme which runs;—

“ Le Cormorant est oyseau bieu cognu,  
Hantant les eaux tant douces que salées,  
C'est luy par qui rivières sont pillées,  
Et des estangs l'annuel revenu.”

Like the gulls the cormorant is not entirely devoted to the sea, frequenting rivers and lakes sometimes quite a distance from the coast. But, like Proctor's Ocean-child, they must come back to the wild water sooner or later.

There is no space to speak of the many other sea-birds which frequent our coasts, not to mention those which do not, and their name is legion. Here is a picture of Allfowlsness from the dear old *Water Babies*:—

“ After a while the birds began to gather at Allfowlsness in thousands and tens of thousands, blackening all the air ; swans and brant geese, harlequins and eiders, harolds and garganeys, smews and goosanders, divers and loons, grebes and dovebies, auks and razor-bills, gannets and petrels, skuas and terns, with gulls beyond all naming or numbering ; and they paddled and washed and splashed and combed and brushed themselves on the sand till the shore was white with feathers ; and they quacked and clucked and gabbled and screamed and chattered and whooped as they talked over matters with their friends, and settled where they were to go and breed that summer, till you might have heard them ten miles off.”

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review* School), some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Leatherwork (Embossed).*

Group: Handicrafts. Class IV. Age: 16½. Time: 30—40 minutes.

BY L. ELEANOR CLENDINNEN.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To cultivate the artistic feeling in the pupils.
- II. To train them in neatness and in manual dexterity.
- III. To give training to the eye.
- IV. To introduce them to a new handicraft.
- V. To work, as far as possible in the time, the top of a penwiper.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Show the pupils a shaded drawing of the design, also a partly finished penwiper top, with the same design on it. When they have compared the two, they will see that the effect of light and shade is obtained in the leather by raising the light parts and pressing back the dark ones.

*Step II.*—Let the pupils trace the design on the leather with a pointer. Remove the tracing paper and accentuate the lines with a pointer. (This is best done with a wheel in a large design.)

*Step III.*—Damp the leather and with a moulder press the background away from the outline of the design, also the dark parts under the folds at the top of the petals and round

the centre. From behind raise up the light parts with a moulder, and fill the holes thus made with a mixture of sawdust and meal, wet enough to make a kind of rough thick paste. Press away the dark parts again, and make any ornamental lines, etc., while the stuffing is wet, as it soon dries very hard. For this reason a very little must be stuffed at once, in this design about one petal at a time.

*Step IV.*—Let the pupils punch their background or not as they prefer.

Work on my own half-finished piece of leather to avoid touching the pupils' work.

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## II.

*Subject: Advanced French (Gouin).*

Group: Languages. Class III. Age: 13 and 14. Time: 30 minutes.

BY C. N. HEATH.

### OBJECTS.

I. To teach the children a new poem in a foreign language.

II. To increase their French vocabulary and enable them to have a more ready command over the words already acquired.

III. To establish relations with the past of a foreign country, by arousing their interest in Christophe Plantin.

IV. To give them a good pronunciation in French.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Tell the children about Christophe Plantin, who was born at St. Avertin, near Tours, in 1514, and settled at Antwerp in 1549, where a few years later he started his work of printing and publishing, his greatest work being the *Biblia Polyglotta*. He died in 1589, the work being, however, carried on by the firm which consisted chiefly of his sons-in-law.

Show the children the postcards illustrating the house, which has been preserved to this day exactly as it was in Plantin's time.

*Step II.*—Put the title of the poem on blackboard, and make a word-picture of the poem, to fix the subject clearly in the minds of the children.

*Step III.*—Describe the verbs in the first verse in such a manner that the children can supply their French equivalents, and have them written on the blackboard by one of the pupils.

*Step IV.*—Treat the remaining words in the poem in the same manner, speaking as much as possible in French.

*Step V.*—Repeat the verse two or three times clearly and distinctly, and then ask the children to say it themselves. When they know it, show them the copy of the poem printed exactly as in the author's time, and with the actual type used in his day.

#### TREATMENT OF THE VERBS.

*Avoir*: verbe auxiliaire qui signifie de posséder à l'Infinitif.

*Tapissé*: verbe employé pour expliquer que le plancher est couvert d'une étoffe en laine.

*Posséder*: verbe pour exprimer qu'une chose vous appartient.

#### LE BONHEUR DE CE MONDE.

Avoir une maison commode propre et belle,  
Un jardin tapissé d'espaliers odorans,  
Des fruits, d'excellent vin, peu de train peu d'enfants,  
Posséder seul sans bruit une femme fidèle.

### III.

#### *A Talk about Original Illustrations.*

Group: Art. Age: 9 to 11. Time: 25 to 30 minutes.

BY LILLIAN LEES.

#### OBJECTS.

I. To give to the children some idea of composition, based on the work of the artist Jean François Millet.

II. To inspire them with a desire to study the works of other artists, with a similar object in view.

III. To help them with their original illustrations, by giving them ideas, carried out in Millet's work, as to simplicity of treatment, breadth of tone and use of lines.

## MATERIALS NEEDED.

See that the children are provided with paint boxes, brushes, water, pencils, rulers, india-rubber and paper.

Photographs of Millet's pictures.

A picture-book by R. Caldecott.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Introduce the subject by talking with the children about their original illustrations. Tell them how our great artists have drawn ideas and inspiration from the work of other artists; have studied their pictures, copied them and tried to get at the spirit of them.

Tell them that to-day we are going to study some of the pictures of the great French artist, Millet, some of whose works Mr. Yates has drawn for us on the walls of our Millet room; considering them to be models of true art.

*Step II.*—Tell the children a little about the life of Millet (giving them one or two pictures to look at meanwhile), give only a brief sketch, so that they will feel that he is not a stranger to them.

Just talk to them a little about his early childhood; how he worked in the fields; how he had two great books—the Book of Nature and the Bible, from which he drew much inspiration; how later on he went to Paris and studied the pictures of great artists, Michael Angelo among them.

*Step III.*—Show the pictures to the children, let them look well at them, and then draw from them their ideas as to the beauty and simplicity of the composition, the breadth of tone, and the dignity of the lines. Help them, sketching when necessary, to reduce a picture to its most simple form; half-closing their eyes to shut out detail, help them to get an idea of the masses of tone, &c. Tell them that a picture is a design on a large scale.

*Step IV.*—Let the children reproduce one of the pictures, working in water-colour with monochrome and making their washes simple and flat, reducing the tones to two or three.

*Step V.*—Suggest to them to study the works of other artists in a similar way, and show them how the books of R. Caldecott will help them in making their figures look as if they are moving.

## IV.

*Subject: Scripture.*

Group: History.      Class 1b.      Average age of children: 8,  
Time: 20 minutes.

BY MAY E. MOULE.

## OBJECTS.

- I. To increase in the child the love and knowledge of God.
- II. To give her a spiritual thought from the passage taken.
- III. To teach the story of Josiah and the Finding of the Law.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Tell the story to the child, only giving the necessary explanations.

*Step II.*—Read the story in the words of the Bible carefully and slowly with expression.

*Step III.*—Let the child narrate the account of the Finding of the Law, keeping as far as possible to the words of Scripture. Try to make her feel the lesson without stating it actually, *i.e.*, due reverence for the Word of God and repentance for sin.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

### *Subjects for March.*

I.—*Spring Flowers.*

II.—*A Study from a Butterfly*, giving the name and place where it is likely to be found, previous to an out-of-doors study of the same in the summer time.

III.—Contributions by the members, not to exceed six in number, of various works done by them—not with the Club.

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## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

We have most gratefully to acknowledge a generous gift of books from Mrs. Winkworth, including—

Sir Leslie Stephen's *Studies of a Biographer*, 4 vols.

Sabbatier's *Viè de S. François D'Assise*.

*The Cambridge Modern History: The Renaissance.*

Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, 6 vols.

### *Parents' Review School.*

EXAMINER'S REPORT.      *December, 1902.*

Again, an examination of the work sent in for report, as well as of the marks awarded by the parents, shows that a most creditable term's work has been done. The papers submitted are in a very decided majority of cases carefully and neatly arranged, well written, and clearly indicate that the syllabus has been loyally followed; but there is no improvement in the *number* of subjects sent in for examination.

History regains its former position as being the best prepared subject. English Grammar and Arithmetic show slight improvement on the whole. In Algebra, the few who have attempted the paper have done fairly. In Euclid, there are more who have done the propositions well; yet many still fail in the proof.

Natural History, Botany and Geography have been well done. Writing generally is good, but a few papers show that little or no care is given to

the subject. In Class IV. there are several exceptionally good papers in Bible lessons and Literature.

The Dictation exercise is very decidedly good, both in regard to spelling and writing. J. B.

Français, bon travail, la prononciation doit être surveillée, quelques devoirs étaient soigneusement faits. J. M.

The translation of the books is on the whole very creditably done. The retranslation leaves much to be desired as far as grammar is concerned.

M. D.

Papers will be returned on receipt of postage.

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The Easter Examination papers will be sent out for Monday, March 30th.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for March: Selection from Browning's Poems.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for March: From *Contract Sociale* (Rousseau).

The year of the two Societies ends with this month. The Hon. Sec. will be glad of some additional members for the Literary Society.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Possibly you may consider the enclosed brief notes worthy of insertion in the journal.

Yours, &c.,

6. The Beach, Walmer.

J. G. C. CURTIS.

### TEACHERS FROM A PARENT'S POINT OF VIEW.

Page 893 of *The Parents' Review* for Nov., in an article on "Parents from a teacher's point of view," contains an invitation to parents to express their views on the most common mistakes made by teachers.

I had hoped some society or some parents with larger experience than my own would have taken up this challenge.

The writer complains of the erroneous judgments of parents, based on the faulty evidence of their children. The remedy for this would seem to lie in teachers giving parents the fullest possible information regarding their children's life at school; both regarding work and play.

School magazines help to supply this want, particularly when they are issued not less often than once a term.

Again, do all schools send with the term report copies of the term examination papers?



Now, when it is necessary for a child to have coaching in a particular subject during the holidays, how often is this intimation sent only with the term report, which reaches the parent after the holidays have actually begun, in place of a week or two before, so that the parent might make the necessary arrangements beforehand?

As to the general complaint of the inroads on teachers' time that correspondence with parents makes, what would be thought of any other business concern which did not make proper arrangements for clerical work generally and correspondence with their clients in particular?

Do all teachers avail themselves of the most efficient and time-saving methods of conducting correspondence, namely, by employing a shorthand and typewriter on their staff?

Do all teachers invite parents to report on their children during the holidays and have they a report form for parents to fill in, to show parents on what points teachers wish for information?

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DEAR EDITOR,—I thought the following extract from the letter of a former St. Leonard's member who wished to join a London branch might interest your readers:—"Though not a mother but a Sunday school teacher and one much interested in the education of the young, I have found the magazines and meetings of this Society of so much use to me in my work, I am anxious to join again. I wonder often if it has occurred to others of how much use this Society can be to Sunday school teachers in helping them to understand the nature of their scholars and thus be able to teach them better, also if it has occurred to Sunday school teachers how much they can be helped by it. Speaking from experience, I have not only received much help personally, but have been able to help the parents of the children in the training of their young through it."

At the same time I would like to mention that an active interest in the P.N.E.U. is being taken by our Colonial members, a branch of the P.N.E.U. is likely to be formed in Melbourne, a lady at Bulawayo has interested six of her friends in the P.N.E.U., and they all now take in the *Parents' Review*, and a lady at Brisbane has collected a small circle of friends who meet and discuss articles appearing in the *Parents' Review*, which they all take in. Would it not be possible for more Colonial members to form reading circles of this description, where they are unable to obtain enough members to start a branch?

Yours faithfully,

F. NOEL ARMFIELD.

Sec. P.N.E.U.

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DEAR EDITOR,—I wonder whether any of your readers could tell me of a little French girl from 7 to 10 years old, who knows little or no English, who would come and stay with my little girl for from one to three months (not longer), so that they might chatter French together. I do not like to advertise or to answer advertisements, as I am afraid of getting an ill-bred child or one whose parents might disappear, leaving the child entirely on my hands; but want someone who can be recommended by a thoroughly reliable person. I should be very grateful for any hints as to the best way

to set about finding a child. There must be many French families in London who would be glad of the chance, if one could only come across them. Of course I could give highest references as to my own position, etc., etc., and the child would have every care and comfort, and could if desired go to school with my little girl, or I would not mind paying a small sum weekly to the parents. I should also be glad if any member could tell me the best paper in which to advertise for foreign ladies as governesses, companions, etc.

Yours truly,

Eversholt, Eastcote, Middlesex,

LILIAN CARMEN.

January 21st, 1903.

DEAR EDITOR,—I write on behalf of myself and the other members of the Library Sub-committee of the Central Executive Committee of the P.N.E.U., 26, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

May we, through you, ask readers of the *Parents' Review* for suggestions as to books, not already in our catalogue, which they would be glad to see in our Lending Library?

Over and above our usual funds for buying books, we now and again receive from Branches and from private individuals presents of money which we at once lay out in purchases. We have been able, just recently, to make a substantial addition to the Library from one of these sources.

On the selection of new volumes we expend a good deal of time and thought, but we should be really grateful if our friends will help us by suggesting the titles of books it would be desirable for us, in the general interest, to acquire. Our ambition is to obtain, for the grown-up section of the Library, all the books, and only those, which have ever strengthened any, parents for their life-work, and helped them to get, as from a tower, a wide and true view of things.

Besides this, we have greatly at heart the formation of a first-rate library of selected Children's Books (a library classified according to the ages of the readers) such as has nowhere else, to our knowledge, been attempted, strange as the omission may seem. We long to see every description of feeble printed rubbish banished *en bloc* from nurseries and playrooms by the children themselves, and, if they get hold of the right children's books—the vivid, able, marrowy books—from the beginning, this process will inevitably follow. I was struck by the excellent letter, signed "G. L. F.," which appeared in the February *Parents' Review*, on the subject of a Standard Child's Library, and I would say "Amen" heartily to every word of it. Readers of the *Parents' Review* can greatly assist us in our endeavours to create such a library in Victoria Street if they will be so kind as to send us the titles of books that taught themselves when young, or are now teaching their children to "see and love all that is good and noble in this world rather than what is trivial and worthless." We few individuals of the Library Committee cannot hope to keep pace with all the suitable good books that issue from the press. We appeal for suggestions from a larger circle.

I am, dear Editor,

Sincerely yours,

12, Warwick Road,

FLORENCE MARY PARSONS.

Paddington, London, W.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.

CARDIFF.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Collendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

LUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer:* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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Branches of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Bristol and Croydon. Will members having friends in either of these districts kindly communicate with Miss F. Noël Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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BIRMINGHAM.—The Feb. meeting was postponed, but it is hoped that in March Lady Isabel Margesson will read a paper on "That Old-fashioned Education is Unnatural."

BOLTON AND FARNWORTH.—A meeting was held at Farnworth, at the house of Mrs. Harold Barnes, on Monday, Feb. 2nd, when a delightful paper was read by Miss Lucy Harrison, of York, on "The Cultivation of the Literary Taste in Young Children." The paper was very much

enjoyed and there was some discussion. Miss Harrison urged that if children from the first were made familiar with the best books, written in good style, they would turn to them in after years rather than waste time over rubbish. She also put in a plea for the use of books not written only for children, but appreciated by them.

BRONDESBURY AND KILBURN.—On Feb. 13th, Mrs. Cunningham read an interesting paper on "The Education of our Girls." Mrs. Cunningham particularly urged the formation of character at an early age, and in the matter of obedience pointed out that parents should first teach this as a habit, and afterwards as a matter of duty. Girls, she maintained, must be educated, and the talents they possessed should be trained to the utmost, in order that they could live by them if necessary. Preparation for home life, including the care of children, was an important factor in a girl's education, and this part of her curriculum should not be put off until after she had left school.

DARLINGTON.—On Dec. 11th, 1902, Miss Hart-Davis lectured on "The Aims and Organization of Natural History Clubs." The lecturer began by giving an interesting account of the work carried on during the last five years by the Reading Natural History Club, after which she made many valuable suggestions for the study of Natural History and the best means of interesting children in Nature. The following day, at Polam Hall, Miss Hart-Davis gave a charming address to children on "The Winter Sleep of Animals and Plants." The lecturer began by reading part of Tennyson's "Sleeping Beauty," and told the children how this sweet old fairy tale had most probably sprung from a legend founded on the power of the sun-god to awake sleeping nature. The lecturer then described the winter sleep of the bear, the hedgehog, the dormouse, bat, snail, etc. The audience of little people listened with the greatest attention, and seemed to understand and enjoy every word of the lecturer's delightful address. The January lecture has been postponed to April 6th, owing to the inability of the Bishop of Durham to be present on the date arranged.

DERBY.—The lecture on Jan. 19th, by the Rev. A. Thornley, on "Carnivorous Plants" (illustrated by excellent lantern slides) was a great treat. His perfect acquaintance with his subject and enthusiasm for nature make Mr. Thornley a charming lecturer, and it is to be regretted that a greater number of members and their children did not avail themselves of the privilege of hearing him. On Feb. 9th, an attentive audience listened to a thoughtful address by the Rev. Frederick Platt, on "A child's soul." The lecturer began by discussing three theories of the origin of a child's soul : (1) that of Wordsworth's

"With trailing clouds of glory do we come,  
From God, Who is our Home."

(2) that of each child's soul being a separate creation ; (3) that of transmission through the parents. He then went on to speak of the "awakening," the "calling," and the "charm" of a child's soul. The attendance at the last two lectures has by no means been as large as might have been expected, and it is to be hoped that members will muster well for the final lecture of the season by Mrs. Clement Parsons, on March 12th, entitled "The training of the will."

DULWICH.—On Jan. 22nd, Miss Beth Finlay came and lectured on "The Restlessness of Modern Youth," and was listened to with great interest and appreciation by a good audience of members and visitors, and some discussion ensued.—On March 4th Miss Buckton has kindly promised to come and speak on "The Work of Sesame House: an experiment in the after-school life of girls."—On March 20th Dr. Helen Webb will lecture on "Neurotic Children."

EDINBURGH.—On Jan. 15th, Dr. Clouston spoke on the "Counteracting of the Evil Effects of Heredity in children." He spoke very encouragingly of the possibility of counteracting many tendencies by surrounding the children with a favourable environment, and dwelt on the importance of teaching them habits of order and self-control. He deprecated encouraging the so-called precocious child, who developed rapidly in some directions at the expense of the whole. Speaking of diet Dr. Clouston recommended a generous supply of milk and cereals, and as little meat as possible, during the early years, and strongly condemned the use of stimulants as medicine. The meeting was very largely attended, and some very interesting discussion took place after the lecture.

FOREST HILL.—The annual business meeting of the above branch was held on Jan 23rd, at 7.30 p.m. The Rev. A. F. Bird was in the chair. The Treasurer's report was read and showed a balance at end of Dec. of £7 16s. 4d. Mr. Bird informed the meeting of the resignations of Mr. Elliman, Hon. Treasurer, and Mrs. Thornbery, Hon. Secretary, both on account of leaving the neighbourhood. As several other resignations had been received, reducing the membership to 17, Mr. Bird, before proceeding to elect new officers, asked the opinion of the members as to the advisability of keeping on the branch. Miss Armfield attended the meeting as representative from the Union, and urged the desirability of keeping on the branch, and told of other branches whose membership at one time had been lower than Forest Hill, but which were now flourishing branches. After further discussion, a resolution was passed, dissolving the branch and voting the balance, after liabilities had been settled, to the P.N.E.U. After the conclusion of the above business members had the pleasure of listening to a splendid paper by Miss Beth Finlay, which was filled with most valuable suggestions for the decreasing of the spirit of "Restlessness of Modern Youth."

GLASGOW.—On Feb. 4th, Councillor Wm. Martin gave an interesting address on "The Educational Teaching of Ruskin." In *Sesame and Lilies* he avers that modern education is simply "thinking wrong on every conceivable subject." He points out that "education as a good in itself" is less sought after than "education befitting one's station in life," and that men forget that the true advance in life consists in the deepening and broadening of a man's nature. Ruskin does not forget that environment cannot rob a man of his self-determining power, but he lays the more stress on environment because, when he wrote, it was little thought of. Moral education consists in making the creature clean, obedient, and practically serviceable to other creatures; intellectual education, in giving the creature the faculties of admiration, hope and love. Music, drawing, dancing, he includes among serious subjects, as outward grace is the sign of inward grace. His ideal school has a

workshop attached, as he holds that hands and head should go together. At the close of this interesting address some discussion followed, and the lecturer was very warmly thanked for the treat he had afforded.

**HAMPSTEAD.**—A meeting was held on Feb. 17th, at 1, Fitzjohn's Avenue, by kind invitation of Mr. Debenham, when Mr. Nesbitt lectured on the Educational Bill regarded from an educational standpoint, and the chair was taken by Dr. William Garnett. The lecturer criticised the Act favourably, but pointed out the many ways in which state education might be still further reformed.—The next meeting of this branch will take place on Wednesday, March 18th, at 8 30 p.m., at Heddon Court, Rosslyn Hill, when Eustace Miles, Esq. (Amateur Tennis Champion), will lecture on "Physical Training," the chair being taken by H. Frampton Stallard, Esq.

**HARROW.**—On Jan. 28th, at Northwood, Mr. Kearton lectured to the children on "British Birds in their haunts." The room was crammed, literally; and vociferous was the final cheering when the delightful entertainment was all over.—On Feb. 11th, Mr. Gilbert Chesterton very kindly gave a lecture on "Patriotism," Miss Coles in the chair. The lecturer began by saying that the things which nobody can define are the most important things in the world. Among them are such things as patriotism, love, friendship. Patriotism rests upon nationalism, on a real difference between races. This sense of nationality is the smaller entity inside humanity, and you must teach patriotism as you would teach any other enthusiasm. In some way of course patriotism may be said to be a question of pedestrianism, but the thing itself—the real emotion—is undefinable, and yet very real.

**HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.**—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. "At Home" Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—On Jan. 22nd, a lecture was given by F. Yates, Esq. on "How to Teach Children to Draw." There was a very large attendance and the lecture was much appreciated.—On Feb. 11th Professor John Adams lectured on "Mental Backgrounds." The lecture was deeply interesting and gave much valuable psychological teaching which could not fail to be helpful to the members in dealing with their children, and generally with other human beings. There was an attendance of over 70.—On March 13th, at 3.30 p.m., Dr. Helen Boyle will lecture on "The Use and Abuse of Nervous Energy in Girls and Young Women," at 98, Harley Street (by kind permission of Mrs. Morley Fletcher), Mrs. R. Devonshire in the chair.

**IPSWICH.**—The first lecture for the year was given on Jan. 14th, by Miss Parish (ex-student, House of Education, Ambleside), upon the subject of "Holiday Occupations." The lecture throughout was bright and helpful, touching upon the importance of children not alone spending their holidays on themselves, but doing little acts of kindness, such as making gifts for, reading to, or amusing others. Miss Parish gave parents some good hints how to fill the children's holidays to the best advantage, what different employments there were for all ages, and how best to rest the children's brains after a term's work, and also let them look back upon a happy time after the holidays are over. The chair was kindly taken by the Rev. W. E. Fletcher, in the Rev. R. B. Barker's unavoidable absence. A short discussion followed.

LEEDS.—On Jan. 28th a drawing-room meeting took place at the Vicarage (by the kind invitation of Mrs. Gibson), when the Rev. J. R. Wynne-Edwards gave a valuable address to mothers on the "Moral Training of Boys." There was a large attendance, and the address was much appreciated by all who heard it.

LEWES.—A meeting of this branch was held on Feb. 4th, when the Rev. Dr. Belcher gave a very interesting address upon "Old Lewes." The chair was very kindly taken by Mr. George Holman, in the unavoidable absence, through indisposition, of Viscount Gage.

READING.—The fiftieth meeting of the branch was held on Thursday, Jan. 29th, Dr. Hurry being in the chair, when Miss Bolam read an excellent paper entitled, "Story Telling to Little Children," and recommended a number of stories from the classics and from history, and explained how even scientific stories and tales of industries and so on could be made interesting as well as instructive, but she strongly condemned, and in this she was supported by subsequent speakers, ghost stories and tales of that sort. There was a good attendance of members.—*Natural History Club*.—On Jan. 27th, a talk called, "Something about Birds," was given by Dr. Joy, in the Abbey Hall, to a most appreciative audience, mostly composed of children. The lecturer began by showing the children some very good slides of birds, he showed them first common birds such as the rook, peewit, and mcorhen, which they were proud to be able to recognize. He then showed slides of many birds he had seen and watched while staying in Norfolk, and described the appearance and habits of each most graphically, imitating their cries by whistling. Dr. Joy told most amusing stories of his two tame seagulls, and also of birds he had puzzled by persistently imitating their notes. The children showed great interest in all the lecturer told them, and at the end two questions were asked.

REIGATE.—On Feb. 6th, Miss Helen Webb, M.B., gave a lecture on "Habit." Miss Webb prefaced her lecture by a few remarks to the new branch on some of the leading ideas of the P.N.E.U. She dwelt upon the interest of the Union in education, not only from the point of view of school life, but in the wider sphere, the training of character. In the training of character one of the most important factors is the formation of habits. Habit, Miss Webb defined as the tendency to do more readily that which has been done before, that is, a habit is a chain of impressions or acts linked into a whole, so that they are carried on independently of the will. The easiest method to form the habit is by precedent—a little child will always imitate those about him. The most powerful means, however, is to enlist the child's will on your side by the presentation of a strong initial idea that will make him want to form the habit. Great care must be taken never to allow an exception to occur until the habit becomes rooted, because the action is of greater importance than the thought, though the thought inspires the action. Miss Webb then considered the question as to what actions one should train as habits, and what ought always to be voluntary conscious actions. The audience listened with great interest to Miss Webb's lecture and several members asked questions. A number of ladies gave in their names as new members—The next meeting of the branch will be held on March 24th, at the Old

Rosary, Earlswood Common (by kind permission of Mrs. Sewill). Mrs. Sieveking will then open a discussion on "The Educational Value of the Study of Natural History." Collections of natural objects will be on view.

RICHMOND AND KEW.—In Dec. a united meeting of the Teachers' Guild and our Branch was held at the County Schools, when a very interesting discussion took place on the "Registration of Teachers' Order in Council." Many teachers attended and great interest was shown in the subject.—On Feb. 7th, a meeting was held at Haverfield, Kew, when Rev. A. Hutton read a paper on "Bible Teaching To-day." The difficulties were fairly faced, and an able discussion followed on non-sectarian lines. There was a good attendance.

WANSTEAD AND WOODFORD.—On Jan. 17th last, the Hon. Secretary entertained the members of this branch at Minto House, Miss Fanny Johnson (late Head Mistress of Bolton High School) lectured on "The Educative Influences of London"; Dr. Albert Wilson presided. The lecturer commenced her subject with what Stevenson has called "the great out-of-doors," showing her audience that even in London no child who had access to a park or public garden need be brought up quite in ignorance of Nature. That the botanist, the naturalist, the entomologist, is not obliged to leave his London for specimens had been amply proved by Charles Kingsley. Much regret was expressed by the members with regard to the retirement of their Hon. Sec., Mrs. Wilson, owing to her leaving the neighbourhood. We are glad to announce that her place has been kindly filled by Mrs. Hayter, B.A., and Mrs. Frank Warner.—On Friday, Feb. 13th, the members assembled to hear Miss Rowland Grey give a most interesting lecture on "1802-1902, a social contrast." The lecture led to a lively conversation in which most members joined. A very pleasant hour was brought to a close by a vote of thanks being moved to Miss Rowland Grey and to Mrs. Fowler.

WINCHESTER.—On Jan. 31st, for which occasion Mrs. Burge very kindly lent her drawing-room, Mr. Sadler gave a most interesting lecture on "Pestalozzi." It was not possible in an hour to do more than sketch the outlines of life and character of this remarkable man whose influence on education is felt and realized by us to-day. The powerful and graphic description given by Mr. Sadler of the gradual growth and development of Pestalozzi's ideas (unconsciously influenced by English thought and literature), his utter self-forgetfulness in nobly trying to carry out those ideas, even the portrayal of his faults (for he was recklessly extravagant and unpractical) could not detract from the feeling of reverence and admiration as one listened to the life-story of this undoubted hero. Everyone expressed their gratitude to Mr. Sadler for his stirring address. Mrs. Creighton will lecture on "Religious Teaching," at the Headmaster's House (The Cottage), on Monday, March 9th, at 3 o'clock.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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## THE EDUCATION BILL FROM AN EDUCATIONAL STANDPOINT.

BY H. A. NESBITT, M.A.

WHEN I was first asked to suggest a subject for the present paper, I was suffering from recent bereavement, and I trusted to be able to work out afterwards the details of the treatment I should give to it. I had not at the time studied the Education Bill closely, and I only gathered from the descriptions of its objects in the Government journals that it was intended to benefit education, and that it contained provisions which would have a direct bearing upon the improvement of our educational methods, upon the training of teachers, the choice of school books, &c. When I came to study the Bill, or rather the Act, as it now is, I feared that my paper would resemble the celebrated chapter on Icelandic snakes: "There are no snakes in Iceland." It is difficult to see at first what effect on education itself would be produced by the taking over of the Voluntary Schools and the substitution of County and Borough Councils for School Boards. There is, however, one point in the Act which if properly worked may bring about a revolution in our educational methods. The Councils are to delegate their powers to committees, with power to add as members (*a*) persons who have had experience in education, and (*b*) persons representing various educational interests. As to the second

of these I am to a great extent indifferent, as there is seldom any difficulty in this country in protecting class interests—the greater danger is always lest class interests should interfere with the interest of the community at large—but the first point, that of placing educational experts on education committees is really, strange as it may seem, a new departure in our national system of education. The education of the masses has been since 1870 in the hands of the Education Department and the School Boards.

Let us begin with the Department. This is an ordinary administrative branch of the Government, conducted by Government clerks who have risen from the lower ranks to which they were admitted by means of fairly difficult competitive examinations, assisted by Government Inspectors, generally appointed by reason of their having distinguished themselves at the University. Even when, as in the case of Sir Joshua Fitch, an educational expert was chosen, it was too often found that the administrative spirit became too strong for educational instincts, so that men of real culture and knowledge of what education ought to be, as evinced in their writings, were found defending Payment by Results and the Pupil Teacher System, until the pressure of outside opinion forced the Department to abandon the former. Sir John Gorst, who really studied the subject of education after his appointment, made gallant attempts to act from an educational standpoint, but he was not supported by his Government and had to retire. Again and again it has been found that the Department, with the best will in the world was unable to do any good owing to the want of practical acquaintance with the difficulties to be grappled with on the part of its *personnel*, though there has been of late a marked improvement.

Let us turn to the School Boards. One great benefit of the Act is the abolition of the Cumulative Vote. The result of this method of voting was to make each member the representative of some sect or clique. If a candidate presented himself on the ground that he had had experience in education and had studied the subject scientifically, it was found that he was never elected. If the addresses of candidates are examined, it will be found that they generally asked for election in order that they might support Voluntary

Schools, or oppose the claims of Voluntary Schools, or that they promised to give only Trades Union wages to the Board's employés, or anything but that the candidate had studied the subject of education and hoped to do something towards the improvement in methods of teaching, in the choice of school books, &c.

I may be allowed to relate my own experience. A vacancy occurring on a School Board, I was co-opted to fill it, and served for two years. I have reason to think that I was a useful member. I went round the schools whenever I could spare time, listened to the teaching, and was able to give assistance and advice to the school teachers, whom I must say I found most anxious to grasp at any improvement suggested.

Now there was a carpenter in the place who had a quarrel with one of the mistresses, who he considered had punished one of his children unjustly. The Board supported the mistress, and our friend announced his intention of getting on the Board himself at the next election. When the election came, I came forward on the ground that I had made a study of the subject and had had long experience as a teacher. I had neither time nor inclination to canvass, my work on the Board took a great deal of my time, which I was willing to give if wanted. I did not put myself forward in connection with any particular party or sect, and I need hardly say that the carpenter who went round and brought his voters to the poll himself got in, and that I was rejected. I am bound to say that the successful candidate proved a useful member. He did not molest the mistress, and he gave useful assistance in respect of the woodwork of some new schools we were building, showing the advantage of having an expert on the Board. In fact, everyone will see in the case of carpentering or the like that a skilled carpenter is more likely to be able to superintend carpentering than a University graduate, however enthusiastic an Episcopalian, Methodist or Catholic he may be. It is strange that people will not recognise that the same holds in the art of teaching as in the art of carpentering. We are told that popular control should accompany expenditure. It is quite right, but the expenditure is to be in the hands of the Councils—at least so I understand the Act—and not of the Committees. How does

the case stand in the government of the country? The executive is distinctly *not* elected. The electors, it is true, decide which of the two great parties shall be in power, but the Prime Minister is appointed nominally by the Sovereign, actually by natural selection, as being the man most trusted by the dominant party. The electors have no say whatever as to the distribution of the offices among the members of the Cabinet. In some cases they may decide whether anyone is to be made a minister, but this is not selection, and in many cases, as when the man in question is a peer, there is no popular election at all. The officers of the Army and Navy, the Judges, the dignitaries of the Church, the Ambassadors, are not elected. All that the nation decides is whether the power of selection shall belong to one party or the other. We may compare the Council to the House of Commons and the Education Committee to the Cabinet, consisting as it does partly of elected members and partly of co-opted members, viz., such Cabinet Ministers as are peers. Similarly the Education Committees will consist partly of members of the Council, partly of added members. As in the case of Parliament their expenditure will be subject to the control of the representative body. The advocates of the retention of School Boards praise the principle of election *ad hoc*. May I say that it is a principle otherwise almost unknown to our constitution? The County Councils are elected—but for what? For general management, not specially for lighting; nor for police, nor for public spaces; they are elected as being men of influence and ability. If a lighting committee were elected it would not be elected *ad hoc*. The man in the street would not examine the certificates of efficiency, discuss whether this candidate or the other best understood the comparative advantages of electric or incandescent lighting. No, they would be chosen as being well-known men, as being prominent advocates of labour, as munificent supporters of local charities; they would not be chosen *ad hoc*. And so with education. It is notorious that the members are not elected *ad hoc*, that is, *ad* efficient education; but *ad* the support of this or that sect or *ad* the maintenance of a certain rate of wages, etc.

There was once brought forward a Bill for the better government of India, and it proposed that a council should

be formed of eighteen persons, nine nominated by the Crown, others elected in various manners. Of these, five were to be elected by London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and Belfast! This was absurdly out of tune with the principle of popular election, which is that every man knows best what manner of representative is best calculated to look after his interests in the body to which he is elected. But how could these five cities be qualified to decide as to the class of men who could best care for the interests of Bengal, Bombay, or the Punjab? In the same way the Borough and County Councils are chosen to represent the interests of the constituents, but they only represent the interests that the people understand and are anxious about. Now, judging from the talk at election time, good education is not a subject that the working classes understand or care about much, and consequently this interest is not likely to be well represented by means of direct popular representation. I am passing no judgment on the Act as a whole. Whether too much or too little has been given to the Voluntary Schools is a question which I do not even desire to express an opinion upon, but in this one point at least the Act is good, in that it recognizes the principle that Boards of Management should contain educational experts.

The next question that arises is in what principal directions could such a committee exercise beneficent influence.

First there is the Training of Teachers. It is not necessary to insist before this society that teaching is an art, and that it no more follows that a highly cultured person should be able to teach than it does that a master of harmony should be able to play the piano, or a great mathematician be able to build a bridge. This, which to us is a truism, is by no means recognized even in the educational world. Inspectors are chosen from among young University men who have taken a good degree. In the great public schools the idea of a necessary training in teaching is altogether ignored, and with the exception of the Ambleside House of Education, the Maria Grey Institute, and the College at Cambridge, no training colleges for schools other than elementary are in existence.\* Even in elementary schools much remains to be done in enforcing the necessity of regular training. In

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\* I ought to have added the Ladies' College at Cheltenham.

Germany a pupil is specially trained for five years in the subject matter, and then for two years in the art of teaching it. If any action comes to be taken about secondary schools this is the direction to which the influence of experts on the committees should be specially directed, as it is just the point that would probably be neglected by the other members.

Secondly, and closely connected with the first, there is the Pupil Teacher System. There is only one improvement of any value and that is improving it off the face of the earth. The idea of setting a child to teach a class is an utterly absurd one. To anyone who knows what teaching ought to be—the effort and the skill required to maintain the interest of the class in order that every hour spent should be an hour of improvement and progress, the idea that an untrained immature mind is capable of anything beyond the merest mechanical work, deadening to the intellect and productive only of distaste for learning generally, seems too absurd for discussion. You would not trust a child's body to a medical student, but you intrust its mind, no less delicate an organization, to someone who has no idea what harm may be done by the clumsy treatment of a 'prentice hand. It may be said that it is necessary to begin somewhere. Yes, but in training colleges the earliest teaching is given under close supervision, and after the teacher has gone through some training in the principles of the subject.

I have heard two arguments for the retention of the system. First, that it is only by early practice that the teachers can become good disciplinarians. Secondly, that it would cost much more to use none but trained teachers.

To the first I would answer that too much attention is paid to the strictness of discipline, as compared with the interest and delight felt by the children in the subject of the lessons. These poor pupil teachers have to work in school during the day, and then prepare for examination in the evening. It is altogether too great a strain on the physical and mental organization. They get to look upon absolute discipline as the chief aim of their lives, and never learn the true joy of teaching, which can only come to one who is able to keep up the attention of the class by means of the interest in the subject taught—a joy that only comes to a trained and competent teacher. And this leads us to the question;

whence the need of this martinet-like discipline, so far more rigid than any to be found in secondary schools? The cause lies in the excessive size of the classes. I maintain that it is an impossibility to teach properly a class of 50 or 60 children. The difficulty of doing any good with such a class becomes necessarily much more one of discipline than of teaching. When the inspector comes round, the points which attract his attention are, in the ratio of five to one, points of discipline, and not the subject matter of the lessons. I maintain that no class of younger children should exceed 25, and no class of older children should exceed 30 in number, and this brings me to the second plea, that of expense. As to this, I would say that bad work is in the long run always dearer than good work, and that it ill becomes a nation that can spend 70 millions in one year on its army, and 30 millions on its fleet, to begrudge an increase of the 12 or 13 millions for education. It is true that this sum only represents about half the actual cost of national education, but even that gives the cost of the Army and Navy as four times the cost of education. To grudge money for the education of the people is killing the goose that lays the golden eggs, for the earning power of the nation will be in direct proportion to its intelligence and culture.

When will our authorities learn that the process is more valuable than the results, and that it is not the actual amount of knowledge or attainment, but the mode in which the knowledge is acquired that makes the difference between a man of culture and a half-educated man. Payment by Results is swept away, but it has left its ghost behind. The inspectors think a great deal more of *what* the children have learned than of *how* they have learned it, and hence the small attention given by the inspectors to the intelligence and formative character of the teaching given, as compared with the attention to minor points, such as neatness and uniformity of writing, sitting straight, keeping the eyes on the teacher, &c.

*(To be continued.)*

# THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY ROBERT BIRD,

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THERE comes a time in the experience of us all when we ask ourselves if we should not now begin to teach our child religion—that is, how to know and obey God, his Heavenly Father—how to be good. We have watched the sweet flower growing and expanding in the sun, and it is time he knew what is required of him. The service of innocence is to become a reasonable service.

Some parents leave this to the Sunday school teacher or the governess; others will entrust it to no one, knowing that out of it are the issues of life, and that to hand over this sacred duty to someone else, because we have not the time, or the inclination, is to incur a grave responsibility. But this instruction is not difficult, if we confine ourselves to the few simple things which are essential, and leave theology to the professors of that science; for religion is with us every day, and we should be able to speak of it intelligibly and simply to our children.

*What is your working method?*

Have you ever, amid all your letter writing, invoice writing, essay writing, and it may be book writing, tried to write down what is that living thing swaying between right and wrong which regulates your daily life and settles what you should do and what you should avoid? In other words, what is your every-day household and counting house religion, as compared with your church religion? If you can lay your finger on this practical monitor which never deceives you and which you cannot deceive, you will get some idea of how far out upon the fringe of life lie your religious theories. Why do we not steal? Is it because we have read the commandment somewhere, or is it for some deeper reason? We are conscious that we must



not steal, tell lies, or be cruel. That light of the knowledge of good and evil goes not out. Our conscience tells us. And God illumines our conscience, revealing His will to us. This guidance we get by asking, watching, waiting for it, as the semaphore sparkles in the sun.

*Conscience our guide.*

This then is the practical working method that every man, woman, and child has of doing good and avoiding evil in this world, and I know of no other guide given to man. To have a conscience void of offence toward God and man, was the daily exercise of Paul of Tarsus. If this be our practice, what then is our theory of religion? Would any of us, being English, begin to recite the Thirty-nine Articles as our answer, or being Scotch, repeat the Confession of Faith, in 33 chapters? If we were to approach our subject on these rails we should start an enquiry, which, like the learning of the traditions and the commentaries by the young Rabbis, might well occupy us for the rest of our days. There is a shorter way to the heart of the matter and in following it we must use words simple and easy to be understood, which the words of theology are not.

*A simple religion required.*

*How to know and obey God must be a simple thing if little children are to learn it.* I am no theologian, but a plain man speaking from the ranks of the laymen to parents in words of plain sense, and not loaded with meanings beyond daily use and wont. Our children take only plain meanings out of plain words, and it seems to me that wresting words from their plain meaning is responsible for most of the religious disputes that have harassed Christianity.

We are free to choose whether we shall teach our children a simple or a complex religion, and you agree with me that to be understood we must express simple thoughts in simple terms. After all, it comes to this, whether we shall take our children to sit like Mary at the feet of Jesus and hear from Him the one thing needful, or take them to sit in turn at the feet of His followers to hear the same thing, accompanied by many things that are not needful for them; in the words of Peter speaking of Paul's epistles, "Things hard to be understood." I prefer to let theology wait until my child has

learned the simple Christianity of Christ, and my first duty is to present Jesus to him in simplicity and truth, stopping short of all creeds and catechisms. In the debate on the English Education Bill in the House of Lords, the Bishop of Hereford used these words, "Where did you get your best religious teaching? At your mother's knee, where you learned the divine lessons of the life of Jesus." And that is what I wish you to teach your children.

I speak, therefore, to parents who earnestly desire to educate their children in the simple religion of Jesus, without addition and without deduction, such as you can easily explain and the child easily understand. To words in every-day use I shall attach not their theological but their every-day meanings as between man and man, and such as Jesus used to His disciples and they to Him.

When do you think religion begins with a child? That is, knowing and obeying God—being good. Jesus said that His words were the seed of God springing up into life. In every child there is this seed of God, this "Light which lightens every man that comes into the world." A grain of wheat in the ground springs into life. The life in it is a mystery defying alike the microscope and the crucible. The seed of holiness in your child eludes all analysis, but it is *there*, too rare for human eye, too fine for human touch, but its fruits are like the miracle of the rising of innumerable grains in the field of wheat.

*What is your standpoint?*

Our attitude is one of reverence, as we approach this holy life in our children. And as the child's hand is put into ours for guidance, we ask ourselves, what is to be our standpoint towards this little one? Is it to be—

"But trailing clouds of glory do we come  
From God who is our home;  
Heaven lies about us in our infancy."

Is it to be that of Jesus, as He looked upon the children of the fieldworkers and vine dressers, disporting themselves under the blue skies of Syria, and told their parents and the parents of all time that the children of this world are the children of His Kingdom? What mother's heart doubts this? A child in the midst, stands in a nimbus of heavenly light,

laying a finger on the father lips, and a hand on the mother's heart.

The innocence of childhood precedes all rules and theories for being good. The act of breathing precedes the knowledge of how we breathe. Holiness precedes the knowledge of how to be good, and so we are pressed back in our enquiry, until we stand by the cradle of child life, where innocence and holiness hold out hands unspotted by the world.

*Three stages of childhood.*

There are three stages of childhood. *The stage when the child can imitate, but cannot reason*, and is taught mainly by example. *The stage when he can both reason and imitate*, but has not reached discretion, and then he is to be taught the life of Jesus. *The stage of years of discretion*, when he is to have the sayings and example of Jesus impressed upon him. When he reaches manhood, he will test this foundation of Jesus Christ on which he has built, and though rains and floods and winds may blow and beat upon that house, it will not fail, for it is founded upon a rock. During all this period the influence of example is incalculable.

*The first stage* of a child's education, is the age of *innocence taught by example*. This child from God, lying in your arms, is to be taught by you *to know and obey God, to be good*. Your attitude to the infant is that of Jesus. "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I tell you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

Before your child can speak, he can answer smile for smile and frown for frown. His little spirit is weaving for himself a vesture of the colours around him, of the rainbow or of the cloud. A voice whispers to the mother as she sits by her child's cot, bidding her be true, for God is true, be loving as He is loving, be gentle, peaceable, self-denying, for she is as God to this little one, to be absorbed by him. And like Mary, she will find in her communings beside that little ark, searchings, prophecies, intimations, to be laid by in her heart, too deep for words, too sacred to be seen. Thus is she drawn by these little hands very near to God.

Mothers have the care of the human race during the first years of its existence, and it is during this precious time

that the clay is moulded and the twig bent. Could God have placed in your hands, ye mothers! a higher trust, or a mightier power? Not if He had made you the rulers of the thrones of this world would you have wielded a more imperial sway, for beside that cot your will is supreme, your example unquestioned. And whether it is in the wind-shaken cottage, or the battlemented castle, every mother has a light upon her path, and may she not be neglectful of that heavenly vision!

*Love begets love.*

Love in us begets answering love in our children, drawing out that quality which is of the essence of God Himself. Patience begets patience, another of God's attributes. Gentleness, peace and truth, beget these divine things. As months pass into years, the spirit that looked forth from the windows becomes manifest in deed and word, and according as God's attributes of beauty and holiness have been moving to and fro about your child, will his soul be tinctured with these divine things. If he sees his parents wearing the attributes of God, the grace of God will be upon him, clothing him with a vesture beautiful as the temple purple, shining as the temple lamp.

And when will the sweet chords, waked in the hours of infancy, cease to vibrate in your child's heart? Never while memory holds and life endures. But some may say, that to walk in the grace of God before our children is too much to ask; a counsel of perfection; and my answer is this. If we are not prepared to be to our children the Christians which we profess to be, then we live a very poor life indeed.

To be holy as God is holy, to be pure as Christ is pure, is more than man can do, but it is not difficult to set our faces towards goodness, for it amounts to nothing more than living the daily life of not theoretical, but practical Christians—a much simpler affair. Every man has his ideal, avowed or concealed, and we must endeavour to show our children that it is possible to be the thing which we so earnestly desire them to be. It is of no use to stand by the side of the path, pointing the way for their feet to go. We must walk in it.

*Only one standard of goodness.*

But some people who love the theories of religion more than its plain facts, tell us that these attributes of God and this grace of God in our children is not goodness, but something else. But wherever a ray of God is found, whether it be in the breast of a consecrated ecclesiastic or the heart of a little child, there is goodness. God's goodness does not depend upon the soil! Jesus has told us that God makes His sun to rise upon the good and upon the bad, and does not withhold His light from anyone. To tell us that the truth of a child comes not from the Spirit of all truth, is to juggle with words, and say that two and two are not always four.

*I have asked parents to show forth the attributes of God in their daily life, that these may appear in their children.* A mother's image is the first to be enshrined in that little temple, to live and shine there while life endures. In what colours is she to be arrayed? Radiant with the beauty of the rainbow, or draped in the sables of the cloud?

*The angel child.*

When a mother calls her child an angel, she means it with her whole heart, and not all the creeds of Christendom will convince her of the contrary. Her heart tells her the truth, for he is an angel, whose rosy feet have not yet trod the pathways of this world. Oh, happy home! in which the parents can say that they have earnestly striven to be what they desire their child to be, and in which they have seen him, like the young Christ at Nazareth, growing, with the grace of God upon him, during these years of infancy, so innocent, so happy, so fleeting, and yet of such deep importance.

In these years God should be presented to the child as Jesus presented Him to the common people who saw His face and heard His ringing voice; not as a God dwelling in thick darkness behind a veil of mystery; not as a God to whom sheep were to be slaughtered and sacrifice offered to propitiate His wrath. Jesus gave us a fuller, truer, and dearer revelation. Prayers were no longer to be to Almighty Jehovah, the Lord of Hosts, but to our Father which art in heaven, of hallowed name; and when Jesus prayed, it was to

thank His Father in heaven. Thus He showed God's real nature. "Be merciful, as your Father in heaven is merciful." "If you forgive others, your Father will forgive you." "If you, being liable to sin, know how to give good gifts to your children, how much more will your Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask Him?" "He that keeps my commandments loves Me, and he that loves Me, shall be loved of My Father." "Love your enemies, that you may be the children of your Father." *Christ's pictures of God are of a tender and loving Father, Who is more ready to forgive us than we are to forgive others, or to ask forgiveness; Who is not a hard or a harsh God, but tender and loving, and Whose commands are easy and Whose burden is light.* So that we may tell our child, on the authority of Jesus, that God loves him, and will help him, and that he need have no fear of Him, or doubt of being able to be good.

*The second stage.*

I pass on. In the second stage of a child's religious education his reasoning faculties awake, and he may be taught both by example and theory. In most children this is about eight years of age. If you think I am putting the age too high, test it. Read to a child of eight some reasoning or theory about religion, and ask what meaning he attaches to it, and I think you will agree with me that you must not seek for logic, or argument, or conclusions in a mind recently capable of believing that a doll thinks, and that fairies live in flowers. You have told your child of the love of God his Father in heaven, and of Jesus; you have told him how simple is goodness, the joy of doing right and the sorrow of doing wrong; you have taught him to lift his little hands in prayer to his Heavenly Father, and the dear child believes you utterly. The next step is to flood his mind with that vision of goodness, the Friend of little children, as the one example of holiness to be believed in and followed, dwelling at this stage on Christ's life more than on His sayings.

*What was the attitude of Jesus to the little children about Him?* For let us never forget that He was once an elder brother in that home at Nazareth, seeing deeper into the hearts of His little brothers and sisters than mortal eye could see, spending years of daily contact with them in a

very practical and responsible way, taking the place of the dead father Joseph. His heart was as the heart of a mother towards children, filled with overflowing tenderness at one time, and the next, threatening punishment against anyone who should try to harm them. His teaching about the holiness of children was a heavenly revelation to the men of His time, and there are men among us now who never fail to see motes in the sunbeams of childhood. I can recall phrases of tenderness toward the children whom Jesus saw about Him:—I can see His dark eyes resting upon them, and kindling with love as He spoke, but I cannot recall one syllable to suggest that He saw sin in them. Children fulfilled His twin commands of loving and believing. Look at two of His meetings with children.

*Jesus and the little children.*

The first is in a fisherman's cottage by the side of the blue lake, and the children were those of the common people. Drawing a little child towards Him, He made him stand forth in the midst as a living, breathing example to His disciples, and these are His golden words:—"Unless you change and become as little children you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven," meaning that if they did become as the little child before them, they would enter in. And taking the child in His arms, He added, "Whoever shall receive this little child in my name, receives Me; and whoever receives Me, receives Him that sent Me. But whoever shall cause one of these little ones which believe in Me to stumble, it were better for him that a large millstone were hanged about his neck and that he should be sunk in the depths of the sea." Was there anger in His voice as He uttered these terrible words? All the more terrible that they came from the lips of one so gentle. He may have seen glances of incredulity amongst His disciples, for He added: "See that you despise not one of these little ones, for I tell you that in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven."

If someone had said to Him, "Yes, teacher, but you forget that they are born in sin, and are children of wrath," we can imagine what His answer would have been.

The next scene is in the Perea, in springtime when the leaves are on the trees. He is on His way to the fords of Jordan

at Jericho, and He will never return. The dark-eyed country women have drawn near, with the simple petition, "Before Thou goest, bless our children." Sitting in the shade of a tree by the way-side, He waited, and they thronged Him. Again His disciples could not see in these common children what Jesus saw, for they forbade them to come, and this is His golden saying, rising above all Creeds and Catechisms, uttered in tones of indignation, "Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the Kingdom of Heaven." What did these plain words mean to these simple people, and to the wondering disciples standing by, and what do they mean to us, considered in a common-sense way? They meant that these little ones of field, and garden, and dusty highway, were in Christ's Kingdom, the Kingdom of God. Men strive to enter in, but the little ones are born within the gate. But something in the look of the men about Him caused Jesus to add, "Truly I tell you, whoever shall not receive the Kingdom of God as a little child, shall in no way enter therein," and He took them in His arms and blessed them.

We have heard of Him saying, "Whoever shall receive one of these little children in My name receives Me, and whoever receives Me, receives not Me only, but God who sent Me." One of these little children! these children of the common peasantry, standing in the sunshine of the road in sight of them all, brought away from their games to see the young prophet! Who dares to fling the first stone at them, for Jesus took them in His arms and blessed them, and he will take our children also, for they too are of his Kingdom. These words of Jesus drop like honey into the hearts of all mothers with sweetening and strengthening for all time. Be assured that if Jesus thought these children of the country people were under the wrath of God, doing evil, and that continually, as one catechism says, He would not have spoken as He did.

John, the beloved disciple, who saw with human eye the scenes which I have described, and whose heart was close to the heart of the Master, said years afterwards, "I write to you, little children, because you have God." And let every mother say to her child, "I speak to you, my child, because you have God," and so strengthen her heart for the simple task of teaching him to know God more, and obey Him better.



*Christ's standpoint.*

I have shown Christ's attitude, which will be yours, of *goodness in your children, with the possibilities of evil*, increasing as the child comes more into contact with the world. At this early age you will fortify your child's heart by telling him that he is loved by his Father in Heaven, you will unfold in short bits at a time the wonderful story of the life of the Holy One, the Son of God, Who came into this world to save men from their own wickedness. Believe me, the holiness of your child is not a beautiful deception conceived for the purpose of entrapping mothers into the belief that their lisping children are sinless. If you doubt it, look at your child, as he sleeps on his pillow with eyes sealed and cheeks flushed, his lips parted with imperceptible breathing, and ask yourself if you know of a sight more lovely, more beautiful, more holy in this wide world than a little child asleep. The answer of your heart is the answer of Jesus. In plain language, *your sweet child begins life with a fair start, and not weighted down with the sin of someone else*. From earliest hours he has visions of God without a cloud, and what mother doubts it as she stands with a listening ear, an ear sealed to everything but the words of Jesus her Master—stands as these peasant women stood on that country road so long ago, seeing Him and believing Him?

*(To be continued.)*

## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF GREAT BOOKS.

### DANTE.

LAST month in my notes on Homer, I was able to choose one particular aspect of the Iliads and the Odyssey: I endeavoured to show how the feeling of reverence was one of the dominant features of that civilisation, as it must be of every true civilisation. I might have chosen other subjects suggested by different points of view, and I might have treated them without reference to the main purpose of the poems. But with Dante such a course is impossible. One cannot read the Divine Comedy in a fragmentary way; he must, if he start at all, follow the poet "down through the world of infinite bitterness, and o'er the mountain of repentance, and afterwards through heaven from light to light."\* The poet sailed a sea that had never yet been passed, and to those who would follow him without a fervent longing he gave the warning to turn back, "lest, peradventure, in losing him they might themselves be lost." And, in truth, the poem is one of the most difficult to study: "it is not merely a pleasure, a *tour de force* or a lesson, it is a rigorous discipline for the heart, the intellect, the whole man."†

Many will agree with this last sentiment, with the exception of the statement that it is a pleasure; to most, the first perusal of the Comedy must be absolutely devoid of that. It seems so obscure, so full of startling incongruities, so liable to shock all our ideas of fitness, that we are tempted to reject it altogether. But there are certain passages which at once catch eye and ear; so beautiful are they that they seem sufficient to compensate all the rest. One is surprised to find the poem, which lays claim to being one to which both

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\* For the sake of simplicity I omit references to the passages of the Divine Comedy which I quote here and subsequently. I need only add that I have throughout made use of Longfellow's translation, and of the notes issued in George Routledge & Sons' edition, which has been invaluable.

† Gladstone's letters.

heaven and earth have set their hand, filling the mind with a sense of the beauty of Christianity, and of the spiritual significance of earthly loveliness. When one is told that the angels in heaven are dazzling splendours, moving like "a swarm of bees that sinks in flowers one moment and the next returns to where its labour is to sweetness turned," or like "the rooks that together at the break of day bestir themselves to warm their feathers cold with dew, when some fly off without return, others come back to where they started from and others, wheeling round, still keep at home"; when the eternal happiness in heaven is compared with "a lark that sings and then is silent with content of the last sweetness that does satisfy her"; when the numberless ranks of happy souls that stand round the light of light are described as being like a hill that "mirrors itself in water at its base, as if to see its beauty when affluent most in verdure and in flowers"; when heaven's care and watchfulness are likened to a bird mid the beloved leaves

"Quiet upon the nest of her sweet brood  
Throughout the night that hideth things from us,  
Who that she may behold their longed-for looks  
And find the food to nourish them  
In which, to her, grave labours grateful are,  
Anticipates the time on open spray,  
And with an ardent longing waits the sun  
Gazing intent as soon as breaks the dawn. . . ."

And when one is told that "the soul comes from the hand of God, as a little child weeping and laughing in its childish sport, a guileless soul, which knows nothing, save that, moved by its joyful Creator, willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure"; when, I say, such sublime poetry as this occurs in the midst of all that seems so unintelligible at first, one is bound to confess that if the poem seems strange, eccentric and obscure, in all probability it is we who are wanting and not the poet.

Lowell writes: "One is sometimes asked by young men to recommend to them a course of reading. My advice would always be to confine yourself to the supreme books in whatever literature; still better, to choose some one great author and grow thoroughly familiar with him. . . . In order to understand perfectly and weigh exactly any really vital piece of literature, you will be gradually and pleasantly

persuaded to studies and explorations of which you little dreamed when you began, and you will find yourselves scholars before you are aware. If I may be allowed a personal illustration, it was my own profound admiration for the *Divina Commedia* that lured me into what little learning I possess. . . . The moment you have an object and a centre, attention, the mother of memory, is quickened, and whatever you acquire groups and arranges itself in an order which is lucid because it is everywhere in intelligent relation to an object of constant and growing interest."

But Dante has not been a guide only to young men; he has always, and probably ever will be, one of the leading influences in the world of thought. English literature, for instance, owes an inestimable debt to Dante; traces of it are met with everywhere from Chaucer to Ruskin. A man like Gladstone claims that a great part of his mental provision was learnt in the school of Dante; Macaulay boasts of being thoroughly penetrated with the spirit of the poem\*; Italian statesmen are advised to study the *Commedia* in every period of crisis†; it is alleged that Italian art only began to decay when artists ceased to carry Dante in their hearts (*Dante in sich zu tragen*).‡ But to insist on the influence of Dante seems superfluous: for after all the most important thing for us is to know how he can make us feel the importance of his message, the force of his great faith, the depth of his spiritual love, the earnestness of his representation of the odiousness of sin and the beauty of holiness. And if we set to work with energy, perseverance and intensity, we cannot but discover that, like Peter of Spain, Dante still "shines here below" in his wonderful poem, and that, like the wonderful Gothic cathedrals, he is the incarnation of the thought and religion of centuries, gives in poetic form the essence of Christian philosophy, and stands as a glorious monument of the ages so falsely designated by the epithet "dark." And just as the Gothic cathedrals may be said to be "epics in stone," so is the *Commedia* the epic poem of Christianity, the fountain of art, poetry and thought in every Christian land. Strike but below the surface, reach but beyond the difficulties which crop up in every canto, read

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\* Macaulay's Diary.

† Döllinger.

‡ Grimm: *Leben Michelangelos*.

on and let nothing tempt you to say "this is too hard for me," and there will blaze before you the beauty of Christianity; and when once you have seen this vision of the unseen world, it will become a parcel of your mind, a gem set in your thoughts, a constant reminder of the Christian answer to the great questions:—Why? Because He calls us. How? By faith in Christ. To what end? To bring our manhood to perfection.

When we open the volume we read that Dante had lost his way within a forest dark, and that, fearing the dangers of the gloomy spot, he was returning, rushing downward to the lowland, when Vergil met him — the poet — from long-continued silence hoarse, and bade him follow him into the realm below, where there is neither light nor hope, there to behold the nature of sin and its inevitable wages. There Dante saw the grim reality and unity of wrong: sin knowing no degrees, for it is either sin and, as such, death, or it is erring, redeemed by a turning, however weak or faint, to the great source of light. Vergil led him into the place where dwell those who by sin are *separated from* this life. There, in the dim, thick atmosphere, are the souls that flutter and fall like leaves in autumn time, some hither, thither, downward, upward in the infernal hurricane that ever hurtles onward those spirits who reason subjugate to appetite—are others battered for the pernicious sin of gluttony by rain or hail or snow which pour amain athwart the tenebrous air — are those who in the sweet sunlit air were sullen and bore within themselves a sluggish reek and now are sullen in the mire—are those who by violence did injury to others and now are boiling in the river of blood—are others wandering o'er a vast sand waste where fire falls in flakes on those who have done violence to God; and as the poet follows his guide over steep ridges, jagged crags, half-shattered bridges o'er-spanning abysses marvellously dark, wherein glowed fires seeming to be amid fissures, narrow valleys shut in by black precipitous cliffs and looming summits, round which there echoed far-off lamentations and the sound of a crashing whirlpool veiled by the darkness below—noises and voices struggling up from uncovered depths, which bathed themselves with tears of agony, up through a dimness lit by the spasmodic glow of flames which flickered in the city of Dis,

where, on the blazing summit of a high tower, stood the infernal furies, blood-stained, clothed with serpents and green hydras, each one rending her breast with her nails—and so on past the sinners suffering various punishments: here the deformed by crime, there some half-buried or totally immersed in fire or mire or ice, midst groaning forests, pools of blood or pitch, in which the demons themselves become entangled—the horror of the scene intensified rather than relieved by the sweet story of Francesca, by the meeting with Brunetto, who, when in the world from hour to hour taught Dante how a man becomes immortal, by the loving intercourse between the author and his guide, by the appearance of the angel sent from heaven to aid them on their way.

What is the meaning of this awful sight? And why does Dante keep us so long gazing on nothing but “visible darkness,” on sin and suffering in every conceivable form? Why does he summon all the force and resource of his poetic genius to make real to us the horrors of such an infernal place? Only for one reason, I imagine—to convince us of the reality and odious nature of sin. Just as when a cat kills a pet canary, it is shown the dead bird and punished in view of it, so does Dante take us into hell and say, “there is sin; you and I sin; that is what you and I must necessarily come to if we persist in sinning. I saw it all; perhaps you have never seen it before, but now it *must* be visible to you.”

Of course no one in England now thinks quite as Dante did with regard to the reality of a definite place of punishment—a material hell below. But the belief in a very real punishment for all sin must always exist in one form or another. Nowadays hell is said to be *in* the world and not below it. The essential point, of course, is not where it is, but that it *is*; it is a thing that cannot pass, because it is the natural consequence of sin. However unwilling modern sentimentality may be to subscribe to the doctrine of eternal punishment, which is labelled “monstrous,” many must have a half-stifled conviction that, however strange and inexplicable may be the fact that we can voluntarily quench for ever the life within us, we cannot be more just than God, and that, whether or not some have been created to perish, there is a voice which speaks within giving assent to the teaching that the “wages of sin is death.”

When Dante had finished writing the *Inferno*, he wandered through Italy, to be inspired by the calm and beauty after that terrifying darkness. "And he passed through the diocese of Luni, moved either by the religion of the place or by some other feeling. And seeing him, a friar questioned him of his wishings and his seekings there. He moved not, but stood silently contemplating the columns and arches of the cloisters. And again the friar asked him what he wished and whom he sought. Then slowly turning his head and looking at the friars, he answered, 'Peace!' Thence kindling more and more the wish to know him, and also who he might be, the friar led him aside somewhat, and having spoken a few words with him, he knew him; for although he had never seen him till that hour, Dante's fame had long since reached him. And when Dante saw that he hung upon his countenance and listened to him with strange affection, he drew from his bosom a book, did gently open it, and offered it to him, saying, 'Sir Friar, here is a portion of my work, which peradventure thou hast not seen. This remembrance I leave with thee. Forget me not.' " \*

And throughout the *Purgatorio* there is this lovely atmosphere of peace and beauty. There is the far-off trembling of the sea at dawn when in the cloudless aspect of the pure air is upgathered the sweet colour of the oriental sapphire, and the lovely planet "that to love incites, making the orient to laugh," fields and valleys full of flowers, emerald, gold and silver, scarlet and pearl white, the sweetness of a thousand odours making a fragrance mingled and unknown, a place where falleth neither rain nor hail nor snow, where clouds do not appear, where music steals and voices sing in such wise that speech cannot express it. There all the officers are angels—one like a bright light along the sea swiftly coming with white wings pointing up to heaven, fanning the air, so radiant that near by the eye could not endure him; two others armed with flaming swords and wearing garments green as budding leaflets, trailing and fluttering in the wind of their verdant wings; another like a sunbeam leaping from off the water or a mirror—these and much else compose that beautiful land where sinning souls have turned to God and yearn for punishment as much as

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\* Letter of Frate Ilario.

once they loved to sin. The Canto describing the triumph of the Church is one of the most marvellous portions of this poem; the combination of colour, song and fragrance, the majestic movement of the train, and the sublime spirit of the allegory, together form a song which we can never tire of. There is another scene, too, on which I like to dwell, the night spent on the rock-stair path :—

“Straight forward through the rock the path ascended  
 In such a way that I cut off the rays  
 Before me of the sun, that now was low.  
 And of few stairs we yet had made essay  
 Ere by the vanished shadow the sun’s setting  
 Behind us we perceived, I and my Sages.  
 And ere in all its parts immeasurable  
 The horizon of our aspect had become,  
 And night her boundless dispensation held,  
 Each of us of a stair had made his bed ;  
 . . . Begirt on this side and on that by rocks.  
 Little could there be seen of things without,  
 But through that little I beheld the stars  
 More luminous and larger than their wont.  
 . . . Youthful and beautiful in dreams I thought  
 I saw a lady walking in a meadow  
 Gathering flowers and singing . . . .”

This vision of Rachel and Leah—the flowers and meadows dreamed of in this rocky mountain path—the sunlight of a day past still lingering in the mind and mingling with thoughts that are half prophetic—all this forms one of the most perfect dreams I have ever read or even dreamt of, for, alas, *our* dreams are as poor as we ! It is all so beautiful that I despair of giving even the faintest idea of it : and yet, what are all these charms of colour, form and scent compared with the artistic and spiritual conception, with, for instance, the exquisite metaphors and thoughts that adorn every page ?

“’Twas now the hour that turneth back desire  
 In those who sail the sea, and melts the heart,  
 The day they’ve said to their sweet friends farewell,  
 And the new pilgrim penetrates with love  
 If he doth hear from far away a bell  
 That seemeth to deplore the dying day . . . .”

is the rich chord Dante strikes instead of the single note. And who can forget the way in which the whole mountain trembles when a soul feels itself pure, so that it soars aloft ; or the breezes and birds and trees of the terrestrial paradise ?



Thence we are led into the realm of peace and gladness, where souls dwell in that sea of light to which all things created move. There all is joy: a joyful Creator loves the brightness that finds pleasure in His will; there all is absorbed in God, growing brighter with happiness just as on earth we smile for pleasure; so resplendent is the glory there that the most effulgent mortal power would seem a leaflet that the thunder crushes and where the melody is so soft and perfect that earth's most soul-enthraling music is like hoarse thunder in comparison. To reach that place, even in conception, we must take wings and fly. Dante has "set before us," and we must feed ourselves: even "if his utterance be offensive at the first taste, a vital nutriment 'twill leave thereafter when it is digested."

Readers of the *Parents' Review* all know that the addresses and other means employed by the P.N.E.U. are arranged so as to deal with education under the following heads:—(a) Physical, (b) Mental, (c) Moral, (d) Spiritual. I would suggest that nothing could be more helpful than to consider the *Divina Commedia* from this fourfold point of view.

Nothing can be more striking—I will even say revolting—than the horrible physical nature of the suffering in Dante's hell. There is something rather diabolic in the fertile imagination which invented such a rich variety of tortures. But few can fail to notice that the bodily pain is really subordinate to the agony of the wages of sin. Most of the poor ghosts seem to be less occupied with the punishments than with the cause of their plight; if I may use the expression, they seem so hardened to their particular kind of scourge that their thoughts are wholly turned towards the past; having no hope they do not care to look into the hopeless future. It is, perhaps, the most vivid illustration ever given to the text, "The wages of sin is death." And of course no one can fail to realise that the punishments, far from being arbitrary, are strictly logical symbols of the effect of sin.

"Justice of God, ah! Who heaps up so many  
New toils and sufferings as I beheld?  
And why doth our transgression waste us so?"

What more astonishing for instance than the logic of the whirlwind which hurtles souls like those of Paolo and

Francesca in any direction? And it makes one almost shudder to recall the terrible words of Minos.

“Peradventure thou didst not think that I was a logician!”

As to the mental aspect of the poem little need be said, for it is known to be one of the most erudite and obtruse and, at the same time, most artistic poems ever written. A man who understands every historical, mythological and topographical allusion in the *Commedia* may claim to be fairly well informed. But it is not mere heaping together of a mass of facts that constitutes a valuable mental exercise. Dante, it must be remembered, has virtually given us in poetic form the philosophy, the theology, the mysticism, the dialectics, and the politics of the great mediæval thinkers and “angelic” doctors. But at the same time he was original in that he combined these various elements and produced an harmonious whole. At the time, little or nothing was known of anything not connected with Greek, Latin, or Christian civilisation. Dante’s solution of the mystery of being is a tribute to the power of Christianity, all the more wonderful and amazing for having accomplished what it did without the aid or influence of other and older civilisations. It represents to us the supreme and unassisted effort of Christian literature outside the Scriptures.

Dante had a most ideal conception of the power of will, and his whole moral teaching is based upon it. He tells us that “will is never quenched unless it will,” and that, like fire, it operates in spite of obstacles. “Will absolute consenteth not to evil,” from which the inevitable deduction is that when will yields it seconds the opposing force—evil. But he does not ignore the fact that will absolute is a thing seldom, if ever, met with in the world, and he comforts us with the assurance that we have opportunity given to us for repentance, if, “having power to sin, we turn to God.” If not, we must separate from this life, that is, we forfeit the invaluable faculty of hope—and that means death. He tells us that “the aim of the whole and of the individual parts of the *Commedia* is to redeem those who live in this world from the state of misery and to lead them to the state of bliss.” And if will power is to be the foundation of the moral life, love is to be the essence of the spiritual. “Virtue through

the body *shines*," and this shining is the same as the brightness of the beings in heaven, whose splendour becomes more intense when the pleasure of doing good increases. The object of existence is to gain our life and to advance—and that "every part to every part should shine," until finally that Love, which governs the heavens, lifts us with its light up to the stars towards which the poet's eyes have incessantly been turned, up to the realm beyond, where all is light and love, and where the chief and only pleasure is oneness with the will of God. And then we reach a glory so intense "that brightest seraphim approach not, but with both wings veil their eyes."

"O grace abundant, by which I presumed  
To fix my sight upon the Light eternal,  
So that the seeing I consumed therein!  
I saw that in its depths far down is lying  
Bound up with love together in one volume . . . .  
Substance and accident and their operations  
All interfused together in such wise  
That what I speak of is a simple light.  
But what was in the sun wherein I entered  
I, though I call on genius, art and practice,  
Cannot so tell that it could be imagined—  
Believe one can and let him long to see it."

W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

QUESTIONS  
PROPOSED BY THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION (SCOTLAND).\*

*From the Answers of the late Dr. Almond.*

3.—(c) These exercises, jumping, running, etc., were once very prominent at Loretto, but have ceased to be so. I have come to regard long races, even 440 yards, as a frequently injurious strain on growing boys, and I consider competitive “athletics” (though I once thought otherwise) to be nearly as great an evil as competitive scholarships.

But in fine weather, in spring, the whole school have afternoons for jumping, hundred yards, and hurdles, and prizes are given for the attainment of certain standards, *e.g.*, 5 feet for the high jump. But the main object of such athletics is to develop the naturally clumsy boy (not to produce “records”), just as the main object of school work is to do the best for the dull boy, rather than to attain what are called “successes.”

(d) The country is not adapted for paper chases; and they also, in my opinion, often cause dangerous chills, from the hounds standing still, at fault, when overheated. But runs are most valuable. There are always runs for every boy on days too wet for games, about three miles on full school days and four and a quarter others. On days not absolutely wet, but unsuitable for games from wind or sodden ground, the boys often go “grinds” (especially on Saturdays when there is no match) from six to twelve miles or more, according to circumstances.

(e) There are two carpenters’ shops. Every boy on the modern side and in the two science classes has a box of tools

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\* The late Dr. Hely Hutchinson Almond, the profoundly regretted Head of Loretto, was, quite recently, good enough to give us permission to publish some of his illuminating and instructive answers to these questions. It does not seem necessary to print the questions. The following is extracted from the notice in *The Times* Tuesday, March 10th:—“By his death a prominent figure has been removed from the ranks of educationists; and no headmaster in the country has been so daring in the emulation of Spartan methods for the physical development of boys entrusted to his care. . . . He was himself an athlete, a keen cricketer, and a great walker. He was also hon. president of the Scottish Alpine Club, and was referee at the first international Rugby football match between Scotland and England. Dr. Almond did a great deal to make that game popular in Scotland.”

of his own, and carpentry is a regular part of his school work, examined upon, and marked for at the annual examinations.

I hope soon to have appliances for blacksmithy and other handicrafts.

I regard the teaching of these as most valuable at school, so that boys may be learning what may be practically useful, at the same time that they are receiving the advantages of an all-round education.

(f) Every boy, who possibly can, learns singing. There is a resident organist and choirmaster, with a resident assistant.

The younger boys have daily practice, partly in voice exercises, and partly in vocal (chiefly sacred) music. Each part has also half an hour or more weekly practice; and there are three full practices.

Boys who do not sing have other prescribed occupation at these times, so that singing counts in lesson hours. About three-fourths of the school are in the choir, and most of the rest have been in it as trebles, or will be in it when their voices have passed through the breaking stage.

4.—Football, as a rule, goes on for three afternoons weekly from October to March, weather and ground permitting, for about an hour.

Big side plays twice a week, at the most, for 50 minutes.

I regret that the modern development of the game, in order to attract spectators and make "gates," has tended to make it too fast, and a great strain on growing boys, where it is played keenly. I have done my utmost to persuade the other schools to join us in making rules adapted to growing boys; and here I am strongly supported by our medical officer, and, I believe, by the medical officers of other schools.

There is also a good deal of drop-kicking, and often a kind of Association football, during our morning intervals, within the school grounds.

Hockey is played regularly before and after the football season, and for more days in the week and longer time than is possible with modern football. It is also sometimes played during the football season.

Cricket is usually played from 3 to 4.15 p.m., on three days a week; and from 2.15 to 4.15 on other two. The elevens also, especially the XI., have often "fields out" for half an hour before early dinner. But all boys have at least one day a week off cricket, and special exemptions may be gained by those who field keenly.

Gymnastics and Drill, &c.—All boys have half an hour daily in the gymnasium, or for out-door drill. Then half hours occur at various times in the morning or evening.

No boy may be in the gymnasium, or indeed anywhere indoors, for any cause whatever, except doctor's orders, during the time set apart for out-door exercise in the afternoons.

On Saturdays when there are no matches there are "grinds" for the whole school, as described before. On two Saturdays in the year there are longer grinds, usually one from Selkirk to Peebles, one from Pomathorn to Innerleithen, one across Muirfoots, and one up Carnethy or Arthur's Seat. The longer grinds are a privilege, gained by marks. As they extend to about forty boys, all VI. Form, school officers, and members of XI. and XV. are eligible. What counts most for the rest is having done a twenty-mile walk in the previous holidays. I think that walking and hill climbing ought to be far more encouraged than they are.

When boys first come to us, a great many of them are much disinclined for any exercises which involve much exertion or discomfort, or the possibility of being hurt. They have been carefully trained at home to avoid such things. I think that fully a third would not take much advantage of the gymnasium, the swimming rafts, wet weather runs, long grinds, or Rugby football, if they could help it. But with us, unless medically exempted, they cannot help it. By degrees nearly all boys become enthusiastic for Rugby football; and like gymnastics and long grinds and swimming. But though with most of our upper boys a wet weather run becomes such a second nature, and the absence of wet weather exercise produces such dullness and discomfort that I think most of them would take such runs in the worst weather of which this climate is capable, if left entirely to themselves, yet I cannot say what proportion of the others would be found hanging over a fire, and progressing towards a flabby condition of body and mind, if they were allowed to prefer immediate comfort to high-spirited health. Some, after a fair trial, are exempted from cricket, if they have other occupation, and take their turn of cricket fagging.

8.—I give the first place to wet weather runs and the grinds above mentioned. It is evident, even to outsiders, that the conditions, physical, mental, and moral, of boys who have been thus engaged, is likely to be much better than if they have been sitting over fires, or roaming about and vitiating

the air of schoolrooms or reading-rooms. Such continued exercise, never violent, as it sometimes is in games, or intermittent, as in cricket, or sluggish and interrupted, as in golf, is eminently calculated to expand the lungs, oxygenate the blood, and impart vitality to throw off noxious germs, especially, I think, those of tubercle.

But more than this, those who have experienced the delicious afterglow resulting from such exercise, and contrasted it with the stagnant condition occasioned by an afternoon spent indoors, acquire a most valuable habit for life. Many a young man remains well and strong under the unfavourable circumstances of modern city life by having formed at school the determination that, in spite of all obstacles, wherever he is, under all possible circumstances of rain and storm, he will have his exercise. He may be too old for football; he may not be able to spare the great number of hours requisite to get sufficient exercise out of golf; the roads or streets may make cycling impossible, but he can always walk. And above all, if boys are taught at school that keeping themselves in prime physical condition is a moral duty, and that, therefore, the time daily allotted to it is nothing less than sacred from the interference alike of laziness and of impositions, the divine laws which have to do with health and well-being, and which are now more and more clearly revealed by science, gradually acquire a sanctity in their minds of which our forefathers never dreamt, and physical laziness and self-indulgence assume the character of physical sins. Circumstances and temptation in after life may bring about lapses, in this or in other ways, but the recollection of how their daily exercise, no matter what the weather, or the other calls upon their time, was made a paramount duty at school, will come back upon them with a force always strong, and often irresistible.

I have enlarged perhaps unduly on this point, because that exercise is in the first place a duty, and in the second place only an amusement, is the keynote of the present enquiry, as I conceive it.

Of all our games the most important is football. It obviously cultivates courage, dash, and alertness of movement. But its even more valuable points are not so obvious to those who are not behind the scenes. Quickness of decision between a multitude of conflicting alternatives is one of the most valuable qualities in life; and it is eminently fostered

by football. The issue of a game may depend on whether a player kicks up, or dribbles, or punts, or drop kicks, or passes. A mistake may be fatal, and hesitation is even worse. Those who talk platitudes about "muscle and brains" forget or are ignorant what complex brain processes take place in such cases, and how much a great player at football owes to his brains.

And again, football comes only second to rowing in teaching endurance and self-restraint. Endurance, as I have said above, is carried even too far by the game which the Unions have encouraged. When a boy gasps out at the end of a match, "I didn't know a fellow could go through an hour of that and live," he has had a training in one of the noblest of virtues, most necessary to a great or even a safe people; but it has not been altogether good for him. The gain in self-restraint, however, has no drawback. The boy who is in training for a match gains experience of the happiness and high spirits which result from eating and drinking what is best for him, rather than what he likes; and I am convinced that the most hopeful line of assault against both drink and immorality is the theoretical teaching and practical enforcement of the unnamed but cardinal virtue, which consists in the observance of physical laws and the avoidance of physical sins.

I cannot place so high a value on drill and gymnastics as some do, though I believe that they should form part of the daily work of all schools. Drill is undoubtedly useful in giving a boy something of a soldier's training, teaching him to give prompt obedience to the word of command, and makes him hold his head up and avoid a slouching gait. And gymnastics do much in the way of developing the muscles, and of expanding the chest, though I think that the latter object would be equally achieved by the freer games, which are more conducive both to high-spirited health and to the development of individuality and initiative. In these remarks, I have been looking at things from my own point of view as the headmaster of a school in the country. In town schools generally, games, such as football, etc., are not attainable every day, and often not at all. In such cases drill and gymnastics are of the first order of importance. Drill of an active nature should always, when weather makes it possible, be in shirt sleeves or gymnastic dress.



But boxing seems to me to be a better thing than either, and I am much inclined to give it the place once assigned to fencing and basket-stick exercises. Gymnastics and boxing both share with Rugby football the advantage of developing the muscles of the chest and arms; for which most games, including Association football, do little or nothing.

I thoroughly believe in what I know of exercises like Ling's for schools which have not abundant opportunity for gymnastics and various athletic games.

Cricket and hockey are both admirable games. They can be carried on later in life than football, and are available in all parts of the English world. They are both far superior as a social training to all selfish games, such as golf, and also as a physical training to all games which involve no running or quick movement.

Of the two, I think, hockey is the more valuable. Cricket, especially now that, with improved grounds, innings have become so long, demands an expenditure of time which few can afford; and, personally, I confess that drawn matches or exhibitions of individual prowess, apart from the success of a side, have no interest for me whatever; and I think that the more games tend to become spectatorial, the less value they possess.

I think our eyes have been somewhat suddenly opened in this country to the great value of handicrafts. Such schools as Abbotsholme and Clayesmore have done a great service in this direction. Abundance and variety of occupation are not only useful in many ways which need not be particularized, but promote a healthy and vigorous life in those who might otherwise become aimless and frivolous. They also help to teach the dignity of labour, and form a most desirable link between brain workers and manual workers everywhere.

*Voice Training.* I attach great importance to our work in vocal music. It is an excellent exercise for the lungs, and I think that the vigorous singing of robust music, such as the old Scottish and English Psalms and Hymn tunes, with a few of the best of modern tunes, Anglican Chants, Choruses from Handel, Haydn, &c., and Anthems of the old English school, with again a few modern ones, does much to cultivate a really sound musical taste, and to make vulgarity and sensational extravagance distasteful. There is also something most invigorating to the spirits and the character in

the singing of a great Chorus ; and I think that training boys to take a vigorous part in public worship is an important part of their education.

Every boy, I think, should learn to swim.

Hand fives, in open courts, seem to me one of the most valuable of our games. It gives much exercise, not too violent, in a short time ; it can be carried on late in life (witness Edward Thring) ; it does not demand much time, and it exercises the left hand and arm, as few of our games do. Bat fives and racquets are far inferior from the latter point of view.

I would like to see hand fives courts available for all our city clerks, and half an hour allowed for their use in the middle of the day. Its effects would soon be evident to those who care about our breed of men. But this I fear is an institution of Utopia.

8, 9.—The results are that, from a sound physical system, many weak boys become strong ; nearly all boys with tuberculous tendencies (all, I believe, if treated soon enough) get rid of them, and many, possibly a majority, become imbued with more or less distinct notions of what I may broadly call physical morality for the rest of their lives.

I believe also that the supply of pure blood to the brain, which is the necessary result of regular and judicious exercise, both increases its power for all good purposes, and does much to prevent the character being injured by weak sentimentalism, or by morbid and pessimistic views of life, which rarely exist in those whose bodily organs are in healthy and harmonious action.

Many games also, as I have already said in the case of football, promote the rapid exercise of the reasoning powers under complicated circumstances calling for immediate action.

10.—I certainly do not think that a uniform system of physical, or any other, training in schools is desirable. There is already, in my opinion, too great a tendency towards regulation and unification, and too little individuality.

Circumstances and surroundings differ. For instance, a school of 400 ought to have an excellent rifle eight, and a high standard of rifle shooting generally. It ought also to have a very good band, glee club, pack of beagles, and other organizations. But if a school of 140 attempts all these things, the same set of capable upper boys have too many

calls on their time and energies. Again, I think it a misfortune for a large school not to be near a river. Eton would have twice as many spectators lounging about the cricket field were it not for the Thames: and rowing ranks with football as a training of the qualities of endurance, pluck, and determination. But a river would hopelessly divide a small school.

But to take a wider line, originality is a necessity of true progress. And uniformity crushes out originality, and makes everything tend more or less towards the ideal which China has reached, and at which Germany appears to aim.

The only uniformity which there ought to be is a determination on the part of whoever presides over a school loyally to follow nature and truth, wherever they seem to him to lead.

\*12.—This is a question on which it is easy and common to express unverifiable opinions, but there are no data on which to come to a decisive and balanced judgment. There are, however, a few points which seem to me indisputable.

(a) An abundant supply of pure blood must be as conducive to a vigorous and normal condition of the brain as to that of any other organ of the body.

(b) Numerous instances may at the same time be quoted of men who have been and are eminent not only in literature, science, and politics, but in positions requiring the exercise of those qualities of nerve, will power, and initiative, which would seem to be most nearly allied to physical vigour, who yet have not had any physical training worthy of the name, and in some cases, have not been capable of it.

(c) There can be no doubt that the vigorous employment of the mental faculties produces very similar results on the circulation of the blood, and consequently on the bodily health, to those of physical exercise.

(d) This latter cause would be more evident in its operation than it is, if the work of brain workers was always performed in as pure air as that which is usually inhaled during physical exercise.

(e) Physical exercise, when excessive, as that of the ambitious athlete, often exhausts the system, and actually deprives the brain of a full supply of blood, by the undue demands made by the limbs and muscles.

Unfortunately, anything like an inductive investigation to

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\* 12.—What is the relation between mental study and physical training?

determine the actual resultant of all these causes is impossible. The subject is surrounded by a multitude of side issues and cross considerations.

I shall merely give, for what they are worth, some facts which have come under my own notice.

I have carefully summed up all the honours of what I may call a First Class which have been gained by Loretto boys during my Headmastership of forty years. . . . . Considerably above two-thirds of the entire list have been members of our first Football XV., which ranks highest with us as an athletic honour, and is the most closely connected with physical training of all our games. I have not included those who have passed into Woolwich and Sandhurst, because a large number of these have left too young to be in our XV., though several of them have gained that position before they left us.

When I was at Oxford, rowing occupied the place which football does with us. In our Balliol Eight, I remember there being four first class men at one time, and I may say for myself, that being at the time in boating training was an immense assistance to my clearheadedness and vigour in the Oxford Schools.

In a most instructive paper in Vol. VI. of Government Educational Reports, by Mr. James Sharples, on "Physical Education in the English Board Schools," there is abundant testimony to the effects of such physical training as is inseparable from good football. Many of the teachers of Primary Schools have organized matches between the school-boys of the large towns, and they speak decisively as to the effect, not only on the complexion and physical health and development, but on the character, language, and *schoolwork* of those who play.

At the same time, I have a great dread of overdone athletics and "record" making of any kind.

Not only are the physiological effects of excessive exercise, and even of abnormal muscular development, calculated apparently to impair the general health of mind and body, and to shorten life, but to engender a feverish condition of excitement and dislike of all steady work, as well as bad habits of various kinds which I need not particularize. It is the typical athlete, from the days of Euripides to the present, who brings discredit upon physical training.

*(To be continued.)*

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### V.—THE ETHICS OF LEAF-LAND.

THE object of these papers being to encourage observation, not to teach an accomplishment, you will not expect this one to contain an easy recipe for tree-painting. What I desire is to get you in the way of finding out your own recipe; and you will not be long in doing this when you understand the chief requirements which govern the aspect of leaves in their arboreal societies—how they behave in company—that is what I mean by the moral laws or ethics of leaf-land.

The difficulty begins when our subject is not diminished to a haystack in the far distance, nor so near that every leaf is separately visible. Large-leaved trees at about fifty paces' distance are already quite far enough away; the leaves of birches and willows and bushes of thorn and so forth, at twenty paces, or even less, can hardly be discriminated: they must be suggested by some ingenious manner of work, if anything more be required than the general outline and simple modelled mass which we have already mastered.

Something more is required, for at that distance foliage is distinctly visible as *texture*. The leaves have the effect of the hairs in a fur, or the threads in a coarse woollen drapery; they modify the surface without altering the shape and colour of the whole mass; they give a look of looseness and roughness, and yet they are not a mere chance assemblage of disconnected spots and dots. The hairs in a fur, or on a curly head, lie at random, you would think; but when you look longer you see that they show a tendency which makes for tidiness. When you try to follow out this tendency you soon find that it is possible to get them too tidy; they become formal, they look like bristles, and you must finally express another tendency of theirs which makes for *untidiness*, and disguises the normal lines of curl and set of texture in a partial but quite necessary confusion.

So it is in the drawing of leaves ; there they are, distinctly altering the appearance of the whole mass of the tree ; they cannot be ignored. The young artist begins by dotting and scratching his tree all over anyhow, until it looks like Struwpeter. He soon finds that some sort of regularity is discernible. He notes that the tree is made up of bunches of leaves growing on the branches which he has already drawn—obscuring them, but replacing their radiation by a new sort of radiation. And then he draws his tree over again, to express this law of growth, to assert it with all the emphasis of an original discovery, until his masses of leaves look like bunches of bananas, and his picture becomes a diagram. Something of this kind was actually done by the “Old Masters” of landscape in the Gaspar Poussin period, and it was thought to be severe and scientific. In its way it was right, just as it is right for a child to use proper language, strict grammar, formal composition in his school essays, to correct the chit-chat of the nursery. An accomplished writer or speaker uses words at his will, and nobody blames him, so long as he makes them convey the side-lights of thought and the picturesque blending of ideas which his fuller experience dictates. But it is not likely that anyone reaches this final stage without going through the drudgery of etymology and syntax. So in tree-painting the world had to go through this formal stage, and the student must not hope to evade it entirely, though it would be foolish to rest in it, contented with a cheap pedantry.

We agree then to leave behind us the nursery stage of art, in which boughs are drawn like piles of spellicans and leaves like a litter of crumbs ; and we will try, after preliminary outlining of the whole tree and each separable mass, to suggest lightly with the pencil the radiation which we have observed in the clumps of foliage. We know that this radiation must be there, because the leaves are set on the twigs like the spread fingers of an opened hand ; and even if the leaves are too small to show it, as in the birch, the little wreaths of leaves on the twigs themselves radiate from the larger boughs. But without *knowing* anything about the structure, we cannot watch a tree for long before we perceive that this is the first condition of its aspect. Dwelling on this one idea we work until our whole tree seems to become rigid

with spiky fingers, solid cabbage clumps, or curly radiating tufts like grass, or moss, or waves, or hair, or anything but foliage.

It will be enough for the first sitting to study out the tree in the banana style. Taking this diagrammatic plan of the lines of growth as a basis, the leafy, confused character of the foliage we can express at our second sitting by breaking up the simple lines of radiation. Most of the bunches of leaves are made up of smaller bunches; some overlapping others, some half hidden; some advance foreshortened and some retreat; these are fuller of leaves, and those are sparse and scattered; here and there a hermit leaf, sulking by itself, quits the ranks, or a lady-leaf dominates the group. And each of these has its bright side and its dark side, and it reflects light or casts gloom around it. To-day's work will be to express this breaking up of the leaf community, by lines to indicate the extremities of these leaves; not now radiating from common centres, but roughly concentric to them; not harmoniously curved lines, but broken, irregular zig-zags, expressing the outlines of many leaf-points laid close together. Though this kind of touch may be manufactured by the yard it must not be meaningless, like little children's make-believe letters; it must be the nearest attempt we can reach to the deliberate forming of the outlines of the leaves. Since we are still at outline and not shading the picture, the work must be done lightly in pencil; and when the main forms are fixed with the pen, cleaned and finished, the tree is prepared for painting.

The colour of a tree is difficult and complicated because there are so many different tints closely interwoven, and yet distinguishable, in every mass of foliage. On a grey day, when no sun shines, there is (1) the rich warm green of the deeper darks, (2) the lighter green of the half-tones, and (3) the grey lights. When the sun comes out, there are in addition (4) bright, warm, yellow lights, and often (5) almost pure white sparkles, and here and there (6) deep, rich yellow transmitted lights, where the sun shines through a leaf and you see the under side. In thin and transparent foliage, as in springtime, the deepest dark (No. 1) is destroyed by the pervading sunshine, but it is present in thick foliage even then. And to these must be added (7) the light warm brown

and (8) the purply-grey darks of the branches ; or if there be no sunshine, at any rate the presence—felt rather than definitely seen—of innumerable brownish twigs and peeps of branches.

On a good outline the larger masses of these colours may be mosaically inlaid at one painting if we have the tints ready prepared and if we use different brushes for each, as in oil-painting, with skilful manipulation of wet colour, and advantage taken of its partial drying to an edge. Then we get the fresh and bloomy effect of proper water-colour execution, which we have seen to be so delightful in some of our studies, such as the primrose. But without practice and care this way of work may easily degenerate into the “blottesque,” that is to say, formless and textureless daubing. For which reason it will be necessary to add a few words about the way in which the tints may be laid.

The peculiarity of tree-texture is that leaves, or parts of them, stand out on a dark ground as light points. This was caught in the earliest Giottesque manner of tree-drawing, where the leaves are painted elaborately, few and far between, in solid body-colour upon a dark ground. But in our transparent water-colour you cannot do this ; you must leave the lights and paint the darks, managing to express form by the spaces you leave more than by the spaces you colour. And this is done by making your tint with a zig-zag line, and then another laid roughly parallel to it, and then another ; which represents, as in a kind of running-hand, the serrated ranks of a series of leaves with their points more or less one way ; for between the zig-zags little irregular lights are left, showing the colour of the previous wash and representing the light catching upon outstanding leaves.

This is what is known as the “Tree-touch” in ordinary water-colour ; by the clever management of which the characters of different leafage can be given. For example : if you are painting ash, the zig-zag will be very slender and serrated at an acute angle ; if oak, it will be a thicker line, with serrations at about sixty degrees ; for birch, the touches will be tiny and dotted, or drawn with a dry brush, crumbling the paint on the paper ; and for ivy, they will be a series of small square dots set at various angles to one another. Every kind of leaf can be suggested by some modification of



the touch, which the student can discover for himself without any great effort of ingenuity, and apply without requiring the help of the least spark of genius. Sketching of this kind absolutely requires thought and care: every process has a reason, every touch represents something in nature; and the kind of touch and method of process can be determined by the common-sense of the artist if he takes the trouble to think it out. It is not a matter of mystery or trick, and the moment it is done as a sort of dodge, by rule-of-thumb, it is overdone. The sketcher is so pleased to show that he knows "the way to do trees" that he paints them all zigzags and flourishes and sparkles, and thinks it brilliant. On which account many teachers object to the bare idea of introducing texture into the tint; and indeed, though trees are not flat green spaces in a landscape, it is better to make them too flat than to make them too florid.

But no progress is possible if you are always thinking with terror of Scylla and Charybdis. Fix your mind on the right way; study the tree first in pencil and pen, and you will know what to do with the colour when you come to it. You need no genius—only a little common-sense and practice—to paint trees with passable success, yet in this very exercise of reason and in the sympathetic study of the tree as a living community of leaves, ruled by unity and infinite variety—in this habit of mind and heart one is doing the same work which, more completely and habitually done, is the distinctive work of genius. You may never master the tree-touch like a real artist, but you may without knowing it become a real poet while you sit in the sunshine and give all your heart to learning the ethics of Leaf-land.

\* \* \* \*

Before trying to lay the tints on a tree-study, it is well to practise them on a separate bit of paper, as you make a rough copy of difficult exercises or sums in arithmetic. Failure is often the result of fear; and one *ought* to be afraid if one doesn't know what one is doing. Try a little bit of the tree-tint on another leaf in the sketch-book, or on a loose sheet, to see whether the colours you have chosen are right,—whether the brushes do what you mean them to do,—and whether the paper takes the paint as you expect. If the first experiment fails, try again; there is really no time

wasted in making sure. For the larger masses of dark let the colour be quite wet; you can paint into it with other and dryer colours before it dries, and still keep it fresh and soft. For the strongly lighted, flickering parts, let the colour in the brush be rather dry, and drag it over the paper, so that it gives a crumbling texture. The edge of the tree against the sky should be painted with a rather dry brush, or it will look coarse and blotty.

Take notice whether the sun is shining or not, when you begin to paint; and don't go on if the light changes.

The suggestions for foliage will serve also for grass, which young painters often try to represent with a coarse spiky row of green strokes, each really representing a leaf as broad as your hand. If you paint grass in this wet way, putting in all the variety and gradation before the paint dries, there is little risk that it will look like a bed of cactus.

In the original series of these papers, the next month being August, the Fésole Club was left to its own devices to choose subjects. A great variety, from sea-shores to tomatoes, resulted; and to meet the difficulties found in arrangement of such scenes, the following papers were written; the next being a lecture on "Foregrounds," and subsequent articles trying to give hints on choosing a subject and making a picture.

## PROSPER MERIMÉE.

THE art of writing short stories is seldom wrought to perfection in England: I can think of few names, if of any, which could be compared with such a consummate short story writer as Prosper Merimée. It is perhaps not surprising that the French should excel in this particular branch of literature: their language lends itself to conciseness and the prose of modern writers in France is become a wonderfully polished form of expression. Circumstances have combined to make French one of the most perfect of modern languages: and in the same way circumstances had a large control in forming the exceptional genius of Merimée.

He was born in the year 1803. That date alone is sufficient to account for much; for if we consider the work of his contemporaries, it will be found that it all bears that characteristic trace of a taste for whatever discloses human nature in its pristine condition, unfettered by any respect for what is conventional. It was the literary echo of all the wild passion which broke out during the French Revolution. Sons wrote in a frame of mind similar to that which had driven their fathers to such terrible acts. Then after having abolished every form of respect and reverence for things seen or unseen, men began to thirst for knowledge and certainty of *something*: they sought instinctively to regain light by acquiring facts, undisputed facts which could be massed together, systematised and used as the foundation for a theory of existence. Like Arthur's knights, they all started in quest of one and the same object, but in many different directions; and every great French name of the century indicates the point reached in that particular branch of research—on that particular road. And it must be equally evident, even to a casual reader, that if Merimée's contemporaries all possessed one common factor, they nevertheless differed to a great or small extent from one another, according to their personal gifts and temperament: each conceived the thoughts of his

generation in his peculiar way. This question is a difficult one at best, for, as Prof. Dowden points out, one is met by such perplexing cases as the coincidence of names like Pascal and Saint Simon; Euripides and Aristophanes; Shelley and Scott; Herbert Spencer and Cardinal Newman. In the present case the names of Eugène Sue, George Sand, Sainte Beuve, Alexandre Dumas, Alfred de Musset, Lamartine, Victor Hugo and Stendhal prove how diverse the personalities may be, even when the spirit of the age is common to all. They probably all felt more or less what Lamartine expressed in the following words: "Whatever the diversity of impressions which nature has implanted and still is sowing in my soul and through my soul in my writings, the basis is always a profound feeling of the divine immanence in the world, a living evidence, an intuition, more or less palpable, of the existence and working of God in and through the material creation and rational man, a firm unshakable conviction that God must be the crowning word to everything and that philosophy, poetry, religion are only manifestations more or less complete of our connection with the infinite being;—progress more or less sublime to bring us gradually near to *Him who is*." That was the ultimate end and aim of all their study; they longed to solve the great eternal mystery and thought that science, if sufficiently elaborated, might in time give an answer.

It was to this sceptical yet thirsting generation that Merimée belonged. His father was an artist of average talent and the author of a history of painting. His mother also painted, more particularly children's portraits: whilst working she would tell them stories to obtain a happy expression on their faces. This gift of telling seems to have been inherited from a grandmother, who wrote many stories for children. It was from his parents, then, that Merimée obtained the natural gifts of narration and painting. He was not baptised—a fact which characterises the tone of his home. It was what might be termed an artistic home; both father and mother taught the child to revere above all things virtue, art and science. But of religion in the usual acceptance of the word there was nothing, and this doubtless confirmed the materialistic tendency of Merimée's mind. The unseen

world was a nonentity to him; and as is so often the case, this absence of soul gave extra power to the mind; it has been said that there is but one tear in all his writings, and even that seems half satirical, for the reader sheds it involuntarily, feeling that he is made to sympathise with a sinner who triumphs over a virtuous person.

Few biographers of Merimée omit to make mention of the anecdote regarding the scene which is said to have taken place between him and his mother when he was quite a lad. He was begging her forgiveness for something he had done when he thought he noticed that he was being made fun of; he swore never to trust anyone again. This fear of ridicule seems to be a parasitic growth apt to develop in materialistic minds. Merimée undoubtedly was a man of exceptional talent; in some respects he was almost a genius. But if he was above the common herd and despised the world's frivolity because he realised the worthlessness of much that men think fondly of, yet, like Stendhal, he was the slave of public opinion, more especially in the world of fashion—a perfect dandy, always absolutely “correct” in his attire, punctilious to a degree. It is said that even at school he had the reputation of being a dandy, probably because he assumed English manners. His father received several English artists in his home and it was from them no doubt that Merimée first learnt to admire the English and to speak their language. All through his life he is said to have dressed and looked more like an Englishman than a Frenchman.

Little is recorded of his school life—sure sign that he was not precocious. But at the age of seventeen he began to study in earnest and during the next five years he acquired much valuable knowledge. He read Cervantes, I.ope, Calderon, Shakespeare and Byron; from these authors he gleaned matter for thought. He studied the classics, Greek, Roman and French, and from these he acquired a means of expressing his thought. He looked upon his fellow-creatures as the most important study and learnt to know them, not only in Herodotus, Livy, Froissart, but also in society. In his spare time he studied theology, military tactics and the art of besieging towns, architecture, epigraphs, coins, magic, cooking, anything and everything. He wished to know the how and wherefore of all; he was as anxious to learn about

macaroni as to trace the origin of a religion. A characteristic story is told of Merimée in this connection. He was dining one evening with Victor Hugo when a dish of macaroni was served so badly cooked that it was not fit to eat. Merimée volunteered to come another day to cook the dish for him ; he turned up at the appointed time, took his coat off, donned an apron and set to work to cook the macaroni. The dish proved to be as great a success as his books.

Though Merimée received a legal education he did not proceed to the bar or the bench ; he entered public service and was attached to the Ministry of Foreign Affairs and that of Commerce successively. Then he obtained the post of Inspector of Historic Monuments : it was an appointment for which he must have been thankful, for the work he did seems to prove that he was very much interested in it. His concise language and talent for painting served him admirably and he rendered much excellent service to his country by calling attention to and saving from destruction or decay many noble monuments of former ages. It was in this capacity that he undertook a mission to Spain in 1840 : during his visit he met the family of the future Empress Eugénie. A few years later he was made a member of the French Academy and when the Empire was restored he became a Senator and one of the closest friends of the Emperor and Empress.

His life's work may be divided up under three headings : his first achievements were his novels and it is by these that he is best known to the world. The exquisite art with which he told his stories and the polished form of the language led to their being translated all over Europe and used to a large extent in education as classic French. At one time he attempted to write for the stage : but he found out that he had not the peculiar touch that is required for plays and it was much against his will that he once consented to have a piece staged : it was quite a failure. At the commencement of his literary career he managed in a remarkable manner to deceive the public twice by publishing work said to be the product of another land and period, but in reality nothing but a clever imposition, the whole being his own invention. They must certainly rank with the very best literary hoaxes.

The second portion of his life may be termed the historical and archæological portion; as I have already mentioned, the reports he drew up are as good in their way as anything he wrote, and if he had never done anything but the work connected with the historic monuments, his country would yet have much to be grateful for.

The third claim to renown is based on his famous letters, most of which were not published until after his death. In his preface to the *Chronique de Charles IX.* he writes that he would willingly give Thucydides for some authentic memoirs by Aspasia or by a slave of Pericles. Anyone who sympathises with this sentiment must realise the full value of Merimée's letters, for they are exactly the kind of history he mentions. They are full of interesting details regarding European politics, the doings of great or common men, little incidents as well as great events. To future historians his letters will be as valuable as the memoirs of Saint Simon or the famous English "diaries." It is in these letters, which consist almost entirely of the *Lettres à une Inconnue* and of the letters to Panizzi, sometime librarian of the British Museum, that the true Merimée first became known to the world. It is from them that Prof. Saintsbury quotes the following story of Merimée's as being "invaluable for providing the reader with spectacles through which to read Merimée":—"Once upon a time there was a madman who thought that he possessed the Queen of China (I need not tell you that she is the loveliest princess in the world) shut up in a bottle. This possession made him very happy and he was never tired of exerting himself, that the bottle and its inhabitant might have no reason to be ashamed of him. But one day he broke the bottle, and as one cannot hope to hit upon a Princess of China twice in one's life, he, who had only been mad before, became stupid."

But Merimée had another side to his character, a more human and sympathetic side which he always studied to conceal. Such passages as the following reveal a Merimée undreamt of by the public until the publication of the *Lettres à une Inconnue*: "I had not heard from you for so long that I began to grow anxious; I was haunted by an idea which I dared not mention to you. I was visiting the Arena at Nîmes with the architect of the county, when I

saw, about ten feet away from me, a lovely bird, a little bigger than a tom-tit; its body was grey, its wings red, black and white. It was perched on one of the corner stones and seemed to be looking fixedly at me. I interrupted the architect to ask him the name of the bird. Though a great sportsman, he said he had never seen its like before. I went up to it and it did not fly away until I was within reach of it: it went and settled a little further off, still looking at me. Wherever I went it seemed to follow me, for I saw it in many parts of the Arena. It seemed to have no companion and its flight was noiseless as that of a night-bird. Next day when I was in the Arena I saw the bird again. I had some bread with me and threw it some, but it did not heed it. It took as little notice of a large grasshopper which I caught, thinking that its beak looked as if it fed on insects. The most learned ornithologist of the neighbourhood declared that there was no such bird in the country. And when I visited the Arena for the last time, my bird still followed me wherever I went, even in to a dark narrow passage which would have scared most day-birds. It then occurred to me that the Duchess of Buckingham had seen her husband in the shape of a bird on the day of his assassination, and the thought struck me that you were perhaps dead and had assumed that form to come and see me. In spite of reasoning, the foolish thought troubled me and I assure you I was very thankful to see that your letter bore the date of the day when I first saw the bird. . . ."

Such things tell us that beneath the cold sceptical surface there was a sensitive, poetic, loving nature: how he must have suffered in keeping his true self always under a veil! But I cannot dwell on the letters, fascinating though they are; nor can I recommend them for indiscriminate reading. It is rather of some of his stories that I wish to say a few more words.

The shortest one is *L'Enlèvement de la Redoute*; a gem. It requires reading several times before the perfection of it can be fully appreciated. The closing words are particularly noteworthy. The way in which the lieutenant who joins the regiment on the eve of the battle finds himself the only officer that has survived the fight, is a typical instance of the



way in which Napoleon's officers rose from the lowest to the highest ranks in the space of a short time.

*Mateo Falcone* is also one of the short ones. It is the story of a Corsican outlaw who kills his boy for betraying a fellow-bandit who sought shelter in his house. Mateo is what may be called a "respectable brigand." He lives unmolested by the police who are glad enough to let so formidable a man sleep in peace. The other outlaw is pursued and wounded by the police; when he seeks refuge in Mateo's house, he finds no one at home except the young son who has been left in charge. The boy hides the wounded man so skilfully that the police fail to discover him and would have had to forego their booty had not the officer tempted the boy to betray the man's whereabouts by offering him a bribe. The passage which describes him dangling the bright watch before the boy's face is perfect; the temptation is too strong and a little thumb points to the place of concealment. When the father returns, the boy is punished as the first one of the family who had ever been a traitor.

*La Venus d'Ille* is considered by some to be the very best. It is the story of the terrible Venus of whom English people have read in Anstey's *Tinted Venus*. The superstition is that a certain statue of Venus comes to life when a ring is put upon her finger. In Merimée's version he makes use of an artifice which he employed in other tales also; he leaves the mystery with two possible solutions; he does not say for certain that the statue came to life and did this or that, but he tells us that the statue inspired most people with a feeling of fear, that everything connected with it seemed doomed to mishap and that certain tragic events followed close upon the slipping of a ring on her finger; but at the same time he suggests certain matter-of-fact explanations for what might seem incredible. He leaves the reader to judge which of the two is less difficult to believe and there can be little doubt that everyone must find it easier to attribute the calamity to the statue come to life—and that is precisely what Merimée intended.

In *Tamango* we find one of those characters I mentioned above. Here we see human nature in its wildest and most unfettered condition; we watch the terrible results of anger, revenge, fear, hunger, as we read the story of the negro

chieftain who, treacherously taken on board a French vessel, breaks free and sets his fellow-slaves at liberty, massacres the crew and then finds himself unable to manage the vessel, which has to drift at the mercy of the wind and waves, until all die of starvation save him and his wife, with whom he shares the last morsel. Sighted at last by some vessel, he was found lying unconscious near his wife's body, brought to Europe and civilised. Horrible as the subject may appear, it is deeply interesting, for it is told in a manner peculiar to Merimée. The subject fascinated him and he succeeds in fascinating us.

Of *Colomba* I need say nothing, for this beautiful story is known in every country in which French is read. It is one of the books one reads at school, and yet can read with pleasure again and again in later years. I think the way in which this story has been repeatedly published and translated in many lands is a measure of the value of Merimée's writings. Like Tennyson, he lived to see himself a classic.

G. L. F.

## THE HEDGEROWS IN APRIL.

BY S. SMYTH.

APRIL is here at last. The month of months to the botanist, the month we have been looking forward to for weeks past with eagerness and expectation, for is it not the time when all Nature awakes? The birds are full of their own plans and secrets, the butterflies emerge from their winter sleep, the beetles run busily about in the sunshine, and the plants and trees send forth their buds with amazing rapidity, we may almost "see them grow" (as the saying is) at this time of the year.

Let us take a stroll into yonder green lane, which only a month ago we searched so diligently for any visible signs of life. The sun beats down with unwonted strength upon the hedge-bank, making the drops of dew shine like dazzling diamonds.

Vegetation is becoming quite profuse. Bunches of beaked parsley almost hide the more interesting plants for which we are looking. But see there! where that oil beetle is so busy, the beautiful deep-blue of the ground ivy gladdens our eye; here it blossoms, almost unseen to the casual observer, for its flowers are mostly hidden beneath its rough leaves. The hawthorn hedge on our right hand is clothed with tender green, and if we look more closely we may notice the flower buds which in a few weeks will bring us the "May" we loved so much in our childhood.

Ah! what a storehouse of wealth and beauty can Nature disclose to us at this time! There is a humble plant she reveals to none but the enthusiast, it is so insignificant, yet so wonderfully beautiful that many people are surprised on my showing it to them, that they had never noticed it before; and here it covers the bank with its blue-green foliage and greenish flowers. It is the *adoxa* (without glory), the name bears witness to its humility; on its slender upright stem are borne five flowers, four facing severally each point of the compass and the fifth gazing up into space.

Just over the hedgerow there is a glint of water, and on nearer inspection we find some marshy ground covered with the golden saxifrage; there is also a smell of garlic not far

away. Yes, here are its smooth shining leaves, looking very like those of the lily of the valley; the flowers, however, are not yet out. Let us penetrate the adjoining copse; brambles abound, and we get unmercifully torn in our eagerness for "finds," but under a particularly dense bramble there is a plant we must reach at all hazards, its flowers have been out since February, but it will still afford us interest. Its blossoms are of a pale greenish hue, tipped with purple, the lower leaves are dark green, and the whole plant reeks with a fetid odour, hence its name of the fetid or stinking hellebore (*Helleborus fetidus*).

We make our way among the brambles slowly and painfully, passing by many clumps of primroses and masses of white violets on our way, until the copse ends and we emerge into the lane. There are banks of short dry grass on either hand, and these are good hunting grounds for the flower lover during this month. Let us go down on our hands and knees so as not to allow the minutest specimen to escape us. There is the pretty little wall speedwell (*Veronica arvensis*), it is growing all over the bank, and close to it, also mixed up with it, is the field lady's mantle (*Alchemilla arvensis*), a very inconspicuous plant with greenish flowers, most difficult to distinguish from the leaves. The vernal carex also is shewing its little straw-coloured tufts of stamens in patches here and there among the grass. This is the first carex to come out and it will be another month or so before the rest of the sedges begin to blossom.

Masses of primroses make a brave show all along the bank, and now and then we come across an oxlip or a few sweet-scented cowslips. Still looking closely we may notice a very small blue forget-me-not, or scorpion grass as it is called (*Myosotis collina*), the bank is studded with its minute flowers and there is also the parti-coloured variety with its yellow buds and blue flowers; both of these little plants have short stems, and the leaves are hairy and woolly, quite unlike the large water variety. They both get their name of scorpion grass from the scorpioid manner in which their flowers are tightly coiled up when in bud.

We must linger for a moment more, for just at the top of the bank I see the little bird's foot (*Ornithopus perpusillus*). On examination it is found to be one of the pea family having a flower of that type of an exquisite creamy colour with

stripes of pink, most beautiful, though exceedingly small; its fruit, which is not yet to be seen, reminds one very much of a bird's foot, hence its name.

There are endless other objects of interest on the bank, and many more to come out later, but we must scramble down again and cross the road to yonder pond by the roadside, it is a mass of the white blossoms of the water ranunculus (*Ranunculus aquatilis*). This plant has two sorts of leaves, one kind which floats on the surface of the water, and is of a shining green, not very much serrated, the other kind is hair-like and submerged. The ivy-leaved crowfoot (*Ranunculus hederaceus*) may be looked for in similar situations, but it will be growing more in the mud and not in the deep water; its flowers are much smaller than *aquatilis*, and the submerged leaves are absent.

The pond does not yield us much plant life as yet, the pond-weeds, forget-me-not, brooklime, irises and other water-loving species are not yet in flower; but behind the pond, close up against the hedge, are quantities of garlic mustard now in full blossom. This strong-smelling plant grows in most lanes, and here it is with many of its plants showing white crucifer flowers. I have often noticed how simultaneously the flowers of this plant come out. I have searched regularly every day to discover one flower open before the rest, but it is never so; when one flower opens, all the others come out with it.

The lesser periwinkle (*Vinca minor*) may be found pursuing its trailing growth under the hedge, and its larger cousin (*Vinca major*) will be in flower towards the end of the month, creeping almost to the top of the hedge and making a beautiful climber with its very large purple flowers and bright green leaves. This plant is not indigenous to Britain, and only occurs in the neighbourhood of houses or amongst ruins; it has, however, become naturalised, and in many places is considered wild. As regards British plants, the periwinkles have an order all to themselves, many tropical shrubs and herbs, however, belong to the same order Apocynaceæ; the beautiful oleander of our greenhouses being one.

Up above our heads a chaffinch is heard singing his short but joyous song. If we take the trouble to search the recesses of the hawthorn hedge by our side we may be able

already to discover a dainty nest belonging to the mate of this little songster. See there, well concealed in the thickest part of the hedge, is a small, very neat little dwelling lined with moss and feathers; the bird is so brave that she takes very little notice of an intruder, but after having almost expelled her forcibly from her nest we see five greenish blue eggs within, mottled with umber brown, more thickly at the blunter and sparingly at the thinner end. These eggs of the chaffinch vary greatly in appearance, some may have the brown spots entirely wanting, and others have been found almost wholly spotted.

Let us pass on, for I see a cherry tree with its snow-white canopy gleaming in the sunshine; the leaves are of a tender greenish brown, and the bees are revelling in the store of honey with which the blossoms are so richly dowered.

A brimstone butterfly sails past with undulating flight; he is a this year's insect, and has not had time to get his wings soiled. We may perchance see another of his kind, the female, which is of a much paler yellow, though alike in other respects.

The hedge banks are white with the greater stitchwort (*Stellaria holostea*); the white dead nettle (*Lamium album*), which has been in leaf ever since Christmas, is also beginning to make a show, and if we are fortunate enough, and the country be at all of a woody nature, we may come across the yellow dead nettle, archangel, or weasel snout (*Lamium galeobdolon*), closely resembling the commoner flower, except in its colour, which is of a rich, soft, creamy yellow.

Growing by its side are tufts of the hairy wood rush (*Luzula pilosa*), while quantities of pink campion enrich the whole with colour.

Everything has suddenly sprung into leaf; the hawthorns are a lovely green, the elder is quite leafy. The sycamores afford almost a shelter now from April showers, and the elm and beech trees are budding profusely.

Making our way along the road, still free from dust, we find our bank has been exchanged for a wall, which sounds perhaps uninteresting, but do not hurry by, let us give even the wall a chance. There are some little plants which prefer living here to growing under a luxuriant hedge among the richest of vegetation. On the very top of our wall there is a little thing with a rosette of radical leaves and a stem rising

out from the centre bearing several pure white flowers of the crucifer tribe. This is the little vernal whitlow grass (*Draba verna*), and we shall find it elsewhere in various situations; it loves a spot where the soil is scanty, on the tops of roofs, by the wayside, down the prim gravel paths of many a cottage garden, and also on the hedge banks, leaving most of the goodness of the soil to its more needy neighbours.

There is a taller, rather spindling plant growing side by side with the whitlow grass, and looking very much like shepherd's purse, but let us not mistake it as such, for on examination we find it has no pouches for its fruit, but long, pod-like seeds, its flowers are white and minute, the leaves are mostly radical, and its stem is tall and rather bare of leaves. This is a crucifer again, and goes by the name of thale cress (*Sisymbrium thalianum*).

At the foot of the wall the despised groundsel is growing so luxuriantly that it can hardly be recognised for the same stunted specimen we found early in January; in the hedges it grows still taller, and at this time, about the end of the month, we may discover the first caterpillars of the season, for the larva of the tiger moth makes this plant one of his chief foods. The grubs will only be small as yet, but take them home and provide them with a plentiful supply of groundsel every day and by June they will have developed into large woolly bears quite two inches long, ready to turn chrysalis.

On our homeward way the sun is behind us and shows us things we have missed in coming. There are beautiful trees of the white willow covered with long male catkins; these are produced at the same time as the leaves and for this reason cannot be confounded with the willow (*Salix caprea*), which blossoms a few weeks earlier and whose leaves do not appear until the flowers are faded.

The blackthorn or sloe comes now before our notice in the hedges, while the smell of the black poplar (*Populus nigra*) is wafted on the breeze, bidding us look upward and admire its beautiful yellowish-red catkins waving gracefully to and fro.

Everything rejoices in its new birth. What time of the year can be more wonderful than this, when all creation laughs and sings and when the whole earth puts on a glorious dress at the bidding of the one great Being Who clothes the humble celandine with beauty and provides a shelter for the meanest worm.

## ABOUT MUSIC TEACHING.

BY BARBARA DAVENPORT.

When we take into consideration the vast number of children, in almost every station of life, who are learning music, and especially how to play the piano, it is astonishing how few of the number ever turn out musicians, in any sense of the word. One hears, on all sides, of children who look forward to being able to "drop music" as one of the advantages of growing up; children to whom the hour given to practising or music lesson is merely so much wearisome annoyance; but to whom, in apparent contradiction, the string band on the end of the pier, or Auntie's song in the drawing-room after dinner, are the magic entrances to a wonderland of undefined happiness. Strange that to an apparently musical and imaginative child the learning should be such an effort. Strange, too, that the result is often but poor; so poor, indeed, that among one's many acquaintances who play the piano, the few who can play an accompaniment without spoiling the solo stand out in one's memory, and must be conciliated at all costs if one plays the violin.

All these facts seem to point to some want or mistake in the teaching of music to beginners. Scarcely so much to any special fault, as to a certain failure, amongst teachers, to make music at all interesting to a child's mind. A great many people, however, in these enlightened days, have the very best musicians to teach their children from the beginning, and to these this article does not in any way apply. For a truly good musician can generally manage to interest the child he is teaching; and even if he cannot awaken a great interest, his teaching is so eminently the right teaching that the knowledge acquired in childhood is there ready for use, if the interest comes later on in life. But it is a very usual thing to see in the advertising columns that a governess is wanted for general knowledge, who must also be "musical," that is, capable of giving the children their music lessons. And the result of this often is that the children will be "so glad to drop music" when they are "grown-up."



Music is, taken in a certain way, a very dull study. It is a dreadful thing for a child to have to sit at the piano for an hour, first trying to get the fingering of its scales right, then stumbling through what is known as a "study" (often an apparently meaningless jingle of notes), and finally going on to the "piece," only to drag through it time after time in the vain hope of getting it "perfect." To a sensitive child the irritation of playing the same thing over and over again for hours becomes maddening, and the remembrance of the boredom of learning that piece will take away all the pleasure of playing it when at last the notes have been mastered. Now the idea that a child must keep on playing a piece until it is "perfect," is really one of the greatest mistakes in ordinary teaching. It is much better to put it aside after a certain point of correctness has been reached, for a week or two, and go on with something else. On going back to re-study it after the little interval, no one will be more delighted than the child itself to find how much easier it has become. And talking of pieces, by which it is generally meant something rather light and pretty, it is very advisable to select those that have a distinct little melody running through them ; something that the child can remember when away from the piano, and hum over or whistle to itself. For one of the most essential points of piano playing is the realisation of melody and accompaniment, a fact that children's pieces seem scarcely to emphasize enough. The teacher should choose alternately pieces in which the left hand takes the melody and the right hand the accompaniment, and *vice versa*, to get independent action of either hand.

Many children find the greatest difficulty in reading music. This is very much due to the fact that they are kept so long over one piece that they really very seldom see new music. A very good plan to interest children and make them quick readers is to give them a quarter of an hour's reading every day, of every variety of music,—songs, theatre music, hymns, —anything does, so long as it is absolutely new to them, and they never read the same thing twice. A child who is made to do this very often becomes greatly interested in spelling out tunes, as it were, and sometimes even gets a habit of trying over the new music it sees about, for its own pleasure.

Here again a great point should be made of allowing the left hand equal chances with the right, and the reading of bass music insisted on.

Above all, children should be taught to remember music. If more attention was paid to the strengthening of memory in childhood, what a lot of trouble it would save in later life ! It is a terrible drawback not to be able to remember music, and it is really a most unnecessary one. Some people of course are not so clever at remembering music as others, and it is these people who have started the idea about having "no memory for music." There is really no such thing as not having a memory for music. Music is no harder to remember than anything else. It is only because people do not go the right way to learn by heart, but think that after playing a piece a great number of times their fingers will mechanically play it for them without any thought from their brains. It is owing to this mistaken idea that people so often allow children, after having hammered away at a piece eternally, to sit down and go off into a sort of dream whilst they play it without their notes. Often enough a child gets through its piece all right this way, but woe betide it if nervous or suddenly interrupted !

Now this is no way of teaching children to remember music. They should be taught to remember a piece line by line, just as they would a piece of poetry ; really to have it in their minds, and not to trust to finger memory. A short time every day spent in learning by heart in this way (at first only a few bars at a time) will so strengthen the memory that before long the habit of recollecting becomes perfectly simple.

The cultivation of a good ear is perhaps *the* most important thing in all music, whether pianoforte or any other instrument. A splendid way to cultivate the ear in childhood,—a way that is sure to amuse, so strongly does it resemble the magic of a "game,"—is to send the child away from the piano whilst you strike single notes one after the other, making it guess each time what note you are playing. Very soon an intelligent pupil gets used to recognising the different notes ; begins to be able to judge distances of tone, semitone, major and minor thirds, and so on ; and the exercise of ear becomes the greatest delight.

Among the many bad ways that children are somehow

allowed to fall into, there is the very droll one of what *they themselves* call "playing with expression." Now playing with expression truly is a very very wonderful thing, and hard indeed are the hearts that are not infinitely moved, "attendu," as the French put it, by beautiful music played with beautiful expression. But what children are often allowed to do to make a piece sound expressive is to emphasise notes that are not intended to be emphasised, to put their feet on the pedals, and, alas, leave them there, confusing harmonies and giving the whole piece a blurred effect; and last, but not least, to spread their chords and sound each hand almost separately. All this certainly varies the proceedings, but to a musician it is no longer music. It is chaos, incorrect, inharmonious, and without charm.

Never let a child get into these habits; always insist that the feet are taken off the pedals at the different chords; persuade them that the composer marked all the notes that he wanted emphasised; and insist too that both hands strike the keyboard absolutely simultaneously, and that all the notes in each chord are sounded together.

Technique and expression are almost too nearly allied for a child to distinguish between them. If the melody is singing sweetly, clearly, and sustainedly in one hand, and the other is accompanying firmly, quietly, and in perfect time, let that be enough. In the after years when life has opened out in all directions, and the mind is full of the mystery of human life, and the heart is full of love, and maybe sorrow, then expression will come.

But first must come a love of every detail of the learning: an unwearying devotion; and an honest determination to spare no trouble in the attaining. Did not a great man once say that even *genius* was only "an infinite capacity for taking pains"?

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

DEAR EDITOR,—With regard to the formation of a first-rate library of selected children's books which Mrs. Parsons advocates in her interesting letter published in your March number, I would venture to suggest that this is a question which is more far-reaching and complex than that of the formation of the Standard Child's Library of which I spoke in my last letter. The term "suitable books" seems an elastic one when used in this connection. Hundreds of books are published which might be called "suitable," and often enough the child's imagination is able to supply what may be wanting in a book, and to build the loveliest fairy palaces on the foundations of most common-place prose. But the main point is, what is precisely the meaning of "suitable books"—suitable for what? It is, I understand, for teaching the young to see and love all that is good and noble in this world rather than what is trivial and worthless. And I am of the opinion that the number of books which may be relied upon to teach the young in this manner is strictly limited. I look upon the figures which were given in *The Spectator*—twelve to twenty books—as the approximate number which may be said to fulfil the required conditions.

But in thus limiting the number of books, one at once raises that difficult question as to whether a child's reading should be free or guided. This of course is a matter which must be left to the discretion of those who have the care of children. Excellent results have been attained by leaving a child free to choose his own books in a large and well-selected collection—to choose at random from a number of "suitable books." And the child's instinct may often be a better guide than the wisdom of an elder and the child's studies may become most fruitful. But I think that such cases are rare, for there is nothing more difficult than knowing what to choose, nothing more dangerous to a young mind than indiscriminate browsing in meadows bright with flowers of unknown taste and properties. Rather than leave a child to choose in my

library, I should give him only one good book and tell him to read it over and over again, which he will do if the book is well illustrated. Any child brought up on, say, the Bible, *Robinson Crusoe* or *Pilgrim's Progress* has an education which must form his mind in such a way that when the time comes for the exercise of independent choice in the matter of study, he will naturally be ready to see and love what is good and noble in this world.

But fortunately one is seldom obliged to limit a child's reading to one book. There are other means of laying a true foundation : and a true foundation means the awakening of a desire to learn and know, the implanting of the instinct of what is lovely, not only in character but in form, not only in act and thought, but also in human work in any branch of activity, the yearning to fulfil the one great purpose all must realize so strongly in the vague consciousness of the spiritual being—so vaguely in the strong self-assertion of "this mortal coil."

I venture (even at the risk of seeming to offer a solution to a question regarding which I am quite unable to give an opinion) to mention the names of a few books, some of which may be considered to fulfil the conditions required for a Child's Standard Library. Besides an illustrated Bible, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Don Quixote*, *The Arabian Nights*, *Fairy Tales* (Grim's or Hans Andersen's), *Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare*, *Thackeray's "Rose and the Ring,"* *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland*, *Gulliver's Travels*, *Struwwelpeter*, *The Holy War*, *Guy Mannering* or *Rob Roy*, *David Copperfield* or *The Old Curiosity Shop*. Besides these I think a volume of fables (*Æsop's* or *La Fontaine's*) might be added, together with a volume of tales from the classics (Church, Kingsley, Hawthorne, and others), tales from history, and a volume dealing with the wonders of geography. It is, I think, with regard to the choice of the last three volumes that advice is badly needed : there are so many books of the kind, and yet one or two must be superior to the rest, and only need to be found.

Of course all these books should be handsomely illustrated, if possible on every page, by a clever artist. Illustrations are the soul of a book from a child's point of view ; he begins to read by *looking* at the pictures, soon he wants to know

what the picture represents, who are the people who figure in it, what country they live in—in short, he gradually comes to require more and more print. That is why one *good* book may be made to serve for many years. At first we only pay attention to a very small fraction of the matter, the remainder does not exist for us because we do not see it; in the course of time we learn to notice this or that which comes to us as something quite new; then we learn to see it in various lights, and lastly—but there is no lastly in these cases; the wisest man may die still reading one of the *good* books and praying for more light.

And I would suggest that it is important to avoid making books look childish—look like books meant for the nursery. A child seems to like a “grown-up” book provided there are many good pictures, and a nursery book cannot be a companion for life in the way that a “grown-up” looking book can. Not that I wish to imply that all the volumes of the Child's Standard Library should be similarly bound. On the contrary, I like to see a Bible infinitely better bound than any other book, *Pilgrim's Progress* in some sombre garb, the *Arabian Nights* in a cover fantastically adorned, *Alice* in her customary binding, and so on. But, it will be said, this requires a great deal too much time and attention in the carrying out. Of course these details will seem necessary only to those who have a high estimate of the value of literature as an educational force, superfluous to those who think that it is not books that influence a child's mind to any very great extent. I agree with these; books are not all-important. It is probably not from the Bible that the child obtains his first conceptions of God: it is from “Daddy.” It is not from books that he will learn to know of angels, but from mother, and it is not in books that he ought to find the meaning of happiness, goodness and heaven, but in his home. And even when books play a prominent part in a home, is it not mother's comments that influence the mind rather than the text of the book she is reading aloud?

But are we to condemn everything whose only property is to be lovely? Are we to let the dust gather on our books because a child learns most by being with *people* who *are* noble characters, who, like God, rule and teach by being what they are? No, surely not; even granted that books

are not essential, let them remain within reach; there are moments when a precious volume will be opened for lack of something else to do, and a new life-friendship may be formed. Chance is the word by which we designate God's way of dealing with us: it is by chance we happen to do everything which steers our course in life and shapes our plans. So let the books be there in readiness for the great chance; and is there not something fascinating in arranging within a child's reach a little row of "chances," which may lead him into infinite worlds of beauty, happiness and knowledge?

Yours, etc.,

G. L. F.

[Discussion is invited.—ED.]

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Architecture, in connection with Furness Abbey.*

Group: Art.      Class IV.      Age: 16½.      Time: 45 minutes

BY AGNES C. DRURY.

### OBJECTS.

I. To prepare for a visit to Furness Abbey by:—

- (a) Interesting the pupils in architecture by a comparison of the two earliest styles (Norman and Early English) exemplified in Furness Abbey.
- (b) Giving opportunity to realize the beauties of the two styles in pictures, both of Furness and of other buildings of the same dates.
- (c) Linking architecture with history.

II. To form a new relation with the past and with art.

III. To provide food for the imagination.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Find out whether the pupils have seen the Abbey and get them to describe, or describe to them, the “Vale of Deadly Nightshade.” Show some general views of the ruins and picture the foundation of the Abbey by a colony



of Benedictine monks from Normandy, to whom Stephen had given his lands in Furness.

*Step II.*—Picture the housing of the brethren in temporary structures. Question the pupils as to the buildings necessary, the probable form of the church, and the portions with which the monks would begin, sketching on the board a rough plan of each part as it is mentioned, *i.e.*, the presbytery and transepts, south aisle, cloister, dormitory and chapter house. At the same time, show how the adoption of the Cistercian rule in 1147 modified earlier plans and determined the structure of the Abbey.

*Step III.*—Using a small printed plan of the Abbey to indicate the positions of various parts, with the help of numerous pictures, make an imaginary circuit of the church, noticing the characteristics of the Norman period: the north door, the three-ordered arches and pillars of the north transept, the triforium arcade, round-headed windows, round and clustered pillars of the nave, and the door into the cloisters. Ask the pupils what line of kings was reigning, and give the period its name, Norman. In order that they may realize that similar building was going on in England and Normandy at the same time, show pictures of the Norman Abbeys, of Canterbury Cathedral, etc., and of details resembling those at Furness.

*Step IV.*—Again by the help of pictures, notice the Early English characteristics: the lancet windows of the dormitory, the great transition arches with their mouldings, the trefoiled arches in the arcade of the vestibule to the chapter house, the pillars, windows and the vaulting of the chapter house. Compare these with other examples of the period, Salisbury, Hexham, etc., and contrast with the Norman.

*Step V.*—Have a rough chart of two centuries, 1050—1250, with a square for every decade, sketched on the board. Shade the Norman period, 1090—1150, in one colour; the Early English, 1189—1272, in another; the three decades of transition in a third: and mark the accessions of William the Conqueror, Stephen and Richard I., and the foundation of Furness Abbey.

Ask the pupils to draw the distinctive forms of arch, etc., for each period, and show them the large historical plan of Furness Abbey.

## II.

*Subject: Dispersion of Seeds.*

Group: Science. Class III. Time: 30 minutes.

BY E. MARY PIKE.

## OBJECTS.

- I. To increase the children's knowledge of plants.
- II. To show how Nature adapts herself to her surroundings.
- III. To give some account of the different ways by which the seeds of plants are distributed.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Ask why plants have various ways of distributing their seeds, and what would happen if they all fell close to the parent plant.

If all the seeds were to fall together they would not only be overshadowed by the parent plant, but would also be very much crowded, and so unable to obtain sufficient air and soil, which is necessary for their growth.

*Step II.*—Show specimens of seeds and fruits, and obtain from the children the different devices which plants make use of in providing for their seeds.

Some seeds are provided with *wings*—elm, sycamore, ash, pine, birch, etc. These are often blown to great distances by the wind, especially the birch, which is the lightest of all tree seeds. Others have *plumes*, such as the dandelion and most of the *Compositæ*, the willow-herb, etc. These act as parachutes to the seeds and enable them to be wafted on the slightest breeze. (Notice the spiny projection at the upper end of the dandelion seed, which prevents it from being blown out of the soil when it has once found a place.) Some plants, such as the cleavers, avens, burdock, etc., have *hooks* to their seeds, which enable them to cling to any animal or bird with which they may come in contact. Men, sheep, dogs, rabbits and birds often carry them to a distance in this way.

Some seeds are enclosed in succulent fruits, which, when ripe, are eaten by men or birds, thus liberating the seeds—cherry, blackberry, hip, haw, mistletoe, etc. Others are carried

away in the mud which adheres to birds' feet. (Mention Darwin's observations on this point.) Some seeds are carried for long distances by *water*—plants on coral islands.

Seeds contained in *Pods* are dispersed, when ripe, by the bursting of the pod—broom, bitter cress, etc.

*Step III.*—Point out how Nature adapts herself to her surroundings. Let the children notice that only the high plants have winged seeds and the lower ones hooks.

The dandelion when in flower remains in an upright position; having been fertilized, it lies on the ground until its seeds are mature, when it again raises itself so that the wind may be able the more easily to carry away its seeds.

*Step V.*—Sum up the devices which are made use of in seed dispersion.

### III.

*Subject: German Grammar.*

Group: Languages. Class III. Time: 20—30 minutes.

BY IDA C. FISHER.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To show the pupil that although the German construction of sentences may seem very much complicated, yet with the help of a few simple rules it can be made much clearer.
- II. To draw these rules from the pupil by means of examples.
- III. To teach two or three of these elementary rules.
- IV. To strengthen the relationship with the foreign language.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Begin by finding out what Georgie knows of compound sentences in English, *i.e.*, that they consist of two or more clauses depending on each other, etc., and let her give one or two examples. Connect this lesson with a former one on the arrangement of words in German sentences by letting Georgie put one or two compound clauses on the board in German, and then giving the rule they illustrate.

*Rule.*—Dependent clauses take the verb at the end of the clause.

These sentences Georgie can probably give herself.

*Step II.*—Get the old rule that the past participle comes at the end of the sentence with a few examples, one or two of which Georgie may write upon the board to compare with those illustrating the new rule.

Let Georgie put several sentences on the board illustrating the new rule.

*Rule.*—In dependent clauses the auxiliary follows the past participle.

*Sentences*—„Ich kehre zurück, wenn sie angekommen ist.”

„Das Kind, welches verloren war, ist gefunden.”

Let Georgie translate these literally into English, and with the simple German clauses already on the board and the translation let her find the rule. Let her translate a few sentences into German to show that she thoroughly understands the rule.

*Step III.*—Treat the next rule almost in the same way, but have each sentence put on the board twice in different order and find the rule by comparing these.

*Rule.*—If the subordinate clause comes first the principal clause takes its verb at the beginning.

*Sentences.*—(1) „Sie gab den Armen viel, weil sie gut war.”

(2) „Wiel sie gut war, gab sie den Armen viel.”

(1) „Er ging immer fort, obwohl er müde war.”

(2) „Obwohl er müde war, ging er immer fort.”

*Step V.*—Recapitulate.

#### IV.

*Subject: Clay-modelling.*

Group: Handicrafts. Class II. Time: half-hour,

BY B. M. DISMOOR.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To introduce the children to a new handicraft, and to show them how to deal with a new material by modelling a plant pot and saucer.
- II To increase observation and appreciation of beauty in form.
- III. To give the children the pleasure of creating.
- IV. To concentrate the children's attention and to increase their patience and perseverance.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Ask the children to tell the various objects that can be made of clay, and where it is chiefly manufactured. It is manufactured at Worcester in England, at Sèvres in France, and at Dresden in Germany. Pottery is also made by all uncivilized peoples. It is a very ancient art: it was known to the ancient Egyptians. Ask the children what the Egyptians would have used it for. It was used for making vases and also figures of gods. Clay was used to write upon in ancient times.

*Step II.*—Take two lumps of clay of about equal size; roll them between the hands so that two equal balls are formed. Let the children watch while you make the saucer, giving directions as you do so. Take one ball and flatten it on the board with the ball of the thumb, to the thickness of about  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch. Loosen the clay from the board, and work up the inside edges with the thumb, always working away from yourself, and moving the saucer round and round. When the saucer has been well worked up at the edges, make five marks at equal distances along the rim. Then at each mark bend the rim outwards between the thumb and fingers. Let the children copy exactly: do not touch their models.

*Step III.*—To make the pot. Let the children first watch while you make the model.

Take the other ball of clay, and, placing the thumbs back to back, push them into the middle, drawing the outside upwards with the fingers. Turn the model round and round, always working at the side opposite to you. Be careful not to make the pot too wide at the top. Pinch the sides to the same thickness and height all round. Make a hole in the bottom with the forefinger, pushing it through first from the inside and then from the outside. Crinkle the edge of the pot to match the saucer. Let the children copy exactly.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

### *Subjects for April.*

I.—*Spring Jewels.* Everyone must note the jewel-like quality of the colours to be found out of doors in spring, the tender fresh green and the sparkle of white and pink blossom. Any study done from Nature will be accepted.

II.—*A study done indoors of a branch of blossom.* Try painting it in water-colour, with a little body colour, on brown paper. Drawings will also be accepted.

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## OUR WORK.

### REPORT OF THE BOTANIC GARDEN FOR 1902.

This garden, planned by the Rev. W. Tuckwell and constructed in 1901, is now well established and thriving exceedingly.

Taking the whole together nearly half the required number of plants are already in the places allotted to them. Some of the beds have much more than this proportion and so appear well stocked. The order Ranunculaceæ is the most completely represented, it needs only five more plants; Compositæ and Filices, the ferns, need only a third of the number that will make them fully representative of their respective orders; the difficult family of grasses, Gramineæ, has been fairly started in the first year of collecting. On the other hand the sedges, Cyperaceæ, in which the Lake country is so rich, are not yet very numerous.

The list below classifies the work of the senior students; they are leaving behind them, for the benefit of their successors, well-drawn plans of the beds they have worked upon, with the position of each plant clearly fixed by numbers on the spot where it is already, or is to be placed when acquired.

#### CLASS I.

MISS PARISH  
,, DRURY

#### CLASS II.

MISS PIKE  
,, WILKINSON  
,, MENDHAM

## CLASS III.

MISS LEES
„ FISCHER
„ HEATH
„ CLENDINNEN
„ MOULE
„ FRASER

## CLASS IV.

MISS SMYTH
„ BELL
„ DISMOOR
„ GARNIER
„ FOUNTAIN
„ OGDEN

SOPHIA ARMITT.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for April: Browning's Poems—*By the Fireside, Saul, A Woman's Last Word.*

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for April: From *Iphigenie auf Tauris* (Goethe).

The Examiner has much pleasure in giving a favourable report of both these societies during the past year. The members of the Translation Society are specially to be congratulated for their good work and the interest they take in the Society; Mrs. Ogle has won the prize. With regard to the Literary Society, the work done has been most satisfactory, but some of the members might be more industrious; Miss Pennethorne has won the prize.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Special Reports on Educational Subjects.* Vols. X. and XI. (Eyre & Spottiswoode). Vol. X., 2/3; vol. XI., 2/6. The two volumes of the *Special Reports*, dealing with education in the United States, are of peculiar value and interest. We must go to the United States to witness the apotheosis of educational theory; we say theory rather than practice because the American mind seems to us, like the French, severely logical as well as generously impulsive. A theory arrives, is liberally entertained, and is set to work with due appliances on a magnificent scale to do that which in it lies for the education of a great people. That is to say, educational science in America appears to be deductive rather than inductive; theories are translated into experiments with truly imposing zeal and generosity. An inductive theory of education is, on the other hand, arrived at by means of long, slow, various, and laborious experiments which disclose, here a little, and there a little, of universal truth. The Americans have chosen, perhaps, the easier way, and in the end they too experiment *upon their theory*. The Kindergarten system illustrates what we mean; notwithstanding its German name, the kindergarten is not a common product in the Fatherland; it is in America that the ideas of Froebel have received their greatest development, that the kindergarten has become a cult, and the great Teacher a prophet. But the impulse has worn itself out, any way, is waxing

weak. According to Mr. Thistleton Mark,—whose able paper on *Moral Education in American Schools* offers matter for much profitable reflection—"Even a stationary Froebelian is driven to have some better holdfast than the *ipse dixit* of the great reformer. The word kindergarten is no longer a proper noun signifying always and everywhere the one, sole, original, and identical thing. It is a common noun and as such is assured of a more permanent place in American speech." That is to say, educational thought in America is tending towards the broad and natural conception which we of the P.N.E.U. express in the phrase, "education is a life." But we wish educationalists would give up the name kindergarten. We cannot help thinking that it is somewhat of a strain to conscientious minds to draw the cover of Froebelian doctrine and practice over the broader and more living conceptions that are abroad to-day. Even revolutionised kindergarten practice must suffer from the memory and habit of the weaknesses pointed out by Dr. Stanley Hall in a passage quoted by Mr. Mark:—

"The most decadent intellectual new departure of the American Froebelists is the emphasis now laid upon the mother plays as the acme of kindergarten wisdom. These are represented by very crude poems, indifferent music and pictures, illustrating certain incidents of child life believed to be of fundamental and typical significance. I have read these in German and in English, have strummed the music, and have given a brief course of lectures from the sympathetic standpoint, trying to put all the new wine of meaning I could think of into them. But I am driven to the conclusion that, if they are not positively unwholesome and harmful for the child, and productive of antiscientific and unphilosophical intellectual habits in the teacher, they should nevertheless be superseded by the far better things now available." At the same time Dr. Hall admits that they now have a certain advantage of position, because so much meaning has accumulated about them.

"Another cardinal error of the kindergarten is the intensity of its devotion to gifts and occupations. In devising these Froebel shewed great sagacity; but the scheme as it left his own hands was a very inadequate expression of his educational ideas, even for his time. He thought it a perfect grammar of play and an alphabet of industries; and in this opinion he was utterly mistaken. Play and industry were then relatively undeveloped; and while his devices were beneficent for the peasant children in the country, they lead in the interests of the modern city child a very pallid and unreal life."

*Volume XI.* This volume of the *Special Reports* deals exhaustively with Secondary Education in the United States, and, less fully, with American Universities. The several papers are enormously interesting and contain hints of very great value to educators. But the whole effect is, not the conviction that in America they have solved the problem of Secondary Education, but, rather, that there, as in the Primary Schools, America is experimenting upon theories adopted *en bloc*. The causes of very evident dissatisfaction are perhaps summed up in two phrases. The one (quoted by Mr. Sadler) from Colonel Parker, who says:—"Character constantly realising itself in citizenship . . . is



the immediate, everlasting and only purpose of the school." We should say that character is no doubt the result of the school, as of all the other forces at work in life, but that the immediate purpose of the school is very distinctly *knowledge*, of the varied sorts for which a human being has proper affinities. Where character is the direct and immediate aim we are apt to get a somewhat priggish and shallow person whose little goodnesses are conscious and are apt to be fatiguing to others.

Again, Mr. Percy Ashley in *Some Notes on American Universities*, says that—"they have attempted to bring themselves into touch with the actual problems of the national life and to send their students out equipped to meet every-day needs." The old English Universities, he adds, have hitherto had another ideal. We hope that they will keep that other ideal, but enlarge it, not from the standpoint of economic needs, but from that of the affinities proper to man in the realm of knowledge: that is, that their training shall not be in the way of qualification, but of culture in an ever more inclusive sense.

Mr. Sadler, in his penetrating study called *A Contrast between German and American Ideals in Education*, again sounds the note with which he has made us familiar, that of the "educational unrest," which he finds alike pathetic and universal. If the writer of this paper does not make any dogmatic pronouncement as to a better way, he, at any rate, warns us off the shallows. He would not have us patch our old bottles with shreds of German or American or other educational thought. "Education is a life," and every nation must grow it out of its own soil. But Mr. Sadler offers us an ideal and a warning good for us to lay to heart. "Among the qualities which are most precious are resourcefulness, initiative, constructive ability, artistic power, leadership, trustworthiness, gaiety of mind, moral courage, reverence, faith. Yet these qualities are but little tested or developed by the ordinary kind of school studies. Let us beware, therefore, of riveting down on the nation a system of intellectual tests which will take no account of the very qualities on which in the long run national welfare most depends. Chaos may be a bad thing, but over-organization is worse."

*The Schoolmaster's Year Book and Directory for 1903* (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., 5/- net). We congratulate the publishers on the production of a very useful handbook. Part I., under the head of General Information, treats of societies and organizations concerned with education, of official bodies so concerned, of colleges, diplomas, examinations, and what not, and contains a satisfactory history of the educational year 1901-1902. The powers of the Board of Education and the Teacher Registration Order are very fully dealt with. The information appears to be as complete and exact as we can expect in a general handbook. Part II. contains alphabetical lists of secondary schoolmasters and schools, and Part III. articles and reviews. There are some fifteen articles dealing in a liberal temper with the various educational questions that have come up during the year. Girls' schools and women teachers are necessarily left out, but no doubt a similar volume will be prepared in their interests. It seems to us that much judgment has been shewn in covering topics of general educational interest in Parts I. and III., though the lists

are concerned only with secondary schoolmasters and secondary schools for boys.

*Philosophy: its Scope and Relations*, by the late Henry Sidgwick (Macmillan, 6/6 net). Any utterance by the late Professor Sidgwick on the subject of Philosophy is important and in this posthumous publication a real difficulty in the mind of the student is elucidated. He has been tempted to imagine on the one hand that the kindred studies—Psychology, Logic, Ethics, and the rest, cover the whole ground; and that "Philosophy" is more or less a vague counter, current when thought is not definite; or, on the other hand, his conception of "Philosophy" is inclusive and exhaustive and he holds that in fact it covers all closely related subjects of enquiry. Now Professor Sidgwick's searching examination into the scope of philosophy leaves us with the certainty that philosophy is concerned in discovering and formulating the unifying principles which should bring into harmony and effectiveness all those sciences which affect individual and collective living. The writer's examination of the historical method adopted by the evolutionist is particularly instructive. The argument concerning the Darwinian theory is especially interesting, and the conclusion will be welcome to many of us who have felt ourselves in danger of being swept off our feet by the rash assertion that man is a material organism and nothing more. The author considers and demonstrates that the question of the immortality of the soul is in no wise affected by the Darwinian theory of evolution; and adds, "I conclude, then, that the historical method as applied to anthropology on the basis of Darwin's theory, leaves the metaphysical problem of the relation of mind and matter exactly where it was."

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## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

### TO THE READERS OF THE "REVIEW."

I should like to draw the attention of all readers of the *Review* to the arrangements made by our Conference Committee. We have decided to try the experiment of bringing members of the Union together twice in the year and thus having two opportunities of rousing one another's enthusiasm and focussing P.N.E.U. thought. We are therefore going to have our Council Meeting (for election of officers, passing report, &c.), and our *Conversazione* on June 8th. Our Conference will take place about the end of October. This we hope will prove a less busy and therefore more convenient time than in the height of the London season. Full particulars of the *Conversazione* will be advertised in the *Review*. Meanwhile, I am able to say that Miss Mason will contribute a paper on questions which she hopes may be of help to us all at a moment when a general feeling of unrest exists in the educational world. The Committee feel that every effort should be made to spread the true principles for the diffusion of which the Union exists. Every P.N.E.U. member will receive an invitation to the *Conversazione*. The Secretary, 26, Victoria Street, will gladly

forward extra cards to any friends of members whose names are sent to her. We should be glad to receive names of heads of schools as well as parents to whom the evening might prove interesting and inspiring.

Yours faithfully,

H. FRANKLIN,

50, Porchester Terrace, W.

*Hon. Organizing Secretary.*

DEAR EDITOR,—I would call the attention of members of the P.N.E.U. to the list of books, which have been recently added to the library, to be found on p. 319 of this month's *Review*.

As will be seen, the list includes many books on Natural Science and those of the Mothers' Educational Course which were hitherto not in the library.

I shall be glad if members will kindly cut out the list and affix it to the catalogues already in their possession.

Yours faithfully,

F. NOËL ARMFIELD.

26, Victoria Street, S.W.

*Sec. P.N.E.U.*

DEAR EDITOR,—Could any of your readers recommend a firm who would lend on hire educational lantern slides? It would be a great kindness as I am right in the country far away from any educational centre. My pupils are of such widely different ages (7-13), that I think a magic lantern lesson once a week would be helpful.

Yours sincerely,

Penton Lodge, Andover, Hants.

A CONSTANT READER.

DEAR EDITOR,—Your readers may be glad to know of the "Perry Pictures," which can be bought at the Art for Schools Association, 46, Great Ormond Street, at the very low rate of fifty for 1s. 6½d. The larger sizes are at proportionate prices; the largest size, 10 by 12 inches, are 4d. each or five for 1s. 1½d. It may be useful to explain that they are reproductions from photographs or engravings of famous paintings, drawings and sculpture, and various games can be made with them, on the plan of the "National Gallery" card games. They are published in America. I think them a delightful addition to our nurseries, and hope many mothers will go to Ormond Street and see them.

Faithfully yours,

24, Argyll Road, Kensington,  
London, *March 12th.*

J. BLANCHE S. THOMPSON.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Collendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer:* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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Miss Armfield much regrets that lack of space compels her to hold over till next month the reports of Brondesbury, Glasgow, Harrow, Hyde Park, Ipswich and Winchester.

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Branches of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Bristol and Croydon. Will members having friends in Bristol kindly communicate with Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, 27, Dunleaze Road, Stoke Bishop, Bristol. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

**BOURNEMOUTH AND BOSCOMBE.**—The paper read to the members of the P.N.E.U. at Bournemouth, on Feb. 23rd, by Miss Buckton (vice-principal of Sesame House). was entitled, "How to make children truly happy." Miss Buckton began her address by saying that she meant to refer to young children only, under the age of seven or eight years, and dwelt on the importance (as insisted on by Froebel) of the early, unconscious years, from infancy, of a child's life, during which the habits and attitude of mind are largely formed. Some parents (anxious to do their best) seem to think they have done everything in providing for the physical well-being of their children; but the longings of the child's mind are at the same time left quite unsatisfied, its little questions unanswered, or, worse still, answered in an unsympathetic way, giving, perhaps, a false outlook on life. Again, some parents think to make their children happy by supplying them with plenty of toys; instead of which, what the child really needs is, not ready-made toys, but material for self-expression and the working out of his own imagination and originality. Here we see the great value of bricks (of the right kind), of clay, blackboard and chalk, blunt scissors and paper, and even (with an old smock!) a little water might be sometimes allowed; a few simple tools, with a low table to work at, should also be provided; and out of doors in fine weather the sand heap and the garden. Pictures have a strong moral influence on children, and therefore only good pictures should be allowed in the nursery. It is also convenient to have a frame in which pictures can easily be changed according to the subject most occupying the children's mind at the time. Scope must be given for the child's sense of responsibility (care of plants, animals, daily duties, etc.), for the desire, deep-planted in every child, to feel himself one of the community, to take his share in little duties of the daily domestic life of the home, affecting other people's lives as well as his own; for the child's need to love and to work is great in proportion to the care and love spent upon him, and his own dependence on others.

**FINCHLEY.**—By kind permission of Mrs. Blake Odgers, our March meeting was held at "Thefarth," when Mr. J. Lewis Paton, of University College School, gave an address on "Boys and Newspapers," Dr. McClure in the chair. The subject drew a large audience, and interesting discussion followed. — In May we have been promised an address by Mr. de Burgh, on "Plato's Ideals of Education." This will be the last meeting of the session.

**LEWES.**—The last lecture of the season took place on March 4th, when Mrs. Clement Parsons gave an interesting address on "The Why's and Wherefore's of the Parents' Union." The chair was kindly taken by the Headmaster of the Lewes Grammar School, the Rev. E. Hodgson, in the unavoidable absence of Dr. Dow. There was a good audience.

**READING.**—On Tuesday, Feb. 10th, Mr. Hastings Gilford, F.R.G.S., gave the members an address at the Abbey Hall, on "Men and Animals of 10,000 years ago." There were about 70 present. Commencing with some illustrations to give the idea of lapse of time and referring to the probable beginning of the earth as a whole, he demonstrated that the period of which he was to speak was comparatively recent. So far as we judge from remains which had been preserved to us, there had been very

little alteration in the physical structure of animals since that time. Evidence had come down to us from the drawings in outline, on fragments of bone, that man was acquainted with those kinds of wild animals which, if not found in this country now, are still living in other parts of the world, or have done so in historical times. From the excellent copies of these drawings which the lecturer sketched on the board, the children had no difficulty in recognising any of the creatures portrayed, which included—tapir, horse, elk, reindeer, pike and eel. Several specimens of rough and polished stone implements and some bronze hatchets were exhibited, and the method of use explained by comparison with similar tools in use among savages at the present day. At the close of the lecture a very hearty vote of thanks was given to Mr. Gilford on behalf of those present, by the Rev. A. H. D. Allan, M.A.

SCARBOROUGH.—On Feb. 19th, the fourth meeting of the session was held at the house of Dr. and Mrs. Godfrey. About 40 members assembled to hear one of the most delightful papers upon “Teaching poetry to children.” The lecturer, Mrs. Simpson (Leeds), pleaded for the culture of poetry in our own lives and deplored the way in which this lovely art is set aside. She quoted from many well-known poets, and has a strong theory that all children will love poetry if taught by those who truly love it themselves. A discussion followed the paper.—On March 12th, a representative gathering of the members of the branch met at Queen Margaret’s School, where Miss Body (head mistress) acted as hostess, and then gave a most interesting address on “What really matters,” or “Educational values in the education of girls.” Miss Body spoke with great earnestness to parents, first pointing out that the present school curriculum was far too full. She pleaded for more time to *inform* her pupils upon subjects which would open channels for the future forming of character—the study of great men, &c. She spoke strongly of the loss of time spent during school days in learning foreign languages, when the time from 18 to 21 might so well be filled with special study of language, music, and arts. Finally, she insisted that what really matters most in the education of our girls is character training, that a girl should be taught to be truthful and conscientious, honourable, purposeful, unselfish, reliable.

WAKEFIELD AND DISTRICT.—Mrs. Sieveking, of Harrow, gave an address to this branch, on Feb. 23rd, on “How to recognise early tendencies in the child and check or develop them.” She laid very great stress on the importance of checking little faults early in life, and not waiting for the child to grow out of them. Instead of doing this the “little faults” would probably become grave sins later in life. It was a most interesting paper, and unfortunately, owing to the rough nature of the weather that evening, the attendance was very small. The next lecture will be on March 26th, on “Personality in Children,” by the Rev. J. G. Simpson, principal of the Leeds Clergy School.

# LIST OF BOOKS ADDED TO THE P.N.E.U. LIBRARY SINCE THE ISSUING OF THE APPENDIX (1901).

BOOK.	RELIGION.	AUTHOR.	POSTAGE.
Gospel of S. Luke ...	...	Plumtre ...	3d.
Gospel of S. John ...	...	Westcott ...	5d.
Historic Faith ...	...	Westcott ...	4d.
Assyria ...	...	Sayce ...	3d.
Notes on the Parables ...	...	Trench ...	4d.
Natural Religion ...	...	Stanley ...	2½d.
How we got our Bible ...	...	Sayce ...	3d.
Gospel of the Resurrection ...	...	Westcott ...	4d.
Light from the East ...	...	Ball ...	6d.
Bible Lessons ...	...	Abbott ...	3d.
Religious Teaching ...	...	Bell ...	3d.
Introduction to the Book of Common Prayer ...	...	Maclear ...	2½d.
Ecce Homo ...	...	Charles ...	4d.
Kindergarten Bible Stories ...	...	Bates ...	3d.
Church Catechism ...	...	Maclear ...	2d.
<b>EDUCATION.</b>			
Making of Character ...	...	MacCunn ...	3d.
Herbartian Psychology applied to Education ...	...	Adams ...	4d.
Daughters of England ...	...	Ellis ...	4d.
Education (monthly) ...	...	...	½d.
Chapone's Letters ...	...	...	3d.
Laws of Every-day Life ...	...	Arnold Foster ...	3d.
Reciprocal Duties of Parents and Children ...	...	Taylor ...	2½d.
Pastor Agnorum ...	...	Skrine ...	4d.
Theory and Practice of Education ...	...	Thring ...	3d.
<b>HYGIENE AND PHYSIOLOGY.</b>			
The Mother's Help and Guide ...	...	Braidwood ...	3d.
Health in the Nursery ...	...	Ashby ...	3d.
Care of the Child in Health ...	...	Oppenheim ...	4d.
Lessons in Elementary Physiology ...	...	Huxley ...	3d.
Mother's Manual of Children's Diseases ...	...	West ...	3d.
Sanitary Work ...	...	Staff ...	3d.
Management of Infancy ...	...	Coombe ...	3d.
General Nursing ...	...	Lückes ...	4d.
<b>PSYCHOLOGY AND ETHICS.</b>			
Elements of Ethics ...	...	Muirhead ...	3d.
Paedologist (quarterly) ...	...	...	2d.
Child Life (monthly) ...	...	...	1½d.
Mind of a Child ...	...	Preyer ...	4d.
Equal Moral Standing for Men and Women ...	...	...	1d.
The Force of the Mind ...	...	Schofield ...	4d.
<b>NATURAL SCIENCE.</b>			
Botany ...	...	Hooker ...	1½d.
Starland ...	...	Ball ...	5d.
Geology, Primer of ...	...	Geikie ...	2d.
Physical Geography, Primer of ...	...	Geikie ...	2d.
Elementary Lessons in Astronomy ...	...	Lockyer ...	3d.
Story of the Heavens ...	...	Ball ...	6d.
Study of Animal Life ...	...	Thomson ...	4d.
*Eyes and No Eyes ...	...	Buckley ...	4d.
*With Nature and a Camera ...	...	Kearton ...	5d.
*Our Bird Friends ...	...	Kearton ...	4d.
White's Natural History of Selborne, Illus. ...	...	Kearton ...	4d.
*Through Magic Glasses ...	...	Buckley ...	4d.
*Parables from Nature ...	...	Gatty ...	3d.

BOOK.	AUTHOR.	POSTAGE
Scientific Lectures and Essays ... ..	Kingsley ...	4d.
*Glances on the Wonders of the Shore ... ..	Kingsley ...	4d.
*Madam How and Lady Why ... ..	Kingsley ...	4d.
Flashlights on Nature ... ..	Grant Allen ...	4d.
Every-day Book of Natural History ... ..	Cundall & Step ...	4d.
History of Birds ... ..	Stanley ...	4d.
Our Country's Shells ... ..	Gordon ...	3d.
Chatty Object Lessons in Nature Knowledge ... ..	Hackwood ...	4d.
*Nature Study Readers. I. and II. ... ..	... ..	...3d. each.
Romance of the Insect World ... ..	Badenoch ...	4d.
*Nature Wonders ... ..	Carrington ...	3d.
*Handbook of Grasses ... ..	Hutchinson ...	2d.
*Stroll on a Marsh ... ..	Uncle Matt ...	3d.
*Tommy Smith's Animals ... ..	Selous ...	3d.
Geology, Intermediate Text Book of ... ..	Lapworth ...	4d.
*Rural Reader (Senior) ... ..	Murché ...	3d.
*Population of an Old Pear Tree ... ..	Bruyssel ...	3d.
*Tales of the Birds ... ..	Fowler ...	4d.
*More Tales of the Birds ... ..	Fowler ...	4d.
*Lives of the Hunted ... ..	Thomson Seton ...	4d.
*Wild Animals I Have Known ... ..	Thomson Seton ...	—
*Stories of my Four Friends ... ..	Jane Andrews ...	2½d.
*Stories Mother Nature told her Children ... ..	Jane Andrews ...	2½d.
*Seven Little Sisters ... ..	Jane Andrews ...	2½d.
*The Ten Little Boys ... ..	Jane Andrews ...	3d.
*Nature Knowledge Readers. I. and II. ... ..	... ..	2½d. each.
Geological Map ... ..	... ..	2½d.
Clear Round ... ..	Gordon ...	4d.
Street of Human Habitation ... ..	Lineham ...	4d.
Nature Study Exhibition and Conferences, 1902, Official Report of ... ..	... ..	3d.
MISCELLANEOUS.		
*Heroes ... ..	Kingsley ...	4d.
*Stories from Homer ... ..	Church ...	4d.
*Stories from the Iliad ... ..	Church ...	4d.
*Stories from the Odyssey ... ..	Church ...	4d.
*Stories from Virgil ... ..	Church ...	4d.
*Stories from the Greek Tragedians ... ..	Church ...	4d.
*Myths of Hellas ... ..	Witt ...	3d.
*Heroes of Asgard ... ..	Keary ...	4d.
*Tanglewood Tales ... ..	Hawthorne ...	3d.
Study of a Child ... ..	Hogan ...	4d.
Kindergarten Guide ... ..	Bates ...	—
Hand and Eye Training ... ..	Kaeb ...	2½d.
National Home Reading Union Magazine (monthly) ... ..	... ..	½d.
Life of Pasteur. 2 vols. ... ..	Valery Redout ...	6d.
Temple Bar, May, 1902 ... ..	... ..	2d.
Jubilee Book of F. M. Buss Schools ... ..	... ..	5d.
*Prince ... ..	Childe Pemberton ...	—
French Conversations ... ..	Mandé ...	2d.
Imperial Recitations ... ..	Fisher ...	2d.

\* Suitable for children to read or to have read to them.

The following books are no longer in the Library:—*Human Physiology, Republic of Childhood, Fröbel's Gifts, Saltaire Kindergarten Games, Ten Minutes Lessons in Sight Singing, Chronological Maps, Historical Reader, History of London, Exercises in English Word Formation, Exercises in the Study of French, Les Confessions, The Children, Golden Boat Songs, Circular Tablet, Recitations for Young Children Moral Training, Building of the Intellect, Essays on Character, Health, Work and Play, Hygiene of Childhood and Youth, Study of French.*



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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Vol. XIV. No. 5.]

[MAY, 1903.]

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## THE BRAIN IN RELATION TO EDUCATION.

BY A. WILSON, ESQ., M.D.

IN selecting this subject, the Education of Children, I thought I might be of some use to parents by giving a superficial account of the development of the brain. The brain is the organ in which the mind resides, and all mental operations depend on the strength and activity of that living machine. The brain is the most complex part of our anatomy. Its functions are very varied, while the component parts are as numberless as the grains of sand on the sea-shore. Some think the mind, or the personality, the Ego, as a vague sort of ether, which, though it may clothe us, yet is not a part of us. This may afford debatable material to the speculating metaphysician, but to us all things are real and earnest, and we wish to deal with facts and results rather than theories. Briefly stated, all mental action is associated with brain activity. As the brain develops, so does mind. When the brain fails through disease or age, the mind likewise disappears, whilst thought and mind are temporarily extinguished during unconsciousness, whether by sleep or by artificial means. The difficulty in this subject is to know where to begin and where to end. I must therefore give a

cursory description of the nervous system, of which the brain is the highest development.

The nervous system is made up of two elements—nerve cells and nerve fibres. The nerve cells are of great variety and shape, and of course their functions are very numerous and different. Some nerve cells receive the sensations of touch or temperature, others of sight or smell, others direct motion, either voluntary or involuntary, while the highest brain cells are psychic or mental, or we might term them analytical. The nerve fibres also vary in structure, but they are for the purposes of carrying impulses either to or from the cells. It is important then to remember these two factors, nerve cells and nerve fibres.

The nerve cells in the brain form a grey layer about  $\frac{1}{4}$  to  $\frac{3}{8}$  inch in thickness, on the surface. In order to afford more room, or a larger superficial area, the brain, instead of being fairly smooth as in birds and lower animals, is in man divided up by wavy indentations, or folds, into what we term convolutions. The outer surface is thus crinkled or folded on itself. Thus the more it is folded or convoluted the more area there is for cells and the higher the brain development. Imbeciles and idiots in whom the brain does not develop have very few convolutions. The surfaces of their brains have so few clefts or folds that they resemble the brains of dogs or the lower apes. These brain cells are in layers, and we can divide the layers by the shapes of the cells. Some of them are triangular, others take oval and varied shapes. The cells are bathed in a clear nourishing fluid, which exudes out of the small blood vessels. We call this fluid, lymph. If this fluid be fresh and healthy all goes well. If there be alcohol in the blood the poisoned lymph produces a variety of nerve force, which is too well understood to require description. But the lymph may get saturated with injurious products, as the result of improper feeding. This also modifies the brain cells injuriously—to wit, the irritability of the gouty man.

We thus see the immense importance of a proper life in every sense of the word; and if we truly realize this fact, ought we not to devote our lives to improving those whom

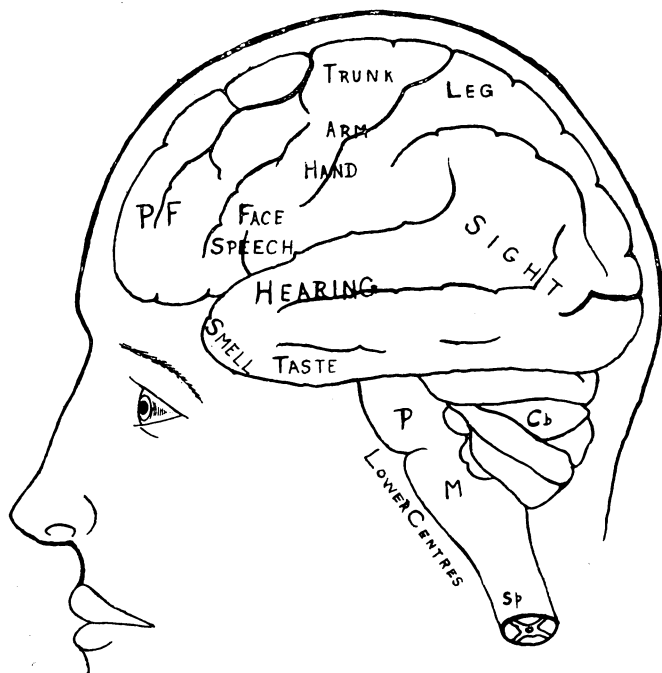
we can influence? and first and nearest amongst these are our children.

I have recently been examining the brain of a woman who not only was a hard drinker, dying at the age of thirty-five from that cause, but also her parents had been drinkers, so that her heredity was against her. In this case the outer layer of the brain cells—those which developed last, and we infer are higher in the mental processes—had decayed and disappeared entirely; whilst most of the brain cells showed recent change for the worse, and many were shrunken, having long ceased to partake in any mental function. This poor woman's mind was a complete wreck through alcoholic poisoning.

Alcohol is one of the worst brain poisons. Its action is very subtle, and its ravages creep on gradually but with certainty. It attacks the highest intellectual centres first, impairing judgment and will-power. Next to be affected are movements of the body and speech; while in advanced cases not only every part of the brain is diseased, but also the nerves of the body. Alcohol is never a food, and very seldom a necessity; and this fact ought to be laid hold of by those who train the young. On this account it is wise and right for young people to abstain from alcohol till the age of twenty-five, so that every advantage is given to mental development, and after that period they may be allowed to judge for themselves.

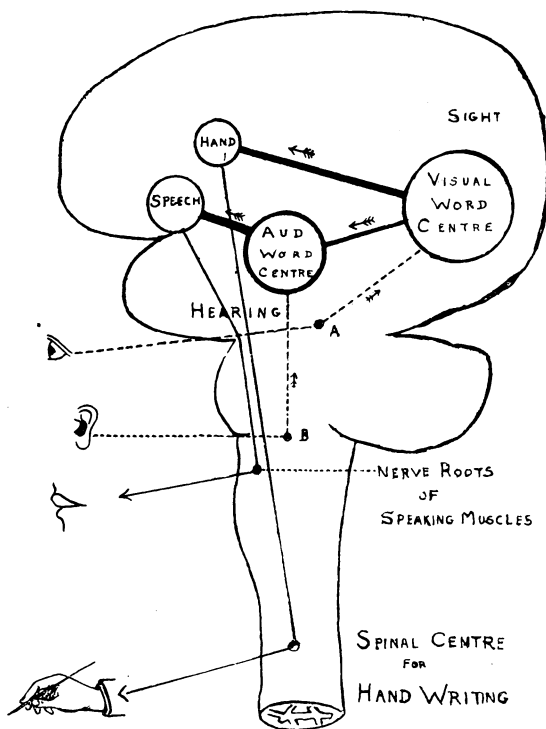
*The brain areas.* The surface of the brain is mapped out in areas. As already stated, the outside layer, which we call the cortex, which is the Latin for bark, is made up of layers of cells. This layer is crinkled into wavy folds or convolutions in order to afford a larger area or surface. Everyone must have seen a sheep's brain and noticed these folds. Sheep, however, are troubled with very few folds and very little intelligence. In man the folds or convolutions are very numerous, and are supposed to represent the development of intelligence. If you imagine the inside of a skull, the cerebrum or greater brain occupies all that portion above the eyebrows and above the ears. At the back, below the level of the ears, we have the cerebellum or smaller brain

Its function is not entirely unravelled. It partly has to do with steering our movements and controlling them. But the scope of this paper does not reach so far, so I will direct my remarks rather to the cerebrum. The cerebrum is mapped out into areas in connection with the functions of sight, hearing, taste, smell, touch, speech, and motor cells for the movements of the muscles of the body. Finally, the anterior part of the brain has to do with attention, memory, and analysis of all the mental processes.



**BRAIN AREAS.**—The motor and sensory areas are indicated by the names. In front of the motor areas is the Prefrontal (P.F.), “the commandant.” M is the medulla or “commissariat”; all between is the “combatant force.”

In the plate the word “leg” is wrongly placed, it should be more forward.



The different centres of education are indicated by their names. The impulses enter by the eye and the ear to their respective nerve roots, A or B, and thence to the nerve centres. The arrows indicate the direction and course of nerve motion. The hand and speech centres send messages to the lower nerve centres or roots, which call the muscles into action.

Sight occupies the posterior part of the brain. It is a large area, for we are essentially seeing animals. It is the essence of our intellects. Sight is a very important and large function. There is one part which is limited to the seeing and understanding of written language. At times a blood clot will shut off the supply of nourishing blood to this limited area. In these cases the victims cannot read a letter or newspaper. Printed or written matter no longer conveys any idea to their minds. Yet, presuming that the hearing centre is intact, they can understand anything that is read or spoken to them. A much larger area exists for ordinary vision, for seeing any object, or colour. I have been struck

with the simile between this portion of the brain and photography. We all know that a sensitized plate or film requires a certain exposure in order to produce a good effect or picture. It is just so with these brain cells. A fleeting image, like an underexposed photograph, soon fades out of memory. Example: if you meet a person once for a short period you may not remember their features in two or three days. How different is it if you meet them daily for a month. Or, to take another example: I met an old friend recently whom I had not seen for twenty-five years, but we had lived in the same house for a year; hence, though the mental impressions or photographs might be dimmed by the hand of time, yet we recognized each other as if we had parted quite recently. But the great moral to draw from this simile is to cultivate the powers of observation, so as to grasp the details of the objects we look at. Train the young to observe accurately and, if possible, quickly, gathering in all the points as to shape, colour, size, and so forth. Those who have to educate the young should make a great point of this, as at this period the powers of focussing the attention may be stimulated and developed.

The centres for hearing lie at the sides of the brain, above and behind the temples. It is not a large area, but like the sight area is by reason of our high development split up into two parts. One part hears and records language, while the larger area records other sounds, such as music and noises.

Language in four different ways is represented in our brain. It is a highly intellectual qualification, and places us in lofty dominion above the beasts of the field, who can only utter sounds. If a human being be born without the faculty of language, then he or she may be deficient mentally, and, poor thing, its intelligence may be reduced to that of the animals of the lower creation. The manifestation of language is in speech. There is a comparatively large area of the brain devoted to this faculty. It lies in the region of the left temple, in the motor area of lips and mouth. It is a singular fact that the organ of speech is on the left side. This is partly because we are essentially left-brained individuals. There are two halves of the brain, right and left, each apparently the same. But the left brain controls the right half of the body, and *vice-versâ*. As we are right-handed

individuals, our left brains are more active and powerful than our right brains. There is, however, a similar speech centre in the right brain, and it is thought that it acts feebly and sometimes comes to the rescue when people get a paralysis on the left brain.

Great orators are as a rule well developed in the speech area. This has often been confirmed by examination of the brains. Gambetta had a large development of this convolution, called Broca's convolution, after the name of the French physician who discovered its function.

But while Nature may endow an individual with a power over language and oratory, it does not follow that the whole intelligence is likewise favoured. Indeed, it is so often otherwise, that we sometimes describe a man's oratory as mere "gift of the gab," in order to indicate by contrast a deficiency of his other intellectual talents.

At each side of the brain, a little above and behind the ear, are two other important centres or areas, those of taste and smell. These, however, do not call for special notice. More important is a large area occupying the middle of the outer surface of the brain on each side. This is the sensori-motor area. Here are large areas given up to receiving all the sensations of the skin, whether of heat or cold, pain or merely touch. Also, in correspondence with these cells are motor cells, which start or originate the movements of all the voluntary muscles of the limbs and body. As one would expect, the hinder part relates to the legs and trunk; then, advancing forward, one comes to areas controlling the arms, hand, neck, and face. It is in the area that controls the lips and tongue that we find the speech area.

Another point of interest is the comparative area given up to different functions. Exceptionally large in proportion is the area of the hand, as compared with the rest of the upper limb, showing that the hand and thumb are to be used as skilled instruments, in contrast to the coarser movements at the shoulder and elbow.

We have not been able by experiment or observation to unravel the frontal area of the forebrain. It was originally thought that the mind resided in this part, but we now know that mental operations involve the activity of all parts of the brain. But experiments show that the forepart of the brain

has to do with the movements of the eyes and ears, which imply attention.

Animals deprived of their forebrains lose all interest in surrounding objects and become listless, and will die of starvation rather than feed. Thus we are led to infer that the forebrain fixes the attention and supervises the other parts.

If a pigeon has its forebrain cut out, it sits listless and takes no notice of its surroundings, being unable to analyse them. It will die of starvation though food be close by. On the other hand, if food be placed in its beak it swallows perfectly. The reason is that the lower brain centres now come into play for this mechanical act.

If we apply the moral of this experiment to our children when we find them listless and inattentive, we know their forebrains are inactive, I might say asleep. It is then our duty to trace the cause. Is it laziness? Possibly, but probably not. Is it exhaustion? Yes, if there has been overwork or study, in which case rest is needful. Or is it debility? In most cases this is the cause. The child wants more air, more food, more rest and play. When this is overcome, the forebrain returns to activity.

While describing these brain centres, or areas, with their various functions, it must have occurred to some of you as to how these areas with their millions of cells are connected with each other. I purposely postponed this part till I had made clear the fact of various groups of cells being allotted with different functions. I would liken these brain areas and their component cells to so many electric batteries, which may be used as telephonic or telegraphic centres. As in the case of these, the cells are joined by wires, and one telephone centre is connected with so many others by other wires, so it is with the brain. There are brain fibres, which connect one cell with another, or one centre with another centre. Each brain cell has two kinds of fibres. At its outer or pointed apex it has a group of branching cells, which are often compared to the roots of a tree. These fibres are called "dendrons" (Greek—dendron, a tree). They act as receivers to the brain cell. They receive impressions from other cells, whether it be of sensation or of sight, taste, smell, or hearing. An impulse is received, stimulating that cell to its particular



form of activity, with the result that a wave of nerve motion passes out of the cell by another fibre at its base, which fibre we call "an axon."

To make the subject more clear ; you touch the push of an electric bell, thereby sending an electric impulse into the cell. The cell emits an electric force which rings the bell. Apply this now to the brain. If the skin of the hand be pricked or burnt, the sensation of pain is received by a sensory brain cell, and the message is sent to the motor cells of the hand. As soon as the "dendron" fibres of the motor cells receive the intelligence that pain is being experienced in the hand, they send out motor force to the hand muscles with instructions to withdraw the hand. All this is the work of an instant, and it almost paralyses the imagination to think of the millions of cells that are in constant activity during mental operations. It might easily suggest itself that with the millions and billions of nerve fibres some confusion would arise from contact. That there is confusion among the brain cells we are all of us at times painfully conscious. But Nature provided that there should be no mixture of messages, by crossing from one fibre to another. The brain fibres which carry the messages are all carefully ensheathed and insulated. Each fibre has a double sheath, and if in disease the sheath disintegrates, then loss of brain power and mental death begins in that particular cell or system, or, as we call it, neurone. "Association centres" is the term given to groups of cells and fibres, which are the latest and highest developed, and connect up different important areas or centres. They are like central telephone depôts, which you ring up to switch you on to some particular office or wire. In this way we have in simple matters all the sensory nerves of the body connected with the motor cells. This is essential, so as to guide and protect all our movements.

*(To be continued.)*

## MARCEL PRÉVOST, MORALIST.

BY W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

IT may come to some as a revelation to hear that M. Marcel Prévost is a moralist—undoubtedly one. Psychologists as bold and realistic as are many writers of modern French novels can hardly expect to win the epithet *moral* in this country. But it is not of M. Prévost's novels that I am now thinking; though I cannot help taking this opportunity of saying that he is certainly one of the novelists in France who does not look upon writing as a means of making money (who was the mercenary critic, who, a short while ago, insinuated that Bourget writes to swell his purse?), but considers it a powerful weapon to be used in the service of right. The realistic method of fighting vice may be discussed, its efficacy deemed doubtful; but when once the purpose of an author is known to be on the right side, we must all feel that his aim is one which enlists our sympathy.

Now M. Prévost has written a book so frankly and undeniably moral, that no one who has read it can wonder why I have chosen to say a few words about it. It is a collection of letters dealing with subjects of great interest to readers of *The Parents' Review*: namely, questions regarding the education of girls. The letters are said to be written to the author's niece "Frances," and I cannot do better than quote the preface, which explains in a few words what the volume\* is meant to be, and how it came to be published.

"You will find collected here, Frances, the letters I wrote to you once a fortnight during your last year at school.

"The last of these letters was written only a few days ago; whereas the first ones seemed to me, when I read them again, already scented with memory's past perfume. They have only just escaped being of the nineteenth century: received by you when the Exhibition was celebrating in Paris the dawn of this new century. And does not the Exhibition already seem far away in the past—at least to you, little

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\* *Lettres à Française*, par Marcel Prévost. Paris, 1902. Felix Juven, edit.

niece? By means of a few alterations, I might have been rid of all mention of these current events, already become, as it were, milestones upon the road of time. The truths I endeavoured to unfold to you, the words of advice I gave you then, are indeed of no particular time. Whenever there happens to be in the world an uncle given to sermonising and a young niece patient enough to listen to him, the same advice, or much the same, has passed from him to her. It might be published, according to the period, either as 'Letters to Eucharis' or 'Letters to Blandine,' or, in the nearer past—only a hundred years ago—'Letters to Sylvia.'

"But, just as that sweet, national name of yours, Frances, reminds one of a certain country, of a certain epoch, so do the words of counsel in the following pages, useful it might be to an Eucharis, a Sylvia, or a Blandine, seem likely to be of more interest to a young French girl who, like yourself, is bringing her studies to a close at the beginning of the twentieth century.

"The twentieth century! what charm lurks in that simple phrase for waking minds of your age! Just as in the olden days when Mantua's poet sang the coming of the Child, so now a new order is being brought about. Nations are stirred by powerful forces, in the midst of which the old theory of 'might is right' and the new conception of justice show in a clearer light than ever their antagonism. Science, which during the nineteenth century brought the whole world within each individual ken or touch, is now about to open up the regions of the air. The idea of what is owed by the fortunate to the less favoured or the outcast is quitting the sphere of abstract charity to become definitely cast in the form of a code. Lastly, and above all, woman who, according to the profound epigram of the Prince de Ligne, makes morals whilst man makes the laws—woman is determined to enlarge her part in the society of the future. She, without doubt, will be the chief object of the coming transformations. She, too, will be the more active worker, for she brings to the task an untouched reserve of hope and energy. Amidst the weary nations, women are, as it were, a new great people. The young girl of to-day foresees instinctively the destiny of her sex. When she comes in contact with the world she apprehends at once what seems still vague and questionable even

to her teachers: to wit, that the present moment of our history is a solemn one.

"More especially does this refer to the young French girl who, having been educated by methods which for several centuries have not been modified to any perceptible extent, notices at once the discrepancy between her education and her calling in life. Brought up in the penumbral atmosphere of school or convent, she is dazzled by the bright light of the world until she can open wide her eyes and thus enlarge the horizon of her ideals; at the same time she will learn to take more careful note of practical necessities. It seems as if from some pure dawn a light is flowing into all her mind; the far horizons widen and the near objects gradually become more definitely outlined.

"Whenever I talked with you, Frances, of your hopes, of your dreams, even of your doubts and troubles, I fancied I could see in your eyes that faint light as of dawn. If a pale reflex of it glimmer on the following pages, it will be their most appropriate ornament. During the early splendours of the morning even the fisherman's coarse net as it lies drying on the beach seems for a while bright like a golden web.

"That is my reason for wishing to preserve some clear and evident indication of the epoch during which I undertook to write down a few truths which are independent of the time when the great cosmopolitan crowd was bustling round the Eiffel tower, when Kruger, like a patriarch, was setting out on his pilgrimage to Europe.

"But, these being humble truths, trite like most useful truths—noted and commented on in the first instance for your use only—was it advisable to have them sewn and printed and turned into a volume to offer to the public?

"I had not thought of doing so; but amongst those who read them at the same time as yourself were many who asked me to let them have these letters in some more permanent form. Frankly I must confess that such requests delight me. To please one's readers, is much; to seem necessary to them, to have suggested to them the thought of keeping one's ideas within constant reach, how much more pleasing! And I am sure that any right-minded author must needs satisfy requests that are so precious to him.

"And so I yielded. Here's the volume. I know, Frances, that it will still be your friend, even though you are now

free from the constraint of college and full of the joy of marriage. But these letters no longer belong to you alone. What do I say? Why, my desire is that they may belong at once to all young girls of your age. If it were possible, I should send them all a copy with a well-turned word of dedication and a note, saying: 'Young lady, here's a book meant for you. You will find nothing in it which will shock your modesty or trouble your affection. Read it first as a story—as a romance of actual life—and I am so bold as to assure you that no novel treats of a more beautiful subject. It is the story of a young girl like yourself, who, during her last year at college, fell in love with a young friend, was engaged to him, and is now married to him. You remind me that this lovely subject is not particularly new? I answer that I am aware of that, and that nevertheless I prefer it to every other.

"Then, having read in this way the story of Frances, skipping all that bores you, all that seems to disconnect the thread (and that is the best way to read a novel), do not discard the book completely, I entreat you. Keep it in your room, somewhere within reach. Perhaps in chance spare moments you may open it and find food for meditation and reflection. Your quick girlish mind is better able than I to give life to these dry subjects. And whenever you happen to discuss with a friend such subjects as sport, dresses, dancing, marriage, education, consult this friendly volume. It will give you its opinion: and a third disputant sometimes unites two arguers, even if only by making them agree and say, How is it possible for anyone to talk such nonsense? In a word, I do not recommend you to use these letters as a breviary, but rather as an inventory of the questions which are of most interest to your life. The essential thing in the book is not the opinion that I offer, but the subject I discuss—yourself.

"If someone, seeing this book in your hands, say to you perchance: There's nothing new or curious in it—agree with him; but ask that critic to tell you of another book (a good one, mind) in which these questions are discussed. Let me know the title and I will go at once to my bookseller, for I have searched for it with great pains and have not yet been able to find it.

“‘If that good book do not exist, I give this as the excuse for mine, that it at least can claim the advantage of existing. Without false modesty, I assure you that it is most imperfect, very far from my ideal. Will you help me to make it better? Write down your criticisms, make a note of things I have omitted, suggest alterations and post them all to me. I will be sincerely thankful, and promise that each new edition, thanks to co-operators like yourself, will be a little better than the last.’

“Such, my dear niece, is the way in which I should like to see this little volume received and made use of by its natural readers. If they receive it in this spirit, I shall be more proud of it than of a novel sold a hundred thousand times.”

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The letters themselves are charming: not only on account of their matter and form, but also because they give us a French view of questions in which all parents are so deeply interested. The French are perhaps looked upon by the present generation as somewhat behind-hand as regards the education of women: a rash conclusion; for we must not forget that it is the country that gave birth to the “grandes dames.”

This present volume proves how eager is the French mind to grapple with the new order of things and to discover the best means of turning new customs to good account. M. Prévost distrusts Frenchmen who want their daughters to behave like English or American girls. The right course to adopt is one of independence. Foreign ways *can* teach: but each nation has its own individuality, and France, perhaps, as much as any other country. The chief interest of these letters lies then, in my opinion, not so much in the style and subject as in the explanation of the way in which a French thinker proposes to make use of the sweeping reforms that have taken place in recent years with respect to the education of girls.

# THE RELIGIOUS EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.

BY ROBERT BIRD,

*Author of "Jesus, the Carpenter of Nazareth," "Paul of Tarsus," etc.*

*(Continued from page 257.)*

## *The Life of Jesus.*

IN telling our children the story of the life of Jesus, we must not limit ourselves to the bare words of Scripture, or the pictures of early childhood, which interest a child most, would be few and meagre. He must understand that Jesus was once a little child like himself. Children sing about it in their hymns, and they should hear of it from their mothers' lips. There is much encouragement in knowing that as Jesus was a holy child, so must he try to be.

I have spoken of our children wearing the attributes of God, of love and peace and truth. How was it with the infant Christ? The record of His early years is in these words, "The child grew and waxed strong, becoming filled with wisdom; and the grace of God was upon him." His whole life is our example, and there is nothing in these simple words to bar out the hope that you too may see your boy filling with wisdom and being clothed with the peace of God as the years pass.

But what is this wisdom with which the child Jesus was filled? And may our children partake of it? It is not far from any one of us. The knowledge of God is the beginning of wisdom. And your child will grow in this knowledge by God's influence guiding him toward goodness; and seeing attributes of God taking shape and life in his father's house, God will then no longer be only a name to him, but a living power, swaying his parents, who are the instruments of God for revealing His nature. Was ever a prophet or priest dowered with a sweeter duty or a higher

call? And thus will the child learn from his parents that they sincerely believe what they tell him about God, and that with their whole heart they try to follow Him.

*Be not discouraged.*

While these are the simple things to be taught, we must not be discouraged if our children do not take hold of them as we should wish. We plant, God gives the increase. The heart is known to Him alone, and what may look like failure to us may be something very different.

How then can you best teach your child all about the life of Jesus? It is not difficult, for *there is an inspiration in it which unites with the holiness of God in your child, and as he listens, he believes and loves.* The children of the Perea, when they saw Him and heard Him speak, believed what He said; and your children will believe also when you present Him in a story, and as they hear His sayings from their mothers' lips, lips which they have learned to believe are the fountains of truth and love. We must remember that we are speaking to a little citizen of His kingdom, in whose mind there is no doubt. There were people who looked upon Jesus as a liar and an impostor, but these were ecclesiastics and not children.

Tell your child about the love of Jesus for little children and of His defence of them, "Whoever gives a cup of water to one of these little ones that believes in Me, gives it to Me." Tell him how the little children in the Temple cheered Him and would not stop, and that he refused to chide them. Tell him that Jesus loves the praise of little children more than that of grown men. He loves them so much that He is called the Friend of little children. Let him hear His call to them to come into His arms as surely and as truly as ever the boy in the fisherman's cot, or the children on the Perean road, or Christ's own brothers and sisters at Nazareth ever heard it, and God in Jesus will bless your child.

*The third stage.*

Having passed through infancy and childhood, we come to the stage when the child has reached years of discretion, and is to be taught by the example of his parents, by the story of the life of Christ, and by having Christ's sayings and example impressed upon him.



Beginning with the innocence of childhood, the birth gift of God, you have nourished your child's spirit by example and conversation and have seen him grow in wisdom with the grace of God upon him, and he believes in God and Jesus as sincerely as he believes in his own father and mother. But his passions are slumbering, and he is only looking out of windows at the world. As his will becomes stronger, his reason must be satisfied, with fuller knowledge of God, and of that wisdom from on high which is to be more powerful within him than anything that is in the world; his guide and comforter, his refuge and strength during long years of responsibility. And how better can you do this than by placing before him in all His rich colours the Example of living wisdom, walking, not upon the mountain tops apart from men, but in the lowly valleys, through the cornfields, and among the fishing villages, calling upon men to believe His words and follow Him,—the figure of the Son of God, the Saviour of men, who bent over a carpenter's bench at Nazareth.

*The sayings of Jesus.*

A few of the sayings of Jesus are incomprehensible, but most of them are easy to be understood, for they were intended for the poor and the illiterate, very few of whom could read and write. They could follow a story, although they could not understand an argument, and hailed His teaching as simple compared with their old teachers, and they thronged about Him, and many believed Him gladly. His teaching is easy still, and still the common people, the uneducated and the children have no difficulty in understanding His words, although they have great difficulty in understanding His interpreters and commentators. *His person is not hedged about with intellectual forms and theological fences*, for He moves freely everywhere. He was not afraid of being touched by the common people, as the other religious teachers were. He went about the country proclaiming that heaven was near, that it was in their village, was passing their door. He came to break down the fence and remove the difficulties of the theology of 1900 years ago. He is in the midst of us still and is doing it now. He came to make simple the way of salvation to the crowds of common

folk. Is He doing it now? Nineteen hundred years ago the Scribes had put a maze of hedges before the gate of heaven, of rules, definitions, traditions and laws, dating back for hundreds of years, and they enjoyed the intellectual pleasure of threading these mazes. These thorns and briars, choking the truth, Jesus burnt up, leaving no longer any fence, but an open way between God and man. He told the people to follow Him to the home of His Father. But, as might be expected during these 1900 years, the Scribes have raised fresh mazes, raising them in His name, until His figure is almost lost among them. But these too must disappear, if the little children and the common people are to enter in.

*Jesus called upon the men of His day to turn from the interpreters of God to God Himself, and I would invite you to turn from Christ's interpreters to Christ Himself, in the first place, so that your children may be nourished upon plain and simple things before stronger food is offered to them. I wish the child to lay hold on the life and sayings of Jesus. That is enough for him, and he may find in later life that it is enough for a man also.*

*The sum of saving knowledge.*

Some 250 years ago when the Bible was not so well understood as it is to-day, the Scottish theologians drew up a document, and called it "The sum of saving knowledge," but time has shown that the life and sayings of Jesus are more worthy of the name. They are the true gold of the world, the seed springing up into everlasting life. Short readings of Scripture, or instruction on Sundays only, or the teaching of the Sunday School or the Church, are not sufficient to make Jesus the elder brother of your children. He must be the familiar companion of their every-day life, whose sayings have not a distant pulpit ring about them, but wear the conversational tone of the parents' voice. If any parent thinks he has not time to see to this, then a great responsibility rests upon him.

The ruling influence in the life of Jesus was His obedience to the will of His Father, and that must be the ruling influence in your child if he is to follow His example. With God enlightening his conscience, a God and Father in Heaven in whose love he has learned to trust, he has a sure guide to

do the right and avoid the wrong. This is the teaching of Jesus, and it is simple and sufficient. Complexity in religion means theology, and theology lives upon metaphysics, logic, argument and definitions, things difficult to grown-up persons and incomprehensible to a child.

### *Useless Theology.*

There is much useless theology in the world. Let us look for instance at the doctrine of original sin—that every little child lies under the wrath of God for something which he did not do. What is its history? According to one text book, because of what Adam did so long ago, “Every child born into the world deserves God’s wrath and damnation.” According to another, “Every child is wholly inclined to evil and that continually.” Now this curse runs so contrary to the love of God, that *we should expect to find it specified with the utmost clearness in the Bible, but it is not.* We read that God cursed the serpent, that He told Eve her sorrows would be multiplied, and Adam that the ground would be cursed for his sake, and that he would eat bread by the sweat of his brow, that dust he was, and unto dust he would return; but *there is nothing about every child born into the world deserving damnation.* It was left to theology to put that awful meaning into words of another sense. We must not forget this, for nine-tenths of theology is built upon that foundation of sand.

### *The Ten Commandments.*

But to pass on. The ten commandments and the statutes of Moses are supposed to set forth the religion of God before the time of Christ, yet *they contain no hint of this theory of original sin.* We read of sacrifices, offerings and atonements, for sins committed during life, but not a word about seeking forgiveness for sins committed by others before we were born.

### *When Jesus was a child.*

We pass on for a thousand years, to the time of Jesus, and find that the idea of original sin was then unknown, for the Bible did not contain it and the Rabbis did not teach it.

We turn next to the sayings of Jesus, and search there for the theory of original sin, for it must stand or fall with Him. If

He proclaimed it to mankind, it passes into our Christianity. If He did not, that ends the matter.

*But there is nothing in the sayings of Jesus imputing original sin to children*, and there is much imputing innocence and holiness to them, and this thought draws a line of limitation across the ages at his great name. The theory is not Christ's, but the work of a much later time.

Theology is unnecessary for your children, and no man would lead them out into that deep sea if it could be avoided, and it can be, by looking to Christ and following Him. The warnings of Paul are warnings to us all. "Shun foolish questionings and genealogies and strifes and fightings about the law, for they are unprofitable and vain." The Rabbis surrounded the laws of Moses with 10,000 rules and explanations, but the teaching of Jesus requires none of these.

#### *Rules of Worship and Church Government.*

When your child grows up, he may take an interest in theology or he may not. The knowledge of God and of Jesus which he learned at his mother's knee may be sufficient, and happy for him if it is so, for he will be saved many a conflict, many a doubt. When he comes to consider the subject of Church Government and Rules for Public Worship, he may build upon your foundation a structure of the pattern of one sect or of another, but the foundation will ever be more important to him than the structure upon it. If you think otherwise of the confessions and catechisms of the various sects of Christianity, I would like you to glance at the Thirty-nine Articles and the Catechism, and ask yourself whether the words of Jesus are not better for a child. I have never met a man who could understand these church standards, much less get a child to understand them. In ten lines of the Confession of Faith, fifty propositions regarding God may be found.

#### *When does Sin begin?*

According to the ecclesiastical text book, sin is "Any want of conformity to, or transgression of any law of God given as a rule to the reasonable creature." A child of tender years is a cipher under the civic law of our country and so it is before his Father in Heaven, until he can discern good from evil with a reasonable and responsible intelligence.

We read that the child Jesus was obedient to his parents, and we must encourage our children to obey us. The sincerity of their service we can never know, but we can trust them, for distrust yields bitter fruit. One mistake in disbelieving a truthful child is worse than ten mistakes in believing the untruthful.

*What is our aim?*

Let us never lose sight of our aim, *to teach our children in the simplest and surest way possible, how to know and obey God, how to be good.* The training of Timothy is commended in these words, "From a child thou has known the holy writings, which are able to make wise unto salvation." If this was said by Paul of the books of the Old Testament, how much more may it be said of those wonderful records by the four Evangelists, of the life and sayings of Jesus, so varied, and yet so uniform. We are told that this knowledge "makes wise." What is this wisdom? for it certainly is not literary, artistic, commercial, scientific, or even theological wisdom. It is plain wisdom, within the reach of plain people and their children, the wisdom of righteousness or right doing.

The knowledge of the life and sayings of Jesus is of more value to our children than all the articles, creeds, catechisms, and confessions that ever were written. *Let us teach our children the Christianity of Christ as He left it*, not as it has been beaten out by thousands of busy hammers, and we shall have imparted to them the secret of right living. Christ's hatred of evil, will lead our children to hate it, His scorn of the rules of men taking the place of the commands of God will lead them to scorn them also, and the love of Jesus for all mankind will make them love their neighbour, until their hearts beat with the compassion of their Saviour.

*Believing in Jesus.*

When you ask your child if he believes in Jesus, he will answer with a simple "yes," in which is hid the meaning of Peter's answer, "Yes, Lord, I believe, for Thou alone hast the words of everlasting life."

Let your question have no subtlety under it. Jesus did not ask the people gathered about Him, if they *believed He had*

*come from God to be killed to take away original sin caused by Adam's fall.* Strange to say the words "Sacrifice," "Guilt," "Reconcile," "Atone," are not to be found in His vocabulary. He did not ask them if they believed in any doctrine, but if they *believed in Him, a person.* He only asked for the belief of a little child, and they would find the door of His Kingdom open.

*What is believing?*

*What does Jesus mean by believing in Him?* for that must not be left in doubt. To answer this question we go to the Fountain-head, and consider His own words. He used plain language to plain people, and its common meaning was its true meaning. "You believe in God," He said, "believe also in Me." He asked only for the simple belief which a child has in a father, which a brother has in his brother, which a husband has in his wife. *Just in the same way that these people believed in anything, they were to believe in Him.* "Who-soever believes in Me shall have everlasting life." At the Last Supper, His disciples exclaimed, "Thou knowest everything and by this we believe that Thou camest out from God." "Do you now believe?" was His reply. Believe that He came from God, was what He asked.

There is the scene with the beggar in the streets of Jerusalem, who was seeking for Jesus.

"Dost thou believe in the Son of God?" Jesus asked.

"And who is He, Master, that I may believe in Him?"

"Thou hast seen Him," was the reply, "and it is He that speaketh to thee now."

"Lord, I believe!" was the answer.

*There is no better teacher.*

There is no better teacher of Christianity than Jesus Himself, unaided by any other, and by familiarity with His life and sayings, your child will early come to believe in Him, and to have faith in what He says. Your child does not doubt this saying of Jesus, "If anyone loves Me, he will obey Me, and we will dwell with him." He believes it and knows it, for it is his daily experience. He is not left in confusion and despair as to what he should do and what avoid. He has heard his Saviour say, "I am the Light of life," and he

believes it as sincerely as that the sun is the light of the heavens; he believes it because he has that light guiding him, and knows no other light.

In considering the mind of Christ in relation to children, we must not forget His warnings. It is apparent that children may be made to stumble, and He says that those who cause it deserve to be drowned. And our duty is to so fortify our children that they may understand the conditions of their citizenship, knowing that the door of the fold is never shut for straying lambs to return with repentance in their hearts. And whilst the child is told that he will often be tempted to take his own will and be selfish, and not obey the will of God, he must also equally know that for sincere sorrow and determination to do right there is ever pardon with the Father.

*The one foundation.*

*You have now laid the foundation of your child's life*, laid it upon the rock Christ Jesus, and nothing else greatly matters. If that foundation goes, everything goes; if that foundation remains, all else may go. He will have creeds and rules, forms and ceremonies presented to him, and will be able to study them with intelligent equanimity. The building that he may rear upon the simple faith of his childhood may be church or chapel, it will be a life spent in striving after the pattern of his Master, and it cannot fail in being a life well pleasing to God.

*Christianity is Christ's method of knowing and obeying God, of being good.* It is the attitude of a child to a father. "My Father in Heaven, and your Father in Heaven," are His manner of speaking of God. Thus He brought God very near to us, teaching us how to pray in few and simple words, commencing "Our Father which art in Heaven," and he warned us against long prayers. He taught us to have faith in the guidance of God, and to obey that guidance. He gave us a message from God that if we did evil and repented and sought forgiveness, we should be forgiven, and that the truth and sincerity of our repentance was known to God alone. Our only way to know a good man is not by his theories and professions, but by his good fruits, and that every man will be weighed, not for calling Him Lord and professing faith in Him, but by good words and good deeds.

*What more is wanted ?*

*Having taught your child to see God in and through Jesus, what more is there to teach ?* The ear of his Father in Heaven is open to him and his heart is open to His heavenly guidance ; he sees God face to face, and whether he be in the market or the church, on the moor or in the crowded city, he has a temple to worship in, he has an hour of prayer at any hour.

*Let him lay hold on religion, the religion of Jesus, and leave theology to those who have time and taste for it.* It was not necessary for the peasantry of Galilee and it is not necessary for your child. Vast fields of speculation and controversy spread around him, libraries of books look down on him. The theories of the early centuries are crossed by the theories of a later age, the theories of Roman Catholic Christianity are crossed by the theories of Protestant Christianity, and the theories of 300 years ago when the Thirty-nine Articles were framed are crossed by the theories of to-day. One thing, however, has not changed, for they all hold it alike, that Jesus is the great example for all men to follow, the Son of God, the Way, the Truth, and the Life, and that all who follow Him and believe in Him will have Heaven, for He said it.

*What is faith in Jesus but faith in His way, His truth and His life ?* These are the things that save from sin. The words of Jesus are, " God loves you because you love Me, and believe that I came from God."

Not wrath and anger, but love is the attitude of God towards your child. Love is the foundation of faith. If we do not love we cannot believe, and if we do not believe we cannot love. The love which we have towards one another is the love which we have towards God ; " As I have loved you, so love ye one another," are the words of Jesus. *There are not two kinds of love.* Jesus has made that clear, " He that would love Me must love his brother also." And so with our faith in Jesus. It is to be of that substantial kind which makes us say we have faith in an honest man. It is faith sincere and whole-hearted, the faith of a child. Jesus asks no more, and He will accept no less than the heart-trust of a child. Your child's simple faith unites him with



God, and having this he will have little to learn and nothing to unlearn when he grows up. This is the one thing needful, God in his conscience dwelling with him and saving him as Jesus saved.

*So long as men fail to see in childhood what Jesus saw, so long as they fail to make faith in Jesus the simple thing which Jesus made it to these children of Galilee, so long will they be found like the Scribes of old hiding the key and barring the door of the Kingdom, neither going in themselves, nor letting others in. But when men look on children as Jesus looked on them, as they stood at a distance in the yellow dust of the Perean road, scared and held back, then will they understand the divine anger against anyone, then or now, who would despise or offend them, or put a cause of stumbling in their way; then will they feel the tenderness and the rebuke of the heart that drew them into His Kingdom with the arms of love. And the mothers of to-day who hold up their children's hands to Jesus, and lead their feet to Him as the mothers did of old, may know, and that of a surety, whatever men may say, Jesus will not turn them away, nor deny to them what He so freely gave to all who came to Him, when He walked the paths of this world.*

## THE EDUCATION BILL FROM AN EDUCATIONAL STANDPOINT.

BY H. A. NESBITT, M.A.

*(Continued from page 247.)*

THE question of the size of classes is closely connected with the school buildings. Again and again in the schools we used to see long rooms, in which the children sat with their backs to the light, and the teacher had the light in his eyes. The matter was brought before the Board in vain when the original plans were formulated, which seem to have been followed ever since until quite recently. It was represented to them that the children should always write with the light coming from the left. It would be perfectly possible to divide the present rooms by partitions, shifting the desks at right angles to their present positions, and thus attain the great desideratum of small classrooms with light from the left. One who has taught, as I have, with ten classes going on at once in a vast hall, knows how incompatible with good teaching it is to have more than one class in a room at a time. Unfortunately, all the London Board Schools have been built for large classes. The ideal is: A trained teacher for each class in a separate room. Efficiency is the truest economy.

The subject of efficiency brings me to a very important point—that of school books. At present the policy of the Board of Education is not to interfere with “the liberty of the teacher.” How does this act? A head teacher wants a book for teaching to read. The Board give him no help, but allow him to select from their authorised list. On this list there are no less than 600 books to select from. How is the poor man to select one out of 600? In practice he is at the mercy of the commercial traveller for this or that publisher. In Austria the matter was arranged thus: A small committee of experts was appointed to draw up an elementary reading book. They were well paid for their services, but the books were then the property of the State, which, producing them

in great numbers, could do so at a small expense. If a committee of experts were formed who should, not write a book, but examine those in existence, interview the authors to learn the definite object in view in compiling the books and the means taken to attain that object, we should not be told that it takes three to five years to teach children to read. I have taught a clever child to read in three months, a dull child in six months, giving at first twenty minutes, and later half an hour a day. But this could only be possible with a systematic and scientific reading book, and to how many of the 600 could such adjectives be applied? I venture to say that, with a truly scientific reading book, no children ought to take more than a twelvemonth in learning to read. An indifferent teacher can teach if he has a good book to guide him—the best teacher cannot teach well from a bad book. In all these things teachers require leading from above, and this leading should come partly from the inspectors. This leads me to the question of the Inspectorate. The higher inspectors are men of University attainments, but they begin with no knowledge of the art of teaching or the practice of it. There is no necessity for them to have read a single book on pedagogy, or to know the difference between inductive and deductive methods of teaching. They need not know the names of Froebel or Herbart, or have the least acquaintance with foreign systems of education. Often, being men of culture and ability, they pursue these studies later, but not all do this, and the intermediate stage is in any case a period of comparative inutility. The lower inspectors are men of experience in the actual work of teaching, but they are generally perfectly satisfied with the modes of teaching they have been accustomed to, and knowing of nothing better or higher than their own little horizon they do not believe that anything better exists, and are quite unable therefore to guide the teachers to improved methods. Nothing strikes one more in one's intercourse with elementary school teachers than their utter self-satisfaction. Their classes are in good order, and there are no complaints. What would you have more? The only hope for progress in anything lies in the acknowledgment that all is not perfect at present, and a real teacher is no more satisfied with his work than is a really great painter, for he is equally aware how far his best efforts must

fall below perfection. We want an inspectorate not merely of University men or of experienced teachers, but of trained teachers, experts who have studied what education ought to be, and have also had experience of the difficulty of carrying theories into practice. France, Germany, Sweden send teachers to study the methods in other countries. England is quite content to go on in the old rut, and Germany and France do not think it worth while to send their teachers here, as they consider us, and I fear with too much reason, too far behind for them to learn anything from us.

I now come to another branch of the subject. The new educational authorities are to have powers to start Secondary Schools, or at any rate to raise money for the promotion of Secondary Education. I confess when I see what the Department has made of primary schools I feel considerable apprehension of what may be done in the case of secondary education. My fear is that there will be many new schools established which will ruin the existing schools without substituting anything better. The first thing to be done must be to draw a hard and fast line between primary and secondary education so as to prevent overlapping, and I venture to submit a scheme for what elementary education should consist of. To this the elementary schools should be rigidly confined, but up to that line they should be encouraged to proceed. Means should be provided by means of scholarships, &c., for elementary scholars to proceed to the secondary schools. The scheme is for children whose school education is to cease at thirteen (or fourteen at latest):—

(1) The children should learn to read with fluency and intelligence, and should have been accustomed to the best English authors, those best adapted to the formation of character.

(2) They should write a clear but not ornate hand. At present, too much trouble is taken to eradicate all character from the handwriting.

(3) They should be taught elementary mathematics—not with a view to its use in life chiefly, but as the very best mode of training to think. The teaching need not extend beyond the ordinary rules of Arithmetic, Algebra to Simultaneous Equations of the First Degree, and the substance of the First and Third Books of Euclid (not Euclid itself.) If these are

taught heuristically, that is, if the pupils are led to discover the truths for themselves, they may be very useful for them, otherwise the unreasoning ability to work sums in arithmetic beyond addition and subtraction of money is of small actual use in every-day life. The power of reasoning out an abstract question which can be best acquired by the rational study of the laws of number and space, is most valuable, and depends but little on the actual amount learned. Euclid is good training in logic, but his method does not lead to independent thought.

(4) The English language—grammar and analysis of an easy character. Children are too often troubled with difficult points of grammar, of which they accept the explanation given, instead of being well practised in the easier portions of the subject when they can think for themselves. Systematic spelling, founded on etymology, where this is easy.

(5) History of England, treated biographically, not philosophically. The motto of the teacher of elementary history should be—

“Lives of great men all remind us  
We can make our lives sublime.”

Of the two modes of regarding history (1) the story of distinguished men and women, and (2) the story of great movements of character and opinion, the former is perhaps the less important, but is far better adapted to influence the character and to elicit the thought of the children.

(6) Geography, especially the geography of the mighty Empire to which we belong, combined with such elementary science as may account for clouds and winds, day and night, the seasons, &c., treated with the aid of the simplest possible experiments. Experiments tell upon children in the inverse ratio to the complication of the apparatus.

(7) The children should know a little of the spirit of the Constitution and the form of government, and just enough Political Economy to know that expenditure does not benefit trade, and that if wages exceed what will yield a remunerative return, the business will pass to other countries.

(8) I have not mentioned drawing, nor needlework, nor cookery. Drawing, if rationally taught, may be full of

the highest culture. Of the other subjects I am not qualified to speak.

I have religiously excluded all mention of religion—not from its being unimportant.

If the elementary schools are not prevented from transgressing some such limit as this, we shall have a state of chaos, the primary and secondary schools being engaged in teaching the same subjects, the work in the primary schools will not be thoroughly done owing to the ambition to do too much, and those who go on from the primary school to the secondary will have been insufficiently prepared. I should be the last to echo the talk about educating people above their position in life. No man has the right to say what is another's proper position in life, but the complaint under the present *régime* is that too much is attempted, and that in consequence the education which is really likely to be of use to the majority of scholars is given perfunctorily. Let the passage from the elementary to the secondary school be as free as possible, but *do* let the teaching in the elementary schools be elementary, for it is only so that it can be thorough. I gather from what Sir John Gorst said a few days since that the general effect of the Act will be to decentralize, and to allow each educational committee far more independence of action than the School Boards have hitherto enjoyed. Thus a great deal will depend on the *personnel* of these committees, and it behoves all who have anything to do with municipal work to use their influence in getting the appointment of people who have studied educational methods, and who know good teaching from bad. There is a grand opportunity for the committees to introduce in the new secondary schools, if they establish any, the principle of Co-education. This is in full force in America, where ninety-five per cent. of the State schools teach boys and girls together. It is, perhaps, too early to introduce it in primary schools at present, although I am sure that it would have a good effect on the manners of both boys and girls, but surely it might be adopted in state-aided secondary schools. I believe that there is no need in this society to insist upon the advantages of mixed education. None of the disadvantages that were predicted have accrued in American schools, and I am told that there is a life and

eagerness to learn in those schools which are still sadly deficient in ours. I find it myself difficult to imagine the attitude of objectors, for I was taught till the age of fifteen in a mixed school, and I attribute to that circumstance my conviction that the intellects of men and women are in no way different in kind. It is impossible for boys to be taught with girls without gaining a respect for their intelligence quite out of proportion to the ordinary tone of young men on the subject. If a boy finds that his sister can solve a problem in Euclid that has baffled him, he ceases to consider that women as such have inferior powers. Of course it may be true that the average mental power of men is greater than that of women, as the average height is greater, but there are as many women whose intellect surpasses that of the average man as there are women who are taller than the average of men, although the average height of the man is greater than that of the woman. The effect on the girl is to give her a feeling of companionship with men, which is of the greatest possible advantage to a girl who has no brothers. The danger apprehended is that boys and girls are likely to fall in love at too early an age. As a matter of fact nothing of this kind takes place in America, and a professor once said to me that nothing was so likely to prevent sentimental nonsense as doing Euclid together at seven o'clock in the morning. I believe in the beneficial influence of intellectual intercourse, so that men and women should be brought up to look upon one another not as pleasant partners in a waltz, or antagonists in lawn tennis, or objects to practise the arts of compliment and repartee upon, but as companions whose opinions on the affairs of every-day life or on the higher subjects of politics or science or ethics are valuable and interesting to each other. I like to have girls taught partly by men and boys by women. I believe that much that is justly blamed in what are known as "High School Manners" is due to the fact that there are no men teachers in the girls' High Schools. In the old private schools superseded by the High Schools, there were always men visiting-teachers, and I believe the influence was distinctly a good one. Certainly the manners produced in those schools compare favourably with those of the girls whom one comes across in the trains at present.

The habit of having to do with men (even old fogies of lecturers) on intellectual ground, having to look upon them as people whose opinions were to be weighed and not as people to be flirted with, could not but benefit them. I am however, I believe, only trying to convince those who need no convincing. At the King Alfred School, at Bedale's, at Keswick, at Mr. William Herford's school at Manchester, the system has led to no manner of ill, and no teacher who has ever taught boys and girls together will desire to go back to the system of the monastery and the convent.

One reason that has been urged against it is the necessity for maintaining corporal punishment in boys' schools, with the fact that it is unsuited for girls, and that a difference must be made in the punishment of the same offence in consequence. It is time this degrading and barbarous practice were done away with. How a young man, with the instincts of an English gentleman, can be expected to endure personal dishonour is what I cannot understand. I hesitate to use a personal reference, as it might lay me open to the retort : How much better it would have been for you to have been flogged. But there are many schools where it is not practised, notably University College School. It is far less resorted to in most schools than of old, and it has come to be regarded, and I believe rightly, as a stigma on a teacher, that he has to resort much to corporal punishment. The ideal is, of course, that boys should be so much interested in their work as not to be tempted to misbehave, and it will at any rate be found that those teachers who are best able to interest their classes have least occasion to resort to punishment. If we can get the new committees to found mixed secondary schools, without corporal punishment, we shall really have taken a gigantic step in advance.



QUESTIONS  
PROPOSED BY THE ROYAL COMMISSION ON  
PHYSICAL EDUCATION (SCOTLAND).

*From the Answers of the late Dr. Almond.*

*(Continued from page 276.)*

\*13.—This again is a hard question to answer. Many side issues are involved. I believe, *e.g.*, that the hours of sleep should be regulated both by age and by the season of the year. Boys, roughly speaking, up to 10 or 11, should have ten hours at least in bed; and during the chief growing age (*i.e.*, up to 17 or 17½), at least nine in winter, and perhaps half-an-hour less in summer. These hours have often, I believe, been encroached upon to permit of sufficient time out of doors, and also for the numerous subjects required by a modern school curriculum.

Again, football or hockey requires only one hour, while to get sufficient exercise out of cricket, quite two, and out of golf even more, especially on crowded links. But there ought to be a great deal of what I may call breathing time in the open air, besides what is spent in hard games.

Generally speaking, I would say that six hours spent in actual study or preparation, one in drawing or singing, ten in the bedroom, one-and-a-half at meals; one in unoccupied time after meals, half-an-hour at prayers or school assemblies, half-an-hour in the gymnasium, leaving two-and-a-half for games and fresh air, and one for entirely leisure time.

This estimate is, of course, subject to the variations indicated above, but, I think, it gives the minimum allowance consistent with due attention to robustness and vitality.

On Saturdays there is, of course, more open air, and I think that all schoolboys should learn to take a good walk on Sundays, if only to keep up the habit of walking as an exercise.

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\* 13.—What is a just proportion of time to be devoted to physical training in relation to study?

14.—I think physical training and schoolwork should go together. Nothing can be a worse habit for life than taking no exercise one day, and too much another. Exercise should be, like meals and sleep, part of the daily business of life, till the desire for it becomes an irrepressible instinct.

15.—They seem to me to be like food and drink, both equally necessary to well-being. Indoor life is less injurious the more it is associated with absolutely pure air, and a temperature never artificially raised above 55° or 56°.

I regret to say that these conditions are often frequently violated, not only by the world in general, but by schoolmasters, chiefly because they work in overheated studies; and even by scientific professors, lecturing perhaps on the sciences which are supposed to have to do with health to students who are suffering from gross violations of the principles of ventilation and of heat economy. If science were applied to the well-being of man himself, as rigorously as it is to the improvement of his material surroundings, such anomalies would not occur.

16.—As I have said before, I think that drill should form part of the regular business of the school, and that as many boys as possible should be trained to be good rifle shots. I further believe in boys camping out when the time can be spared, either during term or holidays, under something like military discipline, and learning to do everything for themselves which has to do with tent life

But I am much opposed to anything which shall further interfere either with the studies, or the games, or the manual work and other occupations, or the already brief leisure time of school life, and still more so, to notions of military smartness bringing about any obstruction to the free play of the lungs or the free movements of the limbs; in fact, boys have clothes enough already; and for rich and poor alike, I object to any special clothes for their "playing at soldiers," just as I have effectually objected to all distinctive athletic millinery not absolutely necessary for the purposes of games. General Sir Hector Macdonald reviewed the cadet corps of Wanganui School, New Zealand, in grey flannel shirts, bare necks, and short trousers. He said it was the best uniform he had seen, with some sort of loose jacket to put on when required by the weather. I particularly approve

of this, because it is also the best wardrobe for a cyclist. But, generally speaking, I have apprehensions as to the results of encouraging the military spirit in schools. We wish to teach our boys to think for themselves, to appeal to reason rather than to custom and prejudice in all they do. And I fear that the military spirit has been, hitherto at least, productive of cast-iron regulations, and opposed to what is rational, individual, and unconventional. If I could have a school cadet corps, equipped and accoutred without any interference from the War Office, and trained to exercise initiative and common sense, my present views might be modified, but I believe in development after the model of a rifle club (*vide Spectator*, August 23) rather than after that of a cadet corps.

18.—It is not alien to the present enquiry, if I say that, in all classes of schools, one of the most, if not the most, important subject of instruction is what I may call the science of life; the importance of pure air, and how it is to be secured; the laws of heat economy, and how they are to be observed; the physiology of exercise, and the evils both of excess and defect; the way in which common maladies, like colds and chills, can be avoided by its means; the reasons why any hard exercise should be taken in flannel, and not in any cotton fabrics; something of the chemistry of food, and of the secretions which help digestion, and the practical rules deducible from such knowledge. All these things are more important for boys (and girls) to know than the dates of the kings or the nature of adverbial clauses. If such an education as this were given in all schools, as a necessary and prominent part of education, we would no longer hear of children in the Highlands and other country parts being fed on tea and white bread and tinned meats; of the consequent want of freshness and rosiness and hardness of the present generation; nor would children be kept at school in towns during winter months with little more open air exercise than what they get by climbing up and driving on a tram car.

I suppose, for my own part, that there is scarcely a day on which I do not speak to my boys on some point which has to do with the rationale of their physical training, or insist, from the standpoint of practical Christianity, on the duty of

avoiding "physical sins," when known to be such. And further, I believe that laying such a foundation of physical morality, presents the best chance of resistance to the formation of drinking habits in after life. Teach a boy why his stomach should have periods of repose, and, therefore, why he should not eat or "grub" between meals, and he is less likely to be subject to a craving for "something," which afterwards will only be appeased by stimulants, and he will not only have formed the habit of controlling his appetites, but he will have learned why he should control them, and also have experienced the effect of such self-mastery on his bodily vigour. It would be easy to multiply illustrations, but I think I have said enough in support of the thesis, that theoretical education is the proper and essential supplement of physical training.

(1) It is a common-place that "games injure work." I object to the antithesis. Games are only one of a number of means towards a physical training, which again implies and involves physical work. If the chief end were amusement, the present prominence given to games would be indefensible. Amusement, and its resulting high spirits, are certainly excellent things. But the energy, time, and money spent on this particular sort of amusement would be wickedly excessive, if cricket and football were in the same category as balls and picnics.

Runs in the rain are certainly not an amusement, though the recompense of the after-glow is soon discovered; football is rarely an amusement to a boy fresh from home. He would usually rather be in school than in a scrummage. But the resulting joyousness, akin to that of war, is usually a plant of quicker growth than the deep delight in great literature, which is slowly but surely imbibed by those who have become saturated, as it were, with Sophocles or Homer, by the arduous process of translation. And as the delight from active exercises comes sooner, and is more visibly displayed than mere intellectual pleasure, the idea of amusement has become connected with the former, and that recreation is one main purpose of the latter has been forgotten.

(2) It is said, "Does this not result in too much talk about games?" Archdeacon Wilson replied to this, "What do French boys talk about?" I doubt whether, when boys are

gathered in hall, or men in smoking room, much more edifying subjects are, or ever were, the staple of conversation. Anyone who really gets to know boys becomes aware of the enormous variety of topics in which they take interest, and about which they will talk freely when alone or with one or two congenial friends. But such subjects of individual interest would not be suitable for general social talk and badinage in the school world or in any other.

(3) A result of the present position of the great games is that they really do give an education in observation and reasoning of no mean order.

In a discussion, to take one point as to when it is advisable to take first choice of innings at cricket, or the choice of ground and wind at football, the number of logical or fallacious processes, both inductive or deductive, which occur in such arguments, are as numerous and as educative as if the discussion concerned politics or casuistry. School politics, indeed, have often been proved to be a good training for those of the bigger world.

(4) The tendency of some of our great games to become spectatorial, which is deplored by every man of sense, and which really constitutes a national evil and danger, is not fostered by a sound system of physical training and education, but the very reverse. The man who, as a boy, has been taught the duty and experienced the advantage and pleasure of taking exercise for himself, of a kind suitable to his age and circumstances, is not likely to sit or stand during a Saturday afternoon as spectator of a gladiatorial show, unless he can otherwise secure his own personal exercise. For my own part, I have not witnessed a cricket or football match for many years. I require the time for my own exercise.

21.—The vulgar and ridiculous reproach that schoolmasters are chosen for their "athletics" is founded on the truths that, in order to bring out the educative element in games, there must be some experienced and rational instruction, and that many reasons make it desirable that some masters should take part in the great games, and not be conspicuously inferior in them to the leaders of the boys.

But how far masters at Scotch Elementary Schools take an interest in the physical education of the children I cannot say. The number of closed windows in too many cases is an

indirect evidence to me that things are not always quite as they should be, for open windows are an unfailing index of a man who cares for physical education. For the great work which is being done in many English Primary Schools I have already referred to Mr. Sharples' paper.

22.—All our boys are examined by our school medical officer on first entry, and his report comes to me in the doctor's book. He there enters any intimation which appears to him desirable as to boys being exempted from particular games, runs, or other exercises. His word is final.

He also, or his partner, makes daily visits to the school, and sees every boy who is suffering from any ailment or accident, or who wishes for advice as to his exercise. These reports come to me in his book.

Such reports reappear in "The Medical Ledger," in which each boy has his own page, so that I can see the medical history of a boy at a glance.

24, 25.—Measurements are made three times annually of weight, chest girth, height, girth of upper and lower left arm. The reason for registering the *left* arm, is because it is apt to be neglected, and it is as well to register the united effects of gymnastics, Rugby football, and fives.

Every new boy is also measured similarly on his arrival. New measurements are entered in a book, from which typical extracts are sent, the boys of each age at last birthday being on a separate page.

Spirometry does not appear in the register. It probably ought to be attended to, but I am unwilling to increase the time taken up in measuring, and chest girth answers nearly every purpose.

There is also a Physical Ledger, in which the measurements of each boy are re-entered on a separate page.

This is of the greatest possible service. I frequently inspect it, and whenever a boy's chest girth is standing still, especially at too low a point for his age and height, I have his lungs sounded by our medical officer. In many cases, unsuspected delicacy has been thus detected and the right measures to set things right adopted in time. Our medical officer or myself could give details of one such case, which is certainly one of the first cases on record of the cure of incipient tubercular disease by the open air treatment in

which, I need scarcely say, all my experience makes me cordially believe.

27.—Before attempting to answer this question, I hope it may not be out of place to say a few words about the last clause.

The whole subject matter of this Commission seems to me of such overwhelmingly national importance, and the subordinate place which it has hitherto occupied so full of danger to the country, that I have rejoiced at its being brought into prominence by the appointment of the Commission.

My reason why it is of such importance is because at least three causes are in operation, all tending to lessen the amount both of bodily exercise and of open-air life.

These are—1st, The gathering of the population into towns, and the comparative desertion of the country; 2ndly, the growing substitution of artificial means of locomotion for the use of the legs; 3rdly, the continually increasing extent to which manual labour is supplanted by mechanical appliances both by land and sea. The only escape from the deterioration of our race, which is the natural result of these causes, and which is already evident at least in our cities, is that the exercise of the limbs and breathing organs, which used to be necessitated by the daily work of large masses of the population, shall be taken by them in the way of recreation, or from a sense of the necessity of such for the exercise, health and enjoyment of life.

And I am persuaded that, if the general principles, which I have attempted to lay down, were once cordially recognized and brought prominently forward in Parliament, press, pulpit, and on platform, that an innumerable number of ways by which they could be carried into practice and made the source of untold blessings to our people, would gradually open out.

And again, if such truths were inculcated and practised in all grades of schools, healthy habits of all kinds would become a second nature to the large mass of the pupils, and there would spring up the habit of regulating the actions of daily life by reason rather than by blind custom. In particular I am persuaded that daily physical exercise usually engenders a craving for it, which will avail itself of all outlets and opportunities, and in strong-willed natures, will make opportunities, in spite of apparently overwhelming obstacles.

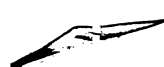
Such outlets and opportunities should be provided, in all large cities at least, in the shape of continuation classes for gymnastics and drill, in suitable, well-ventilated, and never over-heated buildings. They would be abundantly taken advantage of if the spirit of the previous education was such as I have tried to sketch.

And no public money could possibly be better spent than in providing such facilities.

Regular attendance and proficiency at such classes should, I think, be allowed to reckon towards Volunteer and Militia drill, but I am too imperfectly acquainted with the subject to speak confidently here.

It is also incumbent upon us, so far as legislation and education can bring it about, to provide not only that every possible opportunity shall be given to young people of all classes towards forming the habit of regular exercise, but that its physiology and advantage should be impressed upon them, in connection with corresponding and interdependent truths about food, air, sleep, and clothing, which have generally been almost totally neglected in schemes of education, and consequently about which grievous errors have been prevalent, and in many cases enforced by custom, sometimes even by authority, in the daily life of the vast majority of our people.

And at the base of all such instruction and training I believe that the duty of conforming to known physical and physiological laws, and of avoiding physical sins, should form an integral part of all religious education which is given in schools, and be firmly rooted in the minds of the young on a religious basis. The sin of excess in drink would then, in their minds, rest on the same foundation as the sin of physical indolence, or of the compression of the breathing or other organs by tight clothing, or of indulgence in excessive or unwholesome food. And far more good would be effected by all these and other departures from truth and nature being seen to result from the neglect of the same general principles of theory and practice, than by some of them being attacked, in an isolated and sensational manner, and others either ignored, or treated as of no practical importance.





## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### VI.—GREENBANK HOUSE.

FOREGROUND is a part of the picture for which the sketching amateur usually finds it convenient to have no time. Few people have the resolution to omit it altogether; and yet few paint it with any care or thoroughness. They hold their theories, alleging optical laws or practical requirements, and quoting *Modern Painters*\* or any other authority. At the same time, foreground studies may become the most beautiful of frameable sheets; and the wealth of the wayside—well, a teacher is not expected to make phrases about *gold*, or puns about *banks*.

It is quite true, nevertheless, that the account at these banks can never be overdrawn. Little children, whose lives are spent chiefly in rambling along country lanes after the perambulator, people the gaps in the walls and shelving recesses in the steep roadsides with fairy playmates in imaginary homes. They see things in the close foreground which the rest of us pass unnoticed. Especially is there a place I know where you step across the little ditch or gutter upon a bit of flagstone which stands for a front door (as part, in all mythology, symbolises the whole); and there is an appearance as of going upstairs in the turf; and upon the stairway there open little flat places, enough for a child to creep into, beneath the level under-branches of a nut-tree, so that you have the semblance of a tenement of several storeys—sitting-rooms, and bedrooms, and a comparatively spacious nursery on the top floor, with its one window well barred by the twigs of sapling oak bushes; and its back wall is the road wall, of course. This is Greenbank House. No fairies live there, but an ideal family—the MacCarthys. The origin of the name is lost. Mrs. MacCarthy is a capable woman, the protagonist of the play; for the father of the family spends his time in nothing better than painting and

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\* Vol. I., Part II., Sec. II., chap. iv., § 6 (vol. i., p. 185 in the 1888 edition). Mr. Ruskin praises the slightness and mystery of Copley Fielding's foregrounds, carefully, however, limiting his remarks in a note.

writing for the *Parents' Review*; or it is "Oh, *he* is gone to get money out of the bank." Vinsula, the eldest girl, is always getting married; Katie is the scapegrace and scapegoat, a bad example to her (real) friends, teaching them mischief and mispronunciation; the infant Samuel is a mere pet. But there are no such wall-papers as those of Mrs. MacCarthy, patterned with lichen on the purple rock, and robin-run-in-the-hedge; no such carpets, changed through all the varying year—violets and primroses after the first spring cleaning, ferns in the fireplaces for summer, and in the winter a drugget of russet leaves among the wilted grass, more beautiful than a Turkey carpet.

There are other houses in Roadside Town. There is Low Wall School, where you sit and study the cup-mosses; and Rock House, which boasts a solid stone staircase; and Heather House, where Prudence and Charity live; and abbeys with sculptured "Prentices' Pillars," imagined out of writhing ivy-stems around old trees. But month after month and year after year these haunts are tenanted by creatures of fancy, little scenes which carriage-folk whirl past in a cloud of dust, and sketchers of landscape slur in the corner of their drawing-blocks, with a blot or two of raw sienna and a few zigzags of brown madder.

You know Dürer's drawing, or the autotype of it, representing a bunch of grasses, in *Froschperspectiv*, from a frog's point of view? How much we miss from losing the *child's* point of view!

They say poets never grow up; "they lie in Abraham's bosom all the year"; they are ever youthful Olympians. And we, too, may recover childhood if we can throw off ambitions worldly and artistic, and go quietly and confidently to nature. There are few things that can make you happier than the peaceful study of a bit of wild wayside, if you can care enough for it to forget yourself in it, not thinking of the fine picture Mr. Ego is going to make, nor the cleverness of his execution, nor the knowledge he has, or wants to get, through scientific analysis of it, but just of itself, as it is given to your eyes. To look at it is something, but its spirit will not come at once; you must look long enough, with a child's forgetfulness of time. Gazing for long, though, becomes tedious; you begin to think of the dinner-hour. But to draw it is to caress it; all the difference between staring at a kitten and stroking

it ; between watching a game and playing it. That is why it is worth learning to draw.

Now most would-be painters are soon tired of their work. They do not know that they are careless, but they don't care enough to go on until they see all that there is to be seen, and feel all there is to be felt—something more than a few clever blots represent. Indeed, the Blottesque style is hardly conceivable as adequate portraiture of anything you love. Paint your best friend in that manner, for an example ! I believe we love trees and mountains, springs and flowers, better than the ancients who deified them ; but there are still people whose portrait of Greenbank House would be a blottesque libel, for the sole reason that they are, in this matter, a sort of egoists—they think more of their skill than of their subject.

You need not look far in any country or in any garden to find a Greenbank House for yourself, or a Shrub Cottage, or a Rockery Castle. Study such a bit of foreground, the first you find ; the only advice I offer is, *let it be a little bit*. Give yourself time. Take a sitting to outline all that can be outlined, and then, on successive days, paint it piece by piece. But don't work all day long at the one subject ; the light changes, and your sight changes, by day-long poring on the intricate page. An hour is too short a time ; two hours allow you enough to get into the spirit of the thing, without losing spirit in fatigue.

The chief difficulty will be in the complexity of the detail ; but this is a difficulty which vanishes when the outline has been firmly drawn. You remember that the outline means the *contour* of anything. Whatever has a shape has an outline ; it may be soft or sharp, but it has a limit beyond which it does not reach, and up to which it does. Outline does not mean texture—ribs of leaves, fibres of bark, and so on ; so that it is really a simpler thing than it seems at first.

When the outline is settled, pen it in with an even, *fine*, firm line everywhere, and then paint every mass so mapped and enclosed. You mix and match the tint of each little piece to its full depth. You lay it on, and while it is wet—not very wet—take out the lights with a clean brush that has been dipped in water and dried with the paint-rag. They say you must not suck your brushes ; so, don't, if you can help it. With many of us it is a survival of infancy, but though poets

are childlike, all such survivals are not necessary to the poetic habit.

This modelling of every little mass of colour, by taking out the lights, and (if necessary) reinforcing the darks, is the great safeguard against the blottesque manner. The blotter leaves his mass unmodulated; nature never does. The blotter's lights are crude gaps of light paper or under-tint; nature is infinite in gradation. The blotter's work is the same all over; nature is full of variety in texture and quality.

Also it is a safeguard against heaviness and overwork. When you touch and retouch, unless you are an accomplished painter, the colour becomes opaque and black. When you rub out it becomes woolly or gritty, and loses its luminousness. But when you make up your mind, by outlining, exactly what the shape is to be, and by matching the colour and tone, what the tint is to be, you are fulfilling the standard maxim to "know what you have to do, and do it." That is true boldness, freshness, decision. It is wholly removed from slapdash. And the finish so obtained is truer and more refined than the most elaborate stippling.

This way of work makes you think, too. It does not allow you to put down things at haphazard, hoping to correct them; to paint coarsely, intending, at a more convenient season, to refine your work; to handle timidly, expecting to add force at the finish. You must look first until you see where you are to alight, and then take your leap pluckily. You must give all your attention to the single thing you are doing, and absolutely refuse the temptation to be scatterbrained.

Hitherto the studies have been simple, and kept to subjects which could not always make pretty pictures. In future, by a natural progression, they must be planned to give more scope to the learner's own abilities. This of foreground, for instance, can be made as simple as you choose, by picking out an easy bit—something distinct and definite for the principal and central object—say a few wild strawberry or dock leaves and stones; or it may be made more difficult by taking complicated subjects like grass and ferns and wild geranium, or extensive banks seen through thin boughs of nearer bushes. It may be made pretty nearly impossible by trying to do a gooseberry bush on the other side of a horizontal box-edging. But it leaves great scope for students of various powers. And as some new members intend joining us at the beginning of a new half-year, for their

benefit, and to jog the memories of a forgetful minority of elder members, I think no shame to have restated the old laws of Fésole and of the Fésole Club—the necessity to a student of severe outline, of matched tints, and of modelled colour-masses. By-and-by, all the sooner for subservience to strict training, you will be accomplished craftsmen, and able to handle your tools in your own fashion.

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These last sentences are left standing to show that there was still difficulty in getting some pupils to venture on firm drawing and fresh colouring, though many actually read and followed the directions in the articles; also to show that this outline and wash style was always regarded as a method for beginners, not an ideal style of high art, but something from which they could rise higher as their powers developed. In many cases, where pupils learn from successful and accomplished artists, the chief thing they learn is their master's style; and the end of their learning is to make imitations of his pictures. In this case, the aim was to prevent anything of the kind, and to force the learner to look for himself at realities.

The view out of window admitted no foreground; this study of foreground, if it has any peep of distance beyond, will still be mainly foreground, and either way an interesting picture may result. But for the sketcher's own satisfaction and success it is wise to remember that either the foreground or the distance ought to be the principal subject, as set forth in article No. IV. This does not mean that either foreground or distance should be coarsely and badly painted, but that the chief interest should be in one or the other.

If the distance is the principal subject, don't choose a point of view where an ugly wall or railing runs horizontally across the front of the picture. Get off the main road when you sketch, however beautiful the distant scene may be; and if you have not time to work out the foreground carefully, leave it as a vignette rather than spoil the picture with hurried and violent dark daubs.

If the foreground is principal, remember that the distance is known in a picture to be distant by aerial perspective, which means that the darks are bluish and the lights yellowish or reddish, and everything tender and delicate. In a foreground, out of sunshine, darks are warm in colour, lights are cool (*i.e.*, grey or bluish).

## SUGGESTIONS FOR HOLIDAY AMUSEMENTS.

BY E. A. PARISH.

I HAVE come to speak to you with great diffidence, feeling that in all matters you, as mothers, must know by experience, what I can only know by theory.

But armed with the fact that I have for two years had the privilege of living under Miss Mason's roof, I am hoping that, by telling you some of the things she has told me, I may be able to help you a little. I have been asked to give some suggestions about holiday amusements and occupations. Such a question covers so much ground that I must confine myself to one part of it.

However, amusements, strictly speaking, are the same everywhere and must be regulated by the conditions in which children are placed. They include games such as cricket, football, tennis, hockey, etc., which, beyond the sheer delight they give to all enthusiastic players, and the healthy exercise they afford, are also very valuable from an educational point of view, training the quick eye and active limb, teaching prompt obedience to recognised rules and instilling that ingrained sense of honour which is so characteristic of most school-boys and of girls who are allowed free exercise in such games.

But while fully acknowledging the value of all these games, it seems impossible not to see that there is a great danger attached. Children are inclined to think that games are the only joys with which they can fill their free time. The instant work is finished, they rush off to their cricket or football, and when they have tired themselves out with that, they just kick their heels till bed-time. This idea does not lessen as they grow up; games are then supplemented by sport and other amusements—all very well in their way, but hopelessly unsatisfying to the adult mind.

How frequent it is to hear both young men and young women complaining that life is so dull, so slow. How constantly one hears the mother's complaint that now her daughters have left school they waste their time.

What we want to do for the children is to provide for them such a multiplicity of interests, that they will estimate their leisure according to its just value and realize that holidays are really precious moments, that must be made the most of.

The usual custom of devoting a quarter of the year to holidays, points to the fact that this is far too great a share of a child's life to be frittered away in objectless amusement.

Besides, parents have to face the fact that as soon as school-life has begun for their children, and especially in the case of boarding schools, these holidays are the sole time they have to depend on for the most valuable part of education—that of home education.

It seems advisable, then, that they should strive to make each holiday a really profitable as well as delightful time to their children.

It would be good if, in looking back to childhood, we could number a fresh step forward with each holiday spent with our parents.

Mothers are apt to look forward to holidays with very mixed feelings; they long to have their children back with them, but they dread the days which are sure to come when Dick, having nothing to do, will quarrel with Mary, and when the baby boy will be led into mischief by his older brother.

It is not possible, neither is it desirable, that parents should devote every minute of the holidays to amusing their children. What they want to do is to suggest interests so that the thing most desired for will be time to carry out many cherished plans.

I think it would be a good plan if children could learn to look on their holidays as something of their own, and then, as is the case with all good things that come to one, be prepared to share them with other people.

In this way. School work leaves so little leisure for girls or boys to be occupied with anything beyond their immediate school duties, and these become more and more absorbing as they get older. This is quite right, because the main object of school days is to enable one to become acquainted with those things which make life worth living and enable us to make the lives of others fuller and happier. But in acquiring this knowledge there is little leisure left to think of other people and this is a great danger in this egotistical age.

Would it not then be an excellent thing to assume, as a matter of course, that a certain proportion of each holiday should be set aside for the benefit of other people, in working for missions, for the poor, or for the children's hospitals; the object is not of much moment, provided the aim be a little self-denial for the sake of others. Perhaps a series of entertainments could be organised for the amusement of the village children; or a little girl who enjoys her handicraft classes at school, might like to show a friend less fortunately situated than herself, how she makes her baskets.


It is nice when children realise their power of brightening the family circle, and are consequently ready to provide pleasant surprises in a variety of ways, which all speak of unselfish affection.

In this way the habit of recognising the duty of serving others will be formed, and the habit will increase as the capacity for usefulness increases. We members of the P.N.E.U. all recognise the power of habit, how repeated action leads to the unconscious performance of the same, and how repeated thought becomes a habit of mind which can influence the whole career.

Thus during early years the habit of unselfishness can be formed which will be strong enough to combat this egotistical age, and outbalance the result of looking after one's own interest, which is so much a necessity at school.

I presume that the education of boys and girls almost universally comprises some handicraft. Let this be turned to account during the holidays in making objects suitable either for sales or for presents. These must be well made and saleable, nothing in the form of a makeshift must be tolerated for a moment. But I think you will find that this plan will produce a good deal of original and spontaneous work which will give great satisfaction to the producers, and, by enabling them to realize the practical use of their handicraft classes, send them back to them with renewed zeal.

A boy may take lessons at a carpenter's bench for a long time without valuing his opportunities, till he has seen how the knowledge he has gained there enables him to make a bookcase for his mother, and a new kitchen table for his old nurse.





A little girl has found her Sloyd training decidedly irksome till she has discovered she can make practically any useful frame, box, or stand she wishes, by joining her Sloyd training to her common sense.

What children need is not so much to have occupation procured for them, as to get inspiring ideas which will busy them in pursuit of some object which their own ingenuity will teach them to use all their acquirements in following.

It is during the holidays that children have time to realize not only what they have learned, but why they learned it. But even here it needs the guidance of the parents before they can discover it.

With this object in view, the occupation of the holidays must in some wise carry on the work of the term, and to this end the parents must be prepared to follow the term's work in order to be ready to present those ideas which will fire the enthusiasm of their children.

For instance. We take it for granted that reading aloud shall form one of the delights of all holidays, summer and winter, and a pastime in which every member of the family circle takes part, from the oldest to the youngest who is able to read at all.

The importance of good reading cannot be too highly estimated, and nothing helps so much to produce it as this delightful custom of family reading, where it is felt that the pleasure of the circle depends on the power of the reader to give, pleasantly and naturally, what he is himself gaining from the book.

To have a good book in hand in this way provides material for conversation, and the various characters, by being discussed (and discussed with the wonderful insight of children), become living people, never to be forgotten by them. Let, then, the choice of the book or books for the holidays be guided by the work of the term.

Those children who have the privilege of belonging to the P.R.S. will already have read some book in connection with their history during the term, but it would be most profitable to enlarge upon this by choosing a fresh historical novel dealing with the same period, and by reading some good book of travel which will take them over the ground they have visited during the term. I believe if we consider what

historical characters are most living to us and what foreign countries most real, we shall recognise that they are those with which we were made familiar during our childhood, not by our lessons, but by the enchanting books we read about them.


Another point which seems to me of great importance: *Do* give your children the benefit of the light Shakespeare throws upon his historical characters. Watch their school course and see that they read the plays as they study the period. Let this reading be a great event. By dint of a little trouble beforehand all the characters can be made to fit in so as to be taken by different members of the family and it will be found a source of great enjoyment.

Of course, where children are sufficiently advanced it is most enjoyable to look forward every holiday to reading a French or German classic, they will be encouraged to find that they read every book more easily than the last. The difficulty, of course, is to find really interesting books which it is desirable for them to read, but, as is the case with all literature, the very best can do no harm, and beyond that, there are a great many simple and beautiful French tales which will provide really profitable reading.

It will greatly increase the delight and interest of children in their geology classes if some holiday excursions can be anticipated which will illustrate the points they are taking. Of course, this is not always possible, but where it is the opportunity should not be neglected. We want the holidays to furnish continual proof of the utility and reality of what is being done in class. What a help it would be to the teacher to know that she is in every respect working with the parents, and that there is no gulf fixed between lessons and holiday hours, because each can serve to make the other more enjoyable.

If children have collections which are not entirely in order, to classify them properly and arrange them in a museum will occupy many a wet day.

If they are being educated at home or go to a day school, it is very nice for them to have gardens. A botanical garden with beds devoted to certain orders affords an immense amount of pleasure and instruction, and interest is added to walks when there is the hope of finding a fresh plant for the



garden. A vegetable garden, which really produces peas and beans for dinner, or salad and other delicacies, is another great source of satisfaction. I think a course of cookery could offer a very pleasurable occupation for the winter holidays for girls of almost any age, and I am not at all sure that brothers would not enter into it with equal zest. Many simple recipes can be learned without great expense and it is certainly a most useful acquirement.

Those who are fortunate enough to possess a good oil stove will be able to do their cooking in the schoolroom, and this obviates all the trouble which is occasioned by any trespassing in the kitchen.

Another excellent interest for the winter is the existence of the family scientific society of which each member undertakes a different subject, and reads a paper or gives lectures to the assembled family.

Then some fresh handicraft may be taken up during the winter holidays. Elementary bookbinding seems to me one of the most delightful, and requires more care and patience than any great skill. Of course, a training in Cardboard Sloyd is an invaluable help towards clean and neat work in bookbinding, and where that is not given in school it should be given as a preparatory course during some holidays.

Linoleum chip carving is very simple, and though not particularly artistic, it is of value in so far that it affords ample opportunity for original design, and work which is carried out entirely according to their own taste has great fascination for children.

Carton work also lends itself to original work, and a whole doll's house can be furnished with carton work by dint of a little thought and patience. It is wonderful what children will produce by themselves if once they are started on the right track.

Basket work is a delightful occupation either for summer or winter holidays, and this can be varied by chair caning; the boy is proud who can cane his mother's bedroom chairs, and it is quite possible to do this with perfect neatness.

I need not go into the advantages of clay modelling, which is sure to be taught at school.

Scrap-books form a pleasant pastime for younger children and are always acceptable gifts at Christmas time. Part singing will pass many a pleasant evening hour.

Of course, physical exercises must not be forgotten. Swimming, rowing, boxing, fencing—let some new exercise be learned each holidays, girls need them every bit as much as boys, perhaps more, because their natural inclination to movement is less pronounced than in boys and because less time is generally devoted to games and exercises during school time than is the case with boys.

Holidays afford time for expeditions to places of archaeological, architectural, historical or literary interest in the neighbourhood; the subject must, of course, be read up beforehand. I think that where it is possible this idea might be further developed by devoting the summer holiday trip to some fresh district or country every year and there making a somewhat detailed study of the district, hunting up all points of interest, noticing the physical features, making rough sketch maps of the hills, rivers, etc., noticing the most striking points about the scenery, sketching the parts which please the most and seeking their cause as affected by geological formation, etc. What a gold mine of interest is here provided.

Then, ample occupation is always at the disposal of those who are interested in Nature study, because it is quite endless. During the Christmas holidays the children have to notice the bare trees, and recognise them in that condition as oak, elm, sycamore, and this is no easy matter for a beginner. However, they settle what they think they are, and wait to see. They notice bark, branching, and leaf buds, how they are situated, &c. The Easter holidays show various developments, the buds are swelling and some few opening. Here and there are blossoms, as on the wych elm, hazel, and various willows. In the summer holidays the trees are in full foliage, and finally the fruit appears. The children describe these various stages in their Nature note books, and make sketches of them in brush drawing, indifferently at first, but always better as time goes on.

Then they can keep a flower list, noting the flowers they find in each month; and a bird list, stating when the first migrants are seen or heard, when the nesting begins, &c. Indeed, a diary can be kept, wherein is entered anything about Nature which has attracted notice. This is illustrated by brush drawings, which give great pleasure in the doing,

and also bring to our notice the special features of different flowers or fruits. Of course the Nature note books are only the outward expression of the beautiful work which goes on in the child's mind; work which goes on without books or any help other than the actual facts before him and the vivifying influence of the pure air.

He needs nothing but to have his thoughts turned into this channel, and then to be left to himself. Just a hint here and there from one who is in sympathy with his interests is all he needs, and we may be sure he will ask when he wants the benefit of our experience. Even then it is best to guide him to find out the answer for himself as far as possible, for one of the great gains of Nature study is that it teaches the art of seeing, and a boy or girl who is keen to observe what Nature so liberally offers will not be slow in putting two and two together over any matter.

It is unlikely that a child, who has gained a real love for Nature work, will let it drop during term time, because it is a thing which grows unconsciously, making the world always larger and more fair and interesting to him. At first these suggestions may seem inclined to trench on the freedom and careless light-heartedness which we all want the children to enjoy during their holidays.

But children *must* think and children *must* act; so that it is no harder for them to think and act profitably than unprofitably, and we know the difference between the employed and the unemployed children.

All that is meant is, that children should have suitable ideas given to keep them happily busy, always allowing a large margin for entire freedom, when they may do "just exactly what they like."

## CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

(*Discussion.*)

BY MRS. J. C. BARNETT.

NO education is of quite the same value as that which comes from acquaintance with good literature. "Lost in a book" describes one happy condition in child life. Later on we scarcely succeed in being quite lost. How many sensitive or nervous boys and girls creep away from the frictions of nursery or schoolroom life and find peace and soothing in the world which a wonder-working genius has created for them!

It is not good that boys and girls should read everything that comes in their way. We must trouble ourselves to select for them. The wee ones must have their fairy tales and old-fashioned nursery tales which never lose their charm. Grimm's and Andersen's still hold their honoured place. Andrew Lang's *Fairy Books*, Rudyard Kipling's *Jungle Books* give the same wonderful delight. We are a little jealous of them lest they displace our own dearly-loved *Arabian Nights*, *Robinson Crusoe*, and *The Pilgrim's Progress*. But of that there is no fear, for these are among the immortals.

With free libraries and with friends ever ready to borrow and to lend, there is the danger of indiscriminate reading. It is not enough that we forbid "penny dreadfuls" and paper-covered novelettes. There are books with nothing actively bad in them which yet have a pernicious effect on young minds. The kind of adventure book, in which a runaway boy sails round the world, falling in with a rich treasure ship, and after unprecedented dangers, hair-breadth escapes, and deeds of valour, is created Admiral of the British Navy, is an unhealthy book. It is not true to life, and does not tend to encourage a boy to practise honourable living in the narrow sphere which will probably be his. Not more stimulating in view of the life awaiting our girls is the kind of love story which too often falls into their hands, and which if we took the trouble to read it we should term "utterly ridiculous."

Tastes are formed unconsciously. Good literature gives discrimination, and one accustomed to it from childhood

simply cannot read what is inferior. Young people who love Scott, Dickens, or Thackeray, will turn from slipshod writing and from books whose moral tone is doubtful. It is possible to read without *remembering*, but it is not possible to read without being influenced. We may not recollect a single thought of the writer's, but he has nevertheless given our mind more or less of an inclination to think in his way. And it is just here that the power of a book lies. The queen bee to begin with is an ordinary bee; superior feeding makes her larger and handsomer than her sisters and brothers. Literature supplies food for the mind, and our very souls are moulded to a great extent by what we read.

For the teaching of morals, Charles Kingsley thought nothing outside of the Bible could come up to the old Greek stories. That was why he wrote his *Heroes*, and dedicated it to his children. Ideals of life are gathered from books. A wise mother said lately, "A boy who keeps company with David Livingstone, with Nansen, with any of the great explorers, warriors, or missionaries, may fall into mischief occasionally, but he will be utterly incapable of meanness."

Sermons and moral dissertations are unsuitable for young people, but books like Miss Yonge's, Mrs. Prentiss's, and those of the Misses Warner, teach almost unconsciously the great truths of religion and life.

Reading aloud in the family circle is a delightful bond. Macaulay's lays and Scott's poems, if read by father or mother, will appeal to all except the very young children. In fact, as George Macdonald said of Tennyson's lyrics, most poetry "was made to be read aloud." We miss the music in silent reading. A little girl had heard Scott's *Lady of the Lake*, and for weeks after her play hours were spent in dressing her dolls to represent the different characters and in making them play their parts. Another young child conducted her dolls through the stirring scenes of *Ivanhoe*. She is a woman now, and her name is an honoured one in literature, but she dates her dawn of literary taste to her mother's reading of Scott in the family.

Perhaps the best way to read a long book aloud is for each to take their turn in reading. Distinctness of utterance and absence of self-consciousness will be acquired, and the quality of voice will almost insensibly improve.

The good old fashion of "learning by heart" is worth cultivating. I have heard of a gentleman who paid his family for committing to memory *Paradise Lost*. The lofty music of it was worth the expense to him and the trouble to them, and in the silent times of life the words will recur to them with uplifting power. It is good to have within us words of inspiration which may be brought to mind in an hour of need. It is our duty not only to give our children pleasure and profit for to-day, but to make provision for their future.

If we give our children music and books we give them two pleasures which can never fail them. There are children who take to books as naturally as they took to walking, other children have to be greatly encouraged ere they find pleasure in reading for themselves, but all children love to be told stories. How they hang upon us and love us, and how we are encouraged to go on as we repeat the old old nursery tales! And how proud we feel as they applaud our telling of a brand-new story, and hear them say in wondering tones, "Did you make it up?"

Our consideration of juvenile literature would be incomplete without a reference to story-telling. Round the fire on a winter evening is there anything more entrancing? In the midst of comfort and light how readily the imagination roams to far-distant scenes! What thrills of delightful fear! What eyes of intense excitement! How the little ones beg to stay up just a little longer! But we grown-ups must not do all the telling. A very good plan is for each person to tell a bit of a story; the eldest may begin to make it up, and will take care to leave off at an interesting part. It is very interesting to watch how one will add a serious touch and another a comic element to what is certain to be a very varied tale. A little practice in this sort of story-telling may lead to individual telling of complete stories, and the result a skill and fluency in the use of language as well as a development of literary talent where it exists.

"My mind to me a kingdom is."

We can bequeath nothing more precious to our families than a love of books; it will be a comfort and refuge to them, and it will save them from the deteriorating effect of a devotion to riches and to mere *things*.



## NATURE WALKS IN MAY.

BY H. M. LAKE.

It was the fifth of May, and we were walking down a lane in search of fresh flowers for our May list, when a rustling noise in a holly bush close by attracted our attention. A thrush flew out, and alighted on the elm tree overhead, where it began to chirp excitedly as if to attract our attention from the holly below. We peered into the bush, however, and there on a little brown nest sat his mate, challenging us with a pair of bright, beady eyes. There were no end of nests down that lane! Some were old and deserted, but others were all alive with baby blackbirds, thrushes or hedge-sparrows. How busy all the birds seemed! Many were engaged with their second broods, and were busily flying about in search of food for their noisy youngsters. There was a spotted fly-catcher's nest in a cranny in an old ivy-covered wall. The nest was not yet quite finished, as the fly-catchers are among our late spring arrivals. We saw Mr. Flycatcher sitting on an old tree stump, on the watch for any flies that were foolish enough to come his way. He disappeared over the wall as we approached.

Never had the lane looked more lovely, nor the air seemed so full of music. The hedgerows were beginning to clothe themselves with blossom, and we found hawthorn, crab-apple, dewberry and buckthorn in full flower. At a bend in the lane we came upon a small spindle tree, which was just putting forth its little green flowers. It is wonderful to think that these same small flowers, now so inconspicuous, will afterwards produce the gorgeous berries—"the fruit that in our autumn woodlands looks a flower."

The banks at the foot of the hedgerows were simply bespangled with flowers. Fine primroses were growing in sheltered little nooks and crannies, and the "violet by the mossy stone, half hidden from the eye", also the *potentilla sylvestris*, ground ivy and germander speedwell, but more conspicuous were the cuckoo-flowers, (or lady's smock), stitchwort (greater and lesser), Jack-by-the-hedge, crosswort, yellow avens, bush vetch, pink or the rarer white campion,

dead nettles (red, white and yellow), hedge parsley, charlock, pignut, etc. The cranesbill family was well represented, as herb Robert, the shining-leaved, jagged-leaved, and dove's foot cranesbills were growing there in quantities. The handsome meadow cranesbill was not yet out.

The Norway maple was just coming into flower, and its pretty orange-green leaves made a pleasing variety of colour in the hedges. While examining its clusters of small green flowers, we noticed several large stones just below, and between two of them, slung hammock fashion, was a spider's web, covered with a mass of newly hatched spiders of the *Epeira* genus. They were a very lively little party—crawling over each other, tumbling down on their silken threads, climbing up again—never still for a moment! The sun shone on the web, and they sparkled like little living spots of burnished gold. We soon left the lane by a stile leading into a field, which tempted us by the number of cowslips growing there. Before long we had a large basketful, and sat down to make a "cowslip ball." This is done by breaking off the clusters of flowers close to the top of the stalk, and hanging them, nicely balanced, on a piece of string, like a garland. After pressing them closely together, the string is tied up, thus forming a ball.

We had finished our ball, and were trying to catch sight of a noisy young grasshopper close by, when there was a cry of "the cuckoo!" We listened—and there, away in the distance was the low monotonous call—"cuckoo, cuckoo!" It was now time for us to return, but on our way we found several early purple orchids, besides bugle, lesser hop trefoil, sheep sorrel, sweet vernal grass, several hawkweeds, foxtail grass, and moon daisy. Purple clover, great wild valerian, yellow bedstraw, and wild beaked parsley were also in flower, and last but not least was a large white hyacinth growing at the foot of a hedge.

*May 14th.*—The weather had been showery all morning, but it cleared up beautifully in the afternoon, and we set off in our thickest boots to go and visit a stream and some marshy ground we knew of at the end of a certain field. Our way led through the cowslip field, and skirting an orchard all pink and white with blossom, we at length reached the spot. A water-rat darted away under the water just as we got there.

Looking up the stream, we noticed on a clump of flag-leaves something shining all iridescent in the sunlight. Hurrying to the spot, we discovered it to be a dragon-fly, just emerged from its chrysalis case. There it clung to the green leaf, for the time dazed and helpless, until its gauzy wings dried in the sunshine.

Marsh marigolds were growing in abundance on the marshy ground, but not a single globe flower was to be found. There were some very fine cuckoo flowers growing among the marigolds, and they were of a much deeper colour than is usually the case. Several fritillaries of a perfectly lovely blue were hovering over the flowers, and we saw two mayflies for the first time this year. Some marsh valerian was just coming out, and on examining the flowers more closely, we found them to be the male kind. Not far away, however, we found some female flowers just opening. The latter are easily distinguished by the more closely packed inflorescence and the deeper colour. Forget-me-nots and brooklime of a heavenly blue were flowering at the edge of the stream, and some tway-blade orchids were growing not far away.

We went to have another look at the dragon-fly, but only its case was there—the beautiful creature had evidently gained the use of its wings and was now enjoying its new and perfected life.

We had hoped to find some bog-bean, but were disappointed. After gathering a large bunch of marigolds and forget-me-nots, we set off home again, choosing a different way from the one by which we came. One field we passed was occupied by sheep with their lambs. Most of these were lying down peaceably at the side of their mothers, but one more venturesome than the rest had strayed away to another side of the field, and was bleating pitifully. The mother soon heard its cries, however, and went in search of the lost one in a slow, leisurely fashion. A pair of swallows circled round us several times—probably mating. It was then we noticed that the sky had clouded over, and large rain drops beginning to fall, we hastened home.

*May 25th.*—A really hot summer day! It was beautifully cool in the wood though, the sun just glinting through the trees here and there, and lighting up the fresh young larches

as if they were fairy trees. The primroses and violets looked perfectly sweet on their mossy beds, with delicate little fern fronds peeping up between them, and a delicious earthy smell was in the air. The dainty oak fern was coming up here and there, but the hart's-tongue was by far the most common. Male and lady ferns were growing in large clumps under the trees. The male is more robust in its habit of growth than the graceful lady fern, which is by far the most beautiful of all our large ferns. Although it sometimes attains the height of four or five feet, in this instance it was not more than two or three, and many of the somewhat pale green fronds were only just beginning to uncurl.

“ Where the copsewood is the greenest,  
Where the fountain glistens sheenest,  
Where the morning dew lies longest,  
There the lady fern grows strongest.”

A wood pigeon's egg was lying cracked on the ground. A stoat or weasel had probably feasted upon its contents, as the shell was empty.

In the moss, the wood sorrel was growing everywhere, the fragile flowers varying from pure white to a delicate mauve, and here and there were clusters of the sweet-scented woodruff, also yellow pimpernel (or loosestrife) and wood sanicle. Away down to our right, the slope was carpeted with bluebells—it seemed as if the blue of the sky was reflected through the trees on to the earth beneath.

As we were walking along the narrow footpath leading through the wood, we came upon a baby rabbit lying dead across the path. The poor little creature most likely owed its death to its enemy the stoat, which had sucked its blood. Some sexton beetles (*necrophorus*) had already begun their work of burial, and before many hours were over the rabbit would be underground.

We saw a squirrel perched on the branch of an oak tree overhead, but he ran away out of sight as we approached. Under this same oak we found a curious germinating acorn—it had four cotyledons instead of two!

The pretty little adoxa or moschatel was still in flower, and growing plentifully amongst the moss and grass, producing a faint musk-like odour.

On the trunk of an oak just opposite was a little brown tree-climber, making its way up the tree with the aid of its

sharp claws and tail, and stopping every now and then to catch an insect in the cracks of the bark. At the foot of the tree was what looked to be the home of some wood mice. After moving aside some of the dead leaves, we saw a hole evidently leading to the nest in the burrow, and pieces of nibbled nut-shells, etc., were scattered all around.

In this wood grew the only really wild lilies of the valley we had ever found. There they were to our left—just a little patch of them under the trees—their sweet white bells gently nodding to the music of the trees.

Before long we emerged from the wood, and found ourselves on the open hillside. The breeze blew around us, the scent of the golden gorse was in the air, and the larks soared up into the blue sky singing their joyous song of praise.

We made our way up the hill, finding heath bedstraw, *potentilla sylvestris* and blue milkwort in flower. Here and there, sheltered by the gorse bushes, the scentless dog violet was growing. The common speedwell (*veronica officinalis*), with its pale blue or lilac flowers, was peeping out from among the grass. Its leaves have a bitter taste, and it is said they are sometimes used for making tea.

Some lapwings flew overhead making their low mournful cry, pee-wit, pee-wit! We searched about in likely places hoping to find a lark's nest, but they were so cleverly hidden among the furze, that our search was unavailing. Before descending the hill, we stood awhile to admire the view. The orchards were a mass of bloom, the lilac and laburnum trees in full flower, the woods carpeted with bluebells and the hedgerows white with hawthorn. Nature, decked out in her radiant May dress, seemed just at the very height of her beauty, and made one feel the truth of Wordsworth's beautiful lines—

“Season of fancy and of hope,  
Permit not for one hour  
A blossom from thy crown to drop,  
Nor add to it a flower!  
Keep, lovely May, as if by touch  
Of self-restraining art,  
This modest charm of not too much,  
Part seen, imagined part!”

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Grammar.*

Group: English. Class IV. Average Age: 16. Time: 40 mins.

BY HILDA M. FOUNTAIN.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To connect grammar with literature.
- II. To connect the present with the past by tracing the history of certain words.
- III. To make the pupils see that an author's language, and consequently his style, are influenced by his subject.
- IV. To interest the pupils in finding out the meaning of words from their derivation, making use of their knowledge of Latin as far as possible.
- V. To teach the Latin prefixes commonly found in English words.
- VI. To cultivate the mental habit of accuracy.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Let the pupils each read part of a passage from Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, and tell them to notice the language.

“When the troops of Maximin, advancing in excellent order, arrived at the foot of the Julian Alps, they were terrified by the silence and desolation that reigned on the frontiers of Italy. The villages and open towns had been abandoned on their approach by the inhabitants, the cattle

was driven away, the provisions removed or destroyed, the bridges broken down, nor was anything left which could afford either shelter or subsistence to an invader. Such had been the wise orders of the generals of the senate, whose design was to protract the war, to ruin the army of Maximin by the slow operation of famine, and to consume his strength in the sieges of the principal cities of Italy, which they had plentifully stored with men and provisions from the deserted country. Aquileia received and withstood the first shock of the invasion. The streams that issue from the head of the Hadriatic Gulf, swelled by the melting of the winter snows, opposed an unexpected obstacle to the arms of Maximin.

“At length on a singular bridge, constructed with art and difficulty of large hogsheads, he transported his army to the opposite bank, rooted up the beautiful vineyards in the neighbourhood of Aquileia, demolished the suburbs, and employed the timber of the buildings in the engines and towers with which on every side he attacked the city. The walls, fallen to decay during the security of a long peace, had been hastily repaired on this sudden emergency; but the firmest defence of Aquileia consisted in the constancy of the citizens; all ranks of whom instead of being dismayed, were animated by the extreme danger and their knowledge of the tyrants’ unrelenting temper. Their courage was supported and directed by Crispinus and Menophilus, two of the twenty lieutenants of the senate, who, with a small body of regular troops had thrown themselves into the besieged place. The army of Maximin was repulsed on repeated attacks, his machines destroyed by showers of artificial fire, and the generous enthusiasm of the Aquileians was exalted into a confidence of success by the opinion that Belenus, their tutelary deity, combated in person in the defence of his distressed worshippers.”

*Step II.*—Let the pupils read Tennyson’s *In Memoriam*, Canto VII., with the same object.

“Dark house by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street  
Doors, where my heart was used to beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand.

“A hand that can be clasped no more.—  
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door.

“ He is not here ; but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro’ the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.”

*Step III.*—Draw from the pupils a comparison of the language of the two extracts. That of the first is full of words of Latin derivation, and this is due principally to the subject and the fact that the author must have read a great deal of Latin, and so his language has become impregnated with it. In the case of the extract from *In Memoriam* the words are almost all English in origin, and this is because the subject is an expression of the poet’s grief and loneliness, and he gives vent to his feelings in simple language and every-day words.

*Step IV.*—Ask the pupils if there are any Latin words in the passage from *In Memoriam*, and draw attention to the word street ; the only one, and that one of the oldest, having been in the language since the time of the Roman occupation.

*Step V.*—Ask the pupils to pick out all the words with prefixes and say of what origin they are. “ *Unlovely* ” and “ *begin*.” *Un* and *be* are both English.

*Step VI.*—Ask the pupils to pick out all the words with prefixes from the extract from Gibbon and write them on the black board at their dictation, thus :

*ad*—advancing, arrived, afford.

*ex*—excellent.

*de*—desolation, destroyed, design, deserted.

*a*—abandoned.

*in*—inhabitants, invader.

*pro*—provisions, protract.

*re*—removed, received.

*sub*—subsistence.

*con*—consume, constructed.

*with*—withstood.

*ob*—opposed, obstacle.

*un-ex*—unexpected.

and so on, the list depending on the words chosen by the pupils.

*Step VII.*—Ask them to tell which are the English prefixes. There are only two, *with* and *un*. Tell them that the others are all Latin.



*Step VIII.*—To arrive at the meaning of the prefixes and their force in the words in which they occur, take words such as “inhabitant,” “provide” and “remove,” whose roots the pupils ought to know and draw the meaning of the prefix from a comparison of the words “moves” and “removes,” “vides” and “provides.” When necessary tell the pupils the root and its meaning, so that they may discern for themselves the force of the prefix.

*Step IX.*—Rub the words off the board, leaving only the prefix and where necessary, as in the case of *re*, *de*, *con*, etc., let the pupils come to the board and write down the force of the prefix beside it.

*Step X.*—Ask the pupils for other examples of words containing the prefixes they have learnt, helping them by giving new roots when necessary.

## II.

### *Subject: Algebra.*

Group: Mathematics. Class III. Average age, 12.

Time: 30 minutes.

BY H. M. A. BELL.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To introduce a new branch of mathematics, touching on the two first simple rules.
- II. To increase the power of attention and reasoning.
- III. To encourage accuracy.
- IV. To stimulate interest in a new subject.

### LESSON.

*Step I.* — Tell the children about the introduction of algebra: Arabs derived it from the Hindus, and it was from Arabs that Europeans first obtained their acquaintance with it. The first books on algebra were written in the fourth century. Algebra derived its name through the Italian and Spanish from the Arabic *Al-jebr* = the resetting of anything broken, hence combination, *i.e.*, the combination of numbers and quantities. Algebra, the science or knowledge of numbers, of later growth than arithmetic, was at first merely a kind of universal arithmetic, symbols taking the place of numbers. It is now a distinct branch of mathematics.

*Step II.*—Ask the children for the different signs used in arithmetic and for their respective values, as:—

Equals, = stands for “is equal to” or “are equal to”;  
*example*,  $3 + 2 = 5$ .

Plus, + put before a number means that what that symbol represents has to be added; as,  $4 + 5 = 9$ . (Ask for examples of symbols with + between.)

Minus, — put before a number means that what that symbol represents has to be subtracted; as,  $5 - 2 = 3$ . (Ask for examples of symbols with — between.)

When a symbol has neither + nor — written before it, + is always understood.

*Step III.*—Shew the difference between positive and negative signs, and how they are used, the positive before a positive number or one to be added, the negative before a negative number or one to be subtracted. All numbers are either positive or negative. (Ask for examples of each kind.) Shew from examples how, in considering negative numbers, we overstep the boundary of arithmetic and enter on algebra. Thus in arithmetic you cannot subtract 7 from 4 to give a sensible answer, but in algebra, you can have negative answers.

*Step IV.*—Let the children work the following examples:—

1. A man, starting from a sign-post, walks on for 7 steps (positive) and then goes back 10 steps (negative) to pick up something. How far would he be from the post?
2. A boy gained 16 marks and lost 18. How many did he gain on the whole?
3. A owes B £6, and B owes A £8. How much does A owe B on the whole?
4. A cart was driven 15 miles along a road running south, the driver turned the horses round and drove 20 miles back. How far south was it then?
5. A boy had gone already 20 steps towards his school when he found that he had forgotten to buy a book at a shop which was 26 steps in the opposite direction. When he was at the shop how much nearer school was he than when he started?

*Step V.*—Ask the children if they know how algebra differs from arithmetic, *i.e.*, that in algebra we use letters as well as numbers, and any letter may stand for any number. Thus  $a$  may = 1, 2, 3, 24, etc., and any other letter may have

the same value. Give the following examples to be worked out:—

1. If  $a = 3$ ,  $b = 6$ , and  $c = 2$ , find the value of:—

(1)  $a + 4$

(2)  $b - 3$

(3)  $c - 5$

(4)  $a + b - c$

2. If  $x = 6$

(1) What is half  $x$ ?

(2) What is  $\frac{1}{3}$  of  $x$ ?

3. If  $x = 12$

(1) What is twice  $x$ ?

(2) What is six times  $x$ ?

4. I have £ $x$ , you have £ $y$ , and someone else has £ $z$ . How many have we altogether?

5. How old are you now? How old will you be in  $x$  years?

6. If you are 15 years old now, how old were you  $v$  years ago?

7. Add together  $p$ ,  $q$ ,  $x$ ,  $a$ ,  $b$ .

8. Subtract  $a$  and  $b$  from  $x$ .

### III.

*Subject: New Testament Story—The Stilling of the Tempest.*

Group: History. Class II. Average age of children: 10.

Time: 30 minutes.

BY LILLIAN LEES.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To try to give to the children some new spiritual thought and a practical idea of faith.
- II. To bring the story of the Stilling of the Tempest vividly before their minds.
- III. To interest them in the geography of the Holy Land.
- IV. By means of careful, graphic reading, to help them to feel the wonderful directness, beauty and simplicity of the Bible language: in short, to make them feel the poetry of the Bible

#### APPARATUS REQUIRED.

1. Bibles for the children.
2. A good map of Palestine.
3. Thomson's *Land and Book*.
4. Pictures of (1) A storm on a lake; (2) Galilean boats; (3) The Sea of Galilee.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Ask the children to find St. Matt. viii. 23 in their Bibles. Tell the story of the Stilling of the Tempest, keeping as closely as possible to the language of the Bible.

(a) Let the children find the Sea of Galilee on the map, and, gathering *from the map*, some notion of the surrounding country; compare with Lake Windermere.

Show course of journey by reference to verses 5 and 28 in the same chapter.

Show pictures of ships used in the East and the Sea of Galilee.

(b) Describe the tempest graphically, drawing from the children the reason for the sudden storms (caused by the ravines down which the winds rush); get from them their idea of a storm at sea or on a lake.

Show photograph of a storm on Lake Windermere.

(c) Try to make the children understand the twofold nature of our Lord:—

(1) His Humanity—He was evidently weary.

(2) His Divinity—His power over Nature.

(d) Try to make the children feel the exquisite simplicity of the Bible language and the forceful way in which it brings pictures before the mind.

There arose a great tempest—His disciples came to Him—He arose—there was a great calm. Refer to Psalm cvii.

(e) “The men marvelled.” Try to show the children that faith is just another word for understanding, knowing; how the better we know a person, the more we can trust them. Draw from the children how faith is shown in nearly every verse of this story, but, as far as the disciples were concerned, it did not go far enough.

Draw from them that it is not necessary to be with a person *always* in order to have faith in them. Ask them how people show faith in all the actions of their daily lives.

*Step II.*—Read the story from the Bible; read it carefully, so that the children will appreciate its literary value and see the vivid pictures which it brings before the mind.

*Step III.*—Let the children narrate the story, keeping as much as possible to the Bible words.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

NOVEMBER, 1902, TO MAY, 1903.

### *Subjects for May.*

I.—*Silver and green.* Go out into the nearest orchard, and sit low down among the long grass until you can see a delicate fringe of feathery grasses against the sky. Note the sharp note of the young green, and the blue grey lights on it reflected from the sky. Paint into your study any wild flowers that may accidentally grow in the grass.

II.—*Blossoms.* Do not try to paint a whole tree in blossom. Go rather close up to one branch, and see the tender pink, or grey, or white, with the dark stems against a bit of blue sky. Take a small bit, and study it hard.

III.—Draw some bare branches, naming the tree, either in pencil or on a bit of brown paper with coloured chalk.

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## OUR WORK.

[We think other branches might like to see these practical suggestions which we are allowed to publish.—ED.]

PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION.

(*Edinburgh Branch.*)

### COLLECTIONS OF COMMON THINGS.

Last year, at this time, it was suggested that some Collections of Common Things should be made, which might be of use in Board Schools. A considerable number of Collections were sent in last October, including Shells, Woods, Mosses, Feathers, Bones, and Nature Books. It is hoped that this year a much larger number will be sent in. The following letter, which was addressed to a Member of Committee, shows to what uses such material can be put in our Board Schools, and how gratefully it is received:—

"NORTH CANONGATE SCHOOL,

EDINBURGH, 10th July, 1900.

"A year ago you asked me if collections of Shells, Mosses, &c., made by the children of the Members of the Parents' National Educational Union, could be utilised by the children in the Elementary Schools of the city, and I then said: 'I thought they could.' Now, I no longer think—I know. By a strange chance, the making of the collections coincides with

the introduction into the Scotch Education Code (the most humanising Code of the century) of an entirely new subject, *Nature Knowledge*—a subject which can only be taught by a direct appeal to nature.

“In our Schools, especially those in the poorer districts of the city, there was little material, and little hope of getting more, for the teaching of this entrancing subject, when your Union gifted the collections made by their children.

“These collections have not only been useful in teaching, but now that some of them have been framed, they form a most beautiful decoration to the dull School walls. Not only so, but our own children, inspired by the good example, are trying to do similar work.

“I have, therefore, the sincerest pleasure in thanking your Union in the name of the children and teachers, and would venture to express the hope that the children, knowing that their labour of love is much appreciated by children less highly favoured, may continue this beautiful and helpful work.

“I am, yours very gratefully,

“ANDREW YOUNG, *Headmaster.*”

#### COLLECTIONS OF COMMON THINGS.

Three conditions must be observed:—

- (a) That no animal is to be killed for the sake of the collection.
- (b) That the collection must not include anything which will not keep; and
- (c) That the collection must be made by the collector.

The following are suggested as suitable things to collect. The collector may keep to one set of things or may make a general collection.

(a) A collection of things made by animals, *e.g.*, forsaken birds' nests, honeycomb, wasps' nests, galls, egg-cases of buckie, egg-cases of dog-whelks, mermaids' purses.

(b) A collection of shells and skeletons of backboneless animals, *e.g.*, sponges, dried sea-urchins, dried brittle-stars, dried starfishes, dried crabs, moulted crab-shells, bivalve-shells, snail-shells, sea-mats, zoophytes, &c.

(c) A collection of leaves pressed in drying paper changed three times, also skeleton leaves.

(d) A collection of seaweeds floated on to rough, stiff writing paper, then dried and pressed.

(e) Bones of backboneless animals cleaned on the shore or moor, *e.g.*, birds' bones, fishes' bones, rabbits' skulls, &c. A nice skeleton may sometimes be got by leaving the dead animal near an ant-hill.

(f) Collections of birds' feathers mounted on pasteboard, *e.g.*, curlew, pigeon, rook, peacock, grouse, &c. Heads and feet of birds may also be got on the sea-shore. After a little cleaning in water they should be rubbed well with alum, then washed again and dried.

(g) A collection of strange stones—pebbles, stalactites, fossils, &c.

(h) A collection of pressed club-mosses, ferns, horse-tails, mosses, and lichens.

(i) Photographs of striking scenes—valleys, mountain tops, islands, seaside, stacks, landslips, gorges, &c.

(j) Photographs of living animals, *e.g.*, deer, sheep, cattle, horses, pigs, birds.

(k) Photographs of carefully-chosen trees.

(l) Nature Diaries will also be welcomed as exhibits.

Each object should be labelled with its name and where found.

J. A. T.

Some of the following Books may be useful:—

1. Furneaux, *The Outdoor World*. 7s. 6d. Longmans.
2. Hudson's *British Birds*. 7s. 6d. Longmans.
3. Miall's *Round the Year*. 5s. Macmillan.
4. Miss Buckley's *Life and Her Children*. 6s. Stanford.
5. Mrs. Brightwen's *Rambles with Nature Students*. 5s. R. T. Society.
6. Thomson's *Natural History of the Year*. 3s. 6d. Melrose.
7. Wood's *Common Objects of the Sea-Shore, Common Objects of the Country*, &c. 2s. each. Routledge.
8. Lucy Wilson's *Nature Study in Elementary Schools*. 3s. 6d. Macmillan & Co.
9. *The Young Collector's Series*. S.P.C.K.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society*.—Subject for May: *King Lear*.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society*.—Subject for May: *Die versienkene Glocke Hauptmann*. "The Modern Goethe."

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Wordsworth*, by Walter Raleigh (Arnold, 6/-). Most lovers and disciples of Wordsworth will, we believe, consider that Professor Raleigh has made the "authentic comment" (to quote the poet's own phrase) on the philosophy and the poetry of Wordsworth. He approaches his subject in a spirit of reverence which wins our confidence. He assumes to start with that that which Wordsworth considered of vital importance *is* of vital importance; or, at any rate, must be so held by those who set themselves to understand Wordsworth. We feel anew, in reading Mr. Raleigh's book, the force of the poet's contention that the occurrences of daily life among the simplest folk, and expressed in the simplest speech, are themselves of the essence of poetry, and conceal "thoughts too deep for tears." Also, that other profound doctrine is borne in upon us, that "nature" is sacramental, not only in the sense that it is an outward and visible sign of spiritual things signified, but also that it is a means of grace whereby we receive the same, *i.e.*, a large content, simplicity, humility and healing. This great doctrine Professor Raleigh interprets, we think, worthily, with the dignity and comprehensiveness it deserves. All lovers of Wordsworth should read the book both for gratification and instruction.

*A Short History of the Ancient Greek Sculptors*, by H. E. Legge (Fisher Unwin, 5/-). Professor Percy Gardner testifies that Miss Legge's book is "trustworthy, giving a sketch of what is most clear and definite in our knowledge of Greek sculpture." The author desires that the book should be used as a reader in schools, and we hasten to testify that here is a school-book after our own hearts. The Scylla and Charybdis of the makers of school-books are triumphantly passed. Here is no hint of a dry-as-dust compilation, nor of that worse fault still, the free and easy and, we think, odious familiarity with great matters which is assumed when a colloquial sentence or paragraph appears to give a complete knowledge of a matter the very fringe of which is not touched. Miss Legge does

not talk down to her readers, and her simple direct descriptions carry the fire of enthusiasm. She contrives too to string her comments on a thread of history which has never the air of telling the whole story. We venture to endorse the advice which Professor Gardner offers in his introduction, as also the hope with which he closes—"To take full advantage of Miss Legge's teachings, the reader should go through them slowly, section by section, and try to impress them on the mind by visits either to the British Museum or a museum of casts. . . . I hope that to many this little book may be the door leading, if not into a new world, at least into a beautiful and noble province of the old world." The book is illustrated by thirty-two photographs.

*Clear Speaking and Good Reading*, by Arthur Burrell, new edition, (Longmans & Co., 2/6). Principal Burrell is a past master in the art of reading, and, is he the *sole* authority on that most exquisite art of story-telling? His words carry weight, and the diligent student of *Clear Speaking and Good Reading* should be able to speak and read in a way to give pleasure by the time he has finished his course. Chapter II. deals with vocal mechanism and vocal gymnastics in a very thorough way. The chapter on *Pronunciation* is a just presentation of the view of cultivated persons; "to be able to assume the provincial at pleasure is looked on as a gift, but to *be* the provincial is looked on as a sin." Mr. Burrell appreciates, while he forbids, "the wavy tones, the curious, often beautiful, cadences of dialect which mark off provincial from standard speech." "Study to be quiet" in all reading and speech, is the author's special recommendation. Various chapters contain interesting and valuable lists of books dealing with the parts of the subject they treat of. The dedication is characteristic of the author, "To the unconscious teachers of the beautiful in speech—LITTLE CHILDREN—a learner dedicates this book."

*Co-Education*, edited by Alice Woods (Longmans, 3/-). Miss Woods has got together a record of the practical experiences of some six or seven successful workers in the field of co-education, a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the subject. It would appear on the whole that girls work better when there are boys working in the same class, and that boys are more gentle when girls are amongst them; that boys and girls do not play together, nor, considering the more delicate physique of the latter, is it well they should; that mixed schools do not tend to boy and girl difficulties, flirtations and the like; but that boys seldom continue in a mixed school after the age of 14, so that in the higher forms such schools tend to become girls' schools. The general lesson Miss Woods gathers from the papers she has collected is, that "in order to be a genuine success experiments in co-education must be whole-hearted."

*The Study of the Gospels*, by T. A. Robinson, D.D. (Longmans, 2/6 net). This little book, the work of a scholar, is one of a series of *Hand-books for the Clergy*, but it is of singular value to the lay reader as well as to the clergyman. Canon Robinson tells us, that "my object has been to present in plain language such results of my own study as may serve as a guide to the studies of others," and it is, perhaps, this personal element which makes a small book on a great subject surprisingly rich in suggestion as well as in instruction. The author writes from the standpoint of modern textual criticism, noting especially Dr. Harnack's



latest pronouncements, and giving its full value to controversial criticism as regards date, authorship, etc. But it is not on such matters that Christianity rests, for him. He boldly maintains that, had there been no documents traceable to Apostolic days, the contents of Christianity would have been practically what they are to-day. The inherent value of the Gospels depends upon the manner of their presentation of Christ; but our idea of Christ does not depend solely upon the Gospels. "I should not ask a man who had serious doubts of the truth of Christianity to enter upon a literary enquiry as to the date and authorship of the Gospels. I should say: Leave that untouched for the present. Read the books themselves wholly irrespective of when or by whom they were written, or even of their accuracy in detail. Take the picture of Christ as drawn by the vigorous hand which wrote our second Gospel. Read it as a whole: let the story grow upon you; watch that powerful, sympathetic, original Character; ask how the simple unliterary author came by his story, if it was not that the story was a direct transcript from the life. If a new power was then manifested in the world, revealing a new idea of human goodness, saving men everywhere, and only refusing to save Himself, must you not yearn to welcome the belief that this Power was not finally vanquished by death, but still lives to save men to the uttermost?"

### THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—Kindly allow me to suggest an aspect of the effect of Kindergarten teaching which does not seem to have occurred to many people. There is hardly anyone who is not interested in education and certainly mothers are more intelligent and thoughtful on this subject than they have ever been. Still, the sheep-like tendency, which is a characteristic of all society, prevails, and we are too inclined to follow our leaders without due discrimination. Because of this, systems and teachers are sometimes blamed unjustly. Teachers must be specialists, but parents should be individualists, and while the specialism may be easily overdone, the individualism is too often not carried far enough. If this truth were accepted and worked out, the advantages of our highly-developed educational systems would be more apparent and the failures or evil effects, more properly speaking, fewer. Nursery and home discipline is rapidly becoming more and more amenable to the law of diversity of type, and children are being trained with more respect to their very marked individuality, but the principle needs to be carried a little further. Very early, often too early, the question of education for the children is discussed and the education itself entered upon. These small people (alas, that their mother has not full time at her disposal for them), whom nature is educating quite as fast as is good for them, must be placed in some recognised and duly authorised routine of instruction, and constantly at four or five years of age they are sent to the Kindergarten school.

Now, at first sight, the Kindergarten system is attractive in every way and no intelligent person would deny its many advantages. To many children, however, the very elements which make up its attractiveness form its danger. Modern children have the tendency to "nerves," which is to be deplored in their elders. In the Kindergarten classes they pass from

one game or highly interesting occupation to another, all their faculties are awakened and excited and after a few weeks we find the same effect as that which would be produced by a series of children's parties or any other course of dissipation. The children become irritable, passionate, and nervous in the way which tends to and may often end in some serious nervous affection. That the Kindergarten system is unequalled for phlegmatic, dull or very backward children, there can be little doubt, but I believe it will presently be clearly seen that it is quite too exciting for children who are already excitable by nature. I have known several cases of the kind, but it is only lately that the true explanation has occurred to me, though the first case was that of my own little daughter.

A few weeks ago I met a Kindergarten teacher at the house of a friend, and as my mind was fairly full of the subject, I felt glad of the opportunity of getting an opinion on the other side. I am, like many people, very shy of airing my opinions on any subject before people who are authorities, but having been supported by medical concurrence, I felt braver than usual. The lady seemed a very sensible, intelligent woman also, evidently not a beginner, but one to whom years would have given experience. We got the subject of Kindergarten teaching fairly broached and then I said—"Do you not think the system may sometimes be rather exciting?"

"Certainly," she replied, "It is meant to be exciting."

"But" I observed, "A great many children are very excitable to begin with."

"Well" was the reply, "our great object is to excite or stimulate the child's brain, the whole system is one of stimulation."

I must say that after this I felt confirmed in my opinion. The excitable child is far better at home, with a bright, companionable young governess, who will impart all needful instruction in the course of ordinary play, during meals, walks, etc., and train and guide the rapidly developing mental powers without any strain on brain or body, till both are consolidated enough for more ordinary and conventional instruction.

I am, yours truly, E. K. JOHNSTON.

[Discussion is invited.—ED.]

DEAR EDITOR.—In the January number a Mother enquired about a school in Brighton, near the Central station, "where the teaching is on modern lines, especially in manual work and ear-training (tonic sol-fa)." I know of a school, not near the station, but accessible by omnibus, where the methods would answer "Mother's" requirements in the musical department, and probably in the others, as the head mistress is Froebelian, and up-to-date in modern education. As no reply is given this month I send the address:—Miss Walenn, 36, Sussex Square.

Yours truly, MUSICIAN.

DEAR EDITOR,—As many inquiries have been made about the Perry Pictures, may I explain that they are not kept in stock but have to be ordered from America. Purchasers should supply themselves with a catalogue (price 3d., postage 1d.), which can be bought at the "Art for Schools Association." From this they must make their own selection of fifty, according to their requirements. The subjects illustrated cover the widest range, including Greek and Roman architecture and sculpture,

masterpieces in art of all schools, distinguished people, battleships, animals, historical and geographical scenes, etc. The regular size is  $5\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 8 in.; these cost 1s.  $0\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 25. The smaller size is  $3\frac{1}{2}$  in. by 3 in.; these cost 1s.  $0\frac{1}{2}$ d. for 50. In every case postage must be paid and specimens can be sent on approval if application, with postage, be made to the Secretary at 26, Gt. Ormond Street. A collection can be seen at the office and a smaller catalogue giving a list of subjects supplied in colours is issued at 1d. Orders cannot be fulfilled under about a month.

Faithfully yours,

I. B. S. THOMPSON.

P.S.—Will the lady who wrote to inquire about Rossetti's pictures kindly apply to the Secretary, as her address has been mislaid?

24, Argyle Road, Kensington.

DEAR EDITOR,—Would it be possible in the *Parents' Review* to have a little extra space for Branch reports? It is just the carefully written out (*not* mere concise, statistically worded) reports which convey the vivid impression of some lecturer or lecture, which proves the true *vade mecum* to the anxious secretary on the *qui vive* for the round peg for the round hole as regards suitable lectures for his or her special Branch.

Lyon Road, Harrow,

April 13th, 1903.

I am, yours faithfully,

J. GIBERNE SIEVEKING.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Collendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer* : Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

Branches of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Bristol and Croydon. Will members having friends in Bristol kindly communicate with Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, 23, Downleaze Road, Stoke Bishop, Bristol. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

BOLTON AND FARNWORTH.—The last meeting of this session was held on Monday, March 30th, at Woodsleigh, by the kind permission of Mrs. Harwood. Mrs. Frank Ainsworth read a most helpful and suggestive paper on the book the members have read during the winter—Mrs. Stettson Gillman's *Concerning Children*. There was a good attendance and discussion.

BRONDESBURY AND KILBURN.—At a meeting held on Feb. 20th, a most interesting lecture was given by Mrs. Weguelin Greene. The lecture was on "The Training of Musical Instincts." Mrs. Greene spoke of the necessity of training both the appreciative and executive faculties, and advocated periodical concerts of chamber music to illustrate scherzos, fugues, sonatas, &c. A meeting was held on March 6th, at which Mrs. Garrett Rice read a paper on "Needlework and the Modern Girl." Mrs. Rice's theory as to the dislike of so many girls for needlework is that we begin to teach it much too early. Her plan is to wait until the girls are developing into women, by which time she considers that they will naturally take to an occupation which is so essentially womanly. She would have them start at 12 or 14 years of age, and then have a thorough systematic training in needlework in all its branches, including mending, making and cutting out. The paper was listened to with great interest and was followed by a very animated discussion.

DARLINGTON.—The annual meeting was held at Blackwell Manor on Feb. 25th, when the report for 1902 was read and the committee for the following year elected. The branch has sustained a great loss in the death of its late president, Lady Dale. Mrs. Sieveking read an interesting paper on "Early Tendencies in the Child: how to check or develop." In considering the supreme privilege and duty of parents to discover and direct tendencies in their children, Mrs. Sieveking thought that parents registered their impressions too little, and tendencies were often difficult to recognise. Among evil tendencies, Mrs. Sieveking spoke of destructiveness, and deprecated the giving of too much pocket-money to children. Untidiness might be cured by inculcating in children a sense of the fitness of abode for everything. Bad tendencies must be checked little by little, regularly, and with intention. A hobby was a joy for ever, and an ever-present safeguard against evil tendencies. Reverence was a tendency that ought to be developed. With all our qualities we were not a nation of ideals, yet reverence was the angel of the world, and all really great men and women were idealists at heart.

EDINBURGH.—On Feb. 19th Mr. James Cadenhead, R.S.A., read a most interesting paper on the subject of "Picture Exhibitions, and how to enjoy them." The lecturer defined the function of art as the transmission of experience; he then spoke of the general misapprehension regarding the relative positions of art and science, and emphasized the fact that we cannot hope to bring our children into a better relation to the fine arts than our own. They will always judge our convictions by our conduct. Speaking of the old masters, and, indeed, of the contemplation of all pictures, Mr. Cadenhead urged the importance of self-forgetfulness and a receptive attitude of mind. Dr. Schlapp led the discussion, which was spirited and full of interest, pointing out the great difference between the education in subjects relating to art given in Germany and that given in our own country.

GLASGOW.—On March 3rd, Dr. Spenser delivered the concluding lecture of the season, on "Some aspects of English University Life." The lecturer first compared the resident and non-resident systems, and then gave a brief appreciation of their respective merits. The workers are of two kinds—(1) the athlete, a healthy if not a high type, assured of a mastership if his desires tend in that direction. (2) The scholar, either a cadet of a famous house in whom *noblesse oblige*, as a Cecil or an Asquith, or the son of a professional man or merchant, too often considering the University as a technical school for the manufacture of teacher or parson. The youth from a public school who has not his own way to make in the world, and from whom not even a minimum of work can now be demanded, is a serious danger to the welfare and progress of the University. The corporate life is certainly more fully realised in an English than in a Scottish University. Scottish Universities are too often *factories*, and there is an overkeenness to acquire knowledge. Again, much of the work of the English public schools falls to be done in the Scottish University. To the Scottish student the stern realities of life are ever present. His honours degree may not mean so much, but enables him sooner to be wage earning. In fine the respective systems are the logical outcome of the national minds.

HARKOW AND NORTHWOOD.—A lecture was given at Miss Mole's School, Warrand House, on Feb. 21st, by Dr. Chattaway, on "The Chemistry of some common things of the household." Mrs. Chattaway had promised to give an address on "Some small points in a girl's education," but was prevented by ill-health, and Dr. Chattaway kindly took her place.—On March 7th, Dr. Gregory Foster addressed the Branch. He took for his subject "The Study of Chatterton," and gave an exceptionally suggestive and interesting lecture. He said that to track out the sources that give a fashion birth was always a difficulty in looking back to the reasons that governed style of writing in the past. It is easy to say that Romanticism came as the natural fashion of a literary age. At Chatterton's birth there were signs of an approaching change; the works of Gray, Macpherson and Percy were reactions against a prevailing fashion. Unlike Pope and Dryden, Chatterton takes us far below the surface of things; he takes us into the emotions of things. At the back of all his work was the true artistic impulse. The appreciative silence that followed the end of the lecture showed better than any words could do into what a deep literary vein of thought the audience had been led, and among what quiet ways of thought some among them were still lingering at the close

of Dr. Foster's words.—There have been two meetings lately: one on March 26th, by Miss Rowland Brown, on "Some English Exiles in old Flemish Towns," Rev. Septimus Hebert in the chair; and the other on April 3rd, by Miss Alice Buckton, on "The Work of the Sesame House," Miss Rowland Brown in the chair. Both were well attended, and lectures one would like to remember: and about Miss Buckton's words there was a quiet conviction which carried weight when she spoke of the great purpose and work being done by Sesame House students.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.—On Jan. 23rd, Miss Guinness, Vice-Principal of the Royal Holloway College, gave a very interesting lecture on "College Life for Girls," at the Hastings and St. Leonards Ladies' College, Mrs. Batterham in the chair. Some interesting discussion followed as to the desirability of college life for girls of small intellectual capacity.—On Feb. 11th, Dr. Helen Boyle lectured on "The use and abuse of Nervous Energy in Girls and Women," at 6, St. Margaret's Terrace (by kind permission of Mrs. E. Percy Sanger), Dr. Batterham in the chair.—On March 9th, Canon Brooke (St. John the Divine, Kennington,) gave an address at the Christchurch Parish Room, on "Some Causes of Failure in the Religious Teaching of our Children," Rev. Bernard Moultrie in the chair. With much force and eloquence Canon Brooke warned his audience of the injury done to children's characters by the sloth or indifference or worldliness of mothers; by carelessness in the selection of governesses, servants, and companions—and pleaded that only those who had a high standard of truth and conduct should be placed in charge of, or in contact with a child. A mother's *love* was seldom wanting, but a mother's *care* in surrounding her children with good influences was often deficient. Sympathy and confidence should be cultivated between mother and child, and not allowed to diminish as the child grew older. Mothers to-day were too much afraid of their children being dull, and provided more amusement than was wholesome. Canon Brooke earnestly pleaded for definiteness in religious teaching, and more use of the Bible. The mother, if influenced by the higher criticism, should still teach the Bible stories. Whether they were taught as parables or as facts mattered little, so long as the child learned the truths they contain. A certain amount of dogmatic teaching of the truths of the Christian religion was absolutely essential, and a definite foundation of simple truth laid in childhood would never be lost in later life. Canon Brooke's address was listened to with profound attention by a large audience, and was followed by short speeches by the Rev. Bernard Moultrie and Mrs. Batterham.—*Natural History Club*—On Feb. 10th, Miss Kennedy lectured on "Shells and their Matters."—On March 6th, Miss Cameron lectured on "The Adaptation of Plants to their Environment."—On May 2nd, Miss Cameron will lecture on "Man's Indebtedness to the Plant World," and, on May 15th, Miss Kennedy will lecture on "Animal Defences."

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. "At Home" Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—On March 13th, a meeting was held at 98, Harley Street (by kind permission of Mrs. Morley Fletcher), when Dr. Helen Boyle gave a lecture on "The Use and Abuse of Nervous Energy in Girls and Young Women." Mrs. Devonshire was in the chair, and there were about 80 present. The lecture, which was very interesting, was followed by a good discussion.

IPSWICH.—A very interesting and suggestive address was given on Feb. 19th, by the Rev. W. E. Fletcher, of St. Matthew's, Ipswich, on "The Culture of Spirit Life in Children." Mrs. Tempest kindly lent her drawing-room, which was well filled by a most attentive audience. Mr. Fletcher spoke of our triune nature of body, soul and spirit. We must appeal to the spirit-life in the child if we wished to change its character. Some interesting questions were asked and discussed.

KIDDERMINSTER.—The members and friends met, by kind invitation of Mrs. William Adams, at Lyndholme, on April 2nd, for an afternoon meeting, when Dr. C. C. Penrhys Evans read a very interesting paper on "Health and Education." He gave many useful suggestions concerning the best way of keeping "a healthy body" as the sure means of securing "a sound mind," and afterwards kindly answered the many questions the members desired to ask. A very pleasant and profitable afternoon was spent.—The Secretary gave notice of a public meeting to be held on May 13th, when the speaker would be Mrs. Penrose, of Barnard Castle.

REIGATE, REDHILL AND DISTRICT.—On March 25th, a meeting was held at The Old Rosary, Meadvale, by the kindness of Mrs. Sewill. The object of the meeting was to interest the members in the Children's Natural History Club, and for this reason it took the form of a discussion, which was opened by Mrs. Sieveking, who gave a short lecture on "The Educational Value of the Study of Natural History." Mrs. Sieveking opened her lecture by describing the healing power of nature and natural phenomena in those great crises of life when some great "moral upheaval takes place, unexpectedly, in our little world," and "we are left looking disconsolately at the ruin of our hopes." It is then that "the out-of-door environment begins its work in us, and we get the 'touch of nature' that we so sorely need to make us once more in kinship with the world, and we want to get back, as it were, to life at a simpler, less complicated, less artificial state, and to put into our children's hands a talisman that will be of an unfailing help to them in later, more difficult years." Then Mrs. Sieveking proceeded to point out that Natural History as a hobby produces no mental strain, and no emotional wear and tear, that it can be studied in any part of the world, and continues full of interest through life. Collections, and the keeping of imprisoned pets, was next touched upon. Mrs. Sieveking was of opinion that they can be studied more advantageously in their own environment, and studied thus, they tend to develop a spirit of "reverence for life, and a kindly feeling of protection for weaker things. The love of animals will teach the children how to be gentle with all who are weak, with all who are dependent. Let us when taking our children into the out-of-door world of Natural History to study at first hand the ways, the reasoning powers, the lives of wild nature, be careful that they go into it prepared to learn reverently, thoughtfully, and *not* in the spirit of self-appropriation, but having previously 'taken off their shoes,' metaphorically speaking, so that they should disturb and hurt the great community of wild creatures as little as may be—and teach them that any act of cruelty to however small a creature disqualifies them from the inner study of Natural History by blunting and dulling the perceptions of sympathy and intuitive thought." Mrs. Sieveking gave the following suggestions for teaching Natural History to children:—(1) Natural History Walks conducted by some naturalist. (2) The keeping of Nature Notes or a Nature Diary. (3) The urging children to look up descriptions of animals, etc.,

and to classify for themselves. Mrs. Sieveking's lecture was admirably suggestive, and the keen appreciation of the audience was proved by an energetic discussion which followed.

WAKEFIELD AND DISTRICT.—The last meeting of the session was held on March 26th, when the Rev. J. G. Simpson gave a very instructive and interesting address on "Personality in Children." He spoke strongly in favour of more hardness in the bringing up of children, saying that the lavish indulgence of the present day in the way of expensive toys and other luxuries did much harm to the development of their individuality. He also spoke on the religious aspect, saying how necessary it is for little children to be taught to feel a personal relationship between themselves and their Maker. The annual report was read at this meeting, and a satisfactory balance sheet presented.

WINCHESTER.—On Feb. 17th, Mrs. Fort kindly entertained us at the Abbey House, when Mr. Geoffrey Hett gave a most charming lecture for children, entitled, "A Natural History Ramble." He described the habits of several hibernating animals, such as the dormouse, squirrel, and bear; of birds, the cuckoo, chaff-chaff, and many others. Specimens of these Mr. Hett kindly brought, thereby greatly adding to the interest. Pond-life was also touched upon, the ways and doings of tadpoles, toads and frogs being humorously described. The tiny people present were allowed at the end of the lecture the treat of caressing the pretty nimble little lizards, grass-snake, and slow-worm.—On March 9th, at the Headmaster's House, The College, Mrs. Creighton lectured on "Religious Teaching." The first object, said the speaker, was to teach a child to realise God. Daily family prayer should be conscientiously carried out, and the mother should endeavour to always be present at her child's morning and evening devotions, rather than leave it to the supervision of the nurse. Church going was better not enforced too young, but later, children should be taken regularly to attend the Sunday services, although the growing custom of their leaving before the sermon was to be commended. The Bible, theology, and church history should be taught by the mother, after her own careful preparation, and reverential discussion of religious matters should be encouraged, never repressed. It would be no advantage to young people to keep them in a fool's paradise, and not let them know that others exist who think differently. Rather should parents encourage their children to thrash out these matters, and to equip themselves, by earnest study of such questions, with the information necessary to satisfy intelligent reasoning. One of the greatest aids to implanting a religious feeling in the child's heart must always be the influence, the character and life of home surroundings. If the tone there be one of high-souled living, consistent with its teachings, its impression is indelible.—During the summer months, we hope to arrange some botanical excursions for the P.N.E.U. children of Winchester.

WOKING.—On Friday afternoon, Jan 30th, a lecture was given at Riverside, by Mr. Walter Herbage, on the subject of "Temperance." The line the lecturer took was instructive, and was listened to with much interest by the audience. Some discussion followed. The chair was taken by Mrs. Smyth.—On March 20th, Mrs. Sieveking read an interesting paper on "Early Tendencies in the Child." The meeting, which was held at Riverside in the evening, was well attended, and much appreciation was shown.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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## "ROBINSON CRUSOE" IN EDUCATION.

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DANIEL DEFOE, one of the greatest influences in the history of Great Britain, and also in the history of educational ideas, is almost unrecognised by English historians. He is not mentioned in Green's popular history, and Macaulay, who devoted an essay to the honest tinker, as he calls John Bunyan, has unfortunately passed over the author of *Robinson Crusoe*. Yet Defoe is worthy of the attention both of the historian and the philosopher.

Defoe published his famous narrative towards the end of his life, in the year 1719. Of course he had experienced, like most great novelists, much trouble in finding a publisher. One, William Taylor, however, undertook the publication with small belief in its success, and gave the author ten pounds for the manuscript. However, the novel succeeded, and was so popular that even the poor widow saved her mites from her starvation income to buy a copy. It was at once translated into French, and the French version was translated into German, in which country three editions were demanded in the first year of the publication of the translation. Defoe's whole life had been a preparation for writing this extraordinary work.

The father of Defoe was a well-to-do butcher in London, named Foe, a sturdy Nonconformist, who intended his son

to be a Nonconformist minister, and with that intention sent him to a famous school at Newington Green. The young Foe, however, was of a practical and undertaking turn of mind and little loved a contemplative life, hence, instead of a minister, he became a busy hosier, but he combined business with a keen interest in the religious and political struggles of the time. Charles II. had quite failed to reconcile the opposite parties in his kingdom; and his successor, James II., commenced a policy which could only end in the restoration of the Catholic party to power and supremacy.

Religious and political freedom were threatened, or at any rate thought to be, and in those days these things were dear to the English trading classes.

Foe, one of the most earnest of this party, took sides with Monmouth and fought at Bath and Bristol. As a consequence of Sedgmoor, he had, along with his betters, to fly the country, but not without leaving behind him a treatise in which the High Church party found few compliments for themselves. He wandered in Spain, Germany, and France, living nobody knows how, but on his return he ennobled his name, if not himself, by the French addition of "De," and called himself "De Foe."

James II. and his advisers had sense enough to divide the two parties opposed to them—the Anglicans and the Presbyterians—judiciously setting them by the ears.

Defoe saw through this manœuvre and endeavoured to unite these enemies by directing their attention to the common cause—English freedom. He wrote two pamphlets in which he spared neither party, and as a natural consequence he found favour with neither, and was excommunicated even by his own body.

Meanwhile a change of importance took place in England. William III. of Orange, who had married the King's eldest Protestant daughter, saw a chance of dethroning his father-in-law in the interest of the United States of the Netherlands, and the Protestant cause. Landing in 1688, in Torbay, he soon effected the glorious revolution which changed the course of the history of the world. Parliament declared the throne vacant, and elected William and Mary in place of James, and among the staunchest adherents of the new regime was Daniel Defoe.

Unfortunately Defoe's absorption in politics caused him to neglect his business in the stocking trade, and so he became bankrupt in London, and had to take refuge in Bristol. For fear of arrest he dared only show himself on Sundays, and then he appeared among the grave Bristol merchants in laced costume, and with his rapier at his side, so that he was dubbed the “Sunday Gentleman.”

At this time he wrote one of his most remarkable books called *An Essay on Projects*, a book far in advance of the time. He advocated a new system of Banking, an improvement in the King's Highways, a reform of laws against Usury, a system of Insurance Companies, a system of Savings' Banks, and a kind of Charity Organization Society to protect the Commonwealth against undeserved calamities of the individual member, and the establishment of Lunatic Asylums in which kind treatment should replace barbarous force. He also had schemes for the education of children, paying special attention to the education of girls. He also proposed the establishment of an English Academy, on the lines of the French one, anticipating our contemporary history, and, of course, he proposed an amendment of the law dealing with Bankruptcies.

What effect this book had on his countrymen I do not know, but it was one of the influences tending to the independence of the United States, for B. Franklin wrote:—“I discovered in my father's library an old book, yellow with age, Defoe's *Essay on Projects*, a book full of novel and illuminating ideas, which had so great an influence upon me that it changed my whole system of philosophy and morality. The chief events of my life and the share which I have taken in the revolution in my country are to a certain extent due to the perusal of the *Essay on Projects* in my youth.”

This was a remarkable work for Defoe to write at the age of twenty-six, and shows the advantage of foreign travel to a keen wit. The book brought him under the notice of the King, and he received certain favours which enabled him to pay his debts. This he did, not in accordance with his proposed usury laws, but in full.

Defoe now dropped the stocking business and devoted himself to pamphleteering. In 1701 he published *The true-born Englishman*, some doggerel verses in which in a more or

less humorous way he defended the allegiance to the Dutch King on the English throne, on the ground that the English were a mongrel race and owed their superiority to the crossing of their breed. Some 80,000 copies were sold in a few days and it became a popular street melody.

Naturally the King was grateful, and Defoe's advice was found so useful, especially in financial schemes, that he was admitted to audience unannounced. His old friends, too, began to think they had made a mistake in casting him off, and acquaintance with him once more rose to a premium. But Defoe seems to have not understood the art of feathering his own nest, or anyone else's, and his good fortune was of short duration. William's unlucky fall from his horse ended his life, and Defoe's position at court. Anne, the second daughter of James II., ascended the throne, and the Whigs lost power in favour of the Tories and the High Church party, who at once set to work to uproot the hated dissent. Christian charity thundered against Nonconformity in every pulpit and the Dissenting Chapels were suppressed with scorn.

At this juncture Defoe wrote a most remarkable work, entitled "The Shortest Way with Dissenters," in which he offered them the choice between Conformity with the Anglican Church or the gallows. To this day people dispute whether he wrote in earnest or in irony. It is said that a Cambridge don wrote to thank him for supporting the Church party and declared that next to the Bible this pamphlet was the most precious he had ever read.

The book was published anonymously, but as soon as the author's name was declared, the indignation of authorities knew no bounds. He had experience how to hide himself. A price was set on his head. The masses, however, would not reveal his concealment, but when the printer and publisher were arraigned, Defoe gave himself up to justice to save innocent men. He was condemned as a disturber of the public peace to seven years' imprisonment, to the pillory, and to pay a fine of £800.

On his appearance in the pillory in July, 1703, the populace gave him a demonstration so honourable and enthusiastic that the authorities thought it better not to repeat the intended disgrace. The people cheered him to the echo and

sang a hymn which he had written in prison, scattering flowers in his path and decrying his judge and the Anglican party. His popularity with the people now stood high, and he occupied his time in prison by editing a review, a paper for the people, which afterwards was imitated by Steele and Addison in the *Tatler* and the *Spectator*. In a sense, therefore, Defoe is the originator of the British public press.

He was only kept in prison two years, and on his release the Ministry of the day employed his talents to their own advantage. He was despatched on various diplomatic missions to the Continent.

In 1705, he was chosen to negotiate the details of the Union between English and Scottish legislatures. The adjustment was a matter of extreme delicacy, as the Scotch wished to preserve all that was of chief consequence in their nationality, and though the English did not wish to destroy it, the task of smoothing over difficulties required just that adroitness, sympathy, tact and amiability, which Defoe seemed to possess.

Defoe's efforts were successful, and when in 1709 he wrote an account of his transaction, his popularity never stood higher. He hoped to live in retirement and peace, composing a treatise on the History of Trade.

But national affairs soon drew him forth from retreat. Queen Anne was nearing her end. In Scotland the adherents of the Stewarts were anxious to upset the Protestant succession established in William III.'s time, and the Queen herself had scruples about the passing over of her half-brother, son of James II., by his second wife Mary of Est, now living in Lorraine under the name of Chevalier St. George, a Catholic.

Sentiment, which is ever one of the strongest forces in politics, was working in high places, and notably with the Queen herself, and some of her ministers on this side the border, as well as across the Tweed.

Again English religious and political freedom was in jeopardy, and again Defoe, with his ever-ready pen, championed his old cause. He again flooded England with sheets defending the Protestant succession and supporting the House of Hanover, and Sophia, the daughter of the unhappy Elizabeth, child of James I.

Again Defoe, in 1713, found himself in prison. Queen Anne died in 1714. Sophia had died two months earlier, on

the 18th of June. George Louis ascended the British throne and showed favour to all supporters of his cause, Defoe excepted. More brilliant men like Swift, Dryden, Addison, and Bolingbroke, ate his cake, and after one last effort called an "Appeal to Honour and Justice," he finally gave up politics and confined himself to literature. He wrote *The Family Instructor* and a few smaller books on family life, and then electrified the world by his *The Life and Surprising Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, published in 1719. This was followed up by other more or less well-known books, *The Adventures of Captain Singleton*, *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Jack*, *History of the Plague*, *Roxane*, *The English Merchant* and *Captain Carleton*.

Accumulating therewith a small capital, he handed over the money to his son on condition that the latter supported him in his declining years. The son proved ungrateful and neglected his father, who died heartbroken and in poverty, in 1731, at the age of 71.

The idea of the plot of *Robinson Crusoe* is said by some to have been based upon the adventures of Alexander Selkirk on the island of Juan Fernandez; others think he was more influenced by the story of a Spanish sailor, Peter Serrano, who was wrecked and lived a miserable life on an island in the Carribean Sea, in the latter half of the sixteenth century, and whose adventures were written in Spanish by Garcilasso de la Vega, and translated into English in 1688, but after all in any great work of art, the materials—the bricks and mortar—out of which it is composed are matters of minor interest compared with the design of the artist.

*Crusoe* was written towards the end of a long and restless life, spent ever in the forefront of high and great affairs. Defoe cast a look backwards and saw a dreary journey behind him, yet not without its emotions, not without evidence of the finger of God. After experiencing such strange vicissitudes, well might it seem to him that civilization was a failure. Well might Defoe picture in his mind the reconstruction of society from its base.

In those days woman was not yet emancipated and counted for little. Defoe commences with a solitary man in a lonely island. There is no Mrs. Crusoe, and it is interesting to bear in mind that in the most famous of the imitations of Robinson

Crusoe—namely, the *Swiss Family Robinson* and *Masterman Ready*—the family replaces the solitary hero.

Sick of society, in which Defoe had found little happiness, he yearned for solitude like the Psalmist: "Oh, that I had the wings of a dove, then I would flee away and be at rest!" Defoe pictured to himself a man beyond the pale of civilization and all he saw involved in it—

"Envy and calumny and hate and pain,  
And that unrest which men miscall delight,  
Can touch him not and torture not again."

But the island hermit is not alone in the spirit. He had thoughts which led him, now undisturbed by the slow stain of the world, to a more elevated frame of mind than he could find in society.

"Knowledge and truth and virtue were his theme, and thoughts the most dear to him were lofty hopes of Divine liberty."

Robinson Crusoe saves from the wreck a Bible, which his sad life on the island leads him to appreciate. Just as Defoe describes his hero as cut off from social and political life, so he thinks of him as free from ecclesiastical controversy. As Crusoe bit by bit fights Nature and subdues her, so his spirit wins her way to religion by aid of the Bible without human intervention.

"I gave humble and hearty thanks that God had been pleased to discover to me even that it was possible I might be more happy in this solitary condition than I should have been in society and in all the pleasure of the world; that He could fully make up to me the deficiencies of my solitary state and the want of human society by His presence and and the communications of His grace to my soul.

"It was now that I began sensibly to feel how much more happy this life I now led was, with all its miserable circumstances, than the wicked, cursed, abominable life I led all the past part of my days. And now I changed both my sorrows and my joys; my very desires altered; my affections changed their gusts, and my delights were perfectly new from what they were at my first coming. I never opened the Bible or shut it but my very soul within me blessed God for directing my friend in England, without any order of mine, to pack it up among my goods. Thus I lived mighty

comfortably, my mind being entirely composed by resigning to the will of God and throwing myself wholly upon the disposal of His providence. This made my life better than sociable, for when I began to regret the want of conversation, I would ask myself whether this conversing mutually with my own thoughts, and, as I hope I may say, with even God Himself, by ejaculation, was not better than the utmost enjoyment of human society in the world."

Defoe was clearly individualist rather than socialist. If you overlook this passage you cannot understand the drift of Robinson Crusoe. He has a philosophy both of Church and State. But who does not remember the masterly treatment of detail in Crusoe's life on the island, the psychological truth of the development of his character, the naturalness of the narrative, each event following as if it could not be other than true? And his parrot, his cat and his goat form the nucleus of an association, which is successively increased by the addition of Friday and the English and Spanish sailors, till the arrival of a venerable priest, who orders spiritual affairs in the island in quite other than contemporary fashion, with patience and toleration and universal love of the neighbour. After the storm, a calm, and this idyllic picture profoundly affected cotemporary thought. But if the individualistic and protestant and contemplative spirit pervading the book partly helps to account for the success which it met with, we must not forget the other side, the spirit of adventure which was abroad even more than in the days of Elizabeth. Many a bold youth rejected easy life at home for foreign enterprise.

"God help me save I take my part  
Of danger on the roaring sea.  
A devil rises in my heart  
Far worse than death to me."

Indeed, the book appealed to all the leading movements of the day: to the politician who was sick of political strife, the religious-minded who were sick of ecclesiastical wranglings, and to the men of action to whom the world was their oyster and with their knife they would open it. On every page was writ large the lesson—"Help yourself and God will help you."

In foreign countries *Robinson Crusoe* appealed most to the thinkers on education, and especially to Rousseau, who



writes: "If one could but conceive a situation in which all the natural wants of man would be displayed in a manner adapted to the understanding of a child, and wherein the means of satisfying those wants are gradually discovered with the same ease and simplicity, it would be in a just and lively description of such a state that we should first exercise his thoughts. I see the imagination of the philosopher already take fire. Impetuous genius, give yourself no trouble ; such a situation is already described, and I may say without any impeachment of your talents, much better than you could describe it yourself ; at least with more exactness and simplicity. Since we must have books, there is one already which in my opinion affords a complete treatise on natural education. This book shall be the first which Emilius shall read. In this indeed for a long time will his whole library consist, and it will always hold a distinguished place among others. It will afford us the text to which all our conversations on the objects of natural science will serve only as a comment. It will serve us as our guide during our progress to a state of reason, and will even afterwards give us constant pleasure unless our taste be actually vitiated. You ask impatiently, what is the title of this wonderful book ? Is it Aristotle or Plato or Buffon ? No : it is *Robinson Crusoe*."

These are remarkable words, and while they seem near exaggeration to an Englishman, they have often been accepted as literally true on the Continent. Though Rousseau extracted more philosophy out of *Robinson Crusoe* than Defoe perhaps ever intended, it does not follow that the philosophy is not there.

Defoe, and Rousseau after him, proceeded on lines which are the opposite of natural, though Rousseau calls them natural education. How can society be built up out of a single man ? There is no such thing as a man making society, because society makes the man. Still less can a child be educated in isolation, because mankind is the educator of its members. Nevertheless Defoe and Rousseau were not blind to these facts. They acted on a scientific principle. It is well occasionally, for the sake of clearness, to abstract some particular part of a whole and study that part by itself as you may study one of the colours in the rainbow. So we may study a particular theme or movement in a piece of

music, a particular character in a play, a single organ in the human frame, or a special aspect of man in society; as, for instance, the so-called economic man in political economy—that interesting abstraction of humanity who lives only to produce and exchange produce on the easiest terms for himself.

Defoe and Rousseau have both been blamed for ignoring what they both ignored intentionally and for a purpose, taking pains to make their procedure clear, but as usual, being made to say the opposite of what they did say, like most original writers. "Such a situation," says Rousseau, "is, I confess, very different from that of man in a state of society. Very probably, it will never be that of Emilius, but then it is from such a state he ought to learn to understand others. The most certain method for him to raise himself above vulgar prejudices and to form his judgment on the actual relations of things, is to take on himself the character of such a solitary adventurer and to judge of everything about him, as a man in such circumstances would, by its real utility."

The German philanthropist school of educators seized upon *Robinson Crusoe* as just the book they wanted. Campe prepared an edition in which the tale was much moralised and watered down, and the chief lesson that Defoe intended, namely, the religious influence of solitude and hardship accompanied by Bible reading, is overlooked. But yet Campe's book was much used. *Robinson Crusoe*, however transmuted, always bore the stamp of one idea which Rousseau impressed upon his generation, that education is self-development under judicious guidance.

In the hands of teachers in the school of Herbart and Ziller, *Robinson Crusoe* became a school book.

Herbart himself regarded it rather as a book indispensable for private reading. He thought, indeed, the moral obtruded itself unduly. He pointed out that even children like to be their own critics, and when the villain of the piece commits his atrocities, or the hero performs exalted deeds, the child does not want to have the villainy of the one or the virtue of the other pointed out to him by his elders. He thinks, however, that after eight years old a child prefers to read books in which the heroes are grown men, or at least youths, and that milk-and-water tales about children are insults to boys who ever look beyond their own age and wish to read about men.

But Herbart dealt with higher education, and the application of his ideas to elementary education was carried out by Ziller.

Ziller laid stress upon two principles in education, the one of which has been elaborated by H. Spencer in his book on Education, and the other is receiving much attention in these days when premature specialisation of study threatens seriously to cripple education. The first principle is that the stages of the education of a child must proceed step by step along the lines by which the human race has raised itself from barbarism to civilisation. As Lessing puts it, “Education gives a man nothing he could not get of himself, only it gives him results quicker and on easier terms than he could get them without education.” Education should aim at hastening and developing self-development. The other principle is that of concentration or connectedness. Education does not consist in a loose aggregate of disconnected studies, language, history, geography, arithmetic and the like. On the contrary, in each stage or class there must be some centre around which the various studies are grouped. Not only so, but each separate study must be connected with this central study by numerous threads of thought and illustration. The time table must be so arranged that various subjects of study form a connected whole.

Bearing in mind these two principles, Ziller finds *Robinson Crusoe* exactly suited to the thoughts and ideas which belong to a child in his second school year, *i.e.*, eight years old, and around this book and in connection with it he grouped all the studies of the children in that class. He followed up the suggestion which Rousseau made most faithfully. The teacher will discuss with his class all matters of general information in connection with Crusoe, on the one hand, and the neighbourhood of the school on the other. As opportunity permits, the class must be taken to see with their eyes what raising corn is, for Crusoe raised corn; what building is, for Crusoe built a house for himself; what ship-building is, for Crusoe constructed a canoe. Even arithmetic can be taken in connection with the book, for a calendar can be compiled on the lines of Crusoe's, the duration of his voyages can be reckoned and also for how many days he suffered from sea sickness. In music sea songs may prevail, and in drawing the children can make tents, boats, tables, axes and other tools of simple outline.

It is possible that a whole year of *Robinson Crusoe* and nothing but *Robinson Crusoe* might prove tedious to the versatile and mercurial minds of children, at any rate, English children. But it does not follow that a method which is not successful in the hands of one teacher, will be equally a failure when pursued by others.

Let us be thankful to all those who try to discover principles, and who, when they have discovered them, endeavour to work them out consistently to their logical conclusions. Failure proves as much as success in a long series of experiments.

There are two points which the Herbartians insist upon that are of primary importance. First, all new matter that is presented to the child's mind should be connected with ideas and information already there, and secondly, mental training does not consist in pursuing a number of disconnected studies in science, language or mathematics. The proposal to take *Robinson Crusoe* as a text-book for general knowledge during the second year of the school life of a child, seems to me comparable with the excellent plan which prevailed at Oxford for many years, according to which all the studies which a man made in preparation for taking his degree were grouped around Aristotle's *Ethics* and Plato's *Republic*. The modern tendency is to substitute for classical writings some recent text-book. In my view the older plan was the better, for there is always something more inspiring and stimulating in the book of a genius than in the compilations of bookworms, such as those who write text-books for children and adults.

Whether Rousseau and Ziller may not have pushed a good principle too far, I am not certain, but that the text of *Robinson Crusoe* is infinitely more amusing and character-forming than most of the literature which is drilled daily into the mouths of young children of this generation, I have no doubt whatever. Defoe's influence has never died out in England, and his successors are Marryat, Mayne Reid, Ballantyne, and Henty. No country in the world has a better literature for boys than our own, and this fact, which is of overwhelming importance, is the result of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*. Nothing, not even football, will do more to maintain and extend the dominion of the Anglo-Saxon than the spirit of Defoe's *Robinson Crusoe*, which may be summed up in this piece of advice: "Never look to others to do for you what you can do for yourself."

## THE LATE DR. ALMOND, OF LORETTO.

BY THOMAS B. WHITSON, C.A.

It would be foolish for one who is in no sense an educationist, but a mere business man, to attempt to set before such a society as the P.N.E.U. any original remarks worthy attention concerning such an educational enthusiast as the late Dr. Almond; and for a very average Lorettonian to presume to write a line expressing any opinion of weight as to the worth and aims of "The Head" would be monstrous. I hope I am about to attempt neither the foolish nor the monstrous.

It is nearly 20 years since I first saw "The Head." It was my good fortune to see a good deal of him after that, but had I only seen him once I should always have remembered him. His was a striking appearance, very different from that of a typical headmaster. He impressed one at once, yet it was at first sight difficult to say exactly whether it was the man or his extraordinary garb which arrested attention. He was a man of medium height, with a fine silver grey head. He had a high forehead, keen eyes, and good nose. His speech was quick, with obviously very rapid thought behind. He wore, and I afterwards knew it as his usual work-a-day dress, a flannel shirt open at the neck, with flannel collar attached, and no tie, white flannel trousers, anatomical shoes, and an unlined brown Harris tweed coat over his arm. Could anything have been less orthodox? Yet my first feeling was that of respect, afterwards, as with all his boys, to deepen into veneration.

Dr. Almond recognised that his boys were creatures of intelligence, and he treated them accordingly. The necessary rules of a school were made to bear as lightly as possible upon us, and though there were masters, prefects, house-prefects, and all the necessary machinery for enforcing rules, there was no "spying" upon the boys. Each boy in certain matters was put on his honour. To break a rule was so ridiculously easy that there was no "kudos" to be gained in doing so. The chances against being found out were I fancy much greater than at other schools, but dire punishment

ensued when a boy was caught transgressing certain of the more important rules—an unusual occurrence I am, for the sake of schoolboy honour, glad to say.

All punishment was corporal, since every moment of the day was occupied with its own work, and punishment by imposition would have entailed neglect of some definite work—what is called *play* elsewhere is in reality a part of the *work* at Loretto. Punishment was never harsh, and all had the right to refuse a licking and appeal to the headmaster.

After a boy had been at school some time, he would be invited to walk with “The Head.” As a rule, the boy would find another boy had been asked to accompany him, and the three would spend an afternoon walking in Dalkeith Palace grounds or elsewhere. These afternoons, or evenings if the weather was very warm, were considered red-letter days by the favoured individuals. It was while engaged on these walks that we came to understand and love “The Head.” As we became more friendly, for he made all his boys his friends, we became imbued with the desire, if possible, to live up to his standard, if only for his sake.

Having gained the boys’ affections and awakened their interest, it was small wonder that he was able to instil into us his ideas, very different though these were from what we had in most cases been accustomed to before coming to Loretto. One of the most difficult tasks he set himself was to break down the chief maxim of the recognised schoolboy code of honour,—that one boy must not tell anything against another. Preaching from the text, “Am I my brother’s keeper?” he would tell us that we were our brothers’ keepers, and that it was our duty to keep each other right. He encouraged boys to report to him truly those things which he ought to know of other boys, and, wonderful as it may seem, his policy worked admirably. He was in consequence the means of doing many a boy untold good.

The motto he chose for his school was “*Spartam nactus es: hanc exorna*,” and the gospel he taught was the consecration of the body as well as the mind. His able successor, Mr. H. B. Tristram, a former head-boy at Loretto, preaching to the school on Sunday, March 15th, thus spoke of him: “Strong within him, bursting out at times into glorious enthusiasm, was his love of manliness, of the magnificent

man, of the man who can dare and not be afraid; and as the necessary complement of this, equally strong was his horror and loathing of bodily sins, such as gluttony, drunkenness, and the fouler vices. Realising so strongly how luxury and softness of living so often lead to these grosser sins, he ever set his face against softness and luxury in man or boy. Beyond all I have ever met, he had the fullest and most real appreciation of the meaning of the consecration of the body; and he understood most clearly what Paul meant when he spoke of presenting our bodies a living sacrifice to God. He always strove to live up to his ideal; and by precept and example to make others do the same."

Dr. Almond taught and had pleasure in teaching the individual, but his aim was higher and broader; his object was, not the success or prowess of the individual, but the welfare of the community. That he taught the school so that he might educate the nation all will have realised who have carefully read his evidence before the Royal Commission on Physical Education (Scotland), published in the *Parents' Review* of April and May.

Here is an excerpt from one of his sermons:—"Why, oh why, cannot there be a holy alliance between the athlete and the Christian—an alliance against the common enemies of both, against intemperance, and indolence, and dissipation, and effeminacy, and æsthetic voluptuousness, and heartless cynicism, and all the unnatural and demoralising elements in our social life? Why will some take so narrow a view of the true aims of physical training, that they bound their horizon by the vision of prizes and athletic honours, not seeing that in themselves and by themselves, these things are as worldly and as worthless as unsanctified wealth, or knowledge, or literature, or art? Why will others, again, who would not willingly break any of God's Commandments, who would not pass a day without prayer, who believe and trust in a risen Saviour—why will they not regard sedentary habits, and softness of living, and feebleness that might have been strength, and delicacy that might have been hardihood, as physical *sins*? Why will they not devote to the service of the Kingdom of Heaven blood as pure, limbs as supple, condition as fit, energies as buoyant, as if they were aspirants for a championship, and so do something to wipe out the reproach

that religion is a feeble, emasculated thing, good enough for sick beds and solemn functions, but out of place amid the strong, rough work, and the more manly joys of life?"

To proclaim that teaching was his life's work, and though it may seem a common-place to some of the readers of the *Parents' Review* now, it should be borne in mind that he was once alone in his ideas, and was long the object of ridicule and scorn. But in following the truth he was careless of what people might think or say for he had that individuality which he admired in others, and without which no man is truly great. He was called eccentric, and to those who could not understand him he seemed to place what are popularly called "Games" first, and all else second. That was far from being a true estimate of him.

He never wearied of preaching that breaches of the law of health—a law he was careful to inform us thoroughly of—are sins, and that care of the body is the first duty of each.

Shut windows and all kinds of coddling were anathema. It was one of Dr. Almond's great points, that one should never, night nor day, be too warmly clad. Loretto boys are dressed in flannels—short loose white knickers, a flannel shirt, open at the neck, and a coat—on all working days, in the classrooms as well as outside, and in all kinds of weather. When the temperature of the classroom reaches 60 degrees each boy must take off his coat. Should he feel cold then he may put it on again. If a boy feels cold, the remedy is to be had by exercise and not by fires or artificial heat. Thus only can colds be avoided.

Writing to me in the end of January last, he said: "A boy slouching or scowling or coddling himself, or looking as if he ate too fast, or lounging when he should be trotting, perhaps worries me for the morning"; and again in February he wrote: "When you see Loretto boys cycling in coats on a hot day, advise my representative to sell the place up."

He emphasised the individuality and anti-Grundyism of the school and he would not brook interference. In the last letter he wrote to me, about a fortnight before he died, he expressed his "alarm at the tendency to interference all round. At present, it seems particularly to be aimed at schools." In a previous letter he said: "This dreadful recent movement in the direction of regulation and regimentation



is the cankerworm at the root of the State. The ultimate tendency is to repress all independence, originality, and individual initiation: to crush genius in the womb and utterly destroy the freedom which has been our national character and boast. . . . But to give you an instance of the sort of interference which I dread. All schools, not private property, must go in for the leaving certificate.

"The examinations for this are at the end of June. This means a slack July. No school does good work after exams., and slackness in work begets it out of school *in the most dangerous time of the whole year.*

"Again, I don't approve of some things about the course of study dictated by the leaving certificate. Possibly also we might be obliged to have cadet corps *with a uniform*, which is in the teeth of my principles."

Dr. Almond did not object to a cadet corps in itself, but, as it was apparently impossible to have a corps without being bound by the War Office regulations as regards uniform, and compelled to wear tight-fitting tunics instead of loose flannels, he set his face against a corps at Loretto.

By Loretto boys of every generation he was honoured and loved. He was the friend of each, and his manner of dealing with the boys will be best understood perhaps if I quote his last message to the head boy, written only a few days before his death:—"It is not a matter of life any longer, but I have to keep as quiet as I can. If I can't see any of you, you will know it is not from want of caring. Now then, old chap, keep the school straight and pure, and keep up our peculiar ways. There is more at the bottom of them than most of you think. I don't care for Loretto being the strongest or cleverest school: I want it to be the most rational and the best. To yourself and the others, my warmest love; and to those who have done anything to keep the school straight, my deepest thanks. You do not know how much this wrench from my boys is costing me."

Dr. Almond died on the evening of 7th March, 1903, after having been for over forty years headmaster of Loretto. Few masters have been so universally beloved by their pupils, no headmaster ever left behind him more sorrowing friends to revere and honour his memory, and none have accomplished a greater work.

## ON EXHIBITIONS.\*

BY JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

DR. CLOUSTON told us, in his very instructive paper a month ago, that the less small children concern themselves with art the better for them, and he gave us excellent reasons for his opinion. The subject before us has, therefore, no "nursery" aspect at all. Small children find picture galleries good for racing about in, but it is better, in decent weather, for them to run outside in the open air.

Of course, it is clear that useful lessons can be easily learned from pictures that focus their attention and arouse their curiosity, so that history, natural history, moralities, and much more may profitably enough be studied both by children and grown-ups wherever pictures are shown. But that is an aspect of exhibitions on which it is not needful to enlarge. Their value as an educational engine is obvious enough.

It may be desirable to observe in passing that this aspect of the fine arts (where they appear as an educational engine) is superficial. For one who cannot get far beyond the notion that art is the handmaid of science does not come into contact with what is essential in it.

I do not know what the average age may be at which young folk, or any folk, begin to take an interest in the fine arts. Some begin to take notice early enough, at six or seven; others never begin at all. But probably in most cases childhood is past when the art sense begins to assert its existence. For pictures are concerned, not with things, but with their appearances. Among keen observers none see through exactly the same eyes, or, rather, no two brains record precisely similar observations of life. Thus the interest of art is seen to consist in this, that the work of art is in the highest degree a personal expression. Its personality, the personal experience of its maker, is the essence of it; and the function of art is seen to be transmission of experience. When one comes to have experience of one's own,

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\* Lecture delivered to Edinburgh Branch of the P.N.E.U.

and becomes conscious of possessing the faculty of sympathy, the faculty that desires sympathy and craves to bestow it, then, whether young or not, one can come into touch with the fine arts in their true function. But a child who should do this, who should be troubled in this way, would be, in Dr. Clouston's estimation, pathological. So what I have to say about exhibitions concerns only "old" children.

Most people, so far as they bestow any attention on the fine arts, do so under one serious misapprehension. They come to the fine arts without having clearly, or even dimly, before their minds the fact that art and science are different, and that art is as delicate a subject as science. We all are in comfortable and friendly relations with the statements of science, knowing that they are true or untrue, and that they are probably in either case intelligible to anyone who will take the trouble to master the operations and steps that have led to the conclusions they embody. So that, in a scientific discussion, no one, finding himself confronted with a proposition that is neither obvious nor promptly to be understood, will forthwith commit himself to an attitude of ridicule or hostility. On the contrary, he behaves with discretion.

But, where a work of art is concerned, the exception is to find anyone who is at all prepared to suspend his judgment. No matter what may come before him, nearly everyone appears unconscious that he ought to be discreet. And his indiscretion takes the form of an opinion at once announced. "I don't like that," or less often "I like that," is what he says. He is unaware that thus he is giving an indication, not so much of the limitations or shortcomings of the work as of his own. For a work of art is either good or it is not. That anyone likes it or dislikes it is of small moment; the important thing is to recognise it for what it is.

It seems doubtful whether works of art can have any influence, at any rate any good influence, on the mass of people who are in this kind of relation to them. The majority do take up just this attitude, and most of the others are in one or another very similar, due in each case to misunderstanding the nature and function of the fine arts.

But it is something to be thankful for that non-comprehension of the true situation is, among the more thoughtful minority, illuminated dimly by a notion that somehow art has

a mission to do something for our advantage, though we do not know what. But we grope in a fog of mystifications after the notion that it is good for us to see pictures. They to whose consciousness the fog is a reality are thereby already in the place of hope, aware of non-comprehension, and aspiring after some clearer light, puzzled by the mystery, but confident that there must be some key to it.

The solicitude of those here present is on behalf of their children. We desire that these may have some useful light around their steps. Hence the question for us seems to be, "Can we bring the children into a better relation to the fine arts than our own?"

There is no reason to doubt that this can be done. But there is no reason for supposing that we can give the young people any points of view that are not our own. Our efforts must be first of all to put ourselves right. Better so than that we should wait until the children grow up to impose their views upon us, a not unusual course of events, one that provides for parents such experiences as I have never seen them profess to enjoy. Anything we do for our children's benefit we had better do first for our own. They will judge our convictions by our conduct, and not by our professions. For children will not take much interest in anything to which their parents are indifferent. And we can bring them into a better relation to the fine arts than our own has been by putting ourselves into such a relation first of all.

How are we to proceed?

Well, I am here professedly to talk about exhibitions of pictures. The question is—What can we do with them? What sort of opportunities do existing exhibitions afford that we can use to our own and our children's advantage? And the first inquiry that seems desirable is directed to the discovery of what these exhibitions are.

There are two sorts of exhibitions of pictures (broadly speaking, since sometimes they overlap a little)—

- (a) Works by the dead.
- (b) Works by the living.

In the former class the works are carefully selected. They are those that have been considered worth careful preservation, the works of old masters.

Their value is twofold. They may be very scarce, and

therefore, as all scarce things are when people are minded to compete for their custody, of great money value. And they may be good pictures, even great ones, and worth preservation on that account. If they are both scarce and excellent their value may be inestimable, their real worth I mean, not their money value. But if they are merely old and genuine, not imitations, they can hardly be else than deeply interesting and, at least, deserving of respectful attention.

Exhibitions of this class vary very much in the nature of their composition. All over Europe each has its special character, and only a far-travelled tourist indeed can hope to acquire an intimate acquaintance with them all. Some are magnificently complete and representative, but few indeed, however small and easy of access, are therefore to be despised or neglected.

For example, the Wallace collection, our property, and one of the great collections, is very strong in 18th century French pictures, those of Watteau, Pater, Greuze, Fragonard and Boucher. Our Scottish national collection here is by comparison a small affair, but it is stronger than the Wallace collection in precisely that department of 18th century French works. The examples are smaller no doubt, and fewer, but they are finer—none finer anywhere.

Again, in the National Gallery in London, Sir Joshua Reynolds can be seen in great force and quantity, but in our little National Gallery one can see the finest portrait of a lady that Gainsborough ever accomplished, and no finer portrait exists.

In most galleries in Europe there are pictures by Bassano (Ponte is what they call him now), but there is none so impressive as his "Adoration" in our gallery here.

Tiepolo's greatest picture is here, not in Venice, where he lived and did an immense amount of work. I mean the "Finding of Moses."

The most of the work of Velasquez is at Madrid, and a great portrait of his is in Rome; but his finest work is a head in the National Gallery in London.

Vandyke, in his great Genoese period, can be seen to the greatest advantage here in Edinburgh.

Glasgow has a collection of Dutch paintings of the best time, second to nothing out of London.

To come nearer our own time, David Scott was a great artist, and nowhere else but here can he be seen at all. His "Traitor's Gate" is in our national collection. And his "Vasco di Gama," a grand work, the greatest imaginative painting produced by any Scotchman, impressive in the highest degree, is in the Trinity House of Leith, a place easy of access, open to visitors. On a clear day it can be well studied.

Raeburn, hitherto scarcely known elsewhere, yet one of the greatest of portrait painters, can be seen in our national collection only.

And here is Thomson, of Duddingstone, one of the finest of landscape painters, whose work is to be seen nowhere else.

From what has been said, it is to be inferred that we ought to have a very high opinion of our National Gallery here. It seems to me one of unsurpassed interest. But do we avail ourselves of our opportunities? How many here have entered it once within the year that is past, or more than once? How many have been there to look (under difficulties, I admit) at the Turner water colours? They can only be seen (though that is difficult) in January. Or I might ask how many have ever gone to Leith to see David Scott's great work in the Trinity House, or have ever heard of its existence? Have all of us gone, or gone often, to see Mrs. Traquair's noble work in the Catholic Apostolic Church? Do we avail ourselves of such opportunities as are open to us?

But why, it may be asked, should we study these works of the dead and gone painters of old times? Why, I ask in answer, read and study the books of dead and gone writers? That is what we are accustomed to do, and to count it one of our greatest privileges thus to have them still at hand, if not in the body yet in the spirit, communing with us.

And we listen with a curious thrill of sympathy to the music of bygone composers, of Bach, Mozart, Handel, Weber or the old Italians, counting it a singular pleasure to hear as it were the voices of the past. It comes to us as a new privilege when we are admitted to share these emotions of the olden times.

What veil is before our eyes that need prevent us from seeing as these dead men saw? The privilege is ours. Towards them surely our sentiment can be that only of

respect and thankful acknowledgment. In such exhibitions as these we truly tread enchanted ground.

If we examine and reflect upon these pictures in the appropriate spirit of self-surrender, of self-forgetfulness, leaving outside of the gallery our superior wisdom and our critical proclivities; and if at the same time we do not neglect to avail ourselves of what information is to be had, in catalogues and elsewhere, that tells us when, where, and by whom the pictures were made, we shall not fail of profit. It is quite needful that this should be gone about in the self-forgetful attitude of mind, so that we may come closely into contact with the spirit, the essence, of each picture, not mistaking it for something it is not nor was meant to be, but trying seriously to make out what indeed it really is. As the result of such contemplation insight is sure to follow, and more insight with more knowledge. One's interest is engaged, and one's curiosity is aroused increasingly the more one gives oneself to the contemplation of the pictures of old time. We find that we are mastering chapters of history, not here presented in printed pages, but in documents that we read by the exercise of a sense quite other than that we are accustomed to use in dealing with our books of poetry and romance. It is still poetry and romance we are engaged upon, the poetry and romance of life; the life of the men of old, presented here in visible images of these men's own invention. We have to remember the central and important fact that the function of fine art is, and always has been, transmission of experience, and not to forget that it is his own experience only that any man can express in it. When a picture is before us it is not our own experience we are primarily concerned about. The matter that does concern us is whether we can succeed in grasping the intention of the painter and thus come to share his experience.

Later, perhaps soon, it may be in our power to enter into his feelings wholly, and compare these with our own, if perchance comparison be possible, or to realize a contrast if there be indeed no common ground. And that will assuredly be interesting, and may be profitable for reproof and edification. For where fine works are in question the result of contemplation will not be flattering to one's egotism. 'Twere better to pocket one's own prepossessions, and be as

receptive as possible in the select society of the masters. There is no need for us to reprove and admonish them ; they are beyond the reach of our praise or our mockery. Neither ourselves nor our possible prejudices were thought of by the painters of the olden time.

It is for us to comprehend and appreciate so as to avail ourselves of this the only way whereby our emotional experience may include that of men long passed away. I believe it to be of the utmost importance that this fact should be generally taken into account, that the function of fine art is transmission of experience, and that to the fine arts only is this function committed, one with which science is not concerned. There is not time, here and now, for me to attempt to expound and enforce this fact. It is not generally admitted, or, at any rate, its importance is not generally understood. So far as I know it has not been asserted by authorities anywhere. Art critics have not made anything of it, and doctors of æsthetics have been engaged in dialectics about beauty, and the characteristic, and what not, to the exclusion of any attempt to co-ordinate observed facts. It has not, at all events, been contradicted. But I offer it as the key to the mystery, the mystification referred to before, adding only to what I have ventured to advance this, that the human faculty of sympathy is the effective agent in this process I have called transmission of experience—the faculty, the gift, that impels us to express our emotions in our desire for sympathy (an inordinate desire in some), and the same faculty that enables us to understand each other's emotions expressed even imperfectly, and to get the utmost satisfaction out of doing so.

The play of this faculty, the exercise of sympathy, positive and negative, giving and receiving, has produced and sustains the fine arts, and that in spite of constantly recurring attempts by philosophers to make out that art is a science, and to impose canons and principles upon its producers. But in our more individualistic times authorities have less prestige, and it may be that this view I recommend has a chance of establishing a claim on the amount of attention it deserves from those who feel certain that art is neither science, nor religion, nor the handmaid of either, or of anything else, but that it is self-justified, and to be recognised as



the agency concerned in the record and transmission of human experience.

In most collections of old masters, the works are now so well arranged that it is easy for the student to co-ordinate his observations. For painters have always worked in groups. In certain places at certain times we find them producing under common impulses. Some commanding personality emerges somewhere, and around him group themselves those others who share his enthusiasm and partake the common experience, each recognisable as one of the group, but more or less distinguished by his own personal contribution.

The method of thus following in the arrangement of collections this natural order of grouping by locality and time is of great value in simplifying the work of the student. The relation of the groups to each other, and of the individuals within the groups, is the more readily observed. This special business of accurate attribution and correct placing amounts to something quite scientific in our time, and constitutes almost the only art criticism (so-called, for it is really antiquarian research) for which any substantial usefulness can be claimed.

*(To be continued )*

## RELIGIOUS EDUCATION & THE CATECHISM.

BY M. BRAMSTON.

ON reading the interesting papers on the "Religious Education of Children," in the *Parents' Review*, I could not help feeling what curiously opposite dangers, according to different authorities, beset the subject. In England, at least at the present day, there seems to be uncommonly little need to warn parents not to teach their children theology. Mr. Bird's warnings might have been extremely useful some fifty years back; and even to-day it would be just as well to suggest the expurgation of *Peep of Day* and *Line upon Line* before they are given into the hands of children. But as a rule, unless it comes from nursemaids who feel that the threat of hell-fire is likely to assist them in enforcing obedience in the matter of putting away bricks and not soiling pinafores, the children of the upper classes are singularly free from anything which in a good or bad sense could be termed theology.

I gather that Mr. Bird does not belong to the Church of England, or he would not suggest that parents of the Church of England were likely to wish to inflict that venerable historical document, the Thirty-nine Articles, upon their children. As he classes it with "the Catechism," I imagine that he means not the Church of England Catechism but the "Shorter Catechism," for there is certainly little in common between the Thirty-nine Articles and the little section in the Prayer Book, beginning "What is your name? N or M." When I was eight years old, and a little cousin from the Highlands came to stay with me, he groaned over his catechism, while I thought mine absurdly easy; but when I saw the length of the Shorter Catechism I crowed over him unmercifully, and only wondered (and wonder still) what the Longer Catechism could possibly be like. I may be partial, but I still prefer "N or M."

What I want to do in this paper is to speak up for the use of catechisms — not controversial catechisms, but simple catechisms for instruction like that in our English Prayer Book; and from this I should withdraw the appendix on the

Sacraments, not because it is not a very useful statement of the teaching of the English Church on the subject, but because the language is so extremely crabbed that children cannot take in the meaning. Unless you absolutely recast the wording, no child understands anything by "As a means whereby we receive the same, and a pledge to assure us thereof." You would certainly have to explain *means*, *the same*, *pledge*, *assure*, and *thereof* in this sentence, and it would be simpler to give the teaching in other words. But this does not apply to the body of the Catechism, and it is this of which I wish to speak.

The Church of England charges the sponsors at baptism to bring the child for confirmation as soon as he has learnt "the Creed, the Lord's Prayer, and the Ten Commandments in the vulgar tongue"; and the Catechism is instruction on these three subjects. Its framers thought that full churchmanship, or, as someone called it the other day, the "ordination of the laity," should not be conferred until a child had some notion of the facts of the Christian faith, the duties it involved, and the help obtainable by prayer. The Catechism begins with the assertion that "N or M"—no abstract statements about every child born into the world, but little Jack or Molly who says the answers—is God's child already, and has not to work his way up to that position by any effort, either of faith or works.

I do not wish to say that the corresponding negative to this assertion would be the same now as it was when the Catechism was written. What we now realise to be the condition of unbaptised babes is an innocent and unconscious dependence upon their Heavenly Father, and whereas they were before His children *de facto*, baptism makes them His children *de jure*; but three centuries ago a harsher phraseology was in vogue. However, the negative statement is not inserted into the Catechism, and I do not see that we need investigate too closely what the framers would have formulated with regard to unbaptised infants. The Appendix says that they are "by nature born in sin and the children of wrath," but after all, the fact behind this strong language, and the doctrine of original sin in general, is that the line of least resistance in human nature means submission to the animal instincts, and that we all need both human and divine help to rise beyond the animal.

We then take the Apostles' Creed, the separate clauses of which are here called the Articles of the Christian Faith, and unfortunately are sometimes confounded with the redoubtable Thirty-nine by those who ought to know better. It is in teaching this that we first (in our Catechism studies) bring the child in contact with the story of our Lord. I am quite sure that it is right to teach the child the facts of the Apostles' Creed regarding His history and the way in which we regard Him. I am not quite sure that it is desirable to teach *all* children very fully about Him. There is, I am afraid, a risk that some of them will be bored. To such the persistent dwelling upon the Gospel story is what the author of the Epistle calls meat and not milk. We may be quite sure that they will be none the worse for coming to fuller knowledge later, with faculties of love and admiration awake and active. In such a case, it seems to me that our great task will be to exercise the faculties of love and admiration on other subjects—if we can make them thrill over Horatius or Mowgli it will make a beginning—and then by-and-by they will realise that in Him all heroism culminates. Only do not let us be so anxious to be reverent that we convey to the children the impression that He was not human, and that His temptations and conflicts were merely a drama enacted for our edification, with no reality behind.

Let us also, with regard to this, respect our children's reserve. Mr. Bird speaks of asking a child if he believes in Jesus. My experience of children is that such a question would seem silly to a simple and open child, while to a reserved one—more especially one who was beginning to realise a relation between himself and his Master—it would be scarifyingly painful.

"Rend not the silken veil too soon,  
But leave her in her own soft noon  
To flourish and abide."

But granted that the child has acquired the love for Jesus Christ which we all hold to be the central point of the Christian religion, what next? This love, let us here say, will sometimes be expressed in a somewhat questionable form. "I love Jesus, but I hate God," a girl said to me once; and less outspoken children often feel the same. I attribute it to the well-meant attempt of mothers and nurses to produce conscientiousness

by saying, "God sees you whatever you do, He is always looking when no one else is there," which conveys the notion of the Deity as an unfair spy, or an inexorable detective, prepared to punish with the greatest severity what you did when you thought you were alone. Even the most well-meaning of us too often cause our little ones to stumble; the millstone is not round our neck, but it gets somehow into our brains.

However, supposing that our little one really grasps the fact that in Jesus Christ he has the most beautiful, attractive, heroic of figures, and that this is his Master and Brother, what is to come next? In some form or other the little disciple will ask, "Lord, what wilt Thou have me to do?" and the answer, "Be good," has to be split up into various factors, which together form a code of ethics. Now, the Ten Commandments give the ethical code of the Jewish nation. In themselves they are crude and somewhat rough, and the second and fourth wholly inapplicable to modern English life; but our Lord took these commandments and used them not as laws, but as principles, and showed how they were to have their scope of action enlarged. Three of them are thus enlarged in St. Matt. v., and the deduction is that the rest are to be enlarged in like manner. Now, this enlargement is admirably done, with a view to the comprehension of children, in the "Duty to God," and "Duty to the Neighbour." The latter, more especially, forms a most admirable code of ethics for children, and is equally suitable to those whose religious sentiment has been developed and those in whom it is rudimentary.

It has been the custom during the past half-century to scoff at the "Duty to the Neighbour." The reaction against feudalism caused those who took the anti-feudal side to assert that "to order myself lowly and reverently to all my betters" meant to make a bob or a scrape to the squire or squiress; and "that state of life to which it shall please God to call me" (by persistent misquotation as "*has* pleased God to call me") came to be looked upon as the assertion that the Church disapproved of any man of low degree rising out of his original condition. These jeers were partly caused by ignorance, partly by prejudice. But personal experience is worth many secondhand jeers, and as an elderly woman I

feel my deepest obligation to those who, in my childhood, taught and ground into me the meaning of "Duty to my Neighbour," and so provided me with an ethical standard by which, from eight to eighteen, I could test my own actions of right or wrong.

It embraced the whole range of a child's life. If I wanted to read a story instead of playing trap-bat with my brother, conscience whispered "do to all men as I would they should do to me"; if I banged the door in a temper and was called back to shut it, "submit myself to all my governors, &c."; if I made a tart remark, "hurt nobody by word"; if one was tempted to cheat in a game, "true and just in all my dealings"; if one was lazy at lessons, "do my duty in that state of life." And as to the obnoxious "ordering myself lowly and reverently to all my betters," I cannot remember any motto which was of greater service; for my betters were defined to be "those who were older, wiser, or in higher position than myself," and this comprehended my governess, my elder sister, my nurse—but I struck at including the nurserymaid, who was thirteen when I was ten.

Is it impossible that in spite of the Cowper-Temple clause some modified form of the "Duty to the Neighbour"—possibly in less archaic English—might be permitted in our primary schools? At present this invaluable code of ethics must be confined to voluntary schools; I am afraid even there it is not always made as much of as it should be. If I were in authority I would have a copy in large print hung up on every school wall. I think it would do more to improve the ethical standard of our scholars, if frequently explained and referred to, than anything else conceivable.

What I should suggest would be a paraphrase of this sort, which would not run counter to the Cowper-Temple regulations:—

#### DUTY TO OTHERS.

1. To love other people as myself, and to do to others as I should wish them to do to me.
2. To love, respect, and help my father and mother.
3. To obey the laws of the country, and to honour the King and those who are in authority.
4. To obey those who are set over me, whether as teachers or employers.

5. To speak kindly and pleasantly to all, and respectfully to those older and wiser than myself.
6. To be gentle to little children and old and sick people.
7. To be kind to animals.
8. To be fair at lessons and play, honest with money, and to keep my promises.
9. Not to take anything, however small, that does not belong to me.
10. To keep up no grudge against anyone.
11. Not to be greedy in eating or drinking.
12. Not to let high spirits prevent me from behaving properly.
13. To be modest in my conduct and words.
14. To tell the truth.
15. To keep from talking about the faults of others, and to say nothing unkind about them behind their backs, but to speak honestly about them if called on by those who have a right to know.
16. To do my best to learn, in school or out of it, so that I may grow up into a good and useful man or woman, able to support myself and to help others.

The third division of the Catechism is on the subject of the Lord's Prayer, and treats the various clauses in the same way as the "Duties" teach the Commandments, namely, as texts for separate prayers which enlarge its verbal meaning. This again is a valuable *study* for prayer, the great difficulty of which is breaking up the condensed central idea, which quickly becomes familiar and monotonous. When I was a child of six or so, unwisely left with my brother to say our prayers alone, we spent our time in pillow-fights, condensing our prayers into "O God, give us everything that is good for us, Amen." The opposite process is the one which makes prayer real, and which many people find exceedingly difficult even when no longer children. The "I desire" answer of the Catechism is an excellent lesson in breaking up condensed prayer into what we may call its factors—though these may, with profit, be subdivided again.

I hope what I have said may call the attention of some people who have been led to despise the Church Catechism, to its educational value, and I feel sure that the more they study it and use it the more they will be inclined to agree with the views here expressed.

## NOTES ON THE STUDENTS' CONFERENCE.

BY H. M. LAKE.

THE Students' Conference was held at Ambleside during the week dating from the 20th of April, and thirty-four ex-students were present. The programme for the first three days was as follows :—

### MONDAY.

- I. Mrs. Firth's opening address.
- II. Letter from Miss Mason.
- III. Discussion on the P.R.S., in connection with which papers were read on :—(a) The multiplicity of subjects. (b) Proportions of the amount of work set. (c) Preparation of boys for school. (d) Examination papers.

### TUESDAY.

- Paper I. The question of hand-writing.  
Discussion. The teaching of modern languages.
- Paper II. Brush-painting.
- „ III. The art of living in other people's houses.  
Discussion on “L'Umile Pianta.”

### WEDNESDAY.

- Paper I. Our possibilities of expansion.
- „ II. Nature study.
- Two criticism lessons.

The papers read were full of interest, and were almost all followed by animated discussions. Mrs. Firth's opening address was most inspiring, putting before us high ideals and thoughts of all that is good, beautiful, and true. Miss Mason's paper, in the form of a letter to her “dear bairns,” was then read by Miss Allen, and it gave just the helpful suggestions and encouragement that were needed.

The papers and discussions in connection with the P.R.S. were most helpful. All who were present expressed their warm appreciation of its value, and none would be willing to



work without its aid. The discussions were all with a view to arriving at a better understanding of the practical working of the P.R.S., in loyal accordance with the spirit which animates the whole. It was agreed that the multiplicity of subjects in the P.R.S. is a real help in the development of our children, helping as it does to establish relations on all sides, thus giving the children a wider outlook upon life.

On Tuesday, Miss Baird read an excellent paper on "Brush-drawing," illustrating the three chief points in her paper (designs, nature painting, and original illustrations) by some perfectly wonderful paintings done by her pupils.

Miss Pennethorne's paper, or rather talk, on the "Art of living in other people's houses" was most helpful and suggestive. A discussion followed, in which the degree of familiarity to be permitted between pupil and teacher was touched upon, and the superintendence of the pupils' pets, etc.

Miss Parish's paper on "Our possibilities of expansion" brought up several points of especial interest, and many students gave their experiences of different branches of outside work to which they had been able to devote some of their time. Miss Nesbitt has undertaken to write a definite article on the subject for "L'Umile Pianta." A paper from Miss Hirtzel was read on "Nature study," followed by a discussion, and there were many helpful suggestions.

The latter half of Wednesday morning was devoted to two criticism lessons, at which Miss Mason was present. The first was a lesson from *Plutarch's Lives*, given by Miss Drury to Class III., and the second was a combined geography lesson given to Classes I. (a), III. and IV., by Miss Pennethorne. It was most interesting to see how the three classes could best be worked together. The usual criticisms followed, and then Miss Mason made clear to us any points about which we had had any difficulty in the previous discussions.

As the House of Education term began on the Thursday, Miss Mason very kindly allowed all ex-students to attend any of the lectures or classes which were going on during the remainder of the week, and we were only too glad to avail ourselves of the privilege. There was a criticism lesson combining geography to Class III. and reading to Class I., given by one of the present students, besides an

elocation lesson from Miss Barnett, philosophy from Miss Williams, and special sergeant's drill. Miss Sumner gave a delightful lesson on brush-drawing, chiefly dwelling upon the best way of using *Pour dessiner simplement*, the book set in the programme for Class II. On the Saturday, Miss Williams gave a most interesting lesson on Analytical Geometry, illustrated by diagrams on the blackboard.

The afternoons were mostly left free for excursions, but on the Tuesday we spent a very enjoyable afternoon at Mrs. Firth's. After enjoying the beauties of the garden and Stock Ghyll, we all assembled in the St. George's room, and an Oxford friend of Mrs. Firth's gave us a perfectly delightful lecture on Jane Austen.

On the Friday afternoon, Miss Williams kindly took some of the students for a Geography Walk up Loughrigg.

On the Saturday, Miss Mason invited us all to an "At Home," at Scale How. An interesting paper on Purcell was read by Miss Good, one of the present students, and the different points were illustrated by a delightful programme of Purcell's compositions, performed with the greatest success by the students.

The evenings were spent in jollities of various kinds, notably—a fancy dress dance, scenes from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and a variety entertainment.

Nothing could have been a more fitting close to the Conference than the "Scale How Sunday." Miss Mason very kindly invited us all up to the house for the whole day, and the drawing-room with its rich store of books was put at our disposal. At the usual time, we all assembled there for meditations, and Miss Mason spoke to us of the Collect and Anthem for Easter Sunday, in her own beautiful way. When the time came to say good-bye, Miss Mason gave to each student a printed explanation of the meaning of the "Three-fold Cord" of the House of Education, *i.e.*, the Badge, the Creed, and the Certificate—an explanation which will be treasured by all. With the Sunday the Conference came to an end, much to the regret of everyone, but I think it was felt by all that its *effects* will be long and lasting, inspiring us with renewed zeal and energy in the carrying out of our sacred work.

## THE BRAIN IN RELATION TO EDUCATION.

BY A. WILSON, ESQ., M.D.

(Continued from page 329.)

THE *Development* of the brain is closely interwoven with the question of education. The brain at birth is so undeveloped that it is questionable if a newly-born infant can see. This may come as a shock to those who fancy their children recognise them at birth, for at this stage there is little consciousness of feeling. The brain cells are all laid down in layers at birth, but are quite undeveloped, and therefore can perform no duties; they gradually come into activity as the fibres become ensheathed. Thus the fibres running from the skin to the sensory cells first become insulated. These in turn stimulate the motor cells and the motor fibres then are ensheathed.

Similarly with sight and hearing. The fibres carrying impressions from the outer world are first insulated. Thus the brain cells are roused to activity by light and sound, and finally the fibres leading from one centre (association centre) to another are insulated; so that higher mental action can be performed. It is found by experiment that if one eye of a kitten be kept from the influence of light that optic nerve is delayed accordingly in its development. This shows the stimulating effect of light necessary for bringing the nerve to activity. While sensation, motion, sight and other functions are "laid on," if I may use an electrical term, in the early weeks of life, the higher mental or association centres are only connected up in childhood and may go on developing up to 30, or even later. So there is always hope for mental improvement during the first half of life. After 50, there comes to be a pause or even a shrinking in some cases of the brain.

The *Weight* of the brain shows many variations and demonstrates the fact that brain weight and intelligence are not necessarily connected. The average weight of a man's brain is 48 ozs. or 3 lbs., while a woman's brain is  $\frac{1}{4}$  lb. less, 44 ozs. The brain is heaviest about 30, but it is astonishing

how heavy in proportion is a child's brain, and there is comparatively little increase in weight after the tenth year. The lowest brain weight recorded is about 8 ozs., while the heaviest recorded is about 70 ozs., in both cases the property of idiots. Many of the heaviest brains are owned by idiots and other insane people. Often idiots have brains which weigh over 4 lbs. Comparing the brain weights of the insane it is found that they keep almost to the average, for the wasted brains of old people and demented are more than balanced by the excessive weights of the brains of epileptics and others. It is sometimes found that those of great intellect excel in development in one area and are deficient in others. Thus Gambetta had an unusual development in the speech area, but deficient in other parts, so that the actual brain was lighter than the average. Therefore an intellectual man, as a scientist, or lawyer, or musician, may be well developed in certain parts, but yet show less brain weight than a prize-fighter or a navvy. This excessive development of one faculty is the foundation of *Genius*. Other faculties may be deficient, thus explaining the eccentricities of geniuses. There is one cheering prospect for us in the midst of our toil, that hard work improves brain tissue. It is worry that kills. A worrying nature, like a high-stepping horse, soon knocks itself to pieces.

It is evident, then, that all who have to educate children should begin in infancy to store a child's brain with useful information and wholesome ideas. One knows that every infant is full of activity, seeking to fill its mind, the receptive side of the brain being an empty storehouse. Would that parents could realize the importance of carefully satisfying the endless enquiries their children make! It is weary work often enough, but the parent must lay aside self and devote himself or herself wholly to the offspring. This a modern idea and opposed to the ancient doctrine that children must be seen and not heard. It is a wonder many of us were not stupid, considering the way parents of former years looked upon their children. Certainly many of us owe our tempers, and shortcomings, to an ignorant lack of interest in our earliest education. It is the best investment we can make to bring up our children in happiness, and to satisfy their intelligence, and not merely to satisfy it, but to stimulate and

develop it. It is an investment in which the mother reaps equally with the father, and which brings more comfort and happiness in old age than the biggest annuity that Mammon can offer. It may not be convenient to answer a child's questions at one particular time, but that is no reason for a rebuff, which not only deprives it of intellectual food, but tends to develop an irritable and sulky disposition. But as much as possible, every attention should be given to instruct the youngest child, training it always to accuracy of observation and inference. It is of the highest importance always to deal truthfully and fairly with a child. As youth approaches we will be rewarded with a fine intelligence which will be the pride of our hearts, and in manhood or womanhood our admiration will increase. Our reward will be great in proportion to the pains we take in infancy and the honesty of our dealings. Not only so, we will have the satisfaction of seeing a healthy mind. We will watch the youth steadfast and firm against the many temptations of the world, speeding forward with higher motives and stretching up to loftier ambitions. Is this not indeed more than gold and silver can give? And what is there more to be admired than a maiden endowed with intelligence, while superadded is the higher moral training as evinced by her modesty and simplicity, combined with grace and kindliness? How opposite are so many of the young women of the day, uneducated, vain, fond of show and yet lacking in the nobler qualities and instincts of womanhood.

I sometimes think that the false lives so many lead is due to faulty education. Irritable parents, labouring under strain, are very often deficient in the virtue of patience. They cannot endure the ceaseless prattle, the perpetual motion, and endless enquiries, of the young bairns around them. The children are a positive nuisance. There is not only an actual lack of sympathy between parent and child, but at times a positive hatred. This is by no means uncommon, though almost incredible; and while the public have recently been shocked, both at the mock punishment, and also at the fiendish cruelty of a lady to her child, such a case is only a slight accentuation and example of a terrible sore which afflicts our nation in its days of prosperity, luxury, and engendered selfishness.

I do not mean that in our parish we would find many mothers putting wasps and nettles down her child's back, but I fear we would find not a few mothers who would sooner let the nurse take charge of the sick child, rather than fatigue herself in administering to its comforts. Yet what could give the suffering one more joy and hope than to nestle on its mother's arm. And how many fathers would sooner go to the theatre, or the club, rather than give their evenings up wholly to amuse and instruct their children! These acts of neglect are forms of passive cruelty, that widen the gulf 'twixt parent and child. This may seem a matter of but little importance, quite outside the sphere of education, but the whole basis of sound healthy moral education is by the influence of the parent, and the bond of that influence is affection and sympathy. It is important that everyone should understand the mechanical principles of education. One can truly say the brain is a machine. The motor force is living energy, and life is the highest force, unmakeable and uncomprehensible. Once it ceases it cannot be revived.

We have studied the areas of the brain, and seen that groups of cells perform certain duties and no other; also that these groups are connected by fibres, which carry messages and impulses to and fro. We have also seen that man's highest intellect is sight. Man is not dependent on smell in his higher communities, so that part of the brain is poorly developed. The lower savages do depend on their scent for their existence, tracking animals for food. Some tribes of Indians can smell objects many miles off. The dog lives by scent, and its organ of smell is highly developed in the brain.

If a child be born blind, or become so soon after birth, that part of the brain which receives sight impressions is almost absent. Moreover, in such afflicted conditions you find ideation very stunted. It is difficult to make them understand what colour and substance are. Even under favourable teaching their physical blindness leads to a mental blank. This is also evinced in their listless apathetic faces, often with a resigned expression, patiently waiting till their darkness ends; possibly, we may hope, to be followed by a compensation in the life to follow. Let us then make the most of the brain centre of vision in the early days of our

children, for this organ may be compared to a photographic apparatus; and the more good photographs they can stow away in childhood, the better they will be equipped for the battle of life. The eye is the camera, and the most perfect one ever made. There is a lens and iris diaphragm, with a muscle of accommodation for accurate and rapid focussing. The retina at the back of the eye is the screen. The retina is a very wonderful mechanism of nerve fibres and cells, and is an outgrowth from the brain, therefore it is in reality a part of the brain. In the early state of development the brain consists of a hollow tube. It then enlarges, and becomes constricted at parts to form lobes. From one of these lobes projects a little cup on a stalk. This cup forms the retina, while the stalk becomes the optic nerve. Therefore, while we can only liken the retina to the screen, we may say that the group of brain cells at the end of the optic nerve is the sensitized plate. It would be more accurate to put it in the plural sense, for the organ of sight may be compared to an album of photographs, numbering not millions but billions and trillions multiplied. We are quite certain that a limited area photographs words, so we may equally infer another part photographs colour and another part form, and so on with many sub-divisions. Our object should be to fill our storehouse and the storehouses of those depending on us. Above all, let us be careful as to the quality of our photographic album and store it carefully only with the best. The photographer has always to be careful as to his exposure, and he destroys all his under-exposed photographs as worthless. In education, I fear, many of the photographs are worthless from under-exposure. In brain photographs we have several ways of recording the same object, but this does not minimise the importance of time-exposure. Supposing we take a child of five and show it an orange for a few minutes, and it never sees another orange for twenty years, what sort of an idea or impression would it have? Of course its memory would be very shady. But if we daily give the child oranges, its brain gradually records impressions that will not fade. First there is the form or shape, next the colour, thirdly the appearance of the pulp and pips inside. Leaving the organ of sight, the child's brain records other impressions. First of touch, the feel of the rind, the moisture

of the juice inside. The organ of smell also records the scent of the oil or its fragrance; while, not least, the organ of taste receives an agreeably and lasting impression. The following winter the sight of the fruit in the shop windows revives all the same old impressions, and this is the faculty of Memory. *Memory* is the revival of former mental impressions: the living over again of former states. There is a seeing over again of past mental pictures. But there must be something to call forth memory. In this case the sight of the fruit recalls by memory the taste and smell and touch which had been recorded the previous year.

Among other recording centres there are the four speech centres requiring notice.

First, the word-hearing centre, for the child associates the word orange with the fruit.

Secondly, the word-pronouncing or speaking centre, which is in touch with the former, and has to be appealed to when the child wishes to ask for an orange.

Thirdly, the word-seeing or reading centre, when the child is old enough to spell and read the word orange.

Fourthly, the motor centre connected with the hand, being the writing centre, when the child can put on paper the word orange.

Let us briefly enumerate the number of records the brain makes of the orange, and the order in which these centres record. 1st, Sight centre: colour, form, texture, other details. 2nd, Touch centre: the roughness and shape, so as to recognise it by either in the dark. 3rd, Smell centre. 4th, Taste centre. 5th, Word centre: (a) word-hearing, (b) word-speaking, (c) word-seeing, (d) word-writing.

As before stated memory requires a stimulus. It cannot be spontaneous. In fact it is doubtful if there be spontaneous thought or ideas. Every thought is in response to a stimulus or to a previous idea or thought. We can only stimulate by the arousing of one centre. Thus, if we say the word orange, or read it, or hear it said, the word centre calls forth ideation in all the other centres. If we unexpectedly in the dark felt an orange, we would only know what it was by rousing the other centres, or some of them. While I am talking, I call forth with everyone present memories of the orange. To demonstrate this more thoroughly, let me speak of the



acidity of sour gooseberries, and you will feel your teeth on edge. This is but the rousing of memories in your taste centres, and also sensory dental nerves. It is the reviving of former impressions. If I said this before anyone who had never seen a gooseberry, the words would have no meaning, as there would be no past impressions to work upon. If I suggest the scraping of a slate pencil, we all feel the teeth on edge. This is the rousing of past impressions through the auditory centre. If I say "St. Paul's Cathedral," the hearing centre calls forth a brain picture or photograph with those who know the building. This illustrates the stimulus necessary for memory. But the past impression of St. Paul's Cathedral must be there. In some cases the word is a blank, as there is no mental picture to revive.

If we carry this matter of education further, the same principles hold good up to the very highest point. Thus, in teaching music, the child first sees the printed music, then records the names of the notes A to G, sharps and flats; thirdly, it sees the keyboard and associates the one with the other; fourthly, the hand centre is trained to the manipulation, and finally the hearing centre. At first it is slow and tedious; such a note is A on the paper, and the eye carefully searches the keyboard, and after sundry errors strikes the right key. Until the ear is educated the pupil must depend on the teacher for help and correction. But once the ear is trained the pupil knows by sound when an error is committed and can afford to relieve the eye from searching the keyboard, while the manipulation exercises train the fingers, so as to adapt themselves to the correct distances between the respective notes. It becomes a laborious training, but once accomplished the eye no longer watches the keyboard, but the music, trusting to the hand to measure off the distance between the notes and also to the ear to correct any false notes. One sees great players performing with lightning rapidity and then the action has become automatic. The early process of reading each note and carefully observing the key has been superseded through practice. The skilled musician reads the music at a glance, he never pauses to direct his hands. His hands obey the movements almost magically as the sight centre of the brain transmits its messages to the motor cells of the fingers. This becomes

an automatic action, calling forth no thought, and is shown by the frequency with which musicians can perform and yet engage in conversation, showing that their forebrains, or centres of attention, are otherwise occupied. Some call this phenomenon sub-consciousness or the unconsciousness of mind, but however it is labelled, it is a purely automatic skilled mechanism. We see it in the smaller details of life. A man reads a paper while crossing a crowded thoroughfare. His forebrain is in full attention on the newspaper. He takes no heed of the traffic. But his sub-consciousness guides him. That is, his sight centre and ear centre announce the approach of a vehicle, and without telegraphing to the forebrain for directions, wire on to the walking centre on which side to move. This shows that a large amount of information and knowledge is acquired by the brain, and stored up there to be used in a quiet fashion, without always rousing the full intellectual activities. One can see what a saving of brain work there must be if the brain can act automatically, or sub-consciously, without calling on the forebrain for its aid. The converse is evident when we have either deep study or important intellectual work to perform. After a time there is prostration, for the whole brain has been at work, not only the Receptive centres of sight and hearing, but also the higher intellectual centres, the Prefrontal. If there be too great a strain on the mind or brain from a continued effort, as in a long investigation of science, or a lawsuit, or too much study, then the whole brain is exhausted, and the individual becomes for the time weak-brained, or neurasthenic, to use a new-fangled term. The cure now is rest, for the brain has wonderful recuperative power. If the cure be not sought, then worse may follow, even to insanity; or there may be a general impairment in will-power or alteration in character.

It is extremely important for adults not to be overstrained, but it is of still greater importance that the young should not suffer in this way. One often meets with backward children, who are listless and inattentive, and fail to respond to their teachers. They want to play. Then let them play. Take them from school and give them plenty of out-door games, and plain wholesome food, avoiding meat as being too stimulating. Strengthen their bodies and let their brains lie fallow. In time their brains will be ready for action. Some

children learn to read at six or seven, others at four or five. In these days of strain, I would sooner have the late readers than use pressure to those of tender years. We too often see children, who are exceedingly clever and precocious at four, lagging far behind their companions at fourteen.

It is a great mistake to force intelligent young children. Their powers of reception are great, but their powers of recuperation are necessarily small. If the latter are overdrawn, it saps their intellectual growth, not for the time only but for life. It is therefore a good thing to graduate the education, according to the age or period of life. Short hours of study, and plenty of exercise to develop the muscles. Kindergarten schemes do well at the beginning, imparting a lot of general information on most subjects. The hands are taught in the occupation of modelling and carpentry. Is not this a grand basis for future engineering?

It is often urged that very young children should be taught natural sciences. This I think should be worked on broad lines. You may teach a child of four or five to discriminate between an oak leaf and a primrose, but under the age of eight to ten you will make very little headway with detail or minutiae. At this age you may certainly lay a useful foundation, while at the younger period you may easily create the desire for knowledge. The child can then appreciate structure of flowers, the formation of buds and leaves, and even use the microscope. It can learn of the moon's journey round the earth, and by diagram or model understand the earth's course round the sun, with reference to day, and night, and the seasons. Knowledge, so imparted in a variety of subjects, such as botany, natural history, astronomy, geology, will create such a thirst, that will stimulate study and desire during the 'teens. This will prove of value almost to the salvation of the soul, for these scientific hobbies will keep the young people steady and wholesome-minded.

Those whose privilege it is to educate the young should aim at a little well done, rather than a large display. Let a few subjects be well taught. Impress on them accuracy of observation and precision in recording. It is no use to scamp knowledge, or it will all be lost. One should learn slowly, and when anything is to be stored in the brain, it should be stamped on as many brain centres as possible.

One sees how figures, mathematics, Euclid problems, and poetry, rapidly fade from memory ; so that only some brains are constituted to retain them. These can only be stamped on the four speech centres which have already been described. These are almost the highest intellectual centres, and on that account are apt to be unstable.

It is a matter of rote, or repetition, to fix a problem or even a poem in the mind. In the latter, the sound of one line recalls the next, hence the value of rhyme ; whilst in problems, if the memory fails at one point, the thread is broken and all is lost. Geography and history are almost as bad. One has to remember a lot of concrete details, names of towns and rivers, names of kings, and dates, and unless there is an individual aptitude, it all fades as one grows older.

In all these the word-hearing centre is the chief registry office. This is, alas, not a large brain centre, and with many not over-developed. Few could learn the above subjects unless they repeated their lessons aloud several times, stamping the word-hearing centre with impressions. Unless there is some very good stimulus in other brain centres, these records disappear and cannot be recalled. I doubt if one parent in this room, I might almost say in this society, could write down all the Kings and Queens of England, with the dates of their accession. Yet probably all were able to do so in their schooling days. The reason is obvious. The word-hearing centre alone was appealed to. But if we take a few prominent rulers, as Alfred the Great, Elizabeth, Henry VIII., and others, we can give a good deal of information about them, because their acts and lives are stamped on several brain centres. The stories concerning each have made so many brain pictures, or photographs, so that when the name of Elizabeth is mentioned, we recall a brain picture of a handsome woman, a great sportswoman, and several incidents in her life, including her hunting round our forest.

Teachers then can aid their pupils by graphic details, living brain photographs or pictures, being tacked on to any subject in itself concrete and difficult to retain. Thus in geography, map-drawing stamps the contour of a country on the brain ; while the products of a country or a town, or some historic event, may easily make permanent mental records.

There is a great art in the interweaving of one subject with another; so that when any particular matter is under consideration, it will appeal to many brain centres and dip into a variety of sources of information.

By way of general *résumé*, from what has been described it will be seen that the brain and nervous system is the governing element of the human body, and a very necessary part also. It has its various types and rudiments in all the lower animals: from the sea anemone upwards, right through the worms, lobsters, snails, fish, reptiles, birds, mammals, up to the monkeys and higher apes. The lowest animals have just enough nervous system to enable them to live, while the higher animals have additional nerve powers, according as their conditions of existence become more perilous. These latter have to hunt for their food, and protect themselves, and provide for their young. Man has more to fulfil than all these, for he has risen to rule the beasts of the field, and been placed in a position of high office.

We can, however, simplify this complex human brain by dividing it according to its functions into three parts. There is the lowest, hindmost brain, which I have not this evening mentioned. It is the vital centre, and called the medulla oblongata. It has no consciousness, but governs all the important functions of the body, such as the breathing centre, the heart, the digestion, and so forth. We might compare it to the housekeeper, or to the steward of a large estate. Perhaps the best simile is the Army Service Corps. It looks after the physical needs of the army and the commissariat. When it fails all is up.

The second division of the brain is the sensori-motor, over which most of our time has been spent. This part of the brain receives impressions from the outer world, and directs all the actions of our lives. It is best likened to the combatant portion of the army, the active part of the service; or it resembles the crew of a ship.

The third portion of the brain is the prefrontal, and the smallest of all in area, yet the most important. This is the master of the house, who directs the servants of the household; or more correctly, the captain of the ship, or the general commanding the army. No soldiers on entering the army, nor sailors joining the navy, are competent. They have to be trained; at first they are clumsy and make mistakes,

but in time become skilled and can perform their duties without the superintendence of their superior officers.

Precisely so with the brain. The young developing brain cells and brain centres have to be taught the simplest details, and stumble along during their long period of education. Some sailors are smarter than others and learn quicker, and so it is with our brain cells. Some children are more receptive and responsive than others.

Education, in time, equips these sensori-motor centres, so that they can act without calling forth the higher supervising brain centres. This has been demonstrated in the case of learning music, and therefore need not be repeated. That is to say, that most of our common occupations are performed without fixing our attention on the individual actions. We write without watching the formation of each letter; we sew whilst talking and without watching the needle; we eat without watching the movements of our hands, or accurately apportioning the size of the morsels to be swallowed.

Thus the mid-brain, when well trained, acts without calling on the higher centres. Some call it the unconscious mind, but others use the better term subconscious, as the former opens an endless discussion as to what consciousness is—a metaphysical discussion without limit. To show in detail how our mid-brain takes care of us, take the simple example of how we carry our keys, or those who wear eye-glasses, how much anxiety they are saved. No one specially fixes one's attention on the keys, and yet how rarely are they mislaid. The mid-brain, trained for years to put them in a certain pocket, seldom fails. A drawer is locked, shutting away valuables or secrets; you do not pause and make sure your keys are in the right place, for the mid-brain, well trained, automatically carries out the process, without for a moment arousing your attention. This goes on twenty times a day, year in and year out, without once defaulting. Similarly, those who use glasses often are startled when far from home to miss their spectacles or eye-glasses. After much fumbling they find their trusty servant the mid-brain has, without calling their attention, quietly stowed them away in some special pocket. If we had to call on the higher brain for these minutiae, we would wear out our lives. I liken this automatic action to the life in the army, where the sentries, like our eyes and ears, report to the officers, and

the officers call on the mobile troops to perform certain acts. As long as they can manage they don't disturb their general and his staff. But let a critical or exceptional period arrive, and the general is roused, and his counsel and direction demanded.

So with our mid-brain. It calls on the fore-brain or prefrontal for direction in special circumstances. The mechanical process of answering a letter is managed by the mid-brain in an automatic fashion. But the answering of correspondence, and the composition or drafting of a letter, can only be done by the prefrontal, which has to weigh, analyse, and consider all details. The skill of the prefrontal is interwoven with the intelligence, and the intelligence rests upon its previous education, just as the success of the general rests upon the knowledge, education, and previous experience which he has acquired. The last three years have given us ample examples of both kinds of generals in human warfare. We have their counterparts in mental variations.

In matters of education, in the broadest term, we endeavour to equip the prefrontal of the young with our own knowledge, by way of saving them from some of the bitter lessons of experience. But we all know that many children are wilful and self-opinionated, and this may also apply to adolescents. In such cases we must allow them to pass through some troubles in order to learn wisdom.

Wisdom is indeed the most valuable possession that we can have, and ought to be our aim more than wealth and position. If we can acquire it we may perhaps hand it down to our posterity, and it has not the chance of crumbling away like the latter. The wiser and more intellectual the parent, the better brain will the child inherit. We see the converse especially most marked in the child of the criminal, drunkard, and degenerate.

It is well for us to bear in mind the influence of *Heredity*.

We inherit our virtues and our vices, and we pass them on to our children. This factor ought to keep us in an attitude of sincere humility when dealing with them. But if we are willing frankly to recognize our own faults and weaknesses, we may watch for them in our children, and indeed forestall them. This is better than waiting for their evidence and development, and then administering correction.

Has a child an irritable temper? If so, either father or mother looking back can trace the same type exactly.

Is our child nervous, impatient, or peevish? So were we in our earlier days. But, unfortunately, in the former period the patriarchal government sternly repressed these faults, or more correctly, weaknesses, and I fear soured many.

What, then, must we do with our children? Far be it from me to advocate the absence of punishment where it is a wholesome medicine. But with intelligent children there are better ways of reaching their moral nature. Patience and self-command on the part of the senior or superior is an absolute essential, so also is sympathy. However aggravating the child may be, never show the slightest concern or agitation. This self-control will so surprise the little miscreant that it will effect half the cure of the outburst or explosion of misdirected nerve force. There is no use rubbing a child the wrong way, and arguing when it is fractious. Let the storm subside, and then a quiet talk will do a great deal in toning up the morals, especially if the child is convinced of the parent's earnestness and affection.

The children of the poor are seldom treated this way, nor does there seem much hope for them. The prolific families, always on the edge of starvation, come more to resemble the lower animals, and these types of degeneracy are always on the increase. I fear with them the only method to reach their moral nature is by way of the sensory nerves of the skin. But in this we of the middle class often have opportunities, which we should seize, of helping the children of the poor.

While on the subject of moral education one must refer to *Habits*.

It must be our earnest endeavour to cultivate and encourage good habits, sparing no endeavours to check and suppress bad habits.

What then is habit? Probably it has a physical basis in the brain. Habit may be acquired or inherited.

We see many examples of the inherited habit, both good and bad. We can see and forestall them in our children during the different periods of development.

But acquired habits must be carefully watched. When the individual, or in other words, the mind or brain, has become predominated by a habit, the whole nature is altered. The mind and thinking powers are coloured thereby in the most



slavish fashion. Train up one child as a Socialist, and another as a Conservative, and they review the same subject with all sincerity, but from opposite sides, and arrive at opposite conclusions, and you cannot alter their habit of thought.

The same applies in religious and moral matters. The child brought up carelessly, or worse, encouraged in selfish motives, may be shrewd and clever in business, but will become grasping and grinding to the point of cruelty, and even if tempered with religion will be exacting and mean almost to the point of sharp practice. How much better if a child be trained to be generous, kind, and helpful of others. He may not make so much money, but will have more satisfaction in what he makes, and the greater pleasure of feeling he has helped others.

But there is a more serious aspect, and that is that at the decline of life, when will power fails, bad habits once acquired, though held in check for years, may reappear in vigour. Old age then resembles childhood, but from a different cause. In childhood and youth the higher brain faculties are gradually developing, fresh brain cells becoming active. They ought during manhood to remain in a high state of perfection. But in senile decay the first cells to go are the highest developed, and chief among them those that regulate memory, judgment, and will power.

We meet with examples daily of how old age reflects youth. How many old people there are, whom we venerate and respect, and go to for wisdom and example. Theirs has been a well-trained childhood, and a noble youth. On the other hand we meet some whom we despise, who disgrace themselves in old age. Better had these not outlived their faculties, they reflect an unstable and unhealthy childhood.

Thus, in a sense, we are victims to our construction, and as we did not make ourselves, it opens up a wide subject for contemplation on the question of *Responsibility*.

I feel convinced that while many are born with but poor chance in life of being noble and honourable, there are yet many of good heredity and type whom we might say are born into the Kingdom of God.

Finally, I would put in a plea for the children. It is a fact that in the first and earliest form of life there is a germ-plasm

of infinitesimal quantity. This resembles the mustard seed we read of, which is the smallest of seeds, but grows to one of the largest of trees. So this germ-plasm is the characteristic feature in our development. It permeates every organ, influencing both body and mind. Thus you see in one family a distinct hand, in another a special type of face or voice, and so on. These are transmitted peculiarities, and the same happens in our mental and I fear also in our spiritual states. Thus the son resembles the father, perhaps following him in a benevolent life, or it may be the reverse, in cunning practices or in evil ways. We can almost foretell the career of the child when we know the parents. How could it be otherwise, for the inherited germ-plasm must make the son like the father? This gives us food for reflection in the question of *Marriage*. One parent may be weak or unstable, or even evil, the other parent may be strong and good. So there is a battle between two germ-plasms. The chances are uncertain as to the result in the children. The stronger characteristics are more likely to be inherited, but much depends on the education and influence during childhood—so there is always hope to stamp out the bad. One parent may be strong in wickedness, and therefore prevail over the opposite inheritance which may be virtuous but weak. Hence the importance of each of us striving to be strong in all that is good.

While we would like to see our children educated to the highest pitch, are we not more anxious to see them grow up good and useful men and women? Are not the refinements of mind and character part of the education to be sought after? Is not the main object of our education to equip us to take a high place in this world's affairs, always working for the elevation and improvement of others? And finally, when we reach the end of our journey and resign our commission, will we not be the better prepared for the Future State, which though unknown, yet we hope and yearn for? Does not education, when used in its highest and noblest sense, stimulate us, and prepare us for that Life in which there is no turmoil, no poverty, no struggling of one man against his neighbour, no bargain hunting; but a peace which is not apathy, a joy which is not excitement, and contentment which is not indifference.

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### IV.—THROUGH THE WINDOW.

A MARVELLOUSLY pleasant thing it is, and not unprofitable, to pack your sketch book in one pocket and your paint-box in another, and take ticket, in early summer, to some foreign town for a little street-sketching. The sunshine is at its best, when as yet dust, and heat, and mosquitoes, and tourists have not appeared; only the blaze of light on crumbling walls and striped awnings, the breadth of gloom under heavy eaves and down deep lanes, the purple sheen of slates and roofing-shingles against deep blue and fresh, unsullied green; and at the windows, and along the pavement, such eddying glitter of populous life, lads and men bronzed and bloused, women and children in gay and light attire, all making holiday, you could think (for you know nothing of the dark side of their lives), in honour of mid-summer.

The unaccustomedness and movement of travelling, the necessity of making the most of time, are great incitements to effort; there is no doubt that every artist works with a tenfold energy when he is on a sketching-tour. But is it because he has no subjects at home? Often, when I have been standing at a street-corner, paint-box on thumb and sketch-book in hand, and the usual crowd of boys and idlers at my shoulder, I have been amused with their blank astonishment that I should choose a view, to them so utterly uninteresting. "What is it he does?" they say. "It is nothing; the street, the shops, the door of the cathedral. Ah, see the coal-cart; to paint a coal-cart! See there, the flowers at the window: and our Toinette—it is she! Hé! Toinette, one makes thy portrait!" And then comes out the shopkeeper, bland and patronising. "Very well done, sir; courage! But has monsieur seen our new museum? *There's* a fine building! What statues! What a façade! That would make a magnificent subject!" Occasionally, indeed, as the work advances, the artist has the honour of drawing public attention to points of interest unnoticed before; and

then he feels that he has not lived in vain. Sometimes—oh, flattering moment!—boys bring out pencil and paper, awakened to emulation; and once or twice, indeed, I have had quite a drawing-class on the kerbstone.

But this want of interest does not prove stupidity. We are usually just as careless of the picturesque possibilities of our own surroundings. When a foreign painter comes over, and turns our streets into pictures for us, we are amazed. Sometimes a genius opens our eyes to the true romance, as Carlyle calls it, of reality; and well it is when we can learn the lesson, to husband our sensibilities and keep them brightly reflective, to guard our judgment and keep it keenly appreciative; lest we be deceived by the desire of mere animal excitement and vicissitude into despising the pleasures that lie round about us. Your great man shows his power in painting something that nobody else has thought worth painting, for nobody else has cared about it; and when the work is shown we feel—perhaps not all at once—its truth, and we become interested in it by this inevitable contagion of enthusiasm. And then everybody rushes to paint the new subject; forgetting that it is not the scene that makes the picture, but the seer.

So, after all, the material of art is looking in at your window and beckoning your attention, while you are dreaming of the things you would do at Rome or Venice, at the Alps or the Alhambra. The houses over the way; the chimney-pots seen from an upper window; a tree in the garden, or a bed of flowers—any of these might be taken as sufficient subjects by one who has the gift of appreciating them. It is not given to all, in its fulness; but a share of it comes by close dealing with things. It does not make you fond of a person, simply to live with him; but work with him—and if you feel a true sympathy in the work, you soon find sympathy with the person. So it is that when you take your subject into partnership, not merely into service, not merely to see what you can “make of it,” you gradually find its loveableness. Probably, in some occult way, your affection will show itself in your picture; at any rate you will have been your own poet; you will have opened your own eyes, and done one bit of work in the spirit of great art.

Sometimes, in the various businesses of life, we have to work with people whom, at first sight, we hardly care about

as partners. But if we are wise we study them, and get to find their good points and their bad. It is our duty, then, to make the most of the good, and set that in the fairest light ; not blinding ourselves to the bad, but helping them to put it out of the way. And so in painting, there is no object so beautiful but it has weak points, and our first business is to think them out, to determine the strongest point, and lean upon it. This is at the bottom of what critics call Composition ; and its first law is Principality.

You are sitting at the window—whichever window you like best to look from,—and there is one object, one little thing—not a whole block of houses, but an opposite door or window, a chimney-stack, or distant building, or spire—on which your eyes rest. Perhaps it has a space of foliage near it, contrasting with the sharp-cut architecture. Why not take that for your subject ? not the whole range of view, but that single feature.

For first attempt, take a brush with Chinese white and trace the actual form at arm's length on the window-pane (or any piece of glass) as children draw on a "drawing slate," and then measure it off on the paper with compasses or a ruler. You will be sure, then, to get the perspective right, if there is any. It is as easy as two and two if you look squarely through the glass and straight at the model.

Then, having fixed the size to scale, spend half an hour or more on the outline of that one feature ; finally determining it with the pen, so that it looks like a delicate etched vignette in the middle of the paper. At the next sitting, fill in the rest of the scene in the same way, as far as the paper will admit. Every mass will be outlined carefully and "affectionately" ; the foliage as well as the masonry. There is no fear that you will care less and less about your subject as you go on, if you resolve to get it right, down to the correct placing of the smallest detail of cracks and crannies, with all the little turns that mark expression and individuality, giving a true portrait of the scene, and the spirit of it. The only fear is that you may think it does not matter whether you get it right or not ; and *that* is fatal to your own interest in it.

This outdoor view is to be coloured exactly as the lemon and the primrose were coloured. Take a slip of paper, and hold it up against the window at right angles to the glass, so that the light falls on it ; and try one tint after another

(mixing cobalt and light red and yellow ochre) until the natural colour of the building is matched, its light parts and its dark parts. You will find you cannot match the lightest parts of the sky because they are brighter than white paper—so, leave them white. And on a very sunny day half the picture must be left white for the same reason. Consequently, it will be wise to colour this study when the sun is partly or wholly veiled by clouds; then the tones can be approximately matched; and the spaces painted of their true colour and depth. Do a little at a time, dwelling on each bit until it is done.

The house, or the chimney-tops, or whatever central architectural feature you choose, will not give very great trouble; but the bit of foliage, with all its little lights and variety of movement, how about that? We have learnt something of the draughtsmanship of trees; the next step is to attack their colour; one thing at a time. There are light masses and dark masses on the tree—two distinct colours which, especially if you half shut your eyes, will seem to model the foliage as a whole solid object, like the primrose-leaves of the last lesson. It will be enough to mix and match two tints of tree-colour, and treat the foliage as you treated the lemon, neglecting all texture and glitter and minor details, and painting as it were a soft cushion of green velvet. You cannot yet give the whole truth about the foliage, but you can be true as far as you go—in the accurate outline, and in the accurate depth and hue of colour.

When these tints are laid, it may be that a little retouching is necessary to trim the edges, to emphasise something dark or light, and perhaps to insert detail that you are not skilful enough to express with the first wet painting. But the rule is against retouching, unless it be absolutely required. Broken colour with all its charm must be left for the present; the importance of true values and broad massing is far greater. It is of importance, also, that you should study to be neat without niggling, and to be decisive without slapdash. Is that too much to expect?

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In this paper I was getting on too fast for some of my pupils. I began to find the difficulty of directing unknown correspondents, which is quite another thing from criticising them, as usually done in sketching clubs. I wanted to tell

them how to do it, not merely to give praise and blame to their efforts; and I thought that the directions here given were pretty simple and easy to follow, quite forgetting that I should not be there to explain myself. "Whichever window you like best to look from," said I; and one, taking it literally, tried to paint a shrubbery without form and void. "Sure to get the perspective right" by marking the lines on the window pane! It was quite beyond some to observe the facts, even with the help (if they used it) of the pane of glass. A little later I gave the following suggestion, which was found useful:—Say

"Level lines above me go *down* as they go away:

*(Hold your pencil high, with its point down.)*

Level lines below my eye go *up* as they go away:

*(Hold your pencil low, with its point up.)*

And the level line at my eye's level, a level line must stay.

I wonder if I've remembered this, in all I've drawn to-day?

Take *this* line—and *this* line"

—and so on, until you have checked all the lines in your sketch. If you go through this *while you are drawing from nature*, and check your lines *with the real lines before your eyes*, you are not likely to go very far wrong. You will soon notice that different lines have a different slope, but by holding your pencil level across them (or if that is not easy, making a plumbline with a bit of string and any little weight, and so getting the true vertical) you will see *how much* they slope. No more is needed to get the perspective right.

But what is the use of perspective as it is taught with T-square and compasses? To get a correct drawing of something you *don't* see. The object of these lessons is to encourage observation of things you *can* see: and with such a habit of observation, theoretical perspective is not really necessary to practical sketching. It is a valuable and interesting study, but an ounce of practice is worth a pound of theory. Many people are discouraged from sketching because they are told that they can't expect to get their lines right unless they have gone through a course of perspective; this is true if they "draw out of their heads"; but if they draw only what they see, and check the lines as I have suggested, their perspective will be as good as that of nine pictures out of ten by more experienced artists.

## LOVE SONGS.\*

BY MRS. DOUGLAS WILSON.

THE love story and the love song will ever remain favourites with old and young; and the most ancient, yet the freshest and sweetest, are those the birds would tell us in spring-time, in wood and lane and hedgerow. To be landed into the thick of the very haunts of the nightingale within half an hour's train ride from Baker Street, seems almost a fairy story; nevertheless, within that short space of time, we found ourselves early last June wandering in bird fairy-land, the air full of tuneful melody.

For some hours we walked leisurely through lanes and hedgerows, fresh with spring flowers and bursting buds. The air was so full of song tangle, that at first it seemed almost impossible to disengage one warble from another, until a clear, shrill, penetrating note cleaving the air and dwarfing all other sounds, discovered to us that the nightingale was near. Many people imagine that the nightingale sings only at night, but it is a well-known fact that his singing continues from sunrise till long after sunset, although it is in the gloaming when the bird world is silent, that his song can be best heard and appreciated.

Twice, the clear, resonant, long-drawn note was repeated, and then followed a continuous stream of luscious sounds, tumbling pell mell the one over the other, in a very cascade of ecstasy.

The singer sat well in view at the extreme end of an oak branch, the sun raining down and burnishing his ruddy back with gold. As though aware that he was being watched and admired, he sang stanza after stanza with endless variations, beginning every fresh burst of song with the two clear long-drawn notes as prelude.

In appearance, the nightingale is somewhat like a small, slim thrush, but his back and tail are a reddish brown, his breast a greyish white. While he was singing, all other bird

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\* A Natural History Ramble of the P.N.E.U.



music seemed to cease, but during a longer pause than usual between the two bursts of song, it was evident that the other birds were all tuning away on their own account, thoroughly indifferent to any but their own joys.

From a leafy bower came the two quaint notes of the chiff-chaff. The bird was safely hidden from view by his lattice of green, behind which he continued his "chiff-chaff, chiff-chaff," as though pleased with himself and all the world.

Did the nightingale resent this transference for a moment of our attention, or was he anxious to see how home affairs were progressing? All suddenly, he ceased singing in the middle of a verse and flew down into a bramble thicket by the hedgerow, a very characteristic spot for the nest of the nightingale.

During the afternoon, many nightingales were heard by us, but he was the only one who allowed himself to be seen, either at rest or on the wing.

Now that the king's voice was silent, we became conscious of a singer almost as beautiful as the nightingale. The notes were longer sustained, but they bubbled forth with a dainty delicacy and a richness, that can be imagined only by one who has heard the blackcap. Seeing a trespasser, the bird gave out a harsh rasping note of warning to his mate, who sat on her nest close by.

Bird songs and nesting have almost the same meaning, and while our ears were all alert to listen, our eyes were on the watch to spy out the nests, which prompted such joyous carollings.

The blackcap's nest, a small cup-shaped building of grass and moss, was built high up in the bosom of the hedge, and on the nest sat Mrs. Blackcap, anxiously watching our every movement. Sometimes the male bird takes his turn in sitting on the nest, and it is said that he often sings in this position. The mother bird can be distinguished from her lord, by her cap of ruddy brown, in contrast to the shiny black poll, from which her husband receives the name of blackcap.

As soon as we had moved to a safe distance, the male bird, feeling danger past, burst forth in a new love carol of joy.

Our quest was a double one; to find as many nests as we could, and to distinguish and contrast the love ditties of the birds now in full song. Nests were everywhere, in the most

likely and unlikely places, and the very simplicity of their position safeguarded them. The hedges were sparingly draped just then, but a few days of sunshine and warmth, and the dress of green would be so complete, as to hide even those in the most exposed situations.

Suspended in a hawthorn spray hung a nest of the pretty little white-throat. The glitter of two bead-like eyes drew our attention, but although we were so close to her, the mother did not seem at all disturbed by our presence. Her apparent trustfulness made us feel almost ashamed of our pertinent prying, so we beat a hasty retreat and left her to her home joys and matronly cares.

It is an open question whether the song of the thrush or the blackbird is the most beautiful. But every thrush seems to have a different note from his brother, and yet in every thrush song we could not help noticing how many of the notes were imitative of the nightingale. Do the young thrushes copy our great singer, when first they begin to warble? We nearly trod on some young thrushes, which had but a few hours previously left their nest and were hopping about among the grass and bramble sprays beneath.

The empty nursery was full of feather dust, a sure sign that the birds had been fully fledged before leaving. Behind a withered spray of last year's bramble leaves, a bullfinch had skilfully poised its nest, and here again the sitting mother took little heed of our presence. The nest of the bullfinch might be that of a miniature wood-pigeon. So loosely is it knit together, that in spite of the lining of roots, the eggs can be clearly seen through the slight structure. All the time a mother bullfinch is sitting, she keeps turning the eggs with her feet, just as a wood-pigeon does. One home we found quite deserted, drowned by the recent rains. It was the nest of the hedge sparrow, and contained one pretty blue egg. The builders had flitted, let us hope to safer quarters.

What a ventriloquist the cuckoo is! At one moment his voice seemed close to our ear, at another, far away in the distance, and we were not a little surprised to discover the bird resting on a paling not far off, his tail dipping and rising each time he piped forth his two notes.

In the bosom of a fir tree, the wood-pigeon crooned softly to his wife, "Don't scold so, Sukey, don't"; and in contrast

to his melancholy, a frisky, pert little robin piped forth in shrill trebles for sheer gladness that the sun was warm and bright, and that summer was near. We searched in all the likely spots for a robin's nest, but the rascal was too clever for us this time, though during our quest we discovered the nest of a reed warbler by the hedgeside. It was a perfect work of art, raised from the ground on some reeds, and built of dry grass, strengthened by rootlets. Tall sentinels of the wild hyacinth, with the blue bells just expanded, guarded the nest in front and rear. We did not get a sight of the builders of this beautiful home, which we carefully looked at without touching, lest we should desecrate its sanctity and perhaps cause the birds to forsake it.

Poets and singers have their great periods when their flight of song is at its highest, and with the woodland songsters, that point is reached and sustained, while the children are helpless and under the parents' wing.

Later, when the young birds mature and leave the nest, the song of the parent dies away in sad and broken chords, especially noticeable in the lay of our greatest singer, the nightingale. But on that bright June afternoon, there was no sweet melancholy, but only the joyousness of love and sweetness and life, that even on murky November days the echo of the old love songs we heard cleaves the air around and takes us back in memory to those "Temples not made with hands."

## PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS.

BY M. MACEachARN.

THE interest nowadays taken in matters of education—quite irrespective of the Education Bill—may be looked upon as an evidence of the altruistic tendencies of the age, for not only parents but the majority of cultured people are anxious to pass on to the next generation that which shall lead it to realise its highest possibilities. The cause of education is an effort to move the world nearer to the sun, even although our course frequently seems more drawn towards the moon. The increasing interest of the world in education is creating much questioning and sifting of ideas and systems, and naturally, the public schools are under the fire of public opinion, both to their glory and detriment. It is easy to attack and easy to find something to attack if we go about looking for vulnerable spots ; yet discontent is the precursor of reform. The best of our educational systems is far from perfect. We are all groping—groping for fuller knowledge of the child mind, and groping how best to give the child that which at each stage he most requires.

Among the richer classes in England, not to have been at a public school marks a man as a peculiar product of civilisation and handicaps him socially. A man *may* be manly, and *may* have found his own level without having been to school, but most probably not—that is the attitude of the world. Yet when one asks, “What did you learn at school ?” the answer generally received is “Nothing.” The obvious reason of such an answer is that the best part of public school education is, on the boy’s part, unconscious. In no other way could the sense of corporate life and realisation of its obligations be so well brought home. The centre of many a home soon learns that he is only an insignificant part of a great whole ; the miniature Peer Gynts issued yearly from luxurious homes can no longer rule a world of their own by caprice or whim, but must submit to a reign of law. What excellent discipline it is for boys

accustomed to be addressed as "Sir" by deferential grooms and footmen (one of our English ways that astonished Taine not a little), and to be treated with undue respect by their fathers' tenants, to find that the tables are turned and that now they have to say "Sir" to someone, and that no longer does every labourer they meet touch his hat. At school a boy finds his own level. Swagger is crushed and success depends on personal merit alone; to be the son of a duke or millionaire is rather a hindrance to success than otherwise. Birth and money have both to be lived down. The code of etiquette too which prescribes, for example, whether trousers should be turned up or not on certain occasions, or whether a particular button should be fastened or unfastened, is not one of the least beneficial influences of public school life, for it teaches discipline in little things and draws a line between individuality and eccentricity. Men who, like R. L. Stevenson, could wear a velvet coat in Piccadilly, are not public school men.

Manliness, independence, a sense of justice and of social obligation are virtues to possess which one might well risk something, yet certain elements of character have little chance of development at a public school, and one of these is sympathy for the helpless and weak. Lack of sympathy is a primitive characteristic of the boy as of the race. One does not expect sympathy from a boy because it is the outcome of experience and suffering; but where boys congregate in large numbers the helpless and weak suffer even when there is no positive brutality. It is good for a boy to learn to hold his own; but all boys are not capable of doing so. We know what Anthony Trollope suffered at school. He was able to give a voice to his sufferings, but others have suffered equally, in silence, who no doubt were capable of much if only they had had their chance—sensitive natures, unable, perhaps from physical causes, to enter into the riotous exuberance of the life around, shrinking from noise and roughness, and gradually coming to believe in their own insignificance or worthlessness because of the contempt with which they have been treated. Probably few of these boys ever regain sufficient self-confidence to do much in the world. "That one man should die ignorant, who had capacity for knowledge, this I call a tragedy";\* that

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\* Carlyle.

one boy should leave school without having learned that which he had capacity for learning is also a tragedy, for the wasted time can never be recalled. Of course public schools have improved since Trollope's time, and as the conditions of school life improve so does boy nature; but it is still the nature of primitive boyhood to exult in its strength and triumph over the weak, and because this is so, boys should not be given the opportunity of exercising their superior powers as often as they are, for many boys are sent to a public school who are quite unfitted for the life. Why then are they sent? Simply because every *other* boy goes and a boy must not be allowed to grow up unlike others. The development of individuality and opportunity for self-expression are not what parents want apparently; it is enough if a boy is like his fellows. Boys are sent to school to *take* their chance or go without, and as going without is the simplest and pleasantest thing to do, most boys, having unformed ideals, leave school lamentably ignorant, and what is worse, content to be ignorant. The indifference of the English boy to learning is one of his most striking differences from the Scotch boy, who looks upon learning as a valuable thing worth striving after. Thring, advising a father, recommended him to "Vividly impress the *ethics* of education. First, that it is valuable; secondly, that each boy can *certainly* get it; that the denial of these propositions, the worst evil the neglect of the great schools has brought on England, was at the root of most non-learning."\*

To the average boy learning is a thing to be shunned and avoided when possible without getting into a scrape; he goes to school to play games, and if possible get a "blue"; and perhaps to try for a scholarship if anything can be gained by it otherwise impossible.

It was hardly correct for Thring to say, however, that all boys can certainly get education, for the education they can get may not be what they need. Thring believed so staunchly in the virtues of the classics that he made the mistake of thinking they were adapted to the needs of the many, instead of to the few who have a talent for languages combined with an early developed sense of the beautiful; and he believed this

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\* *Life and Letters of Edward Thring*.—G. R. Parkin.

in spite of the average boy's herculean powers of resistance to classical learning, and the consequent waste of time.

When boys come home for holidays what household is not deranged? How to amuse the boys is a problem that besets every mother. Is it not a proof of mental inanition that boys should require to have amusement found for them by parents? "A boy should never be absolutely inactive, and employment should be given him indoors, especially mechanical work," says Froebel in his *Education of Man*, meaning of course that boys should find amusement *in* employment. But how are holidays generally spent? In merely passing time. I have seen boys sit down to play "Beggar my Neighbour" before breakfast during holidays. Considering that a fourth of the year is spent in holidays, is it wise to let boys look upon them as interludes to be devoted to self-indulgence and amusement, or to let boys associate home with loafing?

Now, if education were adapted to the needs of the boy, holidays would be a time of freedom for self-expression; idleness would be an altogether foreign state, and the day would never be long enough to give out all that is within him. It is not the normal boy's nature to be idle; only circumstances make him so. Modelling, carpentering, drawing, painting, and gardening are only a few of the occupations boys turn to naturally if they have opportunity, material and encouragement. It is also natural for boys to delight in history, romance and legend, but books are tabooed at a public school, and even Sir Walter Scott is so little read that his novels are frequently given as holiday tasks. Sir Walter would hardly have felt flattered had he known he would ever be viewed in the light of a task-master, but I have known boys return to school unable to get through *Ivanhoe* or *The Talisman*. Imagination has little room for development when so much of life is absorbed in bodily activity, and in manœuvring to get through the day with the least possible expenditure of labour.

No one was more alive to the importance of games than Thring, yet he said, "I don't want the cricket to get too powerful in the school here, and to be worshipped and made the end of life for a considerable portion of the school." In what public school are games not an end of life for a considerable number of the boys? Yet we must remember that human nature tends to run to extremes, and that moderation is the result

only of a well - trained mind ; and besides, indifference to games is worse than excess of enthusiasm except in the case of specially gifted boys.

Indifference to games is rare, but how universal is the indifference of the schoolboy to the beauties and wonders of the world in which he lives. Ruskin truly said that "most English youths would have more pleasure in looking at a locomotive than at a swallow," and lamented the passing away of the love of Englishmen for trees, flowers and birds. Even when he loves the country, is it not astonishing how ignorant the average Englishman is of the simplest facts of natural history ? To know the names and habits of birds and insects, the names of wild flowers, the natural history of their own locality or estate, is rare amongst Englishmen, in spite of White of Selborne having lived and left an example of what one observant man of leisure may do for the delight and advancement of the world. Is not this ignorance the result of the want of stimulus given to any desire for knowledge of natural history in boyhood ? "I hold it to be an unquestioned fact," says Warde Fowler, "that the direction of children's attention to natural objects is one of the most valuable processes in education. When these children, or at least the boys among them, go away to their respective schools, they will find themselves in the grip of a system of compulsory game-playing which will effectually prevent any attempt at patient observation. There is doubtless very much to be said for this system, if it be applied, like a strong remedy, with real discriminating care ; but the fact is beyond question that it is doing a great deal to destroy some of the Englishman's most valuable habits and characteristics, and among others his acuteness of observation, in which, in his natural state, he excels all other nationalities." An unobservant man, in whatever capacity of life, can never fully exercise his faculties, for habits of observation quicken the mind unconsciously, and are a never-failing source of delight. To the observant, the world can never be small or dull.

Then again, is not the boy's ignorance of his own language a reproach to our public schools ? To go from the simple to the complex, from the known to the unknown, are pedagogic axioms entirely ignored in public school education. Boys



are construing Latin and Greek without any *mind* in the task, long before they have even an elementary knowledge of English, and it is a marvel that parents have so long acquiesced in this. The hours spent in translating dead languages would be of value if the boys learned the languages, but one has only to ask the meaning of a simple Latin or Greek quotation to find out how little learning is carried away from school. A distinguished politician recently apologised for a Latin quotation, saying it only remained to him "as a brilliant oasis in the barren desert of an Eton education." Thring advocated the classics because of the knowledge they give us of the heathen world; because they are the perfection of language and of art; and because they are the best training for thought-expression;—all of which is true from the point of view of a highly-evolved mind. But what is true for a highly-evolved mind is not true for an undeveloped mind, and if we desire to help the boy we must not ignore his point of view. First, we know that boys learn very little history from all the classics they do at school; secondly, *because* the classics are the perfection of art and of language is one of the reasons why they are not fitted for at least the younger boys, for models of perfection are meaningless to an immature mind. We do not put Botticellis or the works of Shakespeare in our nurseries; we realise that nursery rhymes are of more educational value. Yet we send boys of nine or ten to a preparatory school expecting them to appreciate the masterpieces of literature; for if they do not appreciate how can they profit? And so, by giving boys what they do not want and what they are not ready for, habits of scamped work and idling begin. We ought to remember that *things*, not words, appeal to the boy up to the age of twelve, and that the beauty of words and language convey as little to him as sound to the deaf. Forcing is not training; neither is giving the mind that which it cannot assimilate.

Classical training is said to be literary training, yet nothing could have been more severe on the literary education of public schools than the remarks of many eminent educationalists at the last session of the British Association. Professor Hartog, it will be remembered, said the inarticulateness of the English schoolboy was notorious, and that it was reposterous to suppose that a boy would learn more English

by translating the Catiline orations of the *De Senectute* than from a critical study of Burke's *Essay on the Sublime*. Professor Minchin read a paper on "The Neglect of English Grammar," in which he said that the teaching of reading, spelling, and English grammar had disappeared from English schools for what were termed "the better classes." "Practically, a boy had to learn these subjects in the nursery or not at all; for as they did not count in the system of the public schools, the preparatory schools did not teach them."

When we consider what "nursery" English generally is, can we wonder at the illiterateness of the average Englishman? Where vocabulary is limited so are ideas, for words and ideas react on each other. An awakened intelligence does not rest until the right words are found to convey ideas, nor until words that are heard convey ideas. Written English composition and much *viva voce* teaching are the best methods of improving language-expression, and the best way of suggesting and drawing out ideas. Translation does not imply deep thought, nor is a scholar necessarily a thinker.

It is hopeful for the future that public schools have improved so much within the last fifty years. In Thring's time at Eton the dormitories contained neither washstands nor basins, and the lower boys had to fetch the water from an outside pump. "This wild college life was certainly a very different type from the sneak-as-you-please, but never-wet-your-feet existence of the private school, and it was the better of the two, for freedom is better than slavery; but alas for the waste and ruin in the future, the wretchedness, and coarseness, and idleness at the time which it brought on the majority of those cast into its whirl. It was not training, for training does not mean some boys turning out well in spite of disadvantages, a bit more than farming means the growth of grass and corn in spite of not draining and bad ploughing. . . .

"Rough and ready was the life they led. Cruel, at times, the suffering and wrong; wild the profligacy. For after eight o'clock at night no prying eye came near till the following morning; no one lived in the same building; cries of joy or pain were equally unheard; and excepting a code of laws of their own, there was no help or redress for anyone."\*

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\* *Life and Letters of Edward Thring*.—G. R. PARKIN.

Thring achieved a great work because he based education on principles. What we want now is that public school education should be based on scientific as well as on moral principles; that it should realise the evolutionary aspect of mind. In order to do this every school would require a trained staff of teachers, students of biology and psychology, as well as of their special branch of knowledge. Not otherwise will the mind of the average boy reach its highest possibilities. Boys' minds are not jars, more or less cracked, into which knowledge can be poured at the will of the master; they are organisms which take in what they have power of assimilating and reject what is unsuitable. Education is a science and ought to be pursued by scientific methods. We realise that all plants do not flourish in the same atmosphere or soil and cultivate vegetation accordingly; yet we treat growing human beings as if they were more uniform in type than the produce of the fields.

It is not desirable, nor would it be wise, to make school life a bed of roses, but in dealing with mind the psychological truth ought to be remembered that the intellectual faculties go wool-gathering unless stimulated by the emotion of interest. Facts must be faced, and it is a fact that the average boy does *not* learn at a public school. Is it only because he is mentally lazy? That would be strange, for before he went to school, or rather, to be prepared for school, that boy was a zealous seeker after knowledge, revealing to the most learned that there are more things in heaven or earth than are dreamt of in their philosophy. How often too are teachers of young children sadly disappointed in the school results of a pupil who gave promise of much!

The inquiring attitude of mind comes to a stand-still because the boy is forced into the world of abstract things, while yet he desires to live in the concrete. He is given dates and names to learn when he is only ready for the great myths and legends of the world's history. He is given the capitals and rivers of Europe to learn by heart when they can convey nothing but sound to his ears. And so he soon begins to look upon knowledge as dull and objectless. He asks for bread and we give him a stone, and because stones are not good to eat he loses his appetite, and parents cannot understand why their clever child has only turned out to be an average boy.

We hear complaints from masters that already the curriculum is overcrowded and that education is becoming scrappy because too much is attempted. The problem of the limitations of time tries every ardent teacher—so much must be left out that is useful and almost necessary. But there should be no two opinions about giving boys a thorough teaching of English, and at least an elementary knowledge of one or two of the natural sciences for cultivating habits of observation and power to think. I would plead strenuously too for a fuller teaching of history on the broad lines laid down by Professor Bury recently at Cambridge, for reasons that one might go on enumerating indefinitely. History appeals to almost every side of the moral and intellectual man. History develops imagination, and is the best possible means of training the power of reasoning by inductive methods; it widens the attitude of mind towards the world; it leads to interest in the study of languages, literature, religion, architecture, archæology, physical and political geography, and everything touching the life of man; the study of history develops a love of truth and justice, and toleration for others; it gives one a sense of the eternal flux of things and teaches one the importance of even little acts. Taught by a competent master, with the aid of pictures and occasional excursions to places of interest and to museums, history cannot fail to quicken the mind of the dullest.

School is a preparation for life; but until every boy has a fair chance *given* him it can hardly be called a true preparation.

[Discussion is invited.—ED.]

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review* School), of some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

*Subject: Design.*

Division: Art.    Class IV.    Average age: 16.    Time: 40 minutes.

BY D. SMYTH.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To give the children an idea of how to fill a space decoratively, basing the design on a given plant.
- II. To show them that good ornament is taken from nature, but a mere copy of nature to decorate an object is not necessarily ornamental.
- III. To give them an appreciation for good ornament and help them to see what is bad.
- IV. To draw out their originality by letting them make designs for themselves.
- V. If possible to give them a taste for designing by giving them some ideas as to its use.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Ask the children what is meant by a design.

*Step II.*—After getting from them as much as possible, explain to them that a design is not a mere copy from nature, although it should be true to nature; make them see this by simply copying a plant in a required space to be designed (let this space be for a book cover). It will look meaningless and uninteresting, and does not fill the space, therefore it will not be ornamental. Then show the children that a design requires thought and invention in arranging it to ornament the object. In the case of the book cover the flower must be designed to fill the space in some orderly pattern, and should be massed in good proportion. Give a few examples of this by illustrations on the board, and show them a book with a design upon it.

*Step III.*—Point out to them that the most beautiful designs and those that have had the most thought spent upon them are the most simple. Show examples of this in Greek Ornament—Greek Honeysuckle, Egg and Dart Moulding.

*Step IV.*—Tell the pupils that you wish them to make a design for a linen book cover, 7 in. by 5 in., and if they have not time to finish to go on with it at home, and if they like to carry the design out practically, to transfer it to linen and work it.

*Step V.*—Show the children the flower from which they are to take their design and point out its characteristics—the general growth of the plant, the curves which it makes, the form of the flower and leaves and the way the leaves are joined to the central stem; these characteristics should not be lost sight of, but be made use of in giving character to the design, and treated as simply as possible.

*Step VI.*—Let them begin their designs first of all by construction lines, and then clothe them with flowers and leaves, seeing that the masses are in good proportion. If time permits the design could be tinted in two colours, one for the background representing the linen, and the other for the pattern upon it.

*Step VII.*—Suggest to them different ways in which they can make use of design in making simple patterns for their handicrafts, such as leather work, wood-carving and brass work.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1903.

### *Subjects for June.*

I.—"*In my garden.*" Endless varieties of branch bits may be painted, and those members who are fortunate enough to possess some of our lovely old English gardens, with stone walls and box hedges, may carry their studies very far.

With careful forethought in arrangement even the simplest strip of ground may be rich in form and colour.

II.—*An Evening Effect.* Necessarily this study can only be of short duration, as an effect towards evening rarely lasts without change for more than twenty minutes. Try and give the impression in any material easiest to you.

III.—*Leafage.* Take a similar bough to the bare branch chosen for the last month's exercise. Paint in the masses of leaves and try and get the exact tone as it appears against the sky. Draw the direction of the branch first, so that the foliage may hang rightly on it. Pay great attention to the shapes of the sky-holes seen through the trees.

*No study to exceed 18 by 12 in. in size.*

## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

Ladies wishing for Probationers for the Summer holidays should apply without delay. Ladies who do not see their way to employ House of Education governesses should take this opportunity of getting their help in nature work, handicraft, educational principles, etc.

The House of Education is closed from August 1st to September 15th. Letters relating to the House of Education, *Parents' Review School*, Mothers' Educational Course, Governesses, etc., cannot be answered or received between these dates.

A set of meteorological instruments (Fitzroy barometer, rain gauge and maximum and minimum thermometer) has been generously presented to the College by Miss F. C. A. Williams.

### *Parents' Review School.*

EXAMINER'S REPORT. *Easter, 1903.*

The standard of previous examinations has been well maintained, and there is some slight improvement in the number of papers sent up for examination. Much good work appears to have been done. This is the more creditable, seeing that there appears to have been rather more than the usual unavoidable interruptions to regular sustained work. A pleasing feature is the almost complete absence of absolutely bad papers.

Bible lessons in all classes are almost without exception either good or excellent; also English History. French History is not so generally good, but Greek and European History is well done.

Natural History and Botany have received very careful study, and the admirably drawn illustrations of a very large number of the papers add very materially to their value.

Algebra has not received adequate attention, but Euclid is very fairly done. Arithmetic is fairly good and in Classes III. and IV. shows some improvement. Dictation has been exceedingly well done.

There are also several papers in Literature in Class IV. which manifestly show an interest in and appreciation of that subject on the part of the pupils.

Geography is well done and illustrated frequently by well drawn maps.

J. B.

French.—Le travail en général a été satisfaisant. Les questions de grammaire n'ont pas été comprises pour la 4<sup>ème</sup> Classe. J. M.

The few German papers were well done as far as translation into English is concerned. The retranslations into German shewed good knowledge of the subject, but were done in very slipshod grammar. M. D.

Papers will be returned on receipt of postage.

*Mothers' Education Course.*—The papers will be sent out on Saturday, June 6th. Will members wishing to postpone their examination kindly communicate at once with the Secretary, House of Education, Ambleside.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for June: A Selection from Lowell's Poems.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for June: *Le Contrat Sociale* (J. T. Rousseau).

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*The Shakespere Story Book*, by Mary MacLeod, illustrated by Gordon Browne (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 7/6). Miss Mary MacLeod has given us a singularly fascinating volume of tales—a sort of *Arabian Nights'* casket. She tells the Shakespere tales with unstudied simplicity, and has a happy knack of introducing the words of Shakespere on fit occasions. Miss MacLeod seldom uses ready-made phrases, but we wish her "brilliant company" had not "assembled" to see the wedding in *Much Ado about Nothing*. By the way, Mr. Gordon Browne gives a spirited picture of the interrupted wedding; capital too is his "Come, Kate, good-night!" The stories run "trippingly," and we admire the unconstrained art of the story-teller, combined with faithfulness to the text. But why should we have *other Tales from Shakespere* than those the Lambs bequeathed to us? This and other matters Mr. Sidney Lee makes clear in his very interesting and instructive preface. We think he is right in his contention that young people will be better able to appreciate the wonderful delineation of character in the dramas where tale and plot are quite familiar, and, that being granted, we wanted perhaps more detailed and accurate telling than our old nursery friend afforded. Any way here is a charming book which young and old will enjoy.

*Open Air Studies of Bird-Life: Sketches of British Birds in their Haunts*, by Charles Dixon (Griffin & Co., 7/6). There is little new to be said about British birds in a volume of "sketches," but the bird-student will find in this volume a great deal of interesting and useful information. For example, how does the swift get material for its nest seeing that it never alights on the ground? Catches floating straws and feathers, says Mr. Dixon, or confiscates sparrows' nests. We think Mr. Dixon's arrangement should be useful to beginners, but also a little deceptive. The spotted flycatcher, the brambling, the redstart, etc., are by no means solely addicted to evergreens, and why should the chaffinch any more than



the wren or the greenfinch be a bird of the spacious air! The stonechat and ring-ousel no doubt belong to heaths and moors, and the dipper to mountain becks, but is not the red-backed shrike more proper to corn-fields than to hedgerows and highways? We cannot say that all the illustrations are either pleasing or instructive—for example, the dead poacher surrounded by pheasants, and the group of thrushes; but many of the thumb-nail sketches of heads and beaks and claws are very good. Mr. Dixon speaks of the call-note of the swallow as a shrill "*whit*," which reminds one that Chapman, translating Homer, calls it a "*twink*." The subject of birds is so fascinating that we all bring our little knowledge to bear in the way of criticism upon the author of a bird-book. All the same the bird-student will find in these sketches a great deal of help.

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## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

### TO THE READERS OF THE "REVIEW."

I should like to draw the attention of all readers of the *Review* to the arrangements made by our Conference Committee. We have decided to try the experiment of bringing members of the Union together twice in the year and thus having two opportunities of rousing one another's enthusiasm and focussing P.N.E.U. thought. We are therefore going to have our Council Meeting (for election of officers, passing report, &c.), and our *Conversazione* on June 8th. Our Conference will take place about the end of October. This we hope will prove a less busy and therefore more convenient time than in the height of the London season. Full particulars of the *Conversazione* will be advertised in the *Review*. Meanwhile, I am able to say that Miss Mason will contribute a paper on questions which she hopes may be of help to us all at a moment when a general feeling of unrest exists in the educational world. The Committee feel that every effort should be made to spread the true principles for the diffusion of which the Union exists. Every P.N.E.U. member will receive an invitation to the *Conversazione*. The Secretary, 26, Victoria Street, will gladly forward extra cards to any friends of members whose names are sent to her. We should be glad to receive names of heads of schools as well as parents to whom the evening might prove interesting and inspiring.

Yours faithfully,

H. FRANKLIN,

50, Porchester Terrace, W.

*Hon. Organizing Secretary.*

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DEAR EDITOR,—On account of absence from Edinburgh I had not an opportunity of seeing the April number of the *Parents' Review* when it was issued, but my attention has now been drawn to a statement in an article on "The Education Bill from an Educational standpoint," which appears in that number.

Speaking of the training of secondary teachers the writer mentions the following as the only institutions at which such training can be obtained:—The Maria Grey Training College, The Cambridge Training College, The

Ladies' College, Cheltenham, and the House of Education. I hesitate to attempt to complete this list, lest in trying to correct unintentional omissions I fall into the same error myself.

May I however be permitted to mention here that the Edinburgh St. George's Training College for Women Teachers in Secondary Schools, has been in existence since 1886, and that it is one of the institutions recognised by the Board of Education for that purpose.

I am yours faithfully,

St. George's Training College,  
5, Melville Street, Edinburgh,  
May 4<sup>th</sup>, 1903.

MARY R. WALKER,  
Principal.

DEAR EDITOR,—You will probably be interested to know that the *Saturday Review* of April 25<sup>th</sup>, 1903, speaking of the Royal Commission to inquire into Physical Education in Scotland, whose report was published on April 20<sup>th</sup>, says: "The Report is full of common sense . . . and might be taken as an embodiment of the principles which Dr. Almond established Loretto to support. He gave striking evidence before the Commission a month or so before his death, and the full emphasis is given to his conclusions."

Yours truly,

THOS. B. WHITSON.

DEAR EDITOR,—I visited a school last summer, a description of which, it has occurred to me, it might be of interest to send you. There may not be much new about it to those who are specialists in this line, watching all the rapid developments that are taking place, but to me who have mostly recollections of my own village school days of the '70's, it was a sort of revelation, and in any case it must always be a comfort and stimulus to know that there are more companions in the march ahead. I had seen a column in the *Yorkshire Post* the year before giving a description of this school. It is an ordinary village school, the children of quarrymen away up on the borders of Yorkshire and Lancashire, three miles uphill from Haworth, in the country of the Brontë's. The hamlet is called Stanbury, and the schoolmaster, Mr. Bradley, is a native, and was a millworker before going to qualify for his present calling. The special features pointed out in the newspaper article were the interesting ways that Nature study was taught and encouraged, and I found on my visit that this applied to other subjects in general. The schoolmaster was pleased to show me a good and well illustrated article in the *English Illustrated Magazine* giving a description of his school. He had had many visitors. He said how fortunate he had been in having a good Inspector, who frequently brought headmasters from other schools to see him. The first thing I observed in going through the playground, was a home-made water gauge, there being a receiver about a foot-and-a-half square leading into a bottle fixed into a big square stone. Inside on the window-sill there was a home-made barometer—a tube inserted into a saucer of mercury; also a thermometer. At a convenient height on the wall where the children went in and out, there were charts in which to enter the rainfall, temperature, heat, speed of the wind, and school attendance. The children of course took them in turns week about. They were most

neatly and systematically drawn up, and, independent of any other advantage, this appealed very strongly to a business man in a matter most essential to business men. On the window-sills there were no end of bottles with all sorts of caterpillars hanging to leaves, some of them not long put in, and others entering into the chrysalis state. I stayed overnight and had an opportunity of confirming what all the other things showed—that there was a man with a mind alive, and energy, away doing duty among the hills, and with a touch of Elijah about him. He spent a considerable part of the night in preparing slides of a tour he had had in the Lake District, for use in the school next day. I spent next forenoon in the school. The usual opening is about half-an-hour spent in examining what flowers and other specimens the children have brought in, and talking about them in the presence of the whole school. They had a surveyor's map of the district, and the children had to point out the exact place where they had found their specimens. Then he put up a suitable map and some sappers' and miners' charts, and in a most interesting way described his tour and showed them the photographs. This of course was a special item for that morning. One or two of the young classes were then sent to their own rooms, and with the elder children he went over the morning paper with a map of the world and a map of the British Isles put up, and a child standing at each. It was a very commonplace morning's news, but he found quite enough to make a most interesting half-hour, and the children of course, on their respective maps, pointed out the places that were referred to, and thus a capital geography lesson was got as well as one in current history. The part singing was very well done, and I observed the songs had reference to the time of the year. The arithmetic lesson was also very interesting. The children were perfectly acquainted with both our system and the decimal. The teacher made his preference for the decimal system very plain, and it was evidently a regular thing for them to work in both. Unfortunately I could not stay till afternoon, which was a Friday, the day for their weekly out-door ramble. He told me what a keen delight this ramble was to them all. He would not allow birds' nests to be touched, but had a great number of photographs of them taken by himself when the children were there, showing sometimes the eggs and sometimes the birds sitting. He said that this had created quite an army of bird protectors, as no child in the district dare touch a bird or a nest or they had the rest of them on them like hornets. I do not think I have much more to say in this connection, but I trust what I have said is at least interesting, whether it contains any practical hints or not. And it must certainly give pleasure to any person with a proper heart and mind, to know of those rustic children, with their hob-nailed boots and strong Yorkshire Doric, having such a good time. The moorland air and training like that should produce something of worth to the country.

Yours faithfully,

"Oaklands," Wetheral, nr. Carlisle,

GAVIN MORTON.

April 23rd, 1903.

P.S.—Mr. Bradley seems to have got some ideas from a very interesting book:—*Nature Study in Elementary Schools*, by Mrs. L. L. Wilson, Ph.D. (The Macmillan Company)—quite fresh and American in its treatment.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

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### THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE

of the Parents' National Educational Union

will be held at the KENSINGTON TOWN HALL, High Street, Kensington,  
on MONDAY, JUNE 8th, 1903, at 8 p.m. (for 8.30 punctually).

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THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN WILL PRESIDE.

A PAPER will be contributed by MISS MASON, Founder of the Union,  
entitled:—

“Studies serve for Delight, for Ornament, and for Ability.”

A P.N.E.U. MANIFESTO

Every child has a right of entry to several fields of knowledge.

Every normal child has an appetite for such knowledge.

This appetite or desire for knowledge is a sufficient stimulus for all schoolwork, if the knowledge be fitly given.

There are four means of destroying the desire for knowledge:—

- (a) TOO MANY ORAL LESSONS which offer knowledge in too diluted a form, and do not leave the child free to deal with it.
- (b) LECTURES, for which the teacher collects, arranges and illustrates matter from various sources; which often offer knowledge in too condensed and ready prepared a form.
- (c) THE TEXT BOOK compressed and re-compressed from the big book of the big man.
- (d) THE ABUSE OF EMULATION AND AMBITION as incentives to learning rather than the adequate desire for, and delight in, knowledge.

Children can be most fitly educated on *Things* and *Books*. Things, *e.g.*:

- i. NATURAL OBSTACLES for physical contention, climbing, swimming, walking, etc.
- ii. MATERIAL TO WORK IN—wood, leather, clay, etc.
- iii. NATURAL OBJECTS IN SITU.—Birds, plants, streams, stones, etc.
- iv. OBJECTS OF ART, SCIENTIFIC INSTRUMENTS, etc.

The value of this education by *Things* is receiving wide recognition, but intellectual education to be derived from *Books* is still for the most part to seek.

Every scholar of six years old and upwards should study with “delight” *his own, living*, Books on every subject in a pretty wide curriculum.

This plan has been tried with happy results for the last twelve years in many home schoolrooms, and some other schools. (Illustrations and full details will be given in the lecture.)

We contend that thus the mechanical difficulties of education—reading, spelling, composition, etc., disappear and studies prove themselves to be “for delight, for ornament, and for ability.”

We are persuaded that these principles are workable in all schools, Elementary and Secondary; that they tend in the working to simplification, economy and discipline: and that they lend themselves especially to the solving of a difficulty which will meet most County Councils, the formation of small Secondary Schools in semi-urban districts.

Short speeches will be made by PROFESSOR ARMSTRONG, F.R.S., MRS. SCOTT (Principal Godstowe Preparatory School, High Wycombe), RUDOLPH LEHMANN, Esq., and the Rev. A. F. R. BIRD, M.A., F.R.Hist.S. (Headmaster, Forest Hill House School).

Extra cards of invitation may be obtained from Miss F. Noël Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

BRISTOL.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, Stoke Bishop, Bristol.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Colleendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer:* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

Branches of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Bristol and Croydon. Will members having friends in Bristol kindly communicate with Mrs. Daniel, Dunelm, 23, Downleaze Road, Stoke Bishop, Bristol. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

BOURNEMOUTH AND BOSCOMBE.—A Nature Study excursion for the Juvenile Nature Study Club took place on May 6th. The party met at Milton station, near the New Forest, and were conducted by the Rev. J. Kelsall through country lanes, and by the kind permission of the owner over some lovely private grounds. Mr. Kelsall drew the attention of the young naturalists to the various flowers and birds they saw during their walk, the golden-crested wren being, perhaps, the greatest excitement. The interesting stroll was concluded by a sumptuous tea, hospitably provided by Mr. Kelsall at his rectory, which in itself is a perfect museum of natural objects.

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. "At Home" Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—On Thursday, May 14th, at 33, Cavendish Square (by kind permission of Mrs. Symes Thompson), Dr. Schofield gave a most delightful talk on five of Miss Fortescue Brickdale's charming pictures, which had been lent for the occasion. He showed how the pictures, besides giving to all an æsthetic pleasure, contained in them the deepest philosophy of life, and illustrated two of our mottoes, "Education is an Atmosphere, a Discipline, a Life," and "Take heed that ye offend not."—The next lecture will be given on June 25th, when Professor Lloyd Morgan, F.R.S., LL.D., will speak on "Description and Explanation."

IPSWICH.—A most interesting address was given by Mrs. Richmond, at the Museum, on April 22nd, the subject being "Discipline." She maintained that parents made a mistake in expecting children to find at school something entirely new in discipline, authority, concentration, etc.: it should all have been begun at home. Stricter attention should be paid to their prayers; in many cases the baby or childish prayers were allowed to continue till they almost ceased to have any meaning for the children who had outgrown them. With regard to the Bible, she advised beginning with the New Testament and bringing in the Old as it is referred to; also not to be afraid of big broad views for our children. She thought the advantages of boarding school were, first, the fellowship and companionship it offered, and also a wider view of life. They should be taught to look upon their lessons as the business of their lives. Some very interesting questions were raised and discussed, and the vote of thanks was proposed and carried with evident appreciation of the speaker's very helpful address.—One of the most interesting lectures of the season was given on Thursday, May 14th, at the Museum, by Mrs. Steinthal, of Ilkley. The President, Lady Farren, was in the chair. The subject was "Friendship between Mothers and Daughters." The lecturer began by warning the mothers that she intended to speak rather strongly on a very serious subject—they were not to feel too much hurt. She instanced various types of mothers and daughters who did not get on too well together; this was a saddening and pathetic aspect of life, and she was anxious to suggest some remedies for these difficulties. She considered that the keynote to a real friendship between mother and daughter lay in the word "consult." This principle, judiciously applied, invariably opened the heart of the girl, making her far more amenable to suggestions. In first leaving for boarding school, the wider views of life, and the friendships

formed there must necessarily have a great influence on the girl's character; the wise mother must be prepared for this and not feel hurt if she and home appear for a time to take a secondary place in her daughter's interests. She must try and realize her growth, both physical and mental; probably the age of fifteen is a good one at which to begin to give the child a freer rein and to start on a more equal footing of friendship. It is quite possible to be too much of a "chum" to one's children; for example, their practice in some instances of calling their parents by their Christian names was much to be deprecated. It *was* possible sometimes for a mother to be too unselfish, *unthinking* unselfishness in a mother sometimes generated selfishness in her children. Mrs. Steinthal held the interest of her audience throughout. There was little discussion, members preferring apparently to think over and digest the wise suggestions and thoughtful advice contained in the paper.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Wednesday, May 13th, a meeting for women was held at the High School for Girls, at which Mrs. Penrose, of Barnard Castle, gave a beautiful and able address on "The Need for the Definite Teaching of Purity by Parents to their own Children." She began by explaining that a "purity meeting" to many people suggested the hearing about impurity, and begged her listeners to at once dismiss that idea. She showed how very gradually and reverently from early years the young child's mind should be trained by teaching God's laws in grand simplicity, and that surely truth was better than the fairy tales with which children's questions were generally put off. She urged mothers to remember that it was in their hands whether the children were first taught purity or impurity, and that the connection between parent and child would be increased tenfold by this sacred confidence. At the close of her address, to which the audience listened with profound attention, Dr. Mary Sturge, of Birmingham, added a few words. She said it was often remarked that the teaching of purity should be relegated to doctors and clergymen, but she considered that such training must begin in the nursery. It was impossible for the doctor to watch continually how infants were nursed, bathed, etc., and she pointed out how terrible might be the results of careless or improper handling. Speaking of older children, she said that information was often given to innocent boys at school by companions already initiated into evil practices. To children trained beforehand in the habits of purity the temptations of school life would be infinitely less. The audience numbered about 70, and at the close of the meeting a good deal of purity literature was sold.

READING.—*Natural History Club*.—The first ramble arranged for in our summer programme took place on May 2nd, when we spent the afternoon in a copse not far from the town. Permission having been kindly granted by the owner, the children wandered about, chiefly at their own sweet will, to gather flowers, which are abundant in such situations at this season of the year. Kingcups, hyacinths, primroses, anemones, dog violets and purple orchis were found by all, whilst some of the more diligent brought home golden saxifrage, wood sorrel, wood spurge and others. Many spring birds were heard, including the nightingale and blackcap warbler, and several nests (some containing eggs) were examined

and the different methods of building noticed. The weather proved exceptionally fine, and a most enjoyable time was spent. About 37 members were present.

RICHMOND AND KEW.—In April a good meeting was held at Lindores, Kew Gardens, to hear a paper on "Classical Education," by C. D. Olive, Esq., M.A. An able and animated discussion followed.—May 8th, the members met at the Girls' High School, Richmond. Miss C. L. Thomson gave an address on "Literature for Children."—The last meeting of this session is to be held at 108, Church Road, on June 17th, when we hope to have a paper by Dr. Beresford Kingsford, on "Infection."

WINCHESTER.—In connection with the proposed Nature Study walks for children, we had a pleasant afternoon on May 9th at Mrs. Alexander's, Bolton Lodge. The heavy rain prevented our taking the walk, but we had the advantage of hearing Miss Hart-Davis, who came to help and advise us in starting our Children's Club. The children's attention was rivetted by the simple yet interesting description of some of Nature's wonders, and it was shown how an ordinary daily walk to school, otherwise monotonous, might become a pleasure if they grew to be observant of Nature's unfolding marvels. Miss Hart-Davis also gave helpful suggestions for pressing and drying flowers, the best way to keep tadpoles, etc. We trust all our members will bear in mind the excellent advice given as they study the ways of butterfly, beetle, or bee, that "it is better to learn of things *living* rather than dead." Nothing should be ruthlessly destroyed to satisfy a collecting craze, and even flowers should never be wastefully gathered. [We may add, in passing, that brush-work drawing might be of great service in copying specimens.] At the close of the lecture Major Alexander thanked Miss Hart-Davis for her kindness in coming to us, and visitors were invited to tea.—A prize will be offered for the best collection shewn at the autumn exhibition. Pressing boards and nature notebooks may be had on application to the local secretary, Mrs. Alexander, Bolton Lodge, Christchurch Road, who will also be glad to give further information.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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[JULY, 1903.]

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## In Memoriam.

ON the 20th of May, 1903, at his residence, 12, Cumberland Place, Southampton,

THOMAS GODOLPHIN ROOPER,

in whom the P.N.E.U. mourns a wise counsellor, an unsparing helper and a staunch friend, from the day of its inception until now.

The Parents' National Educational Union has sustained an immeasurable loss in the death of Mr. Thomas Godolphin Rooper. From the first inception of the Union he was with us. He was a member of the first committee, who, some sixteen years ago (in 1887), held many meetings in Bradford to discuss the ways and means of launching the P.N.E.U. He went straight to the principles of the Union, and embraced them with great warmth and insight.

His power of appreciation, in the fullest sense of the word, the outcome of a fine and highly cultivated mind, of wide reading and a wide knowledge of affairs, enabled him to weigh delicately and justly the possibilities and performances

of the Union. He considered, for example, "That the Parents' Union is the most important society for stimulating discussion" (on educational matters). Also, I believe he thought that in proportion as parents brought themselves to take an active part in educational thought and educational schemes would schools become altogether living and serviceable. The discriminating quality, which enabled Mr. Rooper to appreciate justly and hope steadfastly both as regards the P.N.E.U. and an immense number of other educational efforts and outputs, made him also a keen critic. All who worked with him had the assurance that if there were a defect he would see it and would help to mend it.

In the matters of encouragement and of just criticism his value appears to have been profoundly felt both by the Board of Education, by other members of the Inspectorate, by the teachers in his district, and by many and curiously various educational bodies and associations. But we, of the P.N.E.U., seem to have worked a new vein in that so rich mind and generous nature. One would say that he had a singular power of self-effacement, except that there appeared to be no self to efface; "it is all in the day's work," he would say to his nurses when they sympathised with his weariness in the last sad days; and the saying was a key to his life. He appeared to find no necessity for self-expression or for self-advancement; the work, and he there to do it, appeared to limit his outlook. It is here, I think, the P.N.E.U. has reason to rejoice in having drawn from him some graceful and scholarly output of his cultivated mind. He probably would never have written for the sake of literary expression, but we have obtained from him from time to time lectures which make up two volumes of essays,\* full of wisdom, literary charm and profoundly philosophic teaching. The secretary of a branch would invite him to lecture; he always appeared to think such an invitation an honour, and the address he wrote for the occasion, while touching on some question of the hour, would rifle his treasures of wisdom, scholarship and wide reading. The essay on *Reverence, or The Ideal in Education*, will occur to some of us; this sort of phrase we find in it, "Without

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\* *Home and School and Studies and Addresses* (Blackie).

great thoughts there are no great deeds"; "the true spirit of patriotism is . . . such an appreciation of his country's greatness as leads a man to be humble, modest, ready to sacrifice himself as an insignificant portion for the good of the whole community." I must digress here, to notice how the sterling character of Mr. Rooper's thought proceeded from the fact that it was the outcome of his life. "I feel like a soldier who has given his life for his country," he said smilingly towards the end, and it is curious how the fact has been recognized. It has been well said of him that "he died a martyr to the cause of education."

Another purely delightful essay is entitled *Lyonesse: Education at Home versus Education at a Public School*. "Lyonesse" is his name for the romantic land of public school life, buried beneath the waves of this troublesome world, but by no means forgotten. "Lyonesse," probably also, because Harrow, his school, was founded by one Lyon. Has anything more charming been written on this subject, revealing the pieties and loyalties of the public school man, things which abide with him to the end? Indeed, one wonders if anywhere but in a great English public school and in one of our old universities could a character of such modesty, culture and capacity be produced as we have to lament in Mr. Rooper. He was a Balliol man, a fervent disciple of Jowett, to whom his loyalty was unbounded, and to him, perhaps, he partly owed his insight as regards the true issues of life. From him too, perhaps, came his, shall we say, Balliol way of leaving a question open—of stating both sides and every side. I think he hated dogmatism and declamation, and his quiet, tentative way of throwing out ideas and suggestions was apt to be misleading to audiences not on the look-out for Attic salt and philosophic acumen.

Probably an instructed reader of his essays might readily find in them the springs of thought and purpose which moved his life. Was Lord Collingwood his special hero? The essay on *His Theory and Practice of Education* is written with what appears to me the sympathy we feel for a *life* which has helped to make us what we are. Speaking of the three great admirals—Jervis, Nelson and Collingwood,—he says, "It is hardly possible even to speak of these three men

without our language and thoughts rising to an elevation above the common and ordinary level of social intercourse." Surely in this sentence we have a key to the fighting ardour which brought about the untimely end we mourn. But then, Collingwood too was an educationalist: "It was his character and superior education, and study of education, and its kindred study of occupation in daily life, which made possible to Collingwood such an unparalleled achievement" (to keep eight hundred men on the high seas for twenty-two months, and to keep them in health and happiness).

Indeed, what he says of Collingwood is so word for word the testimony those who knew him would bear of Mr. Rooper, that I cannot help quoting further:—"For it was not merely his ceaseless military (read educational) occupation that wore him out. His correspondence was immense, and so highly esteemed was his judgment that he was consulted from all quarters, and on all occasions, and on a great variety of questions. . . . . He was, by nature and education, a man of cultivated and refined taste, and of great simplicity of character. He united great intellectual power with great amiability, and these two gifts are rarely united in a man. His occupations at home were reading, especially works on history, from which it was his habit to compose well-written abridgments. His recreations were drawing, and cultivating his garden at Morpeth. . . . 'My wits,' he writes, 'are ever at work to keep my people employed, both for health's sake and to save them from mischief. We have lately been making musical instruments, and have now a very good band. Every moonlight night the sailors dance, and there seems as much mirth and festivity as if we were in Wapping itself.'

"Lord Collingwood was a saint, but he was a human, not a Puritan. Occupation of the right kind was the key-note of his educational system, and it seems the safest and most practical for all engaged in education."

In this essay on Lord Collingwood we get several keys to Mr. Rooper's own life. For instance, the wide reading, especially in works of history, the love of a garden, and above all the stress laid on occupation in daily life. The National Handwork Union found in him a staunch supporter, as did its publication, *Hand and Eye*. He delighted to turn out a

perfect wooden spoon on his Sloyd bench, and was most keen to learn leather work by watching the students at the House of Education. His zealous work in connection with school gardens, and his report on Continental school gardens are well known.

We get another touch of Mr. Rooper's genial wisdom, and of his many-sided character, in his charming essay on "Gaiety in Education," and still another in his essay on "Don Quixote"; and in his praise of chivalry, even reckless chivalry, a further peep into the moving springs of a life is afforded to us.

One more essay I must mention, which he sent for publication in the *Parents' Review* a few weeks before the end, on *Robinson Crusoe in Education*. No other writer that I know of has seen in this delightful tale another *Pilgrim's Progress*:—"But the island hermit is not alone in the spirit. He had thoughts which led him, now undisturbed by the slow stain of the world, to a more elevated frame of mind than he could find in society.

"Knowledge and truth and virtue were his theme, and thoughts the most dear to him were lofty hopes of Divine liberty.

"Robinson Crusoe saves from the wreck a Bible, which his sad life on the island leads him to appreciate. Just as Defoe describes his hero as cut off from social and political life, so he thinks of him as free from ecclesiastical controversy. As Crusoe bit by bit fights Nature and subdues her, so his spirit wins her way to religion by aid of the Bible without human intervention. . . . If you overlook this passage you cannot understand the drift of Robinson Crusoe." Here we get a glimpse into a region of thought which the writer was apt to keep jealously guarded. He abhorred cant—educational, social, religious; but those who knew him best, and were continually about him, knew that he, too, like Collingwood, was "a saint."

Delightful as these lectures were to his audiences, the lecturer found perhaps an equal pleasure in giving them. On his annual visits to the College at Ambleside, Mr. Rooper had always 'gleeful'—there is no other word—reminiscences of P.N.E.U. meetings which he had addressed at various places. He was incapable of pettiness or ungentle criticism,

and whether his audiences were small and dull, large and intellectual, or large and fashionable, he always seemed to take the same gleeful delight that such an audience (of whichever sort) should gather for the consideration of an educational topic. Indeed, the P.N.E.U. was always a fresh wonder to him, an extraordinary realisation of the ideal. Perhaps the same sense of gratulation, almost self-gratulation, was shown in the news he brought of students whom he had found at work here and there. In their work, too, he seemed to find the element of surprise that comes upon us in the realisation of the ideal. "Hope" says Dante, "is the mark of all the souls whom God has made His friends"; and he projected, as it were, without words, hope, confidence, aspiration and humility into the young people whose work he came to criticise.

Mr. Rooper was by no means lavish of praise, and was almost austere in criticism, but the students felt, rather than heard, that their spirit was congenial to him, and their work satisfactory. His thoroughness was remarkable: he would begin at about 8.30 and go on to 1 o'clock without pause—hear each of the mistresses lecture and each of the second year's students give a lesson chosen from three sets of notes. The charming thing, to both mistresses and students, was his keen, enquiring, and personal interest in the subject taught. He had a way of leaving the household more in love with knowledge than before—now galls, now weaving, now local geography would excite his curious interest; now a passage in a French or German author, now Italian or Mathematics, but he had always the happy way of making a teacher feel, whether her class were making buns or working problems, that the subject was excessively interesting in itself and for itself. We were all struck by an instance of his thoroughness, two or three years ago. The notes of lessons presented for his choice by the students have always covered an unusually wide range of subjects, in languages, handicrafts, art, science and what not, but it occurred to him that he had not heard them give piano lessons, and piano lessons were crowded into the busy day. In the afternoon he would examine the various handicrafts of the students with keen interest and knowledge; then there were drills to be seen, various books to be looked at, and in the evening the students generally entertained

themselves and him with some sort of impromptu acting—now and then, a charade in which that awful personage, the Inspector, would see himself taken off with rather graceful audacity. It was good to see his gleeful amusement on these occasions.

He knew people and affairs everywhere, and so was often able to have a good deal of conversation with the students on matters they knew; and certainly he took pleasure in contact with women of some culture, who were preparing for that great work of education which he had so deeply at heart; their enthusiasm and their simple manners pleased him. For their part, the students held their Inspector in great reverence as well as cordial regard: they saw that he knew and that he cared. Once or twice in his generous zeal for education he came to us, I believe at great inconvenience, to give lessons before the students on subjects in which he knew he could help them. On one of these occasions, a student was giving a rather dull history lesson before him; he took up the subject, and such an unfolding of associations, graphic pictures, living interests, perhaps we had none of us heard before. This lesson was hardly a model, for I think there are few persons in the country who could have opened such a storehouse.

He used to cause a good deal of entertainment at table by referring with gravity to the time "when I was a governess." He really had, after he left college, undertaken the children of his friends, Dr. and Mrs. Butler, during some interregnum, an experience which he greatly enjoyed; and that and his five years' tutorship of the present Duke of Bedford gave him a special interest in the education of children brought up at home, and therefore in the work of the House of Education.

It is difficult to speak of Mr. Rooper's delightful and stimulating conversation, and of his genial interest in everything. We have lost a great man; and at a moment apparently when his achievements, his gifts and his knowledge should have been of special value to the nation he served. "To me, personally, the loss is irreparable," writes one of his many friends; and perhaps seldom have such sorrowful words found a wider echo. I do not venture to speak of the sorrow of the ladies, his sisters, a sorrow with

which we shall all sympathize; his extraordinary devotion as a brother is known to many. But to all who mourn him he has left, not only the legacy of his life amongst us, but of three sayings, spoken when he was very near the end: "hope"; then, after a long interval, "press forward"; and later, "help from Him." Whether spoken consciously to his sisters, or unconsciously, the messages are those of his life. "The blood of the martyrs is the seed of the Church." May we of the P.N.E.U. "hope," "press forward," \* and look for "help from Him."

C. M. MASON.

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\* In this connection we cannot help quoting a few phrases from *The Grammarian's Funeral*, with the motto *Great Men do mean what they say*, by Mr. Rooper (*Parents' Review*, June, 1902) —

"His whole life was a long ascent, in the course of which there was no level ground."

"He lived to magnify the mind."

"Left play for work, grappled with the world, bent on escaping the common life."

"He had laid out his plan for his life-time."

"A great work will require a life-time, and its payment will never be received this side the grave."

So let us,—

"Leave him still loftier than the world suspects,  
Living and dying."



THE  
EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF GREAT BOOKS.  
THE BIBLE.

BY W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

A WORD of explanation may be necessary to excuse the title of this paper. It must at first sight seem that nothing really useful can be said with regard to the educational value of the Bible—the very phrase sounds hollow, meaningless—much the same as the idea of a discussion concerning the life-giving properties of life. And it certainly never occurred to me to include the Bible in this series until I came across two articles—the one in the *Daily News* on Mr. Balfour's speech at the great meeting of the Bible Society—the other, the translation of Count Tolstoi's *Appeal to the Clergy*, published in the *Revue Bleue*. As my excuse for venturing to select such a subject, let me quote from both.

The *Daily News* reported:—"The Bible approaches the human intelligence in several ways. It appeals as a magnificent collection of literature, combining in one volume masterpieces of narration, of moral teaching, of poetry, and of the purest imagination. In one volume we have the plain matter-of-fact-history of the Chronicles and the fiery denunciations of Isaiah; the sombre pessimism of Ecclesiastes and the dream picture of the Revelation. We can trace the genesis of Christian morality from the stern Mosaic code, through the ethical flashes of the prophets, to the cherished sayings of Christ and . . . those marvellous letters by which His followers spread the light from Judea to Asia Minor and Europe. What a range of literature is there! It is not a book, it is a library. It is the purest product of the English language, the story that transformed the world . . . It is not solely as a religious book that 180,000,000 Bibles have been accepted from this society, and that a steady flow of 16,000 a day pours forth from their depôts."

Tolstoi, in his *Appeal to the Clergy*, takes an entirely different view of the matter. After giving a brief summary

of the contents of the Bible, he says :—" If this history of the Old and New Testaments were taught as a fable, even then a teacher might hesitate to read it to children or adults whom he wished to enlighten. And yet this myth is presented to men incapable of reasoning, as being the true account of the universe and of its laws, as the authentic history of the life of our ancestors, the infallible fount from which must flow our knowledge of good and evil, of the nature and virtue of God and of the duties of man . . . . And men speak of harmful books ! Is there, in all Christendom, a book which causes more harm than the one entitled 'The Holy Scripture of the New and Old Testaments' ?"

A strange question for a reasonable man to put, so strange that at first sight it seems only worthy of contempt. But is Tolstoi a man who can be treated with neglect ? He has, I believe, a limited number of disciples in England. But even if the vast majority of Englishmen could say that such stuff should not occupy attention, it may be as well to turn for a moment to that interesting report of Mr. Balfour's speech, and to the marvellous account of the demand for Bibles.

Many books are said to be "a literature"; as a matter of fact, the phrase is more or less fitting to many great books. But surely no one book deserves the title so entirely as does the Bible. What vistas are called up even by a perusal of the index ! To look but at the beginning, in the books of Genesis and Job—probably two of the very earliest we have—we see the young earth and listen to echoes which seem to come from some unknown past. The words, "I know that my Redeemer liveth," seem to mingle with the assurance that "God saw everything that he had made and behold it was very good." What thoughts this one coincidence must suggest even to the most casual thinker, the more so if the words of the Revelation are borne in mind, "I am the first and the last. . . . Behold, I make all things new." And what can be the effect on a young mind that hears the assurance that in the beginning God saw that everything was very good, and, as it were to answer the perplexity such a statement is bound to cause, the assurance that even in that so distant past, so wholly out of ken, a man could say, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." I ask—but the answer is too palpable.

To turn a page or two—to the murder of Abel. What could be more full of terrible warning to any child than the fact that the first murder was a fratricide? “But I say unto you, that whosoever is angry with his brother without a cause. . . .” Indeed an awful vision. Or, again, the Deluge, which seems so full of strange interest, whichever way we look at it. “The windows of heaven were opened” because it grieved the Lord at His heart that He had made man on the earth. It is as wonderful that God should have repented as that a man should have cursed the day of his birth, as Job did. There was something very wrong with the world—and yet Noah walked with God; and there must have been something very much amiss with Job—and yet the Lord accepted Job. How can we help loving a book which gives so deep and loving a solution to all our yearnings and difficulties? And how secretly familiar to us all is the desire to build a tower, whose top may reach unto heaven; and yet, can we ever feel that longing “let us make us a name” without remembering the startling information that “the Lord came to see”? :

Thus to collect instances of what the Bible index may suggest is to enter on an endless task, which you can all continue for yourselves far better than I could. It is, to use the quaint words of an old German divine, a gathering of pearls from a deep ocean, deeper than the profoundest depths, deeper even than a bottomless well.

I suppose that one of the secrets of the vast influence of the Bible in the world is the fact that it is one of the few great books which children are allowed—and made—to brood over and to study to their hearts' content,—the fact that the vital principle of allowing the child to go straight to the *whole* book has generally been observed only in the case of the Bible. Imagine, for instance, a child by itself, spelling out the story of the Creation. To say nothing of the literary perfection of that first chapter of Genesis, consider the workings of a tender mind in that gigantic conception of the origin of things. A little girl once said to me, “In the beginning it was all dark,” and she went on to tell me how God made the light and land, the sea and stars, the birds, the fishes, flowers, beasts and man. What would you teach a child, if not such heavenly poetry as that great chapter?

The nebular hypothesis? Why, that is all there already, together with a dozen other theories science has not yet dug up. I wonder if science has a sweet face—or cold? I think that must depend on whether or no her mind is primarily steeped in the great Book of books. Or, to take but one more instance, what can be the result of a child's making friends with Elijah? There is something so manly about this rough, good man, a thorough scorn of affectation and a dauntless resolution in the cause of God, tempered withal by moments of despondency—there cannot be much nonsense in a child who takes Elijah for his hero.

Again, why is it that most of us know more of the history of the Israelites than of all foreign history put together? Why is it that children find it so much more easy to do Scripture history than any other history? No doubt it is in part due to the fact that Bible history becomes familiar by means of frequent use. But there is something more than that. It is, I think, because the Bible is a *perfect* history, whereas the great majority of text books dealing with history are but more or less indifferently composed. Consider the art with which the salient points of Jewish history are brought into prominence, how the political and religious growth of the people is indicated, how the aspirations, the errings, the heroism, the fall of the nation—how all these successive stages are vividly described in the various historical and prophetic books. What a delightful history book we might have if some great writer were to conceive the idea of compiling a history on the same lines as the Bible. He might begin with a description of England in the earliest times and blend therewith the choicest of the olden tales and legends, such as we find in the great epic of the northern races, and in the poems of Beowulf. How much more fascinating than the dry strings of date-labelled paragraphs! And with what vividness might we not realise the survival of the Saxon spirit despite the successive invasions, if we had them detailed in the same manner as the sojourn in Egypt and the captivity. The more one ponders on it, the more does the beauty of the Bible history become apparent. We have the Doomsday book, the Magna Charta—our Numbers and Leviticus; we have our golden period, as the Jews had theirs, when David and Solomon reigned in splendour

of religious, intellectual and material wealth. A collection of poems might be made—not by any means to be compared to the matchless lyrics called “the Psalms of David,” yet worthy to represent the English mind. And have not we too our prophets—men who in their denunciations not only reveal their own great personality, but the minutest thoughts and customs of their times. Such reflections, however valueless in themselves, may at least help us more fully to appreciate the beauty of the Bible from an historical point of view. Christians are too liable to consider it merely from the standpoint of religion.

As to the poetic and literary value, little need be said. Such books as the Psalms, Job, and many portions of the Prophets would stand pre-eminent amongst books even if they had not the seal of divine authorship to set them apart. No one, having learnt what poetry means at such a fountain-head, can have a vitiated taste. He may be deaf to music; at any rate he will not, cannot love what is not worthy admiration.

But more important still, perhaps, is the training afforded by the Bible with regard to the imagination. To revert to some of the instances already chosen—how can any virgin mind fail to be extraordinarily impressed by such pictures as we find in the first chapter of Genesis, in the story of Elijah, in the prophecies of Daniel, in the sweet “reasoning” of Malachi, in the mysteries of the Revelation. Here is food for the most eager imagination, food, it is certain, which cannot give a mind any but an exquisitely spiritual conception of all that lies in or beyond our mortal ken. How would a mind thus nourished people the vast silence that surrounds us and all the wish-fraught loneliness of life and death? Will the earth roll on, an unsolved puzzle, a chance scrap torn from off a whirling sunstar, to go whirling on and on, from, through and into empty darkness, probably to some purpose—perhaps—? Or will earth’s songs and prayers, man’s faint expression of his joy or sadness, float, like the sound of evening bells across the bosom of a slumbering mere, out into the silent dark that wraps us—or even fall by chance in the earth’s wake, to be caught up by angels, just as the fragments that a steamer casts into the sea are taken up by the gulls that fly behind? Will not the

morning stars be heard singing for joy together, and the evening stars chanting to sleep with ever fresh promise of a fairer morn? Will not one golden ray of light pierce every darkness, one word of comfort assuage every grief—one brief assurance that death is mortal, life eternal? Can anyone desire to play some worthless ballad of the hour, when all the while this strange vast harmony of worlds is ringing in his ears? Can he be small when such great issues lie before him? Can he be useless in the earthly life, whilst he is striving to deserve the title of a citizen in that great city of our God?

As to the sinfulness of God's chosen people, to which some critics seem to take exception, I see no reason for wondering at its inclusion in the most holy of our books. All must acknowledge that sin and shame are solid facts which everyone must meet with soon or late. I can imagine no more heavenly way of teaching an innocent child the existence of sin than in the Bible words read by a father or mother.

If, as is most probable, my readers deem that I have written uselessly, praising what is beyond all praise, discerning only earthly worth in what is wholly heavenly, let them forgive my narrow standpoint, excusing me just as they might a youth who, hitherto accustomed to look on his mother with the instinctive adoration of a child, wakes once to realise that even if he stoops to judge with those who judge by earthly standards, she still is far supreme, his all in all, in life, in death, and in the love hereafter.

## EARLY TENDENCIES IN THE CHILD: HOW TO CHECK THEM OR DEVELOP.\*

BY MRS. EDWARD SIEVEKING.

TENDENCIES are the clues to personality. They are a revelation of the tides that govern its waters, that urge them to encroach ever further up on the shore of progress, or to recede little by little on the opposite shore of decadence. In everyone in whom they exist, they show the soul's point of view; even when in a very initial stage, we meet with them in the little child. We come across them daily, hourly, but yet it needs a trained sense to recognise them, to label them, to understand to the full, what their later meaning will be, when the child is a grown human being.

Tendencies are always prophetic for those among us who have eyes, and who use them. They prophesy what they will eventually lead to, if not interfered with, or hindered; and this prophecy is not in evidence once or twice merely, but continually, insistently before us, week in, week out.

We don't stone prophets now as we were accustomed to do in medieval days; instead, we treat them as a rule with silent indifference, with perfect nonchalance; they don't concern us, we say in effect; and so these prophets in the home—these tendencies in our children—speak—very plainly sometimes, so that outsiders hear them, though parents are often deaf to them—and we don't grasp the message until, having lived on the land for the requisite number of years as undisputed possessors, they can claim it incontrovertibly in the end, and we ourselves wake up some day to find ourselves evicted and powerless before them. Then it is too late; the possessors of the land have acted on their rights, their sign is now up over the door, and we have practically no one but ourselves to blame for not having long ago turned them out, while yet there was time and opportunity.

Dispossessing is never an easy task; obliterating an

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\*Lecture given at the Wakefield Branch of the P.N.E.U., etc.

impression firmly stamped wears away the material upon which it is impressed, even if we *can* succeed in rubbing it out, and even then the surface can never be renewed in quite its early strength and freshness.

There is nothing in the world with such a strong grasp of possession as an evil habit, or indeed a habit of any sort—it is a veritable fact that if you “sow a habit you reap a character.” Are there not habits of our own, made carelessly in other days, that take so much dispossessing, so much obliterating, that at times we almost despair of ever really casting them from us for good? We perhaps remember, looking back now into the past, in how seemingly trivial and pleasant a manner they came first to us, as it were, on a little visit; then stayed on and on, making themselves quite at home, and in effect dispossessing us of our birthright, our character-land eventually, till we become at last grimly conscious that now it would require so tremendous an effort that it would shake our house of personality to its foundations if we took them by the shoulders and thrust them out of doors, with all their accumulated possessions, and thus dispossessed them for good and all.

Some of us never make this effort, but realising how enormous a demand it would make upon our resources, decide weakly, in effect, *not* to make it, and abjectly let ourselves be thrust into the veriest corner that some possessing habit may have its way, and we allow it to reign supreme in the living-room of our character. But when it comes to seriously considering this point of view with regard to our children, there is not one of us, if we thought carefully and definitely of the matter, but would take any trouble, make any effort, rather than suffer such a dispossessing to happen in their case, through lack of our recognising in their early days the dangerous tendencies against which we could wage continual warfare. For it is then or never with tendencies, with impressions.

If we let evil tendencies, mistaken tendencies, take possession then, we cannot tell *when* they will be driven out: if we let bad impressions be made then on the soft, as yet unmarked material of the child's mind, it may be years before we can succeed in effacing them, even if we ever succeed in doing so.



Archdeacon Wilberforce says that there is "amongst the curiosities of a continental museum, a brick from the walls of ancient Babylon, which bears the imprint of the cypher of one of Babylon's mighty kings. Right over the centre of the royal cypher is deeply impressed the footprint of one of the pariah dogs which wandered about that ancient city. It was the invariable custom in ancient Babylon to stamp the bricks used for public works with the cypher of the reigning monarch, and while this brick was lying in its soft and plastic state, some wandering dog had, apparently accidentally, trodden upon it. Long ages passed! The king's image and superscription is visible, but defaced—well nigh illegible, almost obliterated. The name of that mighty ruler cannot be deciphered; the footprint of the dog is clear, sharply defined, deeply impressed, as on the day on which it was made."

What is the suggestion that we should read into this parable? Surely this: that it is for us to be on the watch for these early prophetic beginnings in our boys and girls in nursery days, for it will not do to leave them to chance. It will not do to say comfortably to ourselves, "Oh, he'll grow out of that," if a boy is accustomed to take the biggest share for himself at table, or the lion share of sweets, or the best seat at an entertainment, or the easiest chair in the drawing room, etc. It is a comfortable, easy doctrine, but unfortunately it is not true. He will not grow *out* of it, but more and more *in* it, if no effort is made to check the habit. Impressions made on the soft clay of character during nursery days are very, very difficult to eradicate indeed. You remember what Miss Ellice Hopkins says *à propos* of this:—"That little habit of self-indulgence which you in your foolish fondness have allowed in that boy of yours, may in after life come out as the very impurity which you have endeavoured so earnestly to guard him against." My own conviction about the matter is that the tendencies that show in quite early days remain with us, as weakened or strengthened companions, all through the days of our life. They have in fact "come to stay"; and our business, as fathers and mothers, is just this, as it seems to me, to keep a vigorous look-out for small beginnings: to think nothing too trivial in the way of a character sign.

You know those splendid word-pictures of Walter Pater's.

“How insignificant, at the moment, seem the influences of the sensible things which are tossed and fall and lie about us, so, or so, in the environment of early childhood. How indelibly, as we afterwards discover, they affect us; with what capricious attractions and associations they figure themselves on the white paper, the smooth wax, of our ingenuous souls, as ‘with lead in the rock for ever,’ giving form and feature, and as it were assigned house-room in our memory to early experiences of feeling and thought, which abide with us ever afterwards, thus and not otherwise. The realities and passions, the rumours of the greater world without, steal in upon us, each by its own special little passage-way through the wall of custom about us; and never afterwards quite detach themselves from this or that accident, or trick, in the mode of their first entrance to us.”

Unless we are careful to be on the watch for early tendencies, early impressions, the footprint of some pariah tendency will stamp itself so deeply on the personality of the child that we may never eradicate it, with all our efforts, in later life; never dispossess the alien intruder whose sign has been put up over the door. Faults are the complaints of the soul; and just as we are often disfigured all our lives by the impressions left on face or body by some childish illness, so do faults given in to, and allowed to run riot in the character of a child, leave deep scores.

A case in point rises in my memory as I speak, of a very intellectual, highly educated, thoroughly earnest-minded and good mother, whom I used to know very well years ago. She was absolutely devoted to her son: absolutely self-denying for his sake: absolutely self-less where he was concerned; but with all her love, all the devotion, all the absorption in him that her daily life held, she had, unluckily, no eye for tendencies, and so the tares of his evil tendencies grew fast and loose among the wheat of her careful planting, until it was practically choked out of existence. To go to lunch with her, as I remember doing in childhood days, was to go through a very painful process; he raced round and round the table, pestered her unceasingly for different things to eat, and was most insufferable and unruly,—for whatever impulse came uppermost, he obeyed it at once, and the evidence of her spoiling was written in large letters all over

him, though I personally didn't grasp that fact then ! Her strongest reprimand was a gentle foolish remonstrance, which the boy brushed aside as easily as he would a gossamer across his path on an autumn morning.

He grew up as might have been expected—spoiling his own life as well as the lives of others : a human wreck : one of those who are at the mercy of their impulses—and impulses, after all, are only grown-up tendencies. The last I heard of him, I remember, was that whenever his own wardrobe was scanty, he used to come home when he knew his younger brother was away, go up into his room and turn out all his drawers, choose the newest of his coats and trousers, ties, &c., that suited his fancy and go back to town with them ! And yet with all his flaws of character, and tendencies run wild, he was brilliantly clever, a fine-looking man outwardly, and very attractive indeed — and yet a moral wreck !

I give this instance as an example of the position in which neglected evil tendencies in early youth land a man or a woman in later life.

There is one marked bad tendency among children to-day which I think needs considerable checking. It is that of destructiveness. They all have it, boys and girls alike ; and we are apt to say weakly, "That is their pleasure in having a toy, that they may break it," and the joy *seems* to be in taking it to pieces to see how it is made ; but that it does not spring from this reason is manifest, as they in very rare cases attempt to put it together again when they *have* seen how it is constructed. The reason, therefore, is farther to seek. Of old, in our great-grandfathers' days, it apparently was not a nursery impulse, for have there not come down to us cherished toys—may one not say "lavendered" toys?—the flotsam and jetsam of another age—that they played with, cared for, and would let no harm touch.

It is not difficult to see if we do not check this habit of recklessly destroying things in our children, how in after years it will lay waste and destroy other people's happiness, other people's lives, when the boy is a man. But I do not think that we shall be far wrong if we trace the reason of this habit of destructiveness in great part to a habit among many parents to-day of encouraging and providing for the lavish spending of money by their children.

In England to-day we do not inculcate the values of money, or simplicity, or self-denying habits of life, and so we are face to face with these two extremes: excessive luxury in an upper class of society, and excessive poverty and want in another. Look at two of our most fashionable public schools to-day. What can be said of parents who *promote* such tendencies in their sons at school as that of the lavish expenditure of money on their clothes? Only quite lately I heard of a mother who gave her son, *as pocket money*, £30 to spend on himself when he went back to school after the holidays; and of another who tipped her little boy with £2 10s. after his visit to the dentist.

What do you suppose all this exuberance of pocket money goes in? It fosters three chief tendencies which are already rampant in our midst, viz., want of economy in dress; want of self-restraint in eating, and the greed for adding monies to monies by the excitement of gambling.

What is perhaps the commonest expression to-day on most little boys' lips in talking to one another? Is it not, "*I bet you it was such and such a thing*"? Does not that show which way the wind sets plainly enough, even though the sentence, in itself, is a trifle?

There is so much lack of proportion in the way we look at things to-day in many matters connected with children. It reminds me of an exemplification of this which I met with a little time ago in an actress friend of mine, a very delightful modern girl, who gave me a vivid description of a certain incident in her career before she achieved success. She and her friend—a fellow-actress—had clubbed together and taken two rooms, and their joint "takings," if one may so call their stage earnings, covered just the cost of the rooms and of *very* frugal meals besides. One evening this girl came back to her rooms after rehearsal, and the hungry friend exclaimed, "Well, where is our supper?" The reply was, "There is none; I've got it round my waist!"—and she displayed a resplendent yellow silk sash!

To anyone behind the scenes at some of our big public schools, the bills which most boys run up in one term for clothes alone, point to the extravagant habits into which the parents have suffered them to get—nay, into which they have aided and abetted them. For it is first and foremost,

undeniably, the parents' fault—may one use a stronger word still and call it one of the blatant *sins* of the day?—that these things are so. And it is because so many parents to-day will not face things—will not “call a spade a spade,” and dig up with it the decadent tendencies in their children, which began, sure enough, in their own nurseries at home. It is because in the home the parents were too greatly “cumbered with much serving” of society “tables,” to be able to train their own children; to be able to watch closely—and it *must* be closely—to recognise rightly in which direction a tendency is leading, that we have to-day to face the results in our public schools. And we must remember this, that the boys in whom these pariah tendencies have already stamped their trade-mark, and who are at school to-day, will be the citizens of to-morrow, with the future of the nation in their hands, and the future of our girls more especially.

Yes, that last is the point one needs to press home as a dominant warning idea. Into what sort of hands are we presently going to entrust the future of the girls of to-day? Surely in the minds of all of us who know and believe in the tremendous force of heredity, grave fears will rise for the children who will be born to them in the days that are coming. Fears for the country, fears for the mothers who bear them. For at any rate, I think most people will agree with me that the girl of to-day is a finer product of the country—more high principled—more enthusiastic over work—far less subject to the evil tendencies besetting the public school—than the boy.

There is no finer material anywhere to-day than the English girl of the upper middle class. She is farther forward in many ways, speaking psychologically, than the average young man of the same age. He is indeed very often quite unable to understand her grip of unseen motive powers for action; therefore, when she begins talking of them, if she *does* do so, he is completely at sea: her words are practically Hindustanee to him. She is, as a rule, possessed of far keener spiritual sight, and insight also.

Have you ever watched the faces of the boys coming out of school some morning, at one of the great public school centres? I have, often, and the sight is not an inspiring one.

I remember one particular morning walking down a certain High Street when they were all pouring out of the classrooms, like so many ants out of an ant-hill. Here and there, it is true, amongst the crowd of faces there were one or two bright and promising; but the owners of them were generally walking apart from the rest, and had what one must call the *student* expression—dreamy, intellectual. But for the others, and these were by far the greater number,—well, they were greedy-looking, sensual, common; and some were scored rather deeply with the imprint of pariah tendencies.

Another day, I went up to a conference in town, and sitting quietly by myself at the far end of the hall, thinking of nothing in particular except that I feared I had not brought a sufficient stock of thought-out questions in readiness for the coming discussions, I was struck into keen, immediate enthusiasm by the entrance at the door beside me of a group of girls. They paused a moment and then walked up to the platform: and on my asking one of the conference secretaries, I found they were students who had come to give addresses in connection with the conference.

What had struck me into such keen admiration was not so much their splendid physique—they were all fine examples of the girl of to-day—and all were *differently* fine, and, without exception, they were all very striking-looking; but it was not that, it was the look in their faces, it was what I call the “enthusiasm look” as of a human being trained to act—and lighted by the spirit of enthusiasm within—perfectly alert. Each one was a girl who, at the call of emergency, would answer promptly—“Ready!” In every one of the faces there was the light of strong-trained tendencies for good—the most absolute opposite to the boys which it were possible to conceive.

If one tries in thought to imagine these two direct opposites brought together in marriage later on, one is inevitably forced into the question: “How will it answer?”

What will be the effect on the girl when, in the future, she drifts into being married to one of them—married, but not mated? For one can only “mate” with one’s equal, and the decadent boy will by now be grown into the decadent young man, and he further still from the goal at which the woman is aiming. He will be a decade behind her in thought, in

point of view, in aim. He has used himself up in boyhood—he is *blasé* before his time—she is turning her face towards the sunrise, and *he* is not turning his thither simply because he not only does not believe in one, but does not *want* to believe in one.

How can the girl “look up” to a man such as he is? What has caused his different outlook? It may be his home training; it may be that he and the girl have been brought up in most cases with diametrically opposite methods of education (for practically the lines of education in our public schools are much the same as they were three hundred years ago); but whatever the reason may be, they are too diverse to meet on the same grounds. How can she do otherwise than feel the drag of the chain that binds her to him? She “is mated to a clown, and the coarseness of his nature will have power to drag her down.” What can be the effect he will have on her but a lowering one, a decadent one? If she keeps to her old ideals she will be alone, and whenever he turns, so to speak, she will be conscious of a jarring jerk to the marriage chain. There is nothing in all the world that is so separating, so disintegrating as regards all intimate mental intercourse, as fundamental misunderstanding between two people.

*To be understood is to be saved*—it is the supremest need of human beings. Unless you are understood you cannot do yourself full justice, you cannot rise to the heights to which you would otherwise rise. Unless you are understood you are walking on the blind side of people; you are strangers still to each other—yes, even if the other is your nearest relation.

As a girl said to me the other day, “The wrong impressions which people give are among the curses of life.” And this is the truth, for wrong impressions are the reverse side of understanding and recognition. So that it is above all things necessary that in the case of our children we should be on the watch for tendencies in nursery days; necessary too that we should have the right judgment for them when they come before us, that we should not decide hastily and treat them wrongly, for the checking or developing of them must all be done—as an old hospital nurse used to say to me—“by littles,” that is to say, consistently, regularly, and with intention. For,

as a modern doctor says, "The importance of the infinitely little is *incalculable*." And if we are not in touch, as it were, with our children (and how can this be managed effectually and practically if we are not constantly with them in their work and in their play, whenever possible?) we shall not be in sympathy with those developments, those tendencies, which require the sunshine of sympathy and intuitive understanding in which to grow and expand.

*Playing* at sympathy is no good at all: it is moreover a very dangerous game; for a child being almost always an actor at heart, recognises without hesitation that it is not real, only simulated, and your chance with him is gone.

There is one thing worse even than this recognition, and this is the keen disappointment which some sensitive children feel at the failure of a "venture," if one may so call it, with the mother or father in whom their childish hopes centre; when they feel instinctively—though such a child would never own this to anyone—that the mother or father has failed in sympathy.

I remember such a case in a little boy who, being very delicate, had always been kept much at home. One afternoon he had been working hard at some painting with his governess in the schoolroom, and after he had taken special pains in finishing it off carefully (it being intended for his mother) he and the governess took it to the mother's boudoir.

The little boy gave a timid knock, and when she called out "Come in," he went up to her chair where she was sitting writing busily at her desk, and said, shyly, "I've been painting this for you, mother," holding out, as he spoke, the painting.

She, with easy conventionalism of manner and without turning round, said, "Oh, have you, dear? Thank you so much."

The little boy waited by her chair:—"Won't you look at it, mother?" he asked, after a moment, tentatively.

She turned round in that unseeing, hurried way which deceives no one, which is therefore always a needless expenditure of—untruth(!) and said "Very pretty, dear; now run away, for I'm busy."

The boy said nothing, but moved away from the desk, and as the door of the room closed behind him, he looked up at



the governess, his eyes full of unshed tears, and said, "Poor mother, I oughtn't to have worried her with this—she's so busy." No other word came from him; no complaint of her lack of sympathy, he was far too loyal even to allow to himself that she had failed in sympathy.

But there it was nevertheless—she *had* failed. She hadn't understood her child—she was out of touch with him, she had mixed up her duties, for surely her first duty of all was to her child, and whatever the writing was, it could and should have waited.

Children, after all, do not ask for so *very* much from us in the way of sympathy; but they *do* want it "little and strong!" It must never be feigned, it must never be flummery, it must be the genuine article, for there is no one quicker than a child at recognising genuineness in an adult or the reverse; they may not always know how to explain to you that they've found you out—that's another matter altogether, and is because, as a rule, they are as yet unfledged as to their conversational pinions, and so are practically dumb; but you need not flatter yourself they have not seen the trade-mark in the corner of your offered gift of sympathy, and know it for what it is worth.

(*To be continued.*)

## ON EXHIBITIONS.

BY JAMES CADENHEAD, A.R.S.A.

*(Continued from page 425.)*

LET us pass to consider the other and less select class of exhibitions—that of works of living painters; and of these much that has been said about exhibitions of old masters holds good.

Here we are on ground less unfamiliar, and there may be less need for us to keep our critical impulses under such careful control. Indeed, in most modern exhibitions we have to discriminate between what is and what is not worth attention; for very many works in any such exhibition are merely derivative, and of these many deserve no attention. There are always a good many imitators at work on painting, who, it may be said, are never quite themselves unless they are copying someone else—someone usually who is individual enough to present very distinctive features.

When such an individual has produced work that has secured attention and praise, at once a score of imitators proceed upon his track, reproducing what he has done with more or less success. We have to learn for ourselves to make the needful distinction between the real man and the imitators. The phenomenon is that of the groups before referred to, only as yet unsifted, and untested by time. We have to distinguish the grain from the chaff for ourselves, and set in motion the process of sifting. Broadly speaking, when any man's work cannot be mistaken for that of another, it deserves our attention; when it can be so mistaken we have to be on our guard, and, having found out the master, to confine our attention to him.

Though it is true that in modern exhibitions we are upon less unfamiliar ground, it does not follow that we can cheerfully set about applying each our own personal standard of experience as a reliable measure of the value of any given modern picture's content. The experiences recorded for us here are nearer to our own, more like our own, and we must be prepared to exercise a different kind of discrimination, to detect wherein the differences consist, and estimate their interest by an exercise of insight not less difficult. But,

bearing it well in mind that no one sees just as we see, that no one is bound to feel just as we feel about anything in heaven or earth, and that in any given case there is no presumption in favour of our points of view as against those of other normally organised and sane men, we shall be preserved from the temptation to presumptuous expressions of opinion.

In this or that picture we may find nothing for us—we are none the better for it—we are not touched; yet we must reflect that perhaps the responsibility for this may not rest upon the painter; the fault may possibly be ours. Considerations such as these should make us charitable, not readily disposed to condemn. The necessity is paramount that one shall sincerely endeavour, in the first place, to come into touch with the painter's intention.

It is not necessary to repeat what has been said already. The works of dead and of living artists are identical in their appeal to our emotions through our sympathies. The same attitude to both is the appropriate one for the spectator. The artist has done his part: it is for the spectator to do his. If he assumes the office of judge before he has appreciated the work he is guilty of presumption. Appreciation is the only basis of criticism.

Modern exhibitions are composed of heterogeneous elements; they are very often a jumble of abruptly contrasted things. The pictures are too often so close together that you cannot see one without being distracted by the simultaneous appeal to your eye of its neighbours all around it. This state of things is a hindrance to comfortable picture-seeing; it fatigues the eyes, and soon enfeebles the power of concentration. It is bad hanging.

The remedy would be to exhibit far fewer pictures at once, so that each could be placed a little apart from the rest, and so that all should be nearly opposite the eye. And they should be so grouped that, instead of contrasting works, complimentary ones should hang near each other. That is good hanging, and when it is seen, which is not very often, it may be thankfully noted. Such considerate arrangements promote the advantageous exhibition of pictures and the comfort of the spectator. Until the time comes when such arrangements shall be common and a matter of course instead of being quite singular, we can only advise anyone who would look at pictures in exhibitions without distress to make up his mind before he begins his rounds what he means to examine, to

select some in his catalogue and look at these only, repeating the operation as often as he can, but leaving off before he feels tired.

But by all means let him look at pictures for himself. I have seen the newspaper conscientiously carried round the gallery, and each notice verified in order, and apparently identification of pictures mentioned constituted the whole process. Nothing is to be gained by a proceeding of this kind. It implies a touching confidence in the capacity of the man that does the exhibitions for the paper, a confidence rarely justified; for I have seldom yet heard of a newspaper art critic competent to guide public opinion, and a good many I have seen were impostors. Blind leaders of the blind, they are yet able to exert an influence on the fortunes and fate of artists that could not persist for a day if a reasonable number of people, or a number of reasonable people, would only surrender the delusion that impels them to put their only trust in what they see in print.

The jumbled way in which modern pictures are usually shown favours an operation I would recommend to those who wish to cultivate their powers of discrimination,—I mean the operation of identifying the works of particular men. It is to be recommended as an exercise for beginners, not as an end in itself, for indeed there are some whose interest in paintings seems to begin and end with the exercise of the power of successful attribution. But it is something of an achievement to be able to do this. Carried out to its furthest power, it would imply minute acquaintance with the externals of the painter's craft. The beginner should lay aside his catalogue, and begin with the easiest men—those who always do the same thing in the same way—soon leaving them, and gradually attaining skill enough to identify each man. Thus one may attain the power to quickly select out the most interesting work in any exhibition—the new, the unusual, the rare, the unique thing. The observation of the distinguishing features of the various works will naturally result in comprehensive comparative knowledge of pictures. The path leads on to intimate acquaintance with the whole subject and to pleasure in it. This is an exercise quite suitable for a child, and not at all to be neglected by grown-ups. One who knows pictures well and has studied them in this way will rarely be found making use of his catalogue. Probably he has none, or keeps one in his pocket. The people who carry

catalogues round so carefully in their own familiar annual exhibition, are those who in church so carefully turn up and sing from the book those psalms and paraphrases they have, or should have, learned by heart in their school days. To one who knows them all, the face of each good picture is that of a friend whom he is glad to see again under some new aspect. If he meets a new man, he will know it, and he will be able to "size him up" and to "place" him, with love or with loathing, in his proper category, as one of his friends who has brought him some new and delightful glimpse of unexplored experience, or as an impostor to be ignored. No one, not himself an artist, will ever need to go much further than this, but the path is open to all, and there are none but can to their profit proceed some distance upon it.

Probably all agree that exhibitions of ostentatious vulgarity are better avoided, and should not be encouraged, and all will be unanimous in feeling that children should as little as possible be brought into contact with pictures wherein the desire of the eyes and the pride of life are flaunted in their native brutality. And so it is to be regretted that the contemplation of works devoted to the celebration of these things is usually unavoidable for those who enter exhibitions of modern pictures. For a number of the ablest portrait painters become fashionable, and their works are certain to be prominently placed in any representative exhibition, so that there is no avoiding them. All the seduction of admirable painter-craft is employed to capture our attention for the expensive jewels and costly millinery of the last new millionaire's wife and family, for the sporting magnate himself with his top boots or his guns, his hounds, his hunters, and all that is his. It is all thrust upon us life-size, trampling over our humbler aspirations, to leave us breathless with amazement at its magnitude, and disheartened by its dulness. There is no escaping these things now; they are upon us, even as his motor car is, with a whirlwind of dust, discomfort, and distraction. There is not much we can do, save beware of these things. We can turn away our eyes from viewing vanity. We must recognize that the powers of poetry are here in bondage—hewers of wood and drawers of water for the Philistines, and so pass by. But we must point out the deplorable fact to the children so that they

may identify it for what it is when they behold a display of ostentatious vulgarity.

There is prettiness, too, to be avoided. We have to be on our guard against the insidious rose-watery weakening of emotion, the sugaring down of knowledge to meet the taste of such as prefer to be fed with a spoon, and dare not see without blinkers. Whatever is pretty is pretty bad. Whatever life may be it is not pretty. Whatever breathes has some force, some conviction; all that is real has some title to respect, some claim for sympathy. Manliness, temperance, sincerity, wear no blinkers. What they see they needs must see clearly, and there is not time for trifling. Distrust the pretty pictures, and do what you can to prevent your children from forming a taste for them.

It is often said to us, "We do not really require the works of artists; we like them, and admire them, but we can quite well do without them; they are superfluous things." In the phrase often heard the meaning is concisely stated thus: Art is a luxury. The proposition commends itself as a true one to most people, who really do feel that they could quite well do without any pictures. They are conscious of desiring to have such things as give them pleasure, and of their need to be pleased, or rather amused. For in so far as good pictures are not found to answer these ends they are liable to be relegated to the category of superfluities. Not being pretty they do not please. If they are not gay, which they are seldom, or funny, which they never can be, they are not found entertaining or amusing. The idea is based on a conception widely prevailing, wherein the function of art is considered to be that of a public entertainer or purveyor of diversions. We are apt to think that our life is dull, and are ready to welcome brave shows to take us out of ourselves. The aspiration is natural, for to many life is dull. But there are agencies better adapted to enliven it than are the fine arts, and it is good for us to be taken out of ourselves, provided the chosen vehicle does not rush with us violently down a steep place. Various arts may minister to the amusement of the vacuous, but not fine arts. These can indeed take us out of ourselves, but only on condition that we permit them to take us beyond ourselves, and higher. This they have always done, and can always do. Demand therefore from fine art no more, nor less, than you have been accustomed to demand from fine literature, from poetry—the widening and

refining of your experience. Life is not amusing, any more than it is pretty, and we know how true it is that our singers learn in sorrow what they teach in song.

*"Corruptio optimi pessima"* is a faithful saying, and it holds true of the arts, which are among the very best of things. Let us not, and let our children never think of them as ministers to pleasure, but seriously let us approach them in the knowledge that the business in hand is not, whatever it may be, the amusement of an idle moment, nor the condescending patronage of superfluous works by men whose production has little relation to our appetite for agreeable distractions.

In conclusion, it may be noted how in certain respects our big modern picture shows, and our method of showing an interest in them, have an influence the reverse of encouraging to the producers of works of art. We are all interested in the fine arts, and we show our interest by making a point of visiting the exhibitions; but there, commonly, our sense of duty ends. We have paid our shilling at the gate, and so discharged the whole duty towards the encouragement of fine art that we conceive to be laid upon us. We depart, satisfied that at our door, at least, the reproach cannot be laid that we have failed to do our part therein. Wonderfully few people think of going the length of buying a picture out of an exhibition. Yet, upon the sale of their works depends the livelihood of their producers. This anomalous and, for artists, disastrous situation is upon us. We have a public quite interested in its living artists, and flocking to exhibitions of their works; and we have artists, the average quality of whose work is higher, and whose numbers are greater than ever before; but we have this public not thinking of taking the said work, anxious rather to compete, at extravagant prices, for the works of artists who died long ago. The net result of interest in fine art thus displayed is the reverse of encouraging, disaster, indeed, to the majority of living artists.

Twenty years ago the situation was quite different, and at that time there was nothing to indicate that the lively interest then displayed in the work of living artists would so soon entirely change its character for the worse.

The big exhibitions also act unfavourably upon the works themselves of the painters, because, since the picture that "shouts" most loudly for notice receives the most, the strongest temptation is in them offered to painters to make

violent efforts. They are tempted to secure attention by exaggerations of all sorts, by mere size, by extravagance of subject, of treatment, by forcing the note in all directions—"shouting," we call all that. The finest things, which are never big and never violent and never "shout," are apt to escape the notice of all save those few experienced ones who are aware of how the matter stands. In a modern exhibition the reserved things often attract no attention at all; and yet it is among them that the best are certain to be found. The big picture show is liable to degenerate into a show of big pictures, into a competitive rough-and-tumble, wherein the striking pictures jostle each other, and the delicate ones produced in solitude, without regard to exhibition conditions, get unmercifully "kicked" to death or smothered out of sight. Such a state of affairs is almost an inducement to painters to do their worst, when it is a question of producing work intended for an exhibition.

It might be suggested, therefore, that young people should be carefully instructed about this, "put up" to the state of matters, and cautioned against forming the notion that these large frame-to-frame competitive annual exhibitions are the best, or anything like the best, that can be done in the way of adequately presenting pictures to the public view. Take the young people to "one-man-shows," where never more than forty or fifty pictures are to be seen at once, where the placing of each with reference to the others is sure to have been more or less carefully considered and skilfully carried out, and where the effect of Babel, of confusion of tongues, of a hundred brass bands all playing different tunes at once, can never be encountered.

To sum up shortly. Let us remember, and let us impress upon our children, that the use of the study of fine art, as it may be carried on with the help of exhibitions of works by painters living and dead, is to enable us to gain insight, to make contact with our environment in the wide sense, as life presented to us in human documents; to increase our knowledge in the sense of expanding our emotional experience by including that of others, and so to infinitely extend our horizon; to exercise one of our particular privileges, a human prerogative—our faculty of sympathy, that enables us to share with the most sensitive of our fellow-mortals, not only the joy of life, its purest pleasures and aspirations, but its burdens of sorrow as well.



## THE MINISTERING CHILDREN'S LEAGUE.

BY FLORENCE MONTGOMERY.

*Author of "Misunderstood," "Thrown Together," "Transformed," etc.*

IN saying a few words about the "Ministering Children's League," I am only going to touch on points connected with one side of it: *i.e.*, the assistance it may be in "promoting habits of unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others" among children: first, because I think this is such a very valuable and helpful part of its aim; and also because its other side, the "teaching the children of the rich to take an active interest in relieving the necessities of the poor," has, I think, been very fully dealt with by others.

Now it is a sad fact—but facts are stubborn things, and have to be faced—that the impulses prompting to evil in a child's nature are generally stronger than those prompting to good. As a writer of the day says, "You may call it original sin, or you may call it by its more modern name of heredity, but there it is." Take only the prompting with which we are just now concerned. The impulse to selfishness is from infancy plainly to be seen. "It's *mine*." "Give it to *me*." "*I* want it." "It's *my* turn." Are not these familiar phrases to anyone familiar with nursery life—the presence of that eternal "*I*," which from our birth on into our old age seems one of the most difficult things to eradicate from our moral constitution. Any effort to assist in arresting this state of things from the very first should be welcomed; and this assistance may, I think, be given by the "Ministering Children's League." For the habit of thinking for others, like all other habits, has to be formed. It does not, unfortunately, except in a very few rare instances, come naturally. We hear a great deal in these days about education. There is an eager search everywhere for new and improved "systems" of learning; but we must not forget that children need *training* as well as education: that it is indeed a part of education, and that it cannot be ignored without serious

loss, not only to the child himself, but to the well-being and happiness of homes and of society in general.

Unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others begin, like charity, at home. It is there, therefore, that they must be inculcated. Now mothers are proverbially unselfish, and for this very reason are perhaps not the best people to teach their children to be unselfish, at any rate, as regards themselves. Anyone will endorse what I say who has seen in some homes the schoolboys lolling all over the drawing-room in the best armchairs, while their mother has to content herself with any she happens to find unoccupied (generally the one furthest away from the fire); or heard a child forcing a tired mother to go on reading out loud long after her voice is exhausted. Her gentle "I think, darling, I *must* leave off now: I am getting so dreadfully husky," only met with, "Oh, no, mother! *Do* just finish the chapter: it's only a few pages more," from the remorseless child. And no doubt a mother is placed in rather a difficult position in these ways; for if she insists on her children giving way to her comfort in all the little details of every-day life—if she turns her boy out of the armchair, and seats herself in it, etc.—she runs the risk of her children thinking *her* selfish, which, as example is always better than precept, would of course be fatal. In these matters a third person seems to be wanted, who would put it into the children's heads to be unselfish and considerate towards their mother. I daresay some people would say the father is the proper third person, and so no doubt he is; but then he is not always present; and even if he is, he is more often than not sitting absorbed in his newspaper or book, and is quite oblivious of what is going on.

And here, I think, is one of the ways in which this League is able to help. It acts, so to speak, the part of the third person, by directing the child's own attention to unselfishness and thoughtfulness for others. "Evil is wrought by want of thought" in most cases; but ten times more so in the case of children; who, naturally heedless and thoughtless, require to have their attention directed to a subject, and their consciences roused as regards it. All this the League no doubt does; and its aim is so simple that any child can understand it at once. Its initials (M. C. L.), forming as they

do the first letters of the motto "Myself comes last," puts the whole thing into a nutshell. And in the consideration for others I would include as of great importance the habit of consideration for the *feelings* of others.

How much happier homes would be in after life if this habit were always inculcated! The child who receives a present ungratefully and ungraciously; who throws cold water on the effort made to please him; who repels the little suggestion for his amusement; will very likely grow up into a surly man or woman, who is perpetually hurting the feelings of those with whom he or she lives, and chilling the atmosphere all round them. "It is always more gracious to accept than to refuse" is not at all a bad precept on which to bring children up; and from the first they should be checked when they meet a present, an offer, or a plan, with "I don't want that"; "I don't like that"; "I don't want to do that," etc., etc. These things seem trifling; but it is after all trifles that make up, not only the sum of human existence, but the sum of human happiness, above all, the happiness of home-life.

Grown-up sons with bad manners to their mothers, husbands with rough and morose manners to their wives, might have been very different had they had a little more training in their childhood as to the sensitive feelings of others, and been taught a little more care in not wounding them by discourtesy and unkindness. And since "everyone can in his daily course, if he will, shed round him almost a Heaven," it does seem a pity that in so many homes, the atmosphere shed around should be such a very different one. We hear a great deal now of undutiful daughters, and of the determined "independence," which is, after all, only another form of selfishness. To them the above remark will equally apply. And then another fact which has to be faced. In these restless days, the early training of children cannot, and does not, rest with the mother so entirely as it used to do. It must perforce devolve upon others, for the simple reason that the mother is so much more away from home.

That there are, unhappily, selfish and indifferent mothers, whose only thought is their own pleasure and amusement, we all know too well; but it is not of them that I would speak. Away or at home, it would make no difference to the children,

they would probably be playing bridge with their friends in the drawing-room at the "children's hour"). But even with mothers whom we would not for worlds class with such, the question is often not so much "*What* is the mother?" but "*Where*?" Locomotion is so easy, travelling so cheap, the desire for change so insistent, that people who some years ago would have gone to Brighton "for a little sun," now go to the Rivièra; those who would have gone to the Rivièra go to Algiers or Cairo; and those who would have gone to Algiers or Cairo go to India, North America, or Japan.

Then, too, the "week-end" visit has destroyed the children's Sunday, which used to be spent with their parents, and is now spent with the nurse or the governess. You have only to attend a children's service in London to see the change. A few years ago young mothers always brought their children themselves (and what a pretty sight it was!), whereas now you will see them come in most cases with the nurse or the governess. I do not say the mother can help it; she has her husband to think of, and he likes to travel and visit, etc. I am not concerned with causes—only with results; and the *result* of the restlessness of parents is that the children are left alone with nurses or governesses for long, long spaces at a time. *They* thus often become the early influence in the child's life to a great extent instead of, or at any rate almost as much as, the mother.

What a help some outside guidance must be to them; putting ideas into their heads as to the training of the children left in their charge, and giving them encouragement in carrying them out, by the feeling of how many others are working with them for the same ends, and on the same lines.

For "*L'Union fait la force*"; and many a solitary young governess in her isolated schoolroom at the top of some big country house, with the consciousness heavy upon her of the emptiness and silence of all below, of the untenanted rooms with their shrouded furniture, with no one to talk over her little pupils with at the end of the day, no help or sympathy in her daily and often anxious and difficult task, might have her hands strengthened, her spirits cheered, and her thoughts guided, by being linked to a society like the "Ministering Children's League," and so carry out all the more effectually

her vicarious duties. And thus, in the mother's often prolonged absences, valuable time would not be wasted; for childhood is short, it fleets rapidly away, and there is no time to be lost if early impressions are to be made.

And I would end by urging on all young mothers the supreme importance of early impressions, for from their influence hardly anyone, let him live as long as he may, ever completely shakes himself free. How strongly this comes out in biographies and autobiographies all readers of "Lives" know. Man after man bears testimony in his "Recollections" to the value of the impression made upon him in his childhood by his mother's teaching and influence. What is learnt at a good mother's knee clings even to the most hardened. He may go astray all his life, and her teaching may seem to lie dormant or dead, but oftentimes it comes back to him at the last, and with the dew of the early morning of his life still upon it.

"You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,  
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

NOTE.—All information about M.C.L., its Aims, Methods and History, will gladly be given by the Secretary, Mrs. Phillp. Address—83, Lancaster Gate, W.

## HESTER'S UP-BRINGING.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

### CHAPTER I.

THE children were at the upper end of the "lot," picking berries—Hester, Cis, Gus and the rest. There seemed no end to children at the Hill Farm, and "as if nine of your own wasn't enough," said the neighbours, "Roxany and Amos must up and 'dopt other folkses children, thus increasing their burdens by a pair of twinses, scarce out of hand."

It was all very shiftless at the Hill Farm, though there was a certain amount of compensation for the lack of system under the apparent misrule. At least there was no worry; Amos accepted the bare living the farm (an inheritance from Pilgrim fathers) yielded, without raising his hand to better his fate. Giant forces at play before man's necessities became a consideration, burdened the mountain slopes with huge boulders, around and about which scant pasturage for Roxany's cows struggled into existence, handicapped by the wide-spreading vigorous growth of bramble and briar. Perhaps the strong soul that chose the solitudes of the eternal hills for his home in the New England brought to the task of clearing the land from obstructives some practical knowledge of engineering, some ideas which might have eventually overcome the resistance of the stony monsters encumbering the ground. But his record was written merely in the substantial walls of the old homestead, and the plot of garden stretching beyond, while his descendants had passed—leaving but little impress of their individuality on the ungrateful "lot" of the Hill Farm.

Amos, who fathered the "Children of Israel," rivalled his progenitors in his lack of purpose, his inertia. Amos, ambling back and forth splitting wood; leaning on the gate-post (the gate was gone) with unseeing eyes fixed on the distant mountain ridges, Amos had no ideas to his name. Amos could chew a straw for half a day without having turned a thought over in his mind. Living up there on the hill-side, rarely coming within touch of his neighbours (four

miles distant), for seven months in the year shut in by snow drifts, one thought could last Amos for days or weeks—even months in case of dearth of material.

When the neighbours asked, "How were all these children to be clothed and fed and put out into the world?" Amos had known how to answer. "He guessed they warn't any worse off than the 'Children of Israel'; he'd always got along without werriting, and he guessed they'd come through well as he'd done." Thus the flock at the Hill Farm obtained the name of the "Children of Israel."

Amos loved his belongings; his wife had never had a hard word from him since, against her parents' wishes, she put heart and hand into the stony ground at the Hill Farm. Her own folks had not been blessed with superabundance of ideas, but held a few practical maxims as premises for action. "Stony ground brought forth no crops," they stated; again, "ef a man never lifted hand to better things in his first twenty years, he warn't likely to do so in the next twenty; there warnt nothing *to* Amos, never had been and never would be," was the final judgment.

But Roxany married him nevertheless; she thought her energy, her force could move mountains, so she accepted the Hill Farm and its load of rocks, little dreaming that its heaviest burden, more unchangeable, less malleable than the largest boulder on the mountain "lot," was this quiet, contented, idea-less Amos.

The "Children of Israel" this warm August day were scattered over the "lot," picking berries. They could not see one another for the huge boulders which blocked their horizon, turn where they would; but shrill converse kept them all in touch. Hester, the eldest, not only had the largest pail to carry, but the twin boys rolled about on uncertain hands and feet, now quadruped, now biped, in her near neighbourhood, dividing her attention between the luscious purple berries and frequent salvage of their objectless lives, as she darted upon the adventurous pair, hooking stones and grasses out of their mouths with deft forefinger. After one of these perils passed, Hester shook up each twin separately and bumped him down, just as Amos punished a meandering pup. Then somewhat heated she sat down on a small boulder and gazed at the familiar scene, with eyes as unseeing as those of her idea-less parent.

The woodlands where the May-flower flourished, where the earliest spring blossoms sheltered in snow-wreaths sprang up and blossomed ere the Frost King had left his winter strongholds, enclosed the hopeless stony lands of Hester's father. Just beyond the fence too, and within hearing of the children, rushed the famous torrent whose fall miles away in the valley brought tourists from neighbouring resorts during the season. Fields well tilled, and beautiful meadows, covered in summer with a snow of marguerite blossoms, marked the course of the generous mountain springs, and far away on the horizon the hills rippled blue as waves, storm tossed amidst the flitting clouds, the scarped peaks of the White Mountains, mere islands in a sea of mist.

From this familiar boundary land of hill and forest Hester's wandering eyes came back to the "lot," where the briars laden with berries clung about the grim old boulders; hence she followed the winding path to the broken fence, once enclosing the homestead, garden, barn and house. But her mental vision direct on one point, saw not the ragged shingled roof, but darted to the farm kitchen where mother, centre of every impulse, mental or emotional, governing the leader of the "Children of Israel," carried the burden of the hour.

Hester herself, as she sat stooping awkwardly, poking the pebbles back and forth with her bare feet, presented an absolutely uninteresting feature in the landscape. She was plain, after the bucolic type, with a round vacant countenance, small lack-lustre eyes and wide mouth. She was small for her fourteen years, her scanty gown was much the worse for wear, and the sun bonnet slipping on the back of her bullet-shaped head was as faded as the stubborn dishevelled hair it so poorly defended from the stress of weather.

"Did you hear the horn, Hester?"

Cis, the second in command, emerged from the bramble centre, silently emptied her small pail into the larger one in her sister's charge, and sat down beside the twins.

Hester's round eyes absently absorbed the graceful figure, waving golden hair and sparkling eyes of her sister, unconscious of their beauty as she was of the touches of Nature's hand on forest and hill in autumn and spring.

"Can't be," she replied, anent the horn, glancing at the sun. "T'aint near to supper time, and mother wanted we should pick all this lot over. We aint mor'n begun."



"Got a good few," rejoined the sister, "and I heerd the horn—twice—t'other side the rocks."

"Waal, then, we better be goin'. Pity we can't finish. Say, Cis! You send Gus down to see ef we're wanted. Guess Hiram's to home and makin' game of us."

Cis ran away on her tiny bare feet to dispatch the ready Gus on his errand. Then the two girls picked on steadily at the berries, giving scant attention to the twins now choking on sweet clover. Now and again one or other of the "Children of Israel" emerged from the bushes to empty a little pail into the larger one carried by Hester. Red-haired, sandy, colourless, white eyelashed, were these later members of the old homestead, as though expressing in their personalities the aimlessness of their father's blank existence. Scantly clothed also were these, the numerical distraction of the neighbours.

Gus came back panting with his run.

"Waal!" he ejaculated. "Guess you've got to go. The berries 'ull keep till to-morrow. Aunt Almiry's come."

Aunt Almiry! Hitherto this relative had been but a name to the children, a mysterious background to Thanksgiving and Christmas festivities. The necessity of investing her with a personality gave the older girls a mental shock, which all but roused their latent powers of imagination. They rose hastily, hung the buckets on their arms, then each took a twin, shook as much dirt off him as could be disposed of in such summary fashion, and set off in the sun thus heavily handicapped. The lesser members of the tribe raced home, headed by Gus, and when the sisters arrived at the porch door, were already crowding about the stranger, who yet was no stranger to them, whose beneficent hand had frequently interposed to lift an intolerable burden from their mother's work-a-day life, and had acquainted themselves with a world beyond the farm by gifts of beautiful pictures and books.

Hester and Cis stood on the outer edge of the circle, each grinning from ear to ear to denote hearty welcome of the guest. There up in the mountains where speech came slowly, the grin made up for paucity of words; and became in its way shield and buckler to inner thoughts. It provided for embarrassment, for doubt, for fear, for pleasure; the grin in fact was a mask invaluable to its possessor, so Hester and Cis, not knowing what else to do, stood holding each a refractory twin—and grinned.

Aunt Almira, tall, erect, somewhat austere in mien, loved little children. Her arm had gathered the smaller ones close about her, and she was smiling at their answers to her questions, bending towards the eager faces upraised. But with the free hand she shewed her sense of the lack of grooming in the ardent souls clustered about her knee; she pushed elf locks from one heated brow, fastened the collar at the neck of another, pulled the disarranged garments straight in a third.

Ere long the elder girls felt the searching power of the liquid grey eyes turned upon them—and trembled.

## CHAPTER II.

The visitor was sitting with her back to the light in the one cushioned chair the house afforded (sent by herself for her long-suffering friend). The two girls as they entered stopped short on the threshold and were full in the sunlight. To lovely little Cis this was the most becoming setting possible, lending gold to her straying locks, and bringing the refined delicate features into clear relief. But for her sister—

Hester's grin subsided; mouth and eyes widened in an expression of awe, in which was no small admixture of fear, for the eyes turned back to her dwelt upon her with serious scrutiny. She became self-conscious, knew all at once and for the first time in her life, that she was personally unacceptable. These eyes disapproved of her from her faded unkempt hair to the big brown freckles on her sunburnt hands; even dwelt accusingly on the rent, but just now enlarged by a vicious bramble, in her scanty gown; this and much more. Hester grew red as fire; why did not the earth open and swallow her up? Where was mother, how could she leave her child to such an unmasked battery as this?

A moment later the other children, even Cis, at a movement of the mesmeric hand, were set aside. Hester with the twin now gripped as a buffer, stood in clear view of the majestic relative. "I will take Hester," said the even, full tones of Aunt Almira. "Yes, I grant all you say of Cis; but the world will treat her indulgently, you and I know why, Roxany. Hester! you and I know why she will meet with the uphill rough paths. I will take Hester." There seemed no appeal from the decision, nor did it seem as though Hester's mother even desired to alter it by a single argument.

The twin struggled down, and was borne away by Cis. Hester now stood alone in the effulgent light which showed her ungainliness, her unsatisfactory outlines, and bucolic countenance with aggravated force. "I must start before sundown," said Aunt Almira, "and while you are getting Hester ready, I'll take a turn round the yard with Amos. Don't send anything with her. I'll see to her wardrobe to-morrow in Boston as we go home." Hester followed her mother from the hall, where the stranger had been sitting, to the farm kitchen. The girl's round eyes, vacant no longer, but fearful, caught the mother's, which were beautiful like those of Cis, and now shone with tears.

"Sit down," she said, drawing Hester to the window seat. "I am going to talk to you. You are fourteen years old—almost as old as I was when I married your father. I meant then to do something in the world. I meant to"—she paused, she could not reveal her husband's shortcomings to the child. "Waal—I meant well. Almiry knows—we was brought up in the same farm kitchen. We both was full of ambition. And now look at her—and look at me. I haven't made out to begin. Amos don't worry—he's a good man—he loves us all—your father do. I haven't helped him to better himself—and now there's 'leven of you to feed, an' the farm don't yield much but rocks. Hiram Dodge's folks says 'they don't know but what they'd be willing to take you for help, dollar a month and your board.' Your father says you might go ef you was a mind to, but he guessed you'd be run to death." The poor mother paused and choked a little; what it meant to her, this proposal to hire out her first-born's services to a rude household like Hiram's! And Amos would not have lifted hand to prevent the sacrifice! Perhaps, this was the cruellest stab to the mother's heart. Presently she continued with enforced calm, "Then I wrote to Almiry—and she come. I knew she'd take one of you, and I was feared she'd choose Cis. Cis is pretty looking and quick; I told her I guessed when she see her, she'd want to take Cis. But she said from the first, she guessed she better have you. Ef she takes you, Hester—it's goin' to be hard for me, and—it'll be hard—for you. She'll do her duty by you, and be good to you, don't I know that, or I'd never let you go, t'aint that I mean; but there's harder work than pickin' berries, kneadin' up the dough, and tendin' them twins, child, as

you'll find, I'm feared. Come to mindin' your manners and learnin' and all them things—that's what I mean. But you never was a shirk, I'll say that for you, Hester, you never was a shirk, and you aint goin' to fail us now. Your chance as Almiry has come up here to give you aint for yourself alone—there's Gus and Dave—and the rest. Do you think as all them boys can get a livin' out of the farm—and the girls, too? Waal, you aint give it a thought, perhaps I shouldn't at your age, but you'll keep it in mind, now I tell you. Pretty soon, too, you'll see other children, and what is expected of them, an' then you'll know what it means to me to see you all up here—with your brains no better off than the chickadees about the farm."

Her voice choked, she waved her hand to the ten children whooping and romping in and out the alleyways between the boulders. Hester saw them all as it were in a new light. She was shaking, crushed beneath the weight of her mother's confidences. The colour left her cheeks, her heart seemed to be beating in her throat, suffocating her so that words would not come, even had she had them at command. "Mother!" she cried helplessly, "Mother!"

"When you was a baby," continued her mother, taking up the thread of explanation, "I see how things was goin', and I made up my mind as you shoudn't be sacrificed to me. I'd bear my own burden fur as I could see my way; this—bad as it seems for you and for me, Hester, is the best yet for us all. It looks like treating you real cruel, Hester, but it would be crueler 'n you can understand not to let you go,"—she stopped abruptly, drawing a long breath. "I'm goin' to miss you, daughter, day in and day out, you allays was to be depended on from the time you know'd anything. Waal, and I depend on you now, more'n ever; and you've got to help us in another way, a better way, child, than by running yourself to death in Hiram's folkses kitchen, bakin' and washin' for that crowd from week's end to week's end. Come three or four years, and you'll see how much Almiry's doin' in takin' you, and what I mean by askin' her to keep her promise to stand by me when I come to a tight place, as there warnt no way up here to get over. You'll see what there is beyond the hills yonder that shut down on us, like, and keep us down——"

She paused ; she was young yet—young enough to struggle against fate had there been the remotest possibility of changing the overwhelming conditions, and bettering them ; but no hill which blocked her horizon shut her down, kept her down as did the inertia of Amos, her husband Amos.

There was no opportunity for further speech ; voices approached, and Aunt Almira came into the farm kitchen. Hester was too much bewildered to move ; the sunlight pouring in at the window dazzled her sight, befogged her mental vision ; dimly she saw her father—who, with his usual smile, stood half in and half out the porch door, chewing a straw—as she had seen the children a moment since, from an altogether new standpoint. This familiar figure lounging against the broken hasp of the door was thus portrayed an ineffaceable picture in her mind—an unconscious basis on which she founded her powers of endurance of the new life to which she was so suddenly transposed. Hester realized with cruel force that here was embodied the obstructive against which her young mother vainly struggled in her efforts to rise to higher level of thought and action.

“Almiry will take a cup of tea, I guess,” he said, recalling his wife to her duties ; “You’d better chirk the fire up a bit, Hester.” But, as Hester obediently stooped to the work, her mother’s hand held her back, with a glance flashed upon her husband whose flame was so compelling, that Amos himself, without more ado, built up the fire which was to boil the kettle for the visitor’s refreshment. Hester, clinging to her mother’s skirts, moved like one in a dream, drowning in a sea of misery, in which she felt that tender mother had herself submerged her, unprepared as yet to catch at the only life-buoy held out to her, the ultimate good of the “Children of Israel.” Dumb because she lacked words to express the cruel suffering of this sudden uprooting, without natural grace of manner to make her farewell even fairly pathetic, Hester stood on the threshold with the children about her. Cis was already valiantly struggling with the extra twin, Hester’s special charge, her pretty face flushed, her golden curls half hiding her dainty figure. Aunt Almira sighed a little as she glanced from this delicate piece of porcelain to the rough pottery she had chosen to mould. She, too, had accepted the most arduous portion when she cast the lot for Hester. What labour lay before her did she intend

to graft ideas into this limited being! Was such a dullard worth the effort? "Hester's slow, but she has plenty of grit," the mother had remarked. "That's a hopeful word," was the cheery reply, but ere this quality became recognisable Almira could but sigh, as she took the bearings of the position voluntarily assumed, glancing away with something like impatience from this stolid countenance so expressionless even in misery. Only the mother read that heartbreak under that sober demeanour, so slightly indicated by the white spots in the cheeks and shadows under the eyes.

The farewells were quiet enough; the "Children of Israel" stood round, grinning because they did not quite know what was expected of them at this crisis. The twins struggled for liberty, both withheld from an excursion on all fours under the waggon, and near acquaintance with the horses' heels. They bellowed so loudly with disappointment that more attention had to be devoted to them and their idiosyncrasies than could be given to the departing child of the house, their benefactor. Hester's mother was calm; she came of Puritan forbears, who held all outer and visible tokens of emotion as weakness. If Hester possessed "grit," the quality could be readily traced as rightly hers by inheritance by anyone who saw her mother at this hour of stress.

Hester, too, had no tears. Her father shook her hand inconsequently as he lifted her into the waggon. "Waal," he said, "waal." Then with sudden inspiration, "So you be goin', Hester." Then he climbed heavily on the wheel, and kissed his child as she turned towards him.

Some tears could now be seen chasing the grins of the "Children of Israel" to extinction, but the circumstances attending this sudden bereavement were without precedent amongst them, and their emotions, rarely stirred, required as it were a leader to give them full play. And who should give the lead but Hester's twin. "Etta," he called, "Etta," and, howling, reached forth impotent arms. Then the mother's tears flowed as from a fountain, and the children burst into a chorus of hullabaloo.

But Hester never knew it. The hill dipped suddenly, and the old homestead, of which she had been a part for the short span of her fourteen years, was out of sight, ere the twin led the emotions of the "Children of Israel."

*(To be continued)*

## THE SEASIDE IN SUMMER.

BY D. NESBITT.

“Oh what an endless work have I in hand,  
To count the sea's abundant progeny!  
Whose fruitfull seede far passeth those on land,  
And also those which wonne in the azure sky!”

So Spenser wrote long ago, and many who have not the poet's powers of expression have also felt, when on a visit to the seaside, that the myriads of objects clinging so abundantly on the rocks or cast so lavishly on the shore defy all attempts not only to enumerate, but even to classify them. There is encouragement, however, in the thought that the veriest tyro has a chance if he uses his eyes of discovering some new example of animal or vegetable life at the seaside. But it is not the mere enumeration, were that possible, or the collection, were that practicable, of these things that will satisfy us. We want to learn their story, we want sufficient knowledge, not to unravel their mystery, but to recognise that mystery there is. Each proved fact is full of unproved suggestion. Everywhere we meet with the evidence of mighty changes, and yet everywhere we find as if to console us in our sense of the mutability of all things, convincing and clear proofs of the existence of fixed and external laws. The seashore, whether sandy or shingly, is often a silent witness to the great and mighty changes caused by upheaval or subsidence of land. On a shingly shore we may notice the ridge of stones which marks the limit of the last spring-tide, but on many we find “raised beaches,” of which there are good examples in Devonshire and Cornwall, while the coast line on both sides of Scotland is fringed with them. These “raised beaches,” having their high water-mark often far more inland than the limits of any recorded spring-tide, tell us that the sea has left or been pushed away from its old haunts. The land has been upheaved in that place, although, perhaps, in another it has subsided, so that the sea, both takes and gives back again, following the eternal law of compensation, and teaching us that we must not put our trust in any one rock or stone, or

beach, or shore, or cliff, or indeed in any tangible or material substance, that it will be constant and not fail, but in the law behind all that saves them from all failing together.

Other signs of the occurrence of upheaval may be seen. Perhaps we notice a line of sea-caves stretching along the base of a cliff. Such caves are formed only by the action of waves between the tide-marks. If the sea does not reach the base of the cliff now, yet there was once a time when it did so. Or perhaps we find rocks above high water-mark, fixed and firm, yet covered with the shells of acorn barnacles, or other inter-tidal creatures. Or again, we find piers and harbours built so that ships could use them, yet now beyond the reach of any ship that floats. At Lowestoft and many other places along the East coast examples of the contrary process may be seen. Here fishermen tell sadly of the terrible encroachments of the sea. At neap-tide remains of a once extensive forest may be seen exposed on Lowestoft beach, while but a few years ago the waves acted as bell-ringers in a submerged church near Southwold, till in their growing strength and fury they dashed steeple and belfry to pieces, letting them sink into oblivion as if they had never been.

However carefully any portion of cliffs may have been examined, the frequent fracture and constant wearing of the surface leave fresh parts yet unstudied.

In a chalk-cliff we may find ammonites, and belemnites, and sometimes if we make use of a geologist's hammer we may discover very beautiful impressions of ferns and cycads, there being about 60 different forms of the latter. But besides the "sleeping beauties" which we may bring to light with knife and hammer, there is an outward beauty conferred on the cliffs. Many are rich in soft grasses and luxuriant flowers, including those species which dwell alike by lane, wood, or hedgerow, and also some which are found nowhere save on the sea coast. Such a plant is the samphire (*Crithmum maritimum*), whose green tufts hang high up on several of our seaside cliffs. It may be known by its clumps of little pale yellow flowers. The tallest stalks are usually about a foot in length and it is a member of the Umbelliferae.

Hanging like tresses down the rocky sides we may often see the green trailing stalks of that little plant, the sea spurrey sandwort (*Arenaria marina*). It is very succulent, its stems



about as thick as twine, its leaves of semi-cylindrical form, as sharp pointed as a needle. Small, reddish-lilac, star-shaped flowers grow here and there, between the leaf and the stem, and when the blossom is over, the seed-vessels hang down on the flower stalks. It grows also on the sandy shore and among the pebbles of the beach. This is one of the plants which the Dutch love, and plant to strengthen their dykes.

On sand or soil may be gathered the prickly saltwort or sea grape (*Salsola rali*), with its prostrate angular stems, bearing a single flower of pale greenish hue with three little bracts at the base. In July and August the thrift, often called sea pink or sea gilli-flower, is recognised by everybody.

The cliff cabbage (*Brassica oleraceæ*) will have ceased to show its pale yellow flowers with the month of June, but its leaves may still be recognised with their sea-green bloom upon them.

The seaside poppy (*Glaucium luteum*), or horned poppy as it is sometimes called, because of its long seed-pods, is also well known. This flower is as large as the poppy of the cornfield, and as shining in its gold as is that flower in its scarlet. A large mass of leaves of most beautiful sea-green tint grow around the root, the upper leaves clasping the stem, and the lower having so many prickles on them that when glittering with dew they seem as if silver were sprinkled there.

Some very pretty trefoils flourish exceedingly well on our sea-beaches, and tufts of sea plaintain (*Plantago maritima*) help to bind the stones together. Starry sea-camomile with its cream-coloured rays surrounding a yellow centre gives its strong scent to the wind. It must be distinguished from the sea feverfew (*Pyrethrum maritimum*) which grows all over the cliffs and shingle.

The sea-holly (*Eryngium maritimum*) has a large veined prickly leaf, so like a holly leaf that anyone may know it. It has the bluish tint on the green of its leaves and flowers that is so characteristic of seaside flowers.

But while we stoop to gather the flowers we must not forget the cry of the birds over our heads. So many different voices! Some musical, perhaps, but most of them shrill, as indeed they need to be, if their choruses are not to be drowned by the resonant accompaniment of the waves. And in their own element there is beauty in their cry, a wild

and turbulent beauty that has caught the spirit of the foam that leaps over the rocks, and of the spray that is chased by the wind. Strong and brave, too, is their cry, a challenge to storm and eddy, the cry of a creature ever free and ever untamed.

The sea-birds have their moments of quiet, too, but it is a watchful and not a peaceful quiet. Their grace is in their motion. On land they are awkward, but in the motion of the waves they find their truest repose. Their babies begin life either among the stones or on narrow ledges. Each ledge or line of rock is appropriated by one set of birds. It will be found that the guillemots occupy one station, the razor-bills another, the puffins a third, and kittiwake gulls a fourth, while the inaccessible pinnacles seem to be left for the use of the herring gulls.

The common guillemot can dive and swim very well. I have been told by sailors that the guillemots know each their own egg by its markings, and that no two are ever marked alike. The birds make no nest, but lay on a flat and usually very narrow ledge of rock at a great height. They lay but one egg each. The eggs are exceedingly pretty, being of a beautiful green colour and curiously tapered, so that when moved they spin round, but never roll off their resting place. In fact, I tried to hit one off a slippery table and found that it would be quite impossible to dislodge it without scooping from underneath or pushing in a way that would be impossible if it were on a narrow ledge with a face of rock behind it.

The guillemot is nicknamed by sailors "foolish one," because it is faithful to its egg and will allow itself to be caught by hand rather than desert when sitting.

The cormorant, whose appearance and cry are both remarkably distinctive, is one of the three British representatives of the pelican family. It makes a nest of dried seaweed. The cormorant has a great appetite for fish, and has considerable "sporting" instinct. It always swallows the fish head downwards, and it is usually clever at catching the fish, throwing it up into the air and catching it again in the correct manner. Sometimes, however, a cormorant misses his aim and the fish escapes; and more ludicrous (or shall we say tragic) instances have been known to occur

when the cormorant has caught the fish the wrong way up and half swallowed it, tail first, when the fin sticking against the bird's throat has prevented further movement either way, and cormorant and victim have died together.

The common gull of course we all know, but do we always distinguish it from the black-headed gull?

The shield-drake or shell-drake is one of the duck family that stays with us all the year. Most of the ducks are only here in the winter.

There are six indigenous species of tern or sea swallows, but all are diminishing on our shores. The terns fly inland for several miles, and may be seen picking up seed from the furrows in sowing time. The black tern used to breed in the Fen country, but now only visits there, the draining of the country having rendered it useless from the bird's point of view. Its summer plumage is a black cap, the upper parts of the body being of a more or less pale grey white; they are mostly lighter underneath. They have pretty faces, with a daintier and more feminine expression than the common gull. Their rapid darting flight is not unlike that of the swallow. The terns nest among the shingle, laying three eggs at most. The young are clothed in variegated down, to resemble the shingle, this being a most wonderful example of protective resemblance. Few of us have ever seen either nest, egg, or young in their natural haunts, but their wonderful assimilation to their surroundings may be observed in the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. In this museum also there is a large photograph representing the famous Wideawake Fair on the Island of Ascension. This island is the breeding station of the sooty tern, egg bird, or wideawake which visits our country.

The puffin or sea parrot is a droll enough looking bird, with a decidedly pedantic and self-important expression. The puffin lives in burrows, and not infrequently plays the part of bailiff's man to an unfortunate rabbit who returns from foraging or other business to find Mr. Puffin "in possession," when no threats or entreaties are of any avail to induce the intruder to withdraw.

But we must go on to some shells that we and the children are sure to find on the sea-shore. If we notice holes under the mud on wet sand, close to the sea, we may be on the way to discover some of the numerous species of the "gaper

tribe." They are oblong shells, and somewhat rude in appearance, always gaping widely, especially at the two extremities. Both the shell and the animal within are often covered with a coarse wrinkled thin skin. They all bury themselves in sand, mud, or gravel. They have long siphons or tubes, and when buried they remain in an erect position under the mud, so that the holes correspond with the extremities of their tubes.

The razor fishes are remarkable for their long narrow shells, which might remind us of a pod of a bean. The pod razor shell is a long shell covered with a thin skin of a light brown or olive green, which when rubbed off shows the shells to be white, with a few bands of dull purple. The sabre razor shell is curved and more slender. It also inhabits deeper water. The pod razors may be found by digging wet sand to the depth of about two feet.

Little jets of sand and water mixed may sometimes be seen issuing from the surface sand beneath our feet. These are caused by the presence of cockles.

Every sea teems with some of the numerous species of scallop. One of the most highly coloured of our common kinds is the tiger scallop, which is streaked with every variety of marking of brownish red, lilac, chocolate, yellow and white.

Three common species of limpet may be found, the common limpet, which is nearly round or conical, and usually an olive or yellowish colour; the horse limpet, more triangular in shape; and a beautiful little limpet, common in the long leaf of the tangle of the seaweed, the pellucid limpet, which is clear and thin, of dark olive, rayed with brilliant blue.

It is probable that the limpet takes several years to attain its full growth, and during that period it frequents the same spot which becomes gradually sunk below the surrounding surface, especially if the rock be formed of carbonate of lime. The limpet has a strong internal ligament, which it contracts so as to create a vacuum. When the tide rises, the limpet detaches itself and feeds on minute algae, returning to its own little spot on the rock with the rising water. Limpets have two eyes on the ends of their tentacles like little pits or depressions. Young limpets start life in April. Several millions of these creatures are used annually in Great Britain as bait.

A less common kind of limpet than any of the former is the keyhole limpet, so called on account of an oblong aperture at their summit, shaped exactly like a keyhole. Of what use this may be to the creature it is hard to say.

Few shells are more similar to those of our land snails in form than is the pretty, glossy brown species called the sea snail. It is very abundant on our sandy shores. The false wentletrap, a very long spiral shell of a whitish colour and thickly ribbed, is another frequent kind. Then there are parasitic shellfish, which infest living animals. One of these, the styliifer, is among mollusca what the ichneumon is among insects, dwelling within the fleshy substance of the starfish, almost hidden from sight, and like the parasitic insect, avoiding till the end the vital parts of its victim. It is never found except in the rays, and it looks like a little glass bubble.

There is a shell found on most of our shores, though not in great numbers, except on some parts of the southern coast, which is called the Torquay nightcap. It is shaped like a little cap of liberty.

The tooth shells are dainty little shells, often found, but always empty when cast on our shores, as the living animals, which are sand burrowers, live at the depth of from ten to a hundred fathoms. The younger shells are incomplete. The common dentalium, when full grown, is like a horn, slightly curved, of white or yellowish colour, and about an inch and a half long.

I once found on the beach at Hastings a little worm-like creature with many feet and of the most brilliant iridescent colours. I was eight years old then, but I have never forgotten my surprise and delight at this discovery. Yet the sea mouse, for so it is called, is not very uncommon, but it is wont to hide among the weeds and under the sides of rocks and so is seldom seen. By a little turning over of the weeds it may be discovered. It is about six to eight inches in length and has a plated back. The plates are covered by a filmy substance resembling tow, and it has flexible bristles radiating glorious sheeny colours; sea hedgehog, or sea porcupine, would suit it better than its real name, but if we want to classify it scientifically we should place it not certainly with the mouse but with the earth-worms, for it is one of the Annelides, that is creatures having rings. In this class

also we find the *Serpula*, which makes so strange a dwelling-place for itself, and the *Cerebellae*, whose homes are even prettier objects because they are more thickly studded with pieces of shells mingled with the sand, and forming a dainty piece of mosaic work.

But the weird strange creatures that meet us at every turn must be left in their thousands unnumbered. The "sea's abundant progeny" is so limitless. However many treasures we have collected, we must leave many more unnoticed at our feet. Skates' eggs, weird and black, whelks' eggs, blown hither and thither across the shore, dog-fishes' eggs, those dainty little "mermaid's" purses, strange pebbles, strange shells, strange corallines that blossom unexpectedly into life—all must be passed ruthlessly by as we hurry homeward. A few of the common seaweeds we pick on our way however.

The largest of our common marine plants is the knobbed fucus (*Fucus nodosus*), with its thick leathery stems, sometimes several feet long, and its air vessels or bladder-floats. Commoner still is the bladder wrack (*Fucus vesiculosus*), with bladders in its very substance and a strongly marked ridge running through its midst. The ostioles, as the little pits in this plant are scientifically called, are interesting subjects under the microscope. Then there is the serrated fucus, whose brown spray contains no bladders, and which may be known by its saw-like edges.

The common sea-belt, or sea-girdle, is like a long narrow leaf with a curled margin fastened to a very thick stem and ending in a cluster of very strong fibres. The sea-belt is the seaweed that some people hang up as a barometer. It is one of the oarweeds (*Laminaria*). Another is the bulbous oarweed, sometimes called furbelows. It is a long broad leaf cut into several segments which stream in the waters. It has a flat stem which has one twist in it and a waved margin, which latter gives it its second name of furbelows.

Seaweeds may be conveniently classed into three great classes—the blue-brown, or olive-green, the grass-green and the red. The first kind are the largest and grow at about half-tide level. *Fucus* and *Laminaria* are in this first class. The slimy cord-like weeds, the sea laces, belong to the second class. The red seaweeds are the most delicate. Some are shaped like the leaf of a tree, as, for instance, the oak-leaved *Delessaria*.

## MUSIC AND ART IN SCHOOLS.

BY L. WINIFRED NICHOLLS.

ABOUT music I feel a little diffidence in speaking, as it is not my subject; but, having lived for many years in a musical atmosphere, I have, perhaps, learnt more about the teaching of music in schools than the average uninitiated person. Moreover, many of the considerations which apply to art, apply to music equally. Perhaps I ought to preface my remarks by saying that they refer to secondary schools only, and especially to girls' schools, of which I have more experience than of boys'.

Speaking generally of both subjects, music and art, I have a strong feeling that, as one of the chief objects of both should be to cultivate the æsthetic sense, they ought both to have a regular place on the school time-table. Drawing is, as a matter of course, included in the morning time-table in all forms up to the Fifth without special fee. Why not music? Much that would generate an intelligent appreciation of music, as a science and as an art, can be taught to all the girls at once in class. This is already being done in most Kindergartens and many First Forms now, and it helps wonderfully to make the music lessons themselves more interesting and profitable. My idea would be:—Two half-hour lessons a week in the Lower School, and one three-quarters in the Upper School, which should be devoted, not to training the executive faculty, which, after all, is the less important, but to training the appreciative faculty, which is all-important. The lessons in the Lower School would partake somewhat of the nature of the present Kindergarten music classes, and would include ear-training, simple experiments in acoustics, mastery of rhythm and time, learning to read from staff-notation, and to write from dictation. In the higher classes, the girls would learn something of musical form, and be shown how the present complicated forms of sonata and symphony have developed from the simplest musical germ. They would also learn harmony, and be taught something of





girls leave it with a greater appreciation of a comic-song than of a sonata of Beethoven, or a keener interest in *Comic Cuts* than in a gallery of Old Masters. Let the drawing-class still retain the position it has on the school time-table,—*i.e.*, let the Lower School spend about  $\frac{3}{4}$  hr. a week on learning to see correctly, and to reproduce exactly; and the Middle School an hour with the same object (I do not say  $1\frac{1}{2}$  hrs., although I believe this is the rule in most schools, because this seems to me a little out of proportion for the majority of the girls who will not take up an artistic career later.) In the Fifth and Sixth Forms, where drawing is generally dropped altogether as a morning subject, I would give the girls history of art in some form as a training in appreciation,—lessons on the history and styles of architecture, on sculpture, on the history of painting, and the lives of the great artists—something to give them an interest in the beautiful for its own sake. Then, let the few girls who show special aptitude for the executive side of the subject, take it up in afternoon classes as a special subject with a special fee. My proposal for art would be:—

In the Lower School: $\frac{3}{4}$ hr. spent in drawing.			
„	Middle	„	1 hr. (not $1\frac{1}{2}$ hrs.) also spent in drawing.
„	Upper	„	1 hr. devoted entirely to the history and appreciation of art.

I believe that the adoption of this plan would, to some extent, counterbalance the tendency to develop the very matter-of-fact unimaginative mind, which is generally the result of a preponderance of science and mathematics, and would also act as a counterpoise to the spirit of this very utilitarian age, which is apt to estimate the value of everything according to its power of conversion into £ s. d.

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### VII.—THE TEAM OF PHAETHON.

AS we go on with our painting lessons, we find that there are a good many things to attend to at once. You begin with mere representation—form, colour, light and shade; and then are beset with choice of subject, composition, harmony, and the rest. It is something like the Esquimaux driving we read of, with about a dozen dogs, each harnessed separately to the sledge by a single thong of walrus hide; no reins to guide the animals; nothing but another thong in your hand to whip them with, while they run about this way and that, jump across one another's backs, career and creep at their own wild will, half-savage things as they are, until the traces are all in a tangle, and the inexperienced traveller is at his wits' end. And yet the native Esquimaux manages them well enough. How is that?

He begins when he is a little boy with one dog and a toy sledge; then, as he grows bigger, he drives a pair; and year after year increases his responsibilities as he increases his experience; until at last his driving seems like a sort of wizardry as he pilots his complicated team with dexterous cracks of his thong-whip through the maze of snowy hummocks and crevassed intricacies of the ice-floe.

Our only chance in painting is to take one difficulty at a time. We have learnt various preliminary means of representing the simpler facts of Nature; and now we find that these alone do not enable us to paint a picture. Nature is one thing and Art is another. Nature gives the materials, and Art uses them. Nature finds the flowers, and Art lays out the garden. Nature provides the stones, and Art builds the house. Nature shows us a number of visible facts, bewildering infinitely, and Art selects and arranges them into a picture.

The very word *Art* means, in the primary and remote sense of it, a *fitting* or *joining* of one thing to another; as

when a prehistoric savage fitted his flint into a cleft stick, or wove the rough boughs to make his house, or plaited thongs or threads into a scarf. So the business of Art, from the beginning to the end, is more than mere taking what Nature gives, more than reproduction, than imitation; it involves some arrangement, some adaptation, some fitting together of the materials; in a word, what artists call *composition*.

By what principles, then, is Art controlled in its choice and arrangement of materials?

Just as the gardener must follow the suggestions of Nature in the treatment of his plants, and as the builder must begin from the natural masonry of the living rock, so the artist learns from Nature herself her own method of composition.

This is an art

Which does mend nature,—change it rather: but

The art itself is nature.

*Winter's Tale.*

Beauty in Art is produced by working according to the principles that make beauty in Nature. Beauty in Nature is seen most strikingly when the great principles, the main laws by which Nature always works, are seen to be exemplified, without let or hindrance. The difference between the world we live in and whatever primeval tohu-bohu can be conceived—formless and void chaos, of mud uncrystallised, matter unorganised, vapours that were not clouds, and violence that was not life—the difference between that and this lovable, paintable world is simply the orderliness of Nature. The beauty that we love and paint comes into being with the fitness of things for their places; the regularity of their movements, in spite of apparent confusion; the harmony of their working, in spite of apparent conflict. And more than that, this beauty can only be perceived when we have some sense, however dim, some faith, however faint, that the order of Nature does exist. In parts of Nature where we neither see evidences of natural law nor believe in beneficent design, we find only ugliness. Until you study them and sympathise a little in their ways, and lives, and strange, adapted structures, you think that all creeping creatures are ugly; when you know about them you find them, in their way, beautiful—never so beautiful as birds and beasts; but the knowledge that they too live and

move according to natural law opens your eyes to whatever beauty they have. So it was that in the earliest times wild woods and mountains were thought to be a waste place of dragons and deeps. The early Greeks liked rocks only when they were hewn and square ; they liked trees only when they were planted into trim gardens. But as people gradually found in wild Nature the evidences of a kindly ordainment, they began to find beauty ; and when, in more modern times, they saw even in "horrid crags" and "savage forests" examples of law and order, then there grew up landscape art parallel with physical science.

In a word, beauty is the result of order, ugliness of chaos ; and if we know the principles by which order was established and chaos turned into cosmos, we shall know the principles by which Nature makes beauty. And by applying those same principles, Art makes beauty—a sort of child's play imitating the work of creation, very much in the spirit in which children imitate the dealings of their parents, with their dolls, and toys, and games.

I. The first principle which, our fathers have told us, was exemplified by the Creator in His work was *Contrast* ; the division of light from darkness. That, too, is the first thing we need to know in our spiritual life ; the broad distinction of good and evil.

II. The next was *Symmetry* ; the division of the waters beneath from the waters above, repeating one another in balanced opposition. Throughout the Bible, and throughout the history of Art, whether Christian or heathen, you will find that symmetry is the outward and visible sign of Justice. Let an artist try to paint heaven, or any company of blessed creatures where the injustice of this world is done away with, and you will find him involuntarily recur to the formal symmetry of hieratic Art. And in our spiritual life, this is surely the second lesson we have to learn—justice, and the fear and hope of it.

III. The third principle exemplified in the Biblical account of Creation was *Unity* ; the gathering together of the waters to one place, and, on the other hand, the fellowship of all the varied vegetation of the dry land after their kinds ; their fraternity of common function and of common origin, by which they are at one among themselves. And surely this, in the

moral world, we have to learn when we have understood the nature of justice; for fear we think only of our rights and never of our responsibilities.

IV. The fourth was *Variety*, in counterstroke to the third; the setting of greater lights in the sky to rule day and night, and to lead the hierarchy of the morning stars. For there is no unity of a whole without difference in parts.

V. The command to multiply asserts the principle of *Infinity*—that is, unchecked vigour, undecaying life; energy with its concomitant strength and purity, as opposed to disease and death.

VI. The sixth day's work was the assertion of *Principality*, when man was set over all the earth, as the moderator, the measure of all things. And it seems that it is a necessary condition of creation that in every group there should be a leader, in every realm a king, whatever name you give him.

VII. And the seventh was *Repose*.

You may feel these analogies to be fanciful, and yet they help us to our rudimentary laws of composition or picture-creating, which may be stated otherwise, but hardly in simpler terms; perhaps the very circumstances of their derivation will fix them in some memories the more firmly. You must have Contrast and Symmetry; Unity in Variety; Infinity ranged under Principality; and the whole issuing in Repose.

Seven new horses for your driving! As if it were not enough to have the responsibility of the plough-team you have laboured to tame to your hand—Outline, Shading, and Colour—here are seven steeds ready to spurn the common earth and their plodding companions, and to carry you away, unless you keep strong rein upon them, and a cooler head than Phaëthon.

But we began by resolving to attempt only one thing at a time. Let us take this one—*Contrast*; and study how to manage him. Of the rest there is too much to be named as yet; but Contrast seems no such difficult thing to manage.

You must be able to say of your picture that *this* is light and *that* is dark, and no mistake about it. Can you always say that? or do we not often find pictures in which it is difficult to tell where the light comes from, what sort of light it is, or how much of it falls on the different objects? Let

there be a division of light from darkness; though not necessarily violent—for the day is not all glare, nor the night all blackness.

There are other contrasts besides those of chiaroscuro. You must be able to say this is round and that is flat; this is curved and that is straight; this is sharp and that is soft; this is blue and that is brown; and so on. In every department contrast is possible, and contrast is required. Alone it will not perfect your picture; but for the sake of study let us fix our minds on it for this month. You remember the lemon, or—no, we won't talk about that lemon; we can do so much better now. We will get apples and plums, nuts in the husk and ears of corn, or whatever the season affords, and arrange them on a board in a side light, ten or twelve feet away, with moss behind, or leaves, or if nothing come handier, a crumple of brown paper for a background; *arrange* them to bring out their contrasts. There are contrasts in their colour—green against red and yellow against purple; there are contrasts in their tone—light sides against dark, bright things against gloomy ones; there are contrasts in their forms and textures—the spiky nut-husks against the rounded apples, the soft plums against the keen spears of bearded corn, the solid organic forms of the group as a whole against the flatness of the background, and the mechanical smoothness of the table.

With this subject you can do all your arranging before touching paper. In landscape it is not possible to “move the cottage from yon aged oak” and play the peaks of mountains about like chessmen, unless in imagination. The point of view must be chosen; the effect of light and cloud must be watched for; the moving figures must be caught in a suitable attitude. All, there, is incomparably more difficult. But your fruit can be calmly arranged; and you may profitably spend a day over the business before you think of sketching. It is a good plan to set up your model in some out-of-the-way place, to keep it under a glass shade or dish-cover when you are not actually painting, to warn everyone off, and to stand a card with “Please do not touch” upon it, for farther precaution. Then take the next day to outline, and a day or two more to paint; remembering that your aim now is not to stipple textures nor to trifle with the details which are invisible at the distance, but to render firmly and

broadly the contrasts which are your especial study this time. When you have quite done, you can dust the fruit with a pair of bellows, and, permission being granted, the children will be delighted to eat your subject.

\* \* \* \*

Properly peeled, of course! "An apple, an egg, and a nut you may eat after a slut," says the old rhyme; and the suggestion need not, as some of my readers feared, mean anything insanitary.

With this paper the Fésole Club settled down to a new lease of life. Some of the less energetic members dropped off, and one or two new pupils joined, bringing with them talent and patience which made the portfolios a monthly pleasure and interest.

The chief criticism I find in the notes on this study was with regard to the blackness of the shaded sides. I ought to have warned them in the paper that in a dull light (for such drawings are usually made on wet days, when young people have time to spare from out-of-doors employments), and in an ordinarily furnished room, there is very little light reflected into the dark sides of things. In that case, put up a sheet of drawing paper, propped with books, etc., on the side of your model farthest from the window, so as to reflect light into the darks. Only remember that, however bright the reflected lights are, they can never be nearly as bright as the direct lights from the window. Also, remember to set up your model in the same place and in the same light at every sitting. Make up your mind which way the light is coming (from the right hand to the left, etc.), and stick to that arrangement.

In subjects like this there is often a plate or a pot, which involves drawing a circle in perspective. This is not easy to do without carefully facing the task, once for all. Put a small plate on the table and draw the flattened circle of its rim. Being a good deal below your eye, it will be a very open curve, swinging boldly round to right and left. Now raise the plate on several books, and you will see the curve begin to shut up. But still, where it goes round the sharp bend, to right and left, it does not make an angle. Raise it higher still, and until it is foreshortened to a horizontal line you will find it always makes an oval line, with no more point at its sharpest part than an egg has.

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review* School), of some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: French Narration.*

Group: Languages.      Class III.      Time: 30 minutes.

BY L. ELEANOR CLENDINNEN.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To give the children more facility in understanding French, when they hear it spoken and also in expressing themselves in it.
- II. To teach them some new words and expressions.
- III. To improve their pronunciation.
- IV. To strengthen the habit of attention.
- V. To introduce a new branch of the study of French and thus increase their interest in it.
- VI. To have the following passage narrated by the children.

### LESSON.

*Passage Chosen: LE CORBEAU.*

“Auguste étant de retour à Rome, après la bataille d’Actium, un artisan lui présenta un corbeau auquel il avait appris à dire ces mots: Je te salue, César vainqueur! Auguste charmé, acheta cet oiseau pour six mille écus. Un perroquet fit à Auguste le même compliment et fut acheté fort cher. Une pie vint ensuite; Auguste l’acheta encore. Enfin un pauvre cordonnier voulut aussi apprendre à un corbeau cette



salutation ; il eut bien de la peine à y parvenir, il se désespérait souvent et disait en enrageant : Je perds mon temps et ma peine. Enfin il y réussit. Il alla aussitôt attendre Auguste sur son passage, et lui présenta le corbeau, qui répéta fort bien sa leçon ; mais Auguste se contenta de dire : J'ai assez de ces complimenteurs là dans mon palais. Alors le corbeau, se ressouvenant de ce qu'il avait souvent entendu dire à son maître, répéta : J'ai perdu mon temps et ma peine. Auguste se mit à rire et acheta cet oiseau plus cher que tous les autres."

*Step I.*—Read the passage slowly and distinctly, stopping frequently to make sure that the children understand. Write the new words and expressions on the board and give their meanings.

*Step II.*—Let the children repeat the story in English.

*Step III.*—Read the passage straight through.

*Step IV.*—Let the children read the passage, paying special attention to the pronunciation.

*Step V.*—Have the passage narrated in French, helping the children when necessary with questions.

Speak as much French as possible throughout, but always make sure that the pupils understand.

## II.

### *Subject: Geometry.*

Group: Mathematics.      Class II.      Average age, 10.  
Time: 30 minutes.

BY W. T. WILKINSON.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To teach the pupils to reason inductively.
- II. To cultivate the inventive powers and encourage self-reliance.
- III. To train the hand in neatness and the eye in precision.
- IV. To train the pupils in a habit of forming correct judgments.
- V. To introduce the pupils to a new subject, viz., geometry.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Find out if the pupils know that the word “geometry” means the measurement of the earth, and is derived from two Greek words—*gē* = the earth, and *metron* = a measure.

Give a brief sketch of the history of geometry as far as it is known. It is supposed to have been invented by the Egyptians when they wanted to restore their landmarks effaced by the inundations of the Nile. Later they used it for measuring such things as areas, solids, etc.; we know that this was in 1700 B.C., because of a papyrus preserved in the British Museum. The ancient Greeks used geometry a great deal, but for them it meant the measurement of surfaces, corners, etc.

In the time of Roman power it was not used, but was revived again in the 17th century, and adopted in England and France, and has been used ever since.

*Step II.*—Find out if the pupils know some of the uses to which geometry is put, *e.g.*, to find out the distances of the heavenly bodies from the earth, to measure from place to place when both places are inaccessible, to measure the surface of the earth, fields, etc., etc.

Tell the pupils that there are many different branches of geometry, and the one about which they are going to learn is called “plane” or “flat” geometry, because the things treated of can be drawn on paper.

*Step III.*—Give the pupils a cube and let them find out for themselves, by observation and measurement, the definitions of a surface, a straight line, and a point. Let the measurements be put down neatly in a book and the corresponding definitions written in beside them.

*Step IV.*—Put two dots on the board to represent points, and let the pupils find out the three kinds of lines that can be drawn between them, *viz.*, straight, curved and zigzag, and that the straight line is the shortest distance between the two points. Let the pupils illustrate these three lines by reference to roads, etc.

*Step V.*—As the pupils know that a straight line has no breadth or thickness, give them each two matches, and let them put these in as many different positions with relation to each other as they can: (1) meeting with four, two and one

corners or angles respectively; and (2) not meeting; (a) where the two lines would meet if lengthened or produced, and (b) where they would never meet. Let diagrams of these be put neatly into the book.

*Step VI.*—Let the pupils give the definitions of an angle and parallel lines from their drawings, and illustrate them from the cube and numerous other objects, such as the corners of the room, of the table, railway lines, the sides of a room, a picture, etc.

*Step VII.*—Recapitulate by asking for definitions and illustrations of a surface, a line, a point, a straight line, an angle and parallel lines.

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### III.

*Subject: Fertilization.*

Group: Science.      Class IV.      Time: 30 minutes.

BY E. M. BROOKES.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To continue the lesson on pollination O—— had last Monday.
- II. To help her to understand better the method of growth of a plant by taking in detail the growth of one portion of its structure.
- III. To show her that botany is the study of the life of a plant, not merely an examination of its structure.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Ask O—— what kind of organs a stem bears. A *pistil of carpels* is made up of carpellary leaves. Give a well-developed pistil to be dissected and show model of a pistil.

*Step II.*—An ovary bears ovules; ovules become seeds. How? By fertilization, *i.e.*, pollen is passed down through the style and enters the ovule.

*Step III.*—A plant increases in size by cell-division and so does an ovule.

Give a diagram of an ovule, and show an ovule under the microscope.

*Step IV.*—Give a diagram of the cross-section of an ovule.

The embryo-sac is the most important part of the ovule; it afterwards contains the embryo of the future plant.

*Step V.*—Changes and growth go on within the embryo-sac until it is ready to be fertilized. Put diagrams of the successive stages of its growth on the board, and let O—— draw the most important from memory.

*Step VI.*—*Fertilization.* When the embryo-sac reaches this stage the ovule is ready for fertilization. When the pollen-grain enters the ovary it passes into the ovule and into the embryo-sac. There it fuses with the oospore, which then changes into an oosphere. The oosphere becomes the embryo of the new plant. The secondary nucleus rapidly increases in size, laying up food material for the young plant, *i.e.*, it becomes the cotyledon or cotyledons of the seed.

*Step VII.*—*Recapitulation.* Question O—— on the structure of a pistil, and if there is time ask her to draw from memory certain of the diagrams, as these will test more exactly than questions if she has followed the whole process of growth.

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1903.

### *Subjects for July.*

I.—*Midsummer.* Go out into the fields and paint a study of golden corn or wheat, and by contrast get in the middle distance some groups of trees; note how dark they come out this time of year, scarcely green except where the edges show light.

II.—*Poppies, Indoors or Out.* If the season is wet work indoors and try a decorative design formed from the flower itself, which is full of suggestion.

## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

Ladies wishing for Probationers for August and September should apply without delay. Ladies who do not see their way to employ House of Education Governesses should take this opportunity of getting their help in nature work, handicrafts, educational principles, etc. Term ends July 16th.

The House of Education is closed from August 1st to September 15th. Letters relating to the *House of Education*, *Parents' Review School*, *Mothers' Educational Course*, *Governesses*, etc., cannot be answered or received between these dates.

We had the great pleasure of an illuminating and most interesting lecture on *In Memoriam*, from the Rev. Canon C. V. Gorton, on Friday, June 12th.

### *Parents' Review School.*

The examination papers will be sent out for Monday, July 13th. The summer examination is optional.

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## EXAMINER'S REPORT ON NATURE NOTE BOOKS, *December*, 1902.

### CLASS I.

Miss LILIAN LEES. A very nice book. Brushwork decidedly clever; has facility in producing character of plants, both in form and colour.

Miss AGNES C. DRURY. Observations profuse and well recorded. Drawings excellent.

Miss E. M. OGDEN. Very full notes, and well written. Drawings very nice.

Miss H. M. A. BELL. This is a very nice book, and the drawings are excellent, particularly the twigs, in which the details are wonderfully accurate.

Miss ELLEN PARISH. A very good book. The notes are excellent and show a fine appreciation of natural beauty. Drawings good. The insects, feathers, and eggs, are very boldly drawn.

Miss E. M. PIKE. A nice book, showing a very true appreciation of Nature. The drawings are very good and accurate.

Miss D. SMYTH. A very artistic book. The drawings of birds and insects are most effective. The notes good.

Miss L. ELEANOR CLENDINNEN. The notes are full and good. The drawings are excellent.

Miss BEATRICE DISMORR. The same remarks almost precisely apply to this book.

## CLASS II.

Miss C. N. HEATH. Another good book. Drawings abundant and good. Observations might be recorded a little more at length.

Miss E. MAY GARNIER.

Miss WINNIFRED WILKINSON.

Miss H. H. FOUNTAIN.

Miss IDA EMILY FISCHER.

Miss G. A. MENDHAM.

Miss M. E. MOULE.

Miss C. A. FRASER.

The above seven books bracketed together are all good. The notes are perhaps not quite so full as some, and the drawings not quite so life-like. They all, however, breathe the right spirit. The differences rather lie in quantity of note and quality of drawings.

## GENERAL REPORT.

As I have not had the advantage of seeing the previous year's work of the students, this report cannot have any comparative value. I consider the whole of the seventeen note books so good that it is exceedingly difficult to make even two classes out of them. The students will thus be classified rather by quantity and quality of the notes and drawings respectively, than by any great inferiority in the matter of recorded observations. The brushwork of those students high up in the list was both true to Nature and most artistic. The spontaneity of the records was very delightful, and made the work of examining so many note-books quite a pleasure. The students should now seek to extend their observations to the relations of plants to the soils on which they grow: to noting the position of leaves with regard to light and darkness: should learn to interpret the structure of plants in relation to the visits of insects for the purpose of pollination; and if they have time to rear insects, both aquatic and terrestrial, they will thus be able to add many new delights to their rambles.

(Signed) ALFRED THORNLEY, M.A., F.L.S., F.E.S.

The Rev. A. Thornley, who is Referee for a considerable district of the Midlands, most kindly consents to be Referee for House of Education students also. He says, "I hope the students will send me plenty of specimens to determine. I can determine plants, animals, insects, shells and fungi." Students should enclose a stamped and addressed envelope with specimens to Rev. A. Thornley, M.A., South Leverton Vicarage, Lincoln. Old students will feel that this is an immense advantage.

## EXAMINATION IN CARDBOARD MODELLING,

*Held at the House of Education, 2nd May, 1903.*

## CLASS LIST.

BROWNELL, DOROTHY	...	...	Passed with distinction.
WIX, HELEN E.	...	...	" "
BROOKES, E. M.	...	...	Passed.
GOODE, B. M.	...	...	"
TIBBITS, WINIFRED	...	...	"
WHITE, W. A.	...	...	"
WILSON, MARIE L.	...	...	"
WOOLER, M. I.	...	...	"

JOHN COOKE.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society*.—Subject for July: Selection from Lowell's Poems.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society*.—Subject for July: Selection from Goethe's *Gedichte*.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth,

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Robert Browning: English Men of Letters Series* (Macmillan, 2/- net). Readers who take Browning seriously as a teacher whose lessons they set themselves to learn will be grateful for Mr. Chesterton's book. The amateur reader of Browning, who admires a poem and a passage here and there, but who criticises from a height, will find this author irritating; his pages bristle with paradoxes, whimsicalities; and the reader who looks for a calm judicial attitude in the biographer, akin to his own, will avenge himself by saying, "young," "crude," and the like; but Mr. Chesterton puts himself at the feet of his author and looks up at "one greater than I." He gives us an *appreciation*. It is good to have written of Browning's "quiet life, which culminated in one great dramatic test of character"; and, again, to have written, "he displayed a very manly and unique capacity" of laughing at his own work without being ashamed of it. Again, "he was naturally magnanimous in the literal sense of that sublime word; his mind was so great that it rejoiced in the triumph of strangers." Speaking of the deception which Browning judged to be necessary in the matter of his marriage, the author's very just remark is, "it did not in the least degree break the rounded clearness of his loyalty to social custom." It is vexing to read such a sentence as, "These Browning poems do not merely treat of painting—they smell of paint"; and we doubt if Mr. Chesterton has fully caught the secret either of Browning's gaiety in play or of his passionate and comprehending love of painting and music. The greatness of the Renaissance men was an all-round greatness, and it was because he, too, was all-round in his sympathies and achievements that Browning knew how to interpret them. It seems to us a little far-fetched to compare the one great problem of Browning's life with that of Caponsacchi's; but it is quite true that, "this great moral of Browning, which may be called roughly the doctrine of the great hour," enters into many of the poems besides *The Ring and the Book*. We cannot follow Mr. Chesterton through his interwoven comments upon the life and work of Browning, but we are entirely grateful to him; many a book freer from faults is far less rich in suggestion, far less loyal in enthusiasm.

Mr. Chesterton says tacitly with M. Maeterlinck, "Je suis un lecteur assidu et un ardent admirateur de Browning qui est selon moi l'un des plus grande poètes que l'Angleterre ait sus. C'est pourquoi je le considere comme appartenant à la littérature classique et universelle que tout le monde est censé connaître."\*

*Emerson's Essay on Beauty*, edited by S. Cunningham (Norland Press, 1/6). The essay is printed in fine bold type, inviting to the eye. As for the notes and questions they are probably quite suitable and desirable, but

our own feeling is that the reader, who is in a fit state of mental development to read a given modern author, should be left to deal with his author according to his own mind.

*Adonais*, edited by S. Cunningham (Norland Press). The above criticism applies even more strongly to the well-printed nicely got-up *Adonais*, by the same author and issued by the same publishers. Here Miss Cunningham gives us pages of parallel passages from other authors, containing or suggesting or amplifying every line of Keats' great poem. A suggestion of the same thought in *Lycidas*, *In Memoriam*, *The Prelude*, or what not, to which Keats gives another expression, is delightful when it occurs spontaneously to the well-read reader; but, when the young student is set to get up this sort of thing, he is apt to get a meretricious and not delightful acquaintance with literature.

*The Norland Readers*, edited by E. Speight. The Norland Press is doing good work. The first of the Norland Readers is a delightful little book for picture, verse and tale. It is a gain for nursery as well as school-room children.

*Tales from the Greek*, by C. L. Thomson (Norland Press, 1/-). Miss Thomson has performed a difficult task very well, but we are not at all sure of the advisability of giving the tales of Eros and Psyche, Perseus and Andromeda and the rest, to young children in all grades of schools. It is a sort of rifling the future for children, who will come upon such tales by-and-by in some form which will be included in "literature," and we doubt if children of a lower grade are likely to get these *Tales from the Greek* into place as mental furniture.

*The Celtic Wonder World*, by C. L. Thomson (Norland Press, 1/-). Miss Thomson has succeeded in keeping the poetic feeling of these tales, and we think that they are more fit on the whole for English children, new to literature, than the Greek tales; and they should conduce to the dreamy wonder so blissful and profitable for children.

*Little German Folk*, by M. Schramm (Norland Press, 2/-). This is a really capital little book. Every page is occupied with some little incident of child life in idiomatic German, by a German, and at the head of each page is a charming picture which catches the quaintness of early German art. What is better—the pictures really illustrate the letterpress, so as to enable the teacher to describe from the German text.

*The Religious Instruction of Children at Home*, by E. Barker (Wells, Gardner, Darton, 1/-). We notice this little book with hearty pleasure. In the first place it treats with great seriousness the mother's function of giving religious instruction to her children, and in the next it recognises that she must instruct out of full and deliberately gathered knowledge. Mrs. Barker gives us five lists of books for the instruction of children of various ages, some to be used by the mother, others for use in teaching the children. The author has been at the pains to have the titles of books and their prices certified by the publishers, a real kindness to her readers. We agree with Mrs. Barker that "it is impossible to carry on such instruction thoroughly without good assistance." She adds, "in choosing, the 'falseness of extremes' has ever been in my mind." Again, "I have tried to keep the choice amongst books which are readable and first-rate." The author's capital plan in each group is to begin with a few notes as to the use of the books, then follows the list, and then a descriptive notice of



each book in the list. We are glad to see Edersheim's *The Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah* given as the authority for the life of our Lord, and *The Holy Gospels* (illustrated) S.P.C.K., as a picture-book.

*History of Western Europe*, by J. Harvey Robinson (Ginn & Co., 7/6). Professor Harvey Robinson appears to us to have treated what he calls "so vast a theme" with singular judgment and sincerity. This is no mere mass of facts, but a serious and thoughtful attempt "to state matters truly and clearly, also to bring the narrative into harmony with the most recent conceptions of the relative importance of past events and institutions." The author saves space by omitting persons and events of secondary importance, and traditional anecdotes, and this space he gives to "institutions under which Europe has lived for centuries—above all, the Church," and "the life and work of a few men of indubitably first-rate importance in the various fields of human endeavour—Gregory the Great, Charlemagne, Abelard, S. Francis, Petrarch, Luther, Erasmus, Voltaire, Napoleon, Bismarck." The second chapter treats of Western Europe before the Barbarian invasion—the last, of Europe of to-day. We are grateful to Mr. Robinson for a book which should do much to introduce European History into the advanced classes of our schools. We know of nothing which covers the same ground in so compact a volume, and with such fairness and simplicity. There are some thirty-six capital historical maps, and a number of other interesting illustrations. We have noticed one or two Americanisms in spelling, but none in style.

*The Sciences: a Reading Book for Children*, by E. S. Holden (Ginn and Co., 2/6). Again America comes to the fore with a school-book after our own heart. *The Sciences* is a forbidding title, but since the era of Joyce's scientific dialogues, we have met with nothing on the same lines which makes so fit an approach to the sensible and intelligent mind of a child. This is what we call a "first-hand" book. The knowledge has of course all been acquired; but then it has been assimilated, and Mr. Holden writes freely out of his own knowledge both of his subject-matter and of his readers. The book has been thrown into the form of conversations between children—simple conversations, without padding. About 300 topics are treated of: Sand-dunes, Back-ice, Herculaneum, Dredging, Hurricanes, Echoes, the Prism, the Diving-bell, the Milky-way and—shall we say, everything else? But the amazing skill of the author is shown in the fact that there is nothing scrappy and nothing hurried in the treatment of any topic, but each falls naturally and easily under the head of some principle which it elucidates. Many simple experiments are included, which the author insists shall be performed by the children themselves. We wish we could quote the whole of the singularly wise preface a *vade mecum* to teachers—but we must content ourselves with a few words: "All natural phenomena are orderly; they are governed by law; they are not magical. They are comprehended by someone; why not by the child himself? It is not possible to explain every detail of a locomotive to a young pupil, but it is perfectly practicable to explain its principles so that this machine, like others, becomes a mere special case of certain well-understood general laws. The general plan of the book is to awaken the imagination; to convey useful knowledge; to open the doors towards wisdom. Its special aim is to stimulate observation and to excite a living and lasting interest in the world that lies about us."

## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—May we call the attention of your readers to a scheme which is intended as a preliminary attempt to meet the need felt by many educated women for more systematic and intelligent Biblical study.

No serious student of the Bible to-day can afford to ignore the fresh light continually pouring in from recent research and exploration—least of all those who are interested in the teaching of Scripture. It is an honour to England that the responsibility for teaching the Bible is so universally recognised, but we are beginning to see that those who teach it must study it more thoroughly.

There are many who have little opportunity or leisure to gain the knowledge which alone will enable them to resist the attacks of hasty and one-sided criticism. A three-weeks Vacation Term has been arranged at Cambridge, in order to provide facilities for Academic Bible Study on the level of honour work in other subjects. It is hoped that such a course of study, arranged on a Christian basis, and conducted by lecturers chosen, not as representatives of any particular school of doctrine, but as experts in their own subjects, may meet a very widely felt need.

As at present arranged the scheme will include courses of four lectures—from Dr. Kirkpatrick, on "Old Testament Religion"; Professor Swete, on "New Testament Christology"; Dr. Stanton, on "New Testament Times"; Dr. Rashdall, on "The Philosophy of Religion"; Mr. F. C. Burkitt, on "The Synoptic Gospels"; Rev. C. F. Burney, on "Genesis and Exodus"; Dr. Barnes, on "Isaiah"; Dr. Agar Beet, on "The Epistle to the Romans"; Rev. R. H. Kennett, on "The History of Israel"; as well as single lectures on special subjects.

The terms, including lecture fees, and with residence at Newnham or Girton Colleges, will be £1 17s. 6d.; in lodgings, from £1 12s. 6d. per week.

MARY BENSON (*President of Committee*),

Tremans, Horsted Keynes,

BEATRICE CREIGHTON, *Secretary*,

Hampton Court Palace,

who will gladly give any necessary information.

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DEAR EDITOR,—One is so accustomed to hearing the Kindergarten attacked as a mere place for play that one notes with a little amusement, though with much satisfaction, that your correspondent, Mrs. E. K. Johnston, admits that it is, after all, a serious institution. Whilst it is impossible to discuss the merits of the Kindergarten system within the limits of a short letter, the question raised, of its effect upon a child's nervous condition, is so important that I cannot refrain from writing a few words on the subject.

One can readily sympathise with a mother whose child, possibly of an exceptionally nervous temperament, may have suffered some harm through the danger of over-excitement not having been realized by the teacher with whom she was placed. In such special cases it is always desirable for a parent to take the teacher into her confidence, and in particular to inform her of any sign of over-excitement shown in the home as the apparent result of the morning's work. It is, however, a great mistake to suppose that the principles on which the Kindergarten is based tend in their proper application to produce anything like nerve-strain; indeed, the exact contrary is the fact of the case. It is rightly claimed for the system that, though it is intended to stimulate the mind within the limits of a child's natural capacity, its effects upon the nervous organisation is to soothe, certainly not to irritate. It appears that your correspondent has not clearly distinguished between the stimulation which makes for health, and that undue excitement which produces irritation and injury.

One of the greatest misfortunes that can happen to a nervous child is to be left largely to its own resources without full and suitable occupation, in which case the mind turns upon itself, producing a morbid, nervous condition. This danger at least the well-ordered Kindergarten removes by providing pleasurable occupation for hand and eye which demands enough attention for interest and development, without straining childish faculties; while the Nature knowledge gained there places the child in true relationship with Mother Nature herself, who can then exert her peaceful influence in garden, field and lane.

Among the many other advantages gained by the child is the restful sense of well-disciplined activity, so rarely to be found in home and nursery; while the long and careful training which every Kindergarten teacher has undergone, coupled with such wide and close observation of child-nature as can only be gained by daily contact with numbers of children, should enable her to acquire in a special degree sympathetic insight into the varying conditions and capacity of individual children.

Yours faithfully,

158, Norwich Road, Ipswich.

SOPHIE B. FLEAR.

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#### PUBLIC SCHOOL BOYS.

DEAR EDITOR,—Reform in the educational system of our public schools on the lines suggested in Mr. MacEacharn's paper cannot, even if started at once, be effected for years. What, in the meantime, are parents to do? That is the pressing question for those who, like myself, have sons just ready for public school. Book-learning and intellectual training boys may get at home; can the influences of family life be made equivalent to the forces which go towards the moulding of character in the small world of a public school? Most thoughtful parents are, I believe, forced to answer this question in the negative, and, after balancing advantages and disadvantages, feel compelled to adopt what seems the better of the two courses, unsatisfactory as that may really be. If reform of our public schools is to be hastened the pressure of parental opinion must be brought to bear. The voice of intelligent fathers and mothers

must be loudly heard; and the apathy and ignorance which characterise so large a proportion of parents must be overcome. The influence of wealthy parents, of whom there are so many in English society, is, as a rule, inimical to progress. In many homes luxury and frivolity prevail and the boys are from the first brought up in the knowledge that they will never be called upon to work, if indeed they are not imbued by example and precept with the idea that all serious work is hateful or degrading. Sport and pleasure are the only serious pursuits of vast numbers of wealthy Englishmen, and their sons carry these ideas to, and propagate them in our school-boy societies. Many of these wealthy boys go into the army. There the tone acquired at school and at home becomes developed. Pursuit of professional knowledge is "bad form"; the more complete his ignorance of military science the more popular the officer. Instead of being a training ground for intellectual manliness of the finest type, the army often forms merely a school of idleness and selfishness. So much sacrifice of personal ease cannot be made as shall enable the young officer to qualify for the discharge of subordinate duties; so that when the call comes useless loss of life, national disgrace, or disaster, may be the final result.

An immense step towards reform will be accomplished when headmasterships are made open to laymen as well as to theologians. The culture of a theologian necessarily tends to narrowness. An ideal schoolmaster is before all things a man of science in the broadest and most comprehensive sense of the words.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY SEWILL.

*June 13th, 1903.*

P.S.—The class list of the Cambridge mathematical tripos published to-day (June 17th) will not tend to diminish the uneasiness of parents of public school boys. The Senior Wrangler is a grammar-school boy; and among the remaining twenty, only two hail from the great public schools; one of these being from Cheltenham, one from Rugby. It has been not at all uncommon in my experience to discover a similar state of things when examining the list on previous occasions. Our great public schools are the recognised training grounds for Oxford and Cambridge before any other universities. It would be interesting to hear from headmasters an explanation of the causes to which they attribute the poor show made as a rule by the students for whom they are primarily responsible.

*June 17th, 1903.*

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### THE ANNUAL CONVERSAZIONE

Was held on Monday, June 8th, at the Kensington Town Hall. The President, the Countess of Aberdeen, occupied the chair, and in her opening remarks strongly commended the Union to all present, and urged them to read the annual report for 1903.

Lady Campbell then read the paper contributed by Miss Mason, on "Studies serve for delight, for ornament and for ability."\* The paper set forth the advantages of the Ambleside syllabus, which the writer said endeavoured to maintain the relations between pleasure and knowledge, and to get that touch of emotion which vivified knowledge. Lessons were so interesting to the children that they desired no stimulant such as prizes or marks. Reliance was placed on education by the study of books and on education by things, such as nature study and artistic handicraft.

The Countess of Aberdeen, in her brief speech from the chair, remarked that the growth of the Union was shown in various ways, but the best way of all by the increase in the number of local branches. Parents had not hitherto been accustomed to taking that interest in their children that they should do.

Professor Armstrong, F.R.S., proposed a vote of thanks to Miss Mason for preparing the paper, and to Lady Campbell for her charming rendering of it. It was strange, he said, that there was any necessity for parents to form a Union to promote the education of their children. They were all agreed that English education had been to a very large extent on wrong lines, and they would have to put it right if they were to compete successfully with the rest of the world. Education had suffered much in the past from the public apathy, and many people had not studied the matter sufficiently to have sound opinions. Schoolmasters and mistresses needed encouragement and support from parents in experiments which they must make without any certainty of success, for they had to find things out from experience.

The Rev. A. F. R. Bird, F.R.Hist.S., headmaster of Forest Hill House School, seconded.

Miss Horne proposed a vote of thanks to the Countess of Aberdeen for presiding.

Mr. Rudolph Lehmann seconded, and said if the Union pursued its work it would do much to raise the schools of England to a proper standard. It was melancholy, futile, and ridiculous for there to be a possibility that

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\* This paper will appear in the October number.

children after their education had been well begun should be brought into a state of ignorance through the apathy of their parents or teachers, or the devitalising traditions that were still maintained in many public schools.

The following resolution was moved by Mrs. Franklin, and seconded by Mr. Rees-Swain, H.M.I. :—

“That this meeting of the Parents’ National Educational Union members, and their friends, hereby record their sincere sympathy with the family of Mr. Rooper, whose loss they all deeply mourn.”

In moving this resolution, Mrs. Franklin read extracts from an appreciation of Mr. Rooper, written by the Editor.

#### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall Colleendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul’s Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer* : Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents’ Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

A Branch of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Croydon. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

BRISTOL.—The inaugural meeting of the Bristol Branch was held at University College, Bristol, on Thursday evening, June 11th, 1903. About eighty ladies and gentlemen were present, and expressed great interest in the work of the society and in the literature exposed for sale. Professor Lloyd Morgan, the President of the Bristol Branch, took the chair and

introduced the lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Franklin, Hon. Org. Sec. He spoke of a more serious effort on the part of parents to think out the real aim of true education, and urged that education should commence with the life of the child. Mrs. E. L. Franklin followed with a most interesting sketch of the aims of the society. Dr. Newman Nield proposed, and Dr. E. H. Cook seconded a cordial vote of thanks to the lecturer, and John Fisher, Esq., proposed—seconded by J. L. Daniell, Esq.—a vote of thanks to Professor Lloyd Morgan for presiding.

EDINBURGH.—On Saturday, May 9th, Professor J. Arthur Thomson addressed a large audience met at 40, Moray Place (by the kind invitation of Sir Alexander and Lady Christison). "How to interest Children in Natural History" was the subject, which Professor Thomson treated in such a way as to inspire and encourage in all present the desire to bring the little ones in touch with the wonders of the natural world. Professor Cossar Ewart, who presided, spoke at the close of the address, and much interesting discussion followed.—On Saturday, June 13th, the first excursion of the Children's Natural History Club was conducted along the shore, at Gullane, by Mr. Godfrey. Twenty members were of the party. Nests of eider ducks, larks, and stockdanes were found on the links, and many other birds were seen; also many flowers and grasses. After a most enjoyable walk, the children, and those who accompanied them, were entertained at tea by Mr. and Mrs. Dunn Dunira.

HAMPSTEAD.—On May 25th (by the invitation of Mrs. Bolton), the last meeting of the season of this branch was held at Westridge, Prince Arthur Road, when Miss Lily Montagu attended to give a lecture entitled "How parents may inspire their daughters to feel the happiness of work." Mrs. Percy Dearmer occupied the chair. Miss Lily Montagu said that if those present agreed with her that happiness could be got from work, and always did their work in that spirit, their enthusiasm would naturally extend to their daughters. They found that the men and women who surrendered themselves to the accomplishment of a definite object in life attained that form of peace and happiness which was never the lot of the idlers. It was chiefly among the voluntary workers that there were certain difficulties of selection, but she did not sympathize with girls who complained that they had no opportunity for work. They must be shown their opportunities, and they must also be encouraged to engage in it continually; otherwise, no matter how many years they might devote to it, it would not become good work. The wife who, as a girl, had led a good purposeful life was likely to have the greatest influence for good in her home. The good effects of any work depended greatly upon efficiency, and efficiency was, in a great measure, the result of adequate training. The chief thing they had to remember was that, whatever work their daughters engaged in, they must be encouraged to do it regularly and not spasmodically, or the effect would be lost.

HARROW AND NORTHWOOD.—On May 20th an exceptionally interesting lecture was given at Miss Rowland Brown's School, at Northwood, by Rev. Septimus Hebert, on "How we got the Revised Version of the Holy Bible in 1881." Mr. Hebert shewed a beautiful chart which he had drawn up himself, and his address besides being full of careful research,

was instinct with original suggestion and deep theological thought.—On the 28th, the branch gave an enthusiastic welcome to one of the first founders and pioneers of the Union—Mrs. Steinthal—who then paid her first visit to it. Mrs. Steinthal lectured on “Clay Modelling,” and modelled the head of one of the members of the branch, holding her audience spellbound as the clay slowly grew into symmetry under her hands. Few who have ever listened to Mrs. Steinthal, or watched her fashion anything, will ever forget that they have been, at least for a few moments of time, under the influence of someone to whom Art—serious Art—was a thing that in her eyes demanded the best enthusiasm, the truest reverence. Art with her has always been the aim of life, *not* the plaything as it is with so many to-day. Mrs. Steinthal’s lecture on “Clay Modelling” is by now so well known that comment on it here would be out of place; but appreciation of a unique gift to eye and ear such as her lecture undoubtedly was, can never be out of place, and that the members of the audience offered unanimously and with the keenest enthusiasm, as the address ended.—Throughout the summer there are from time to time Natural History excursions, conducted by a well-known naturalist; charge for each child, 6d.

READING.—A successful and fairly well attended meeting took place on May 28th, when Mr. Devine, headmaster of Clayesmore School, read a paper on “The Human Boy.” At the close of the paper a little discussion ensued.—*Natural History Club*.—On Saturday afternoon, May 23rd, the members of the Club travelled by train to Pangbourne, for the purpose of a riverside ramble, two of which have been arranged this season. About sixty took part in this excursion, and the weather was, once again, all that could be desired. The chief centres of interest were the ditches intersecting the water meadows and draining into the Thames. Here, water plants, insects, and a variety of animal and vegetable life in different stages of development offered the children ample opportunities for study, and the leaders of the party were kept well employed in the business of identification. Among many other plants, two varieties of cuckoo flowers were abundant (*Curdamine pratense* and *amara*); figwort, comfrey and *Holtonia* were in flower. The leaves and stems of willow herb, loosestrife and other summer-flowering riverside plants were noted, as also the young plants of *Hydrocharis* developing from winter buds. Those interested in animal life found plenty of material in the caddis worms and their curious and varied coverings, the different forms of water snails, larvæ of dragon-flies, water spiders, beetles, leeches, and a host of other creatures. After tea, Miss Hart-Davis spoke to the children about the various things they had seen, dealing chiefly with the history of the frog-bit and dandelion. A very enjoyable time was spent, and we are looking forward with increased interest to the second part of the excursion, which will, we hope, take place on July 18th.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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[AUGUST, 1903.]

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## EARLY TENDENCIES IN THE CHILD: HOW TO CHECK THEM OR DEVELOP.

BY MRS. EDWARD SIEVEKING.

(Continued from page 595.)

TENDENCIES often begin in games. There is no such thing as a "close time" for tendencies, therefore our watch must be kept with no "intervals for refreshment." It is in the "playing fields" of our nurseries that they first make their appearance, and if we are not accustomed to being constantly with our children, naturally we are not *au fait* with all their exits and entrances, and consequently very often it happens that the pariah tendencies have made a clear-cut, deep impression on the surface of the personality, when eventually they come before our notice.

I remember a curious game being started by my own children not long ago. It was called the "Lottery Game," and consisted of little slips of paper being handed round to each by the eldest child, with the name of a toy—of which the spelling was delightfully original, and to be found in no dictionary extant—written inside. Then a shuffle of the papers ensued, and amid great excitement each child drew and opened his or her slip. The content of one or two was unbounded, but the dismay of those not so fortunate was equally great, for they recognised that they had played—and

lost, and had to give up to the one who had drawn it, a cherished and beloved toy. In most cases the unfortunate ones recognised that the fate was inexorable that had befallen them, and did not attempt to keep the toy back.

This game had gone on for some little time one afternoon until nearly all the Christmas presents which the children had been given had changed hands, and then, on recognising and thinking over the moral ethics of the game, we decided to insist on the rules being altered, viz., that at the end of each round all the toys should be restored to their proper original owners. But this turned out to be its death-blow; for little by little its vitality dwindled, till at last it was heard of no more. The curious fact of the case was, however, this: that to my knowledge the children had, to all intents and purposes, as far as *they* were concerned, invented this game with its gambling tendency, and had never met with it elsewhere. This, to me, seems to point to one thing which should be more widely recognised than I think is the case. Gambling, if one tracks it back to its beginning, was initially but the craving for excitement—the revulsion from tedium and monotony. A perfectly natural desire, if one comes to think of it. It was only the swing of the pendulum which made the Puritans look on pleasure and excitement as wrong. It is most unbecoming and unsuitable for some personalities to paper their souls' rooms dun-coloured—they themselves, in such case, never show to advantage at all. Excitement—in other words, stimulus—is necessary to some natures. Some people never do such good work as when they are moved by excitement. Excitement—or, if you like the word better, “stimulus”—is the glow of the fire within the mind, lighting up the God-given power within of enthusiasm, and sending out as a means of stirring up others to action, burning words—inspired actions.

You remember what F. W. Robertson (of Brighton) said on the subject of excitement: “Excitement—by which I mean that which *stirs* and gives us a vivid consciousness of actually being. . . . Some people can be wound up and go for years without winding up again, but you cannot wind up a Geneva watch in that way. The truth is that it is a living life that she needs: successions of the habitual and the impulsive . . . the impulsive to make her feel voluntariness—

the life of feeling, instead of the horrid deadness of machinery. The only remedy against this would be to discover, if possible, a new invigorating excitement before the old has worn out. She is happy, calm, bright, active, good, energetic, when moved. . . . Her heart sets her intellect and her powers in motion—*not* her intellect—her heart. . . . My nature resembles hers in many things—impulsive, sustained in good by stimulus—flagging without it. . . . The key to all her character is its impulsiveness: the whole secret of her ‘inward happiness’ lies not in the blunting, but in the right direction of it.”

I think we should recognise therefore its demand, and answer it by giving it full satisfaction away from the dangerous courses it would otherwise take. We ought to provide for children—as we are now doing for grown-up people of a less educated class—rational ways of escaping from monotony, from tedium; or rather let me use that most expressive word of a past generation—the vapours! With children, as with grown-up people, the vapours will rise like a poisonous exhalation if we are not careful to provide healthy rational excitements for those among us who are not sufficient unto ourselves, and who have minds of sluggish depths. Little recurrent excitements from time to time, which allow for the pleasurable exercise of looking forward to them, are like the lamps breaking the monotony of a long street on a winter evening.

Just think how much pleasure a child gets out of a trip up the line in spring or summer, with mother or father (if one lives in the country or the suburbs), with a basket of sponge cakes and a bottle of milk for an impromptu tea, to some little village common unknown before; the joy of finding a new nest, or a new flower in some hitherto unvisited lane near by; the delightful excitement of the journey (which perhaps would include, if you went by train, only two stations); the digging up roots of flowers or creepers for the children’s own garden at home. Such expeditions are veritable shining lights of pleasures which light up a whole week of lessons. And these sorts of excitements could be readily thought of, mapped out and carried out by all of us—by those of the most economical turn of mind. The simpler they are, so much the better—the happiness the children get out of them is immeasurable. On looking back to my own childhood days, it seems to me that my chief pleasure of the

week was the Saturday morning walk up the Downs, which my mother used regularly to take me, to a certain charming little fir wood—Saturday morning being the day when my nurse had to clean out the day nursery. Those kind of simple, very easy pleasures to manage, make keen impressions on the child's mind, and in after years are among the very joys of memory.

It is in just such pleasures as these that we can foster and develop those tastes, those tendencies in our children, which are there if we will tend them and train them. Look at the time and opportunities for growing, that such an expedition as the one I have just been suggesting provides! There is no more valuable pursuit, or one more healthful for mind and body, than that of the study of natural history, none more engrossing—I had almost said none more exciting, for those who are "in the swim" know well what a thrill of excitement runs through you on tracking down a bird that is new to you, or in making your own some new experience of the reason or instinct of an animal. Natural history is a book filled from cover to cover with absorbing stories—stories of which the youngest among us need have no expurgations, as is an advisable practice sometimes in other publications.

For every evil there is, somewhere, its antidote. That, I take it, is a deep, firmly-rooted conviction in most minds. For the evil tendency which perhaps fastens on a child *indoors*, let us try the recurrent treatment of *out-of-door* expeditions: to foster the taste for birds, beasts and reptiles, for fishing, for boating, for the search for and after definition of wild flowers. If he is selfish, there are opportunities in plenty for thought for others, for sharing treasures, for denying himself, if the store brought in the basket is inadequate to the demand of prolonged healthy appetites, for economy in order with pocket-money saved to buy some natural history book in order to discover "what's what" among the findings brought home from the expedition.

Now as to those tastes which we should try to develop in our children. There are a few tendencies to-day which I think we are apt to disregard and not develop as we should. Reverence is one of them: the reason is not far to seek. As a nation we are not greatly distinguished by it, as everyone will allow. We are not a nation of *idealists*, nor are we a nation with much *reverence for tradition*! And it seems to me this

is a pity—for *some* traditions are infinitely worthy of reverence. It seems to me that we greatly need to develop the latent tendencies of reverence, idealism of aim, and loyalty. It was one of the greatest poets the world has ever known who said "reverence is the angel of the world." If that is so, then to all intents and purposes our angel is seldom indeed in our midst. We are too materialistic; we are too unimaginative. But this fact remains nevertheless as a truth—that all really great men are idealists at heart, and all have a deep sense of loyalty, of reverence for *some* tradition that has come down to us as a sacred heritage from the long dead hands of men in far-off ages. In view of this, what can we do but condemn the attitude of most children towards their parents nowadays? The attitude of easy *camaraderie* has something that is dear to the parents certainly in one sense, because, as a school-mistress once said to me, "there is no greater compliment than for a child to put you *on his level*," for it means that he takes your interest and sympathy for granted; but what can one say about the lack of courtesy, of reverence to parents, which is so self-evident among children to-day? Is *this* the parents' fault again? Perhaps in some measure it is. Only the other day a woman said to me, "I don't want my children to reverence me; if I do, later on they'll find me out!" Think of the covert irony of the words! But still there is always *one* sense in which children should be loyal to a never-failing reverence for motherhood, for fatherhood—and it is the same sort of idea as the assertion, "The king can do no wrong." *This* it is good and wholesome for the child to feel, whatever the parents may be; for they are, whatever their faults, the unworthy representatives of a Divine system. It is a miserable fact that they should be obliged, because of the actualities before their eyes, to be able to respect only in the abstract, but there is no help for it. And owing to the prevalence among us as a nation of abnormally low ceilings to the living rooms of our thoughts, we have not grasped the fact that if we are not a nation with many ideals, and consequently do not teach them to our children, they will see us as we are—and the sight will not be particularly inspiring. So that perhaps we have only ourselves to thank for the ordinarily disrespectful attitude of English children to-day towards their parents. This is not the case in Russia, neither is it in Germany. It used not to be the case formerly in England,

as our own grandparents have testified. I remember being told a little story in connection with this, about my grandfather, which made a keen impression on me. My grandfather—when the incident occurred—was a young man, “walking the hospitals.” He had come home one evening to dine with his father—his mother having promised to spend some hours with a friend—and while he and his father sat over their wine after dinner, an argument had arisen between them. He left home about ten o’clock, and his mother was surprised, on her return journey in the coach—the Hackney coach of other days—to see him come up to the window and open the door, saying he was coming back with her. On her asking why he was going back again, he answered that on thinking over the discussion which he and his father had had at dinner, he had come to the conclusion that he had not spoken to him quite as a son should, and had come back to beg his pardon for his discourtesy. His mother said afterwards that curiously enough on her mentioning the matter (when he had gone) to his father, he had told her that he did not remember his son having spoken in any way disrespectfully to him.

The contrast between this—what one might call old-world courtesy and delicacy of conscience—and the manner and conscience of to-day, is surely enormous. Cases of conscience of that sort, if we met with them to-day, would seem to us abnormal indeed. Looking back on my own life’s experience, I cannot call to mind a single instance of any like incident—and it would require a greater effort of mind than my imagination could manage in a year to conceive of any of the specially modern type of boy being moved to such introspection, as would prompt him to take the trouble to return at any time, after parting with his parents, to apologize because he thought he had not spoken quite respectfully to them. And yet to me there is something very fine about the temper of mind which would so fear it had been guilty of a slight breach in reverence, that its owner could not rest until he had tried to do away with the possible impression made by it, and to disavow any intention of being discourteous. Then there is the tendency to method. Some of us are born tidy ; others never get tidy, however much we try to root up tendencies to mislay things. There is the tendency to mislay things which seems to come into the world with some people ; in the same sort of way as the tendency to mislay themselves (practically

a lack of sense of direction), which leads them to lose their way inevitably when trying to find a house in a new neighbourhood. It seems indeed almost incurable—this last failing, though one can, by making a dead set at the first-named propensity, inculcate the habit of mind in the child of believing (and acting on the belief) in “a place for everything, and everything in its place.”

To develop habits of tidiness, and a sense of the fitness of abode of certain things in certain places, is no easy task. It demands unparalleled patience and great need of the repetition of injunctions before the habit gains ground, and your object is attained, of some particular article owning a name *and* an address, and, what is more, being found at its own proper address when called for!

As regards the tendencies to borrow other people's possessions, I think the rule should be even more strict. They should be lent *only* on condition that immediately they are done with they should be put back in their place. I speak from experience specially, when I say that this should be insisted on *de rigueur*. The numbers and numbers of pairs of scissors and pencils and penholders that have gone into Limbo since my boys have been of an age to use them is inconceivable! If one is busied about many things throughout the day, it takes some effort to be able to remember exactly the time when the “return of the native,” in the shape of the borrowed possession, should be taking place, and some trouble to exert the voice of authority to recall it. But this effort—this trouble should be gone through with. I think Miss Mason gives a month of close watchings and tellings and insistings before the average boy learns the habit of shutting the door behind him. She has not at all over-stated the time required. To sow the habit of returning borrowed scissors, pencils, penholders, and the like much-coveted possessions among children, it needs a bag of seeds so big that one can hardly carry anything else at the time, so incessantly and constantly is the occupation of sowing required. Then there are other tendencies which should be carefully encouraged, and these are the initial attempts which force themselves up from time to time in quite early childhood for music, for painting, for gardening, for acting, or for some perhaps not so popular hobbies. These are safe vents of childhood, because when a child is interested he is good :

it is only when he is bored or idle that he is in mischief. "Find out men's wants, and meet them there," was a saying of one of the most learned humankind savants of a past day, and it is very true now ; for if you watch carefully you will find out what the wants of the child's nature are, and it is for you to meet them—and if you can, to satisfy them—or rather to help *him* to satisfy them.

There is nothing in the world like the guardianship of a good pursuit that one loves. I had almost said that to have a hobby is to be saved ; but what I do mean is that if one cares enough about some one pursuit, such as music, painting, handicraft of some sort, or mental craft, it becomes verily and indeed the shining sword which turns every side to keep the way of Life. A friend may fail one, a life-long companion may die, but a hobby—the possession of some real absorbing pursuit—is a joy for ever : it lives in the fortress of one's mind, in the citadel of one's heart, it is impregnable and an ever-living safeguard from the dangers that beset those who live, if one may so call it, unabsorbed lives.

I am quite aware, in conclusion, that there are many tendencies in our children to which we cannot at once give a name ; these have to be laid aside in a corner of our minds to be labelled later on, after we have carefully noted from time to time their reappearances and apparent trend. As it is, most of us register impressions received from the children far too little, and so consequently we are in the dark as regards full tides and ebb tides of tendencies in them. But this is a mistake which can easily be rectified by examining and weighing in our personal mental balance the things which the waves wash up at our feet in every-day life. Very often, I think, the reason that dilatory habits begin in children is due to our not having discovered and encouraged enough the redeeming tendencies which they had in them, but which had not been brought out enough into the air and sunshine of every-day life, and had not had in consequence room enough and opportunity enough to develop. The dilatory habit itself is often due to some physical mal-nutrition : our part again, it seems to me, is to find out what the "want" of that nature is, and to "meet" it with a new direction of interests. What we all need more in our households is a sense of direction : to check and *divert* certain tendencies, and to encourage and pilot others. Still there is, as Anthony



Hope says, "such a lamentable gulf between feeling that something must be done, and discovering what it is"; and *really* to find out the truth in children's tendencies is a difficult matter indeed, and practically needs as much thinking out and exercise of right judgment as we are able to give.

One thing we have to remember in connection with this subject: we have to be convinced absolutely of the supreme importance of the work of directing tendencies in our girls and boys. And the reason for this is the fact that it is the individual that determines the tendencies of the age he lives in. Look what a tremendous tendency to his age—to all ages—Francis, the little poor man of Assisi, gave! Look at the inspiration which such a leader of thought as William Penn awoke in his day! Look at the tendency Mr. Waugh, the children's friend of to-day, has started! Look nearer home still at the fresh impetus such women as Miss Buss, Mrs. Massingberd, Miss Beale, Miss Mason have given, and one sees how one strong personality sways his or her generation: introduces fresh ideas, fresh vital tendencies by which the age is regenerated. For it is, after all, the individual who counts—the individual into whose hands the future is given. And it is the pilotage of the individual when he is a child, and at his most impressionable age, which is laid in the fathers' and mothers' hands. If they watch for with judgment, and direct wisely his early tendencies, they are in effect directing the tendencies of the future—they are from afar moving the rudder of the world that is going to be in the time that is coming, when they themselves must stand aside. It is, without doubt, a tremendous responsibility to recognise and check the pariah tendency whenever it arises; as it is also to recognise and encourage wisely the good tendency that sometimes comes before our eyes in such a "questionable form" that it puzzles us and interferes with our personal comfort. Still, when one realizes to the full the far-reaching consequences of what we are doing, we cannot fail to make the endeavour consistently, patiently, sympathetically; and even if, with all our efforts, we do not see the results, still to be absolutely sure they are to come.

"For while the tir'd waves, vainly breaking, seem here no painful inch to gain,

Far up through creeks and inlets making, comes silent—flooding in—the main!"

## TEACHING ARITHMETIC.

*Some weaknesses I have found and their remedy.*

BY C. H. WILKINSON.\*

WHILE here and there one finds teachers of exceptional originality or, of what is equally important and almost so featureful as to be identical with originality, viz., teachers possessed of common-sense methods applicable to varying conditions alike of the local requirements and of the special natural variety of attainment of the pupils; yet, on the whole, arithmetic is taught along uniformly monotonous and unrealistic lines, and with varying objects and aims in view, most of which aims are at heart uneducational, valueless, and therefore futile. The result is that we get not only inaccuracy, but incompetency as the goal finally reached, while all along the road the work has been unintelligent if not unintelligible; and therefore uninteresting. A boy will beam with joy if he finds that he has the key which will give him easily the right method, and accordingly (if he is careful) the right result, just in the same way as he will delight if the method on which he has been taught spelling is such that he is able to master with ease the pronunciation of some extraordinarily large word without the help of others older than himself.

The child likes to exercise his own initiative and to find in its freedom of exercise the power of successfully accomplishing of himself that which older heads can do readily. That this is the general effect of present methods of teaching arithmetic I think few can claim. In most schools more time is devoted to this subject than to any other, and with all the time spent the result is more uncertain and the strain of teaching it (both to teacher and scholar) greater than is the case of almost any other subject.

Arithmetic is regarded by the child largely as an abstraction, and he thinks that all one is doing is to work the

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\* Mr. Wilkinson, of Adelaide, has been in England for some years studying educational methods, and is shortly taking his report back to Australia.

figures together in varying relationships and after multiple methods, so that in some way or other (to the child apparently arbitrary) you get an answer which in his mind represents *no definite actuality*.

*Point I.* My first point, then, is that the first thing necessary is to give the child to understand that figures stand for some reality of value, in the same way as the letters t-a-b-l-e in reading books stand for an article of furniture with which the child is acquainted. In the first instance, this can only be done in the very simplest form, but it is a feature of the teaching which should dominate the teacher all the way along from Standard I. in an elementary school right on to University matriculation.

It cannot be too much impressed that the student, young or old, is not so much dealing with the manipulation of abstract figures, as that he is dealing with certain values whose results are utilized for the purpose of calculating accurately matters of first importance, whether it be the time and rate of travelling on a railway line, for drawing up a railway time table; or whether it be a matter of determining certain relative weights or distances for the purpose of exactitude in scientific research.

Now the child referred to in Standard I. cannot grasp or appreciate this idea of values and their utilization, but when he gets to Standard IV. he will get to know somewhat of how the railway time table is worked out when he finds by proportion what trains travelling certain distances at varying rates of speed will do. Then the same child in the fourth standard will require the same feature of value elucidated and made still clearer step by step as he approaches the still more mathematical side and touches eventually on astronomic distances and sizes and weights. They tell me in the technical schools that if you set a boy to work in the laboratory he will get on with the experiment very well until he comes to tabulate and work out results, but when he comes to these, if they are matters requiring calculations, he stops to know what he has to do next in order to work them. That is to say, he cannot state the proposition that has to be worked out. If you state the proposition for him he will work out the mechanical part fairly well. Why is this? It should not be so. I think he has never been made to realize my first

point thoroughly, and that is one reason. Another reason is that he has had too much done for him. The boy is not sufficiently stimulated to do his own work for himself, and further, the underlying principles are not sufficiently elaborated and recapitulated. In my Point II. let us deal with these questions of underlying principles and their action as a stimulant to the scholar.

*Point II. Underlying Principles.*

There are various reasons given for this want of more effectual and thorough attention to this matter of underlying principles.

*Reason I.* The authorities, in some districts at any rate, seem to aim to have all children of a given age in a given class or standard. This determination is arrived at with great disregard to allowing for the difference in the attainments of the children. Especially is this so in elementary schools. If a discreet head master classifies according to attainment, and as a result has children left behind in the same class a second year, he is open to all sorts of difficulty. The Government Inspector may regard him with suspicion. The Board or other authority press for speedy promotion. The parents are dissatisfied if the child does not go up regularly and continuously, notwithstanding that illness or other causes may have caused him to be absent a considerable portion of his school time. All these interested onlookers of the teacher's work forget that the slowest progress is always made in laying foundations, and that if more time were devoted to the work of the child at the start, less time would be required at the end, and the child would do his work with pleasure instead of it being irksome. The difference, in so far as the child is concerned, is merely one of understanding and appreciating what he is doing, instead of his muddling along in incertitude without having any very definite realization of what all this labour with figures means.

*Reason II.* The mania for examinations.

In my opinion no child should be examined in any other way than by his form master or the head master, until he is about 13 or 14 years of age. The schoolmaster must examine if the classes are large, for the purpose of discovering what progress each pupil has made, and to enable him annually to

classify the scholars on a fairly even basis of attainment. But in addition to these examinations we have now various public or semi-public examinations for prizes, scholarships, etc., and these are fatal to all thorough teaching of young children. In teaching for these examinations, the chief object of student and teacher (especially the latter) is to get as much of some subjects crammed into the child as will give him the greatest likelihood of being the distinguished because successful candidate. What is the result? If the scholar is successful, in most instances his connection with the old school ceases, and the teacher's connection with him is at an end. The cramming for the examination is soon obvious, and not very helpful to him in his new surroundings. As far as the teacher is concerned, mechanical cramming rather than thorough groundwork is the principal effort to which he devotes himself. Of course, the fact that scholars of one master or from one school are successful in annexing some greater numbers of these prizes than are those of other masters and other schools, at once marks that master for advancement and that school for the patronage of parents; whereas if they only knew the real facts they would realize that that is the master of all others who should not be advanced, and that is the school which should be avoided. Hence it follows in natural sequence that a master, who by cramming gets his reputation, cannot give more than sparse attention to underlying principles. He cannot afford the time to fully develop them and recapitulate them, else the boy will be past the age required for, say, an Elementary County Council Scholarship; while the actual result is that the boy on the other hand will have an indistinct idea of his work, and probably fall away when put alongside others more carefully trained.

*Reason III.* More than a few teachers are untrained, and many of the trained ones are badly trained. Others again know how to get their required answers, but have no natural gift for making clear to a child what principle should be applied to some certain problem, nor why another principle would not give the same result equally as well as the method he has selected. Hence the child is not clear either as to what he is doing or why he is doing it. What wonder then if the boy is not stimulated to do his work for himself? Some people think that the cane is a good stimulus for boys. It

may be, and sometimes is for some boys, but it is not the one solitary stimulus available; it is really an added stimulus when it is a stimulus at all. If a boy has no idea of what he is doing, or of what is required, or for what result to look, then the stick will not stimulate, it will rather cause revolt. If, however, he knows what to do, and why, and how to do it, and what the use of doing it is, then the stick will help him if he is naturally lazy. But the first stimulus—the antecedent of all other stimuli and the only one of abiding value—is to give a boy such an appreciation of what is required, and the methods by which he will secure the required result, that this knowledge itself will be its own stimulus. A boy delights in letting you know how clever he is, how much he knows, how much he can show you, and how difficult it is for you to put a question or piece of work before him which he cannot do readily, quickly and well.

*Point III. Continuity.*

Under the present system of teaching arithmetic, this feature of teaching, viz., Continuity, in the teachers and their methods is most notable for not existing. This is a very difficult matter to get over. For the purpose of removing this difficulty to some extent and to deal with the weaknesses to which I have been drawing attention, I welcome most heartily the growing appreciation of Scheme B under the Government code for Elementary Education, and I would like to see its *principles* advanced much further than I have seen them. Here and there portions of what I would like to see done I have viewed and recognised with pleasure, but nowhere have I seen a completely developed scheme and arrangement that would cover the whole of arithmetic.

Referring to the difficulties to be faced in overcoming want of continuity, I am bound to remember that only those methods are successful which have begotten enthusiasm in the teacher. A bad method well and enthusiastically taught will probably on the whole give better results than a good method badly taught. I do not know that one is justified in adducing that as a difficulty and yet it is. The real fact is that in either of the above cases, the success (if there be any) will not be owing to the method, but rather in spite of the method.

Teachers are taught different methods at the different colleges they attend. In one school you may have seven or

eight teachers all from different colleges and having different methods of their own. How are you to get continuity even in one school throughout, and how much less is the possibility of continuity where the child passes from one school to another?

Hence it follows that a headmaster takes up a method after having examined and it may be after having tried several others. He clings to it because he gets what he considers better results. The results however are determined on the basis of a system now, I hope and believe, becoming more or less obsolete, viz., examination for all ages of children at every year's stage. It follows that if you show the head teacher a better method he will naturally look askant. He sees at once all the difficulties it would incur, and does not see that the advantages will compensate for the disadvantages. First of all, it will take time to introduce it, and his time generally is fully occupied. Then he would have to make himself familiar with the method. Next he would have to get assistant teachers to relinquish methods he has insisted on in the past. Having done this he would be uncertain whether or not something newer still would turn up as soon as this system was introduced throughout his school, and finally he would have to fight all sorts of Inspectors and others who might view all his attempts with suspicion. It needs immense enthusiasm to do this. Still a good man, if he is shown a good thing, is glad to try it, and if he finds it valuable will succeed in adopting it and in getting it adopted. He wants to be up-to-date at whatever cost. I am rather inclined to favour the way in which one headmaster has minimised this difficulty by adopting a given method for a subject throughout the school. He has gone through his staff and ascertained what subject each man has the greatest fondness for and which of them he best likes teaching. He has then allotted to each the subject for which he is most suitable. What a man likes most he will teach best. He then makes each man responsible for his allotted subject throughout the school. He keeps the class teacher in his own class for all other subjects, and the class teacher goes through with that class from Standard I. to Standard V. (I do not consider this necessary.) When the boys go down for recreation in the morning and in the afternoon they leave their class master and return to their class room under the

master who is responsible for arithmetic in the morning, and under, say, the geography master in the afternoon, but only for one lesson. Hence every boy is taught arithmetic at least once a week by a master responsible for the arithmetic of the school and the class master does the arithmetic another day on the other master's lines. The same method is adopted for every subject. It ensures that every master gets a change of class twice every day and every boy has a change of master. It ensures a continuous method of teaching each subject and that once during the week, at least, a boy is taught by the master responsible for that subject and for that method of teaching it. In such a case as this a headmaster has only to get the co-operation of the arithmetic master in order to get a fresh method of teaching that subject tried. He will, of course, begin at the youngest children, and gradually they will introduce it until the method through the whole school is uniform.

Continuity suffers through want of co-ordination amongst different schools, and even amongst departments of the same school. Hence, if in the former case a boy gets a chance to attend what is supposed to be a better school, he finds that some subjects have been neglected which he ought to have started long ago, and other subjects he has been well informed in are not now encouraged much, and they may be left out of his curriculum altogether. As between departments it happens that the teacher in the junior school rarely or never goes down to find out the methods along which the children from the infant school coming up to him have been trained. As a result some things they have been taught are allowed to lie dormant and forgotten; moreover, fresh lines of teaching are adopted and different teachers from those who have previously taught the children deal with them (in many instances men taking the place of women teachers), and the teaching is on different lines and in a different way from what they have been accustomed to. It is also done under a different roof and in quite a new atmosphere altogether. The result is that the change makes the child's work more uncongenial and difficult, and much of their previous work lies unused and forgotten, and eventually through not being continued it dies gradually. Some of it has to be done over again at a later stage in the child's school life. The senior school is not quite so bad, perhaps, in this



respect as is the junior school, but even in the senior there remains much to be desired. For example, at the youngest years fractions can be taught, and after these are taught decimals can be allowed to follow on in close succession instead of being deferred until the child is 12 or 13 years of age, and these can be so taught as to *help* the work of the younger part of the school in arithmetic. I have seen fractions well and intelligently introduced to children of 6 years of age. These same children going into the elementary junior school from the infant school the next year would hear no more of fractions till they got to Standard IV. or V. at any rate.

In the public elementary schools little children are taught in some simple form the rudiments of addition, subtraction, and multiplication; but the multiplication is taught more in the form of "multiplication tables." The child at this stage may regard it as so many of a number added one to the other or he may not. In any case at the end of his sixth year of age he has to know the tables up to 6 times 12. The remaining tables up to 12 times 12 he learns during the next year in Standard I. In Standard I. the children take up short division as well, so that by the time the child leaves Standard I. he is supposed to have a fair knowledge of these four rules. Under the B scheme, to which I have referred earlier, these rules are taught simultaneously side by side with one another and the sums are set in problem form, leaving the child to determine which rule he has to follow in order to get the answer. In Standard II. they go on to long division and perhaps they do some revision as well. But fractions are dropped, and as for alluding to decimals it would be regarded as ridiculous by many. But the fractions taught in the infant school could quite easily be carried on side by side with these rules, and a good insight be given to the child thereby. It could be brought to realize the power of multiplying by ten, or of dividing by ten, and hence of the meaning of one-tenth =  $\frac{1}{10}$  or one over ten. Here, or earlier, you could introduce decimals in some simple if not very thorough form. Addition of decimals is quite as good practice in the mechanics of adding as any other form of addition. Of course you would not start the year in Standard I. with advanced decimals, but

you would lay yourself out to work up to and do something with simple decimals all the way along throughout the year, as I shall show later. If they got to know very simply something of the principle behind all decimal calculations by the end of the year, then the development of the principle and its more thorough meaning and value would be made clear in all the higher classes as the child goes along, and he would become familiarized with the value of decimals and their uses, while at the same time you would be keeping them in touch with fractions and the ordinary rules of arithmetic. It would give them a twofold method of working, and when they got to realize the great advantage of decimals they would naturally give up old methods. By this means a strong factor in educating the country to a decimal system would be established. The same interest and affection for this the coming system is not engendered when for nearly all his school career the boy is soaked in the old system, and for his last year decimals are introduced as a new subject to be mastered, and which, while valuable for some few scientific and international purposes, are for the most part not of value for the average boy because they are not current in his every-day life. If he were fed on them and made to utilize them from infancy, then when he came out into every-day life he would be restless with our old methods until they were changed to the decimal system. Thus one advantage would be the breeding throughout the length and breadth of the land a new form of public opinion. I find that boys and girls going up for Pupil Teachers' Examinations, and what is known in Wales as Intermediate Examinations, who have been taught the decimal system thoroughly and made to apply it, break away from their teachers in examination. So much more at home do they feel with their old system in which they were grounded in their earliest years, that in examination they actually abandon the later and more correct way of working, and, to the disgust of their teachers, the examiners give them marks and pass them, which of course makes the child glory in the idea that she knows as much or more than her teacher. This is particularly the case with girls. Sometimes they fail and are afterwards more amenable.

*(To be continued.)*

# THREE ASPECTS OF SCOTT'S GENIUS.

BY MARY L. ARMITT.

## I.

### HIS HEROINES.

OFTEN has the critic (masculine) taken exception to the male creations of the woman-novelist: perhaps as often has the feminine reader sighed (though in silence) over the unreal representations of her sex made by the man-writer.

Scott approached his heroines, when he came to draw them in prose fiction, not only from the conventional man's view of woman, but from the poetic view. In his poetry he had been forced to depict her as a miniature-painter does, with all the acknowledged attributes of her sex worked smoothly into a small compass, where no room is for individuality. On the larger canvas of his novels he began in the same style, working as the early painters did at their Madonnas,—using not only the most beautiful example of face around them, and conventionizing it, but setting it above the stereotyped blue cloak and red dress of tradition.

It was no doubt to give relief to this monotony of convention (which probably he felt himself) that Scott drew his first heroines in pairs, with contrasting qualities of physique and mind—dark and light, spirited and soft. He worked woman into two types—both conventional—the one brunette and fiery, the other blonde and yielding; and left it to a great woman-novelist to prove in fiction (by the character of Rosamond Vincy, in *Middlemarch*), what is often proved in life, that the most fixed and obstinate temperament goes with a light complexion. And so we get Flora and Rose in *Waverley*, Julia and Lucy in *Guy Mannering*; and later, Rebecca and Rowena in *Ivanhoe*, who tempted Thackeray to blaspheme. Of the two types it is perhaps the brunette that the woman-critic finds the most unreal. In Rose, tame as she is, there is something warm and loveable; while in Flora we have the romantic heroine almost at her worst; and in the scene where she is made to cross the gorge by a plank above the

enamoured Waverley's head, her harp with her, hieing to the bower where she will sing to him, the feminine reader groans in spirit. Was anything, in prose fiction, more theatrical and unreal? What a contrast in treatment is there between this heroine with a harp, and another drawn much about the same time by a woman, in the character of the inimitable Mary Crawford, of *Mansfield Park*, who was dark and sprightly too, and who recounts with delightful humour the difficulty she has had in getting her instrument transported in the hay-season. And again, when reading the effusions of the accomplished Julia, one is tempted to wonder if any woman, at any period, was quite so artificial and absurd.

But Scott came to do better than this; and the weakness of delineation in his earlier heroines may have been due in part to a fine trait in his own character. He was afraid, chivalrously afraid, to touch woman too intimately (as Stevenson, long after and with better cause, was afraid); and on the same grounds he refrained from treating the passion of love, conversant with it as he was, subjectively in his heroes. This reticence of his has a noble quality.

And gradually he threw more truth to individual life, more characterization, into his heroines. Isabella Wardour, in *The Antiquary*, hardly lives indeed in the memory, while the antiquary's niece has no part or action given to her; and in the *Black Dwarf* there is a relapse to bald type.

It is in Diana Vernon, of *Rob Roy*, written before the *Black Dwarf*, that we first reach a convincing reality of womanhood, and find charm and naturalness combined. Scott intended here to depict a woman with faults,—though only the extraneous faults of manner and education. He was bound to draw her, from her circumstances, as unconventional; he succeeded therefore in making her a living personage. The only woman of the story, except for the sibyl-like figure of Helen Macgregor, she is also a central image of the crowded canvas; and she commands (in spite of an occasional artificiality) the sympathy and affection of readers of her own sex, as well as the fealty and admiration of those of the opposite.

Di Vernon is an individual; but Scott rose to even higher art in woman-portraiture than hers. Not in Edith Bellenden, of *Old Mortality*, indeed—though she shows a decided advance

upon the earlier heroines, for she moves to action more spontaneously, and has feelings deep enough to force her to action; while her association with her maid Jenny reaches a higher form of duality, a real contrast of temperament as well as of class. It was in the sisters Jeannie and Effie Deans, of *The Heart of Midlothian*, that Scott went straight and boldly to nature—nature unadorned, and drew dual and contrasting master-pieces that are true as types as well as individuals. They live on in literature, immortal in their true womanhood; and perpetuate and exalt for us human incident and human life, which is so transitory in reality.

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## II.

### TRAGEDY IN SCOTT.

SCOTT dealt with human life—the comedy and tragedy of it, its tears and laughter, its loves and hates—on the largest scale, as Shakespeare did; and like Shakespeare, he was apt to borrow the main incidents of his fiction from history or tradition, or from some singular or tragic circumstance told to him. Only, with a modern conscience and a strong antiquarian bent of mind, he was careful to give in his preface the exact fact or document of which he had made use.

This habit of his enables us to observe, in a ready way, his method of artistic construction. We have the real incident, and the literary presentation of it, side by side; we can compare the two, and note the difference between actual life and the art of a great writer. For art is not life, but life welded into a form, beautiful, permanent, and even real. The artist may turn incident, weave plot, alter and efface, so long as he only enlarges on human possibilities, without entirely transcending them. And Scott's methods of dealing with life and fact are characteristic. In one respect he treated them too lightly, and occasionally indulged his too-great power of story-telling by weaving a continuous tissue of romantic and improbable incidents, in the manner of a fairy tale. Then his cheerful temper, his humane and sanguine spirit, made him averse to a sad fate for his character, even if it might be true to life. He shrank from tragedy.

We know, from his own statement, how much he suffered in carrying poor Lucy Ashton, in *The Bride of Lammermoor*,

on to her tragic doom. He would have escaped it, if he could, but the whole story hinged upon the one frightful incident he had chosen from actuality, and he had prepared for it with the weird inferences, the premonitions, the tragic touches, of a great artist. The catastrophe had to come, and did come, completing the unity of the conception, and giving it dramatic perfection.

But this is, perhaps, the only story where sheer tragedy prevails, and where the principal actors are carried on to the fate that seems their goal. Handel indeed was fain to weep while he set music to "He was despised and rejected," but Scott could not bear to have his heart wrung, even by imaginary woes: he preferred to exercise his prerogative as story-teller to avert the doom that impended. He was an optimist, and would have all go well. Over and over he turned back when he had led his character to the very brink of catastrophe, and arrested what seemed an inevitable course. The hasty and too happy ending to *The Antiquary* is apparent, as well as the improbability that the Earl could piece a tranquil life-close on to what had gone before. In the same way, it is difficult to believe that the hunted and profligate Georgie Robertson, in *The Heart of Midlothian*, could have become a settled country gentleman; or that the lovely girl, who stood in the dock arraigned for child-murder, distraught by shame and misery, could have become a lady of society. To Jeannie, indeed, might have been accorded a happy ending (though her prototype died a solitary old maid, extremely poor); it belonged to her nature: but for the two, shipwrecked on the rocks of sin and remorse, there should have been no saving. The note of tragedy had been pitched too high, too splendidly, to be muffled by the gag of prosperity. Even in the figure of Henry Morton, in *Old Mortality* (one of the finest, surely, of Scott's heroes), there is a touch of gloom and of fate which makes his return at the last, in time to save Edith from a loveless marriage, seem improbable.

But though Scott refused to carry some of his principal characters to their doom, he allowed his powers of pathos and tragedy full sway in his minor ones. Surely there is nothing more singular and pathetic in literature than the death-bed of poor Madge Wildfire, who flits through the pages of *The Heart of Midlothian*; while the whole delineation

of her mother, hanged at the last, is a masterpiece. The real end to *Waverley* is in the death of Fergus MacIvor; and the tragic intensity of Flora's grief, as she sews his shroud, effaces (it must be confessed) the romantic artificiality of her former bearing.

In fine, Scott's powers of tragedy were so high, that one is tempted to wonder what he would have achieved if he had allowed his art the fullest scope. Prosperous, happy, a man of varied occupations and tastes, he lived his life apart from his books—nay, he even repudiated the authorship of them, till the best were written. Art—the highest art, that demands the whole surrender of the life—retaliated. Had he surrendered himself, might he not have stood with Shakespeare among the immortal few?

Yet we are content; we have not only his stories, that move and delight us, but the man himself above them, living his genial, noble life, himself an inspiration to humanity.

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### III.

#### THE HUMOUR OF SCOTT.

IN Scott there is surely every dramatic element to be found. There is tragedy; there is melodrama (low be it spoken! yet is it not the melodramatic touch in his villains that renders them unreal?): there is comedy, if not farce; and there is humour.

Of comedy, the opening scene in the *Antiquary*, where the passengers wait for the coach, is a fine example. The race of the two chariots for precedence in the avenue of Ravenswood (*Bride of Lammermoor*), witnessed by the perturbed Lord Keeper, who sees with chagrin the return of his wife to defeat his schemes and spoil his hospitality, is truly comic, in spite of its serious issue. There is high comedy in Scott's fools and country magistrates, and comedy verging on farce in Dumbiedike's pursuit of Jeannie with the money. Then has not the resurrection of Athelstane, in *Ivanhoe*, a farcical element in it? At least, it comes upon the reader with such a shock of surprise, such a ludicrous effect of strong contrast between funereal pomp for the departed and absurdity in the risen figure, as to provoke that spasmodic laughter that belongs to farce.

But it is in the humour of Scott that the modern reader, bred upon the subtleties of the modern novelist, chiefly delights. Scott is a true humourist in the way he sketches for us the oddities, the little infirmities of mind, the absurdities of human nature; yet his humour is never unkind. Compared with the lightning-like flash of some humour, that scorches while it reveals, his is like the sunshine, strongly illuminative yet warmly beneficent. The bull's-eye lantern of Thackeray's humour, darting into the dark recesses of his characters' thoughts, makes us wince, as we realize how petty, vain and egotistic may be the thought of the human heart. But Scott had no sardonic pleasure in meanness; he saw good and bad together, and loved the human nature that lay behind the absurdity. The hobby-horse for him was not a wooden mechanism, invariable in its contortions, as it was with Dickens, but a ridiculous creature ridden by a human soul of varying mood. Lady Margaret Bellenden's story of royalty, that recurs so frequently in the pages of *Old Mortality*, does indeed get a little tiresome, but in an aged person repetition is natural. As a rule, we smile indulgently when Scott displays the vanity of his subject; and we think no worse of Rose because she ran, when out of Waverley's sight, to have time to smarten herself.

Perhaps it is in the portrayal of the peculiar forms of Scotch vanity that Scott excels. He has a whole range of humorous characters of the religiously conceited order, of whom David Deans, the father of the sisters in the *Heart of Midlothian*, is possibly drawn with the most careful analysis. He has another range among the lawyers, and men who are braggarts over law and Latin phrases. In Andrew Fairservice, the gardener in *Rob Roy*, he draws a pragmatistical conceit that loves even its own vices. But in drawing the conceit of rank and birth Scott seems to fall below Miss Austen; or at least the rude Sir Arthur Wardour, of *The Antiquary*, is a far less subtle and convincing picture than Sir Walter Elliott in *Persuasion*.

Yet Jane Austen, princess of humourists as she is (for who but she can depict a scene, a person, without one striking eccentricity, yet in which the humour is lambent?)—Jane Austen, the creator of Miss Bates, of Mrs. Elton, of proud Mr. Darcy (who lived in the hope that he could not be laughed



at)—even she falls below Scott in a certain quality of humour. We see this most clearly in the dull or weak-minded order of character, whom Miss Austen displays with simple exactness; whereas Scott gives to the stupidity of Dumbiedike, and to the shrewd dulness of Cuddie Headriff, in *Old Mortality*, a touch that lifts them, real as they are, above actual life. Even when drawing a mind feeble and deranged, like Madge Wildfire, he lends it a pathos that thrills us with pity.

The reason of this is to be looked for beyond Scott's love of human nature, that irradiated his humour; it lies in the poetic quality of that humour. Scott came straight to his prose art from poetry,—whereby it suffered in some sort maybe, for his hand was cramped with the use of conventional types; and the old tools of encrusted romance lay too ready to that hand. But his humour was the greater for it. Poetry makes life sublime; and the spirit of poetry, that informed Scott's humour, lifted it into an epic atmosphere.

## THE PLACE & VALUE OF THE KINDERGARTEN IN A COMPLETE SCHEME OF EDUCATION.

BY A. H. SCHEPEL.

THE early training and development of the little child is of the greatest importance to every one of us who is interested in education.

I, a stranger in this country, am not acquainted with its educational history as I should like to be; but education is of universal interest; the human being is everywhere the human being.

Details of working must alter in earthly conditions; but we shall agree that the ideal is the universal part, that which cannot be lowered, that which is urging us always to harmonize our practical work with the highest conception we have. Only in returning to that ideal, and renewing it in us, do we find lasting inspiration, and power which is pure, because it is disinterested. It is with the consciousness of a common ideal that I feel somewhat justified to speak here; and it is my ardent wish to feel one with you, in whose country I am happy to be living and working.

The title of my given subject acknowledges the place of a Kindergarten in a "complete scheme of education," and the question now is: What is that place, and what is its value? Education is an organic whole. A whole in which each stage has its own special work, which can only be accomplished when the former stage has been satisfactorily filled, and which must necessarily prepare for the stage following. Everyone will know Froebel's words: "The vigorous and complete unfolding of each succeeding stage of life depends on the development of every preceding stage. The boy is not a boy, or the youth a youth, simply because he has attained the age of boy and youth, but by virtue of having lived through, first childhood, then boyhood, faithful to the claims of each. Man becomes a man, not simply by reaching the average years of manhood, but by fulfilling the duties of all the preceding stages of life." And later he says:—"The development of man is a whole, steadily advancing, rising unbroken from step to step."

As, then, we are all so dependent on each other's work, and as the young human beings whom we try to lead and help are so much the result of our guidance, should we not do our utmost to work conscientiously in our allotted part, and agree about the character of our task, and the limits we have to consider? Education, that organic process, which allows no sudden changes, demands then that the Kindergarten should bear in itself elements of the nursery as well as elements of the school. The Kindergärtnerin must have knowledge of the early home education as well as of the beginnings of school life, that she may lead the child happily, and without strain, from one stage of its growth to the next.

What then are the home characteristics on which a Kindergärtnerin ought to be able to depend? Long after the child ceases to be an infant, it continues to share the mother's room, the dwelling room, where the family unites. Here it begins to express its own inner self, in speech and in play, and enters into connection with things around it. Froebel urges the parents to surround the child at this stage with what he calls "nature and her bright calm objects"; to let the child "follow father and mother in household occupations" and to let it share their work. He pleads for simplicity in food, in clothing and in all its surroundings, so as to stimulate creative activity, which is so easily weakened and suppressed by overfeeding, overdressing and luxury. Food and clothing should never be an end in themselves, only a means for developing body and mind. Froebel gives a picture of this early stage in his wonderful book, *Mother Song and Play*. There, in the Family plays, he shows that the child is made happy—not only by being loved and cared for, but by being trained to serve and consider others, and by accustoming itself to habits of contentment and simplicity. In the Nature plays of this same book, Froebel shows how the child can be led to realize its duties of fostering plant and animal life, and, on the other hand, how it can utilize the forces and products of nature. Lastly, in the Labour plays, Froebel shows the intense interest the child takes in the work of artisans, and he implores mothers to encourage this tendency because of its character-forming value, quickening the desire to serve.

In all these groups of plays we see the child putting into practice that great life principle which will always be

associated with Froebel's name, namely, "the reconciliation and harmonizing of opposites," a principle too often applied only to an intellectual handling of the occupations, but which, in reality, involves all that we mean by the discipline of life. So much for the child in the early stage of Home education.

Now as regards the School which follows the Kindergarten, and begins with the sixth or seventh year. "In the school," Froebel says, "the chief thing is apprehension of a subject through thinking, it is the inner conception, the unclothing of the bodily and the concrete; it is abstraction in the real sense of the word." This demands of the child voluntary concentration of all its inner powers, and a ready and receptive mind, which attitude we call attention. Here then we have the two regions which bound the Kindergarten stage; that of the Family life in which the child is specially developed through the *affectional* powers; and that of the School which is primarily the field of the *intellect*. In the Kindergarten stage both these fields must be represented.

It is about the third year of a child's life, and this is specially true of an only child, that the time has come to extend its boundaries, and to bring it into new connections for a short time of the day. Other companions of both sexes, and more methodical occupation must be provided; material which will satisfy its growing needs, stimulate its powers and direct its energies. From what living source can the Kindergarten draw this ever fresh material? It must be nature and man's connection with nature which is the basis of everything here, which provides new experiences for the child; which gives a thousand opportunities for work, and suggestions for representation; which prompts his fostering care, filling his heart with wonder, and stimulating his intellect to healthy eager thought.

To the Kindergarten belongs, as the name itself declares, a garden; a piece of ground to play in, and to be cultivated by the little ones. This piece of ground should be such that flowers and vegetables, and even some fruit trees may flourish there. Froebel says in his too little known essay on "The Children's Gardens in the Kindergarten," "the child's intimate acquaintance with nature is of the greatest importance." I will give you Froebel's own words: "The Kindergarten, the completely formed idea, the clearly

demonstrated conception of a Kindergarten, necessarily requires a garden; and in this, necessarily, gardens for the children. The necessity of the requirement to connect a garden of the children with the Kindergarten, proceeds from reasons of social and citizen collective life. The child, as a part of humanity, must not only be recognized and treated as individual and single, and as a member of a greater collective life, but, must *recognize itself* as such, and prove itself to be such by its action. But this reciprocal activity between one and a few, a part and a whole, is nowhere more beautifully expressed than in the associated cultivation of plants, the common care of a so-called house garden, in which each child has its place in its own little garden." Here then he comes into personal contact with plants by being made responsible for their welfare. Here he learns to prepare the ground, to bank up and bind together, according to the special needs of special plants. With gifts from these plants, which he may indeed call his own, the child can give natural expression to his love for father and mother.

But Froebel, who wishes to introduce the children into the full realities of nature, wants them also to take their share in the cultivation of the general garden, where, before beauty, the necessities of life are considered, where the crop is of special interest because of its direct use. The gathering of beans, the digging up of many potatoes where only one was planted; the storing of apples, are happy and satisfying moments. From March to October the garden is full of interest for the child, from the stocking of the garden in spring, to the gathering of seeds, the burning of rubbish, the tidying of the tool house in autumn. In winter, window boxes need special care. Bulbs must be planted, chestnuts, acorns and dates put into moss, and their germination duly observed.

Happy the Kindergarten, where nature is also represented by domestic animals, creatures which have a claim on the children's love, and which open quite other sides of life to their understanding. The dependence of animals is even more appealing than that of plants. The big dog, who is brushed and fed, becomes the child's dear companion. Then there are the pigeons, the fish, the chickens to be regularly fed and kept clean. By their instrumentality, the eyes and

ears and heart of the child become open to those *wild* creatures which play so great a part in the economy of the world in which we find ourselves, and which, though living independently of us, add so much to our lives.

To those who have at all realized Froebel's ideal of the training of a child, and who remember his words about "self-culture through earliest employment in domestic duties," it must seem natural that the children's energies in the Kindergarten should be also prompted in this direction. We should encourage the young human being to *enjoy* making order, where traces of his work are left. He should learn the use of domestic utensils, and make himself independent and practical, and so prove himself an integral member of the community in which he lives. Dusters and brushes, wash leather and sponges should be at hand; a dust bin for the use of the Kindergarten; a low shelf with food for the pets; a big box for straw and hay—all these the children can keep in order, and so complete the life of the place.

This domestic work and the work with plants and pets can only be performed by a few children together. Regular little classes are going on at the same time in the Kindergarten room, and here we find the Froebel gifts and occupations in their true place. The simple material, so thoughtfully and systematically planned by Froebel, comes here to its full appreciation. The children's minds are stored with experiences which they wish to represent. With bricks and sand they build the garden wall and the gate; not only imaginary gates and walls. From clay, simple flowers, potatoes and carrots are modelled. Folding paper is transformed into the dog's kennel, the roof or window of the tool house, the spade and the flower basket. The coloured strips of the mats are woven in the colours of the prism hanging in the window, and casting its broad rainbow on the wall; and throughout, connected games and songs and stories are interwoven with the children's work, week by week, and month by month. Thus the children's experiences are lived through again, the sense of form and colour, number and comparison are strengthened, and hand and eye developed.

I hear someone say: "Yes, all this is very well for the babies of three years old, but a child of four and five should begin learning to read and write, and to 'do his sums!'" I

believe that this outcry is less a result of real *conviction* than of *convention*. Children of one's friends knew their letters at four, and could read fluently at five, and why should not our children do the same? I believe there is ignorance in this reiterated cry, ignorance of the growth of a child's mind, ignorance about its real needs.

"The child itself wants to learn," one hears. Such cases may be; and it is easy enough for parents who have no understanding for a child's happy discoveries in *real* things; no faith in the development of its creative activities through contact with life—it is easy enough for parents and teachers to put the child to mechanical and meaningless exercises and tasks of memory; but a Kindergarten in the real sense cannot and ought not to undertake this task, subverting its whole method, namely this, first to *create* a wealth of experiences, and secondly to *guide* the wish to give those experiences lasting shape. Only to fill this latter need, in its own time, does the desire for writing really come about; and out of the hunger for knowledge beyond one's own limits, comes reading, eager reading!

During the six or seven first years of its young life the human being is absorbed by real things, and it will never again have such opportunity. About it still, is "the glory and the freshness of a dream." These real experiences prepare for later years, for systematic knowledge, and develop its body and mind with surprising rapidity.

To continue then; a true Kindergarten prepares not only for life in general, but for school life in particular, formally and materially. For writing we find preparation in the free use of the pencil. For a ready and accurate conception of number, the systematic handling of bricks and the weaving of patterns is a perfect introduction. In forming a taste for beauty and dignity of language, the children's carefully chosen poems and stories are of inestimable value, also the exercise they have in giving out their experiences in good clear sentences. First-hand knowledge of nature is the primary step in scientific training. Careful observation of their own room and garden is the beginning of geography. Familiarity with the different forms and dimensions of matter in the various gifts lays the foundation of physics and geometry, and these are also valuable as symbols of the evolution of organic life.

Boys and girls, who in the Kindergarten have made starch from their own potatoes (and used it); butter and cheese from the cow's milk; bread and cake from the wheat they grew in their own gardens; who have visited the dairy, the milking shed, the baker, the blacksmith and so on, have a groundwork for their later knowledge, and an insight into life, which books cannot give. Surely, this is to proceed on the true inductive method which we associate with Bacon's name.

People who ask to see results of work in the Kindergarten should be pointed to the active, healthy, helpful child. There is no result to be seen but this. Sheets of neat and ornamental plaiting and folding may mean nothing at all; and conversely, where at the first glance, there seems sometimes to be struggle, effort and a want of order, the greatest life-power is manifesting itself.

But how can all this be realized, I shall be asked? Villages and country towns are certainly more favourable for Kindergartens than big cities: but city children have the greater need. Much can be done with even a small garden; and when the home of the Kindergärtnerin herself is not on the spot (and its presence has inestimable advantages), the life of the caretaker and his family will supply the domestic links, so necessary in the living organization here described: he will see, too, to the garden and pets during holidays. This is no fiction; it is being done in London; and where there's a will, there's a way!

And now as to the personality of the Kindergärtnerin herself: so much seems to be required of her! I cannot do better than quote from a published essay of Frau Henriette Schrader's. She, who has given us so much of her direct inheritance from Froebel, says:—

“The art of guiding children's early activity is an art which must be studied as consciously as the art of teaching. It implies arduous preparation. Only a person of cultivated mind, and formed character can exercise it fully. A Kindergärtnerin must be one who has made the laws of physical and mental growth in children her serious study, in order that she may give them the right environment. She must have real knowledge of some branches of natural science: she must be acquainted with the historical development of economic products, and of the arts, and she must have practical knowledge of the elements of domestic and political



economy. She does not study these in order that she may answer the children's questions more easily: but that she may look upon life from a broader standpoint, and understand the relations in which things stand to each other. Above everything else she must aspire to proficiency in all household matters. Let her value her skill in cherishing and sustaining life, whether it be that of plants and animals, or that of human beings! But what would all her knowledge and all her skill be worth, were her heart not glowing with a sense of the nobility of her calling; were she not inspired by a glimpse of the divine in human nature, and were she incapable of being uplifted by the vision of the beautiful?" . . .

The work of the educator of little children is indeed a great one, because it deals with beginnings. There is somehow a fatal tendency of the human mind to consider little things as of small importance; we are impressed at once by size and large effects; whereas, in our reasonable moments, we know that it is the small beginnings which are of the utmost gravity, that they affect the future most inevitably, and need from us the greatest possible guidance and care.

The Kindergarten and its work comes sometimes to be pushed into a secondary place, as of less importance than the school; it is looked upon as trivial and without law; when in reality, within its boundaries lies the whole plan of the child's future life, and his attitude to the world into which he is born. All children, rich and poor alike, have at this stage the same common human powers and needs; and upon the harmonious development and organizing of these needs and powers depends the place, honoured or otherwise, our children will afterwards take as citizens of the community.

[We are glad to have this simple statement of the place and value of the Kindergarten, and to notice that Miss Schepel, than whom perhaps there is no better judge, considers that the simple avocations of home and garden are the true Kindergarten work, and that the school work, beginning at the sixth or seventh year, has a different intention. Our chief contention is that the little incidents of home, nursery and outdoor life should themselves be made to yield the training of the Kindergarten. We have much sympathy with Froebel's doctrine of "self-culture through earliest employment in domestic duties," though what are known as Kindergarten Games and Occupations do not appeal to us.—Ed.]

## HEATHENISM IN S.E. LONDON.

BY CHARLOTTE F. YONGE.

*The Religious Influences of South London* are two of the latest volumes which Mr. Booth has added to his stupendous work of the *Life of the People in London*. They are depressing in one way, as they give such overwhelming proof that religion has entirely lost its hold over the bulk of the people. Not only the Church of England, but Roman Catholics, Wesleyans, Baptists,\* and others. Missionaries and Bible-readers all testify, more or less, to the fact that religion influences an individual here and there, but that the thousands round are living lives of practical heathenism. The majority have no interests but beer, sport, and how to pay their way. In some churches the adult congregation chiefly consists of the women who come to be churchied; there is a deep-rooted superstition of child-birth else bringing ill luck. Occasionally, also, women come to church on the chance of currying favour and receiving some benefit. Men are conspicuous by their absence; they do not, as a rule, get up till twelve o'clock on a Sunday, and then, when they can afford it, have a heavy dinner, after which they sleep and loaf about for the remainder of the day. If a man is gained over to go to church or chapel, he knows he will meet with chaff, if not actual bullying; in one church it has been noticed that should a man become a communicant he leaves his club. Mr. Booth, speaking of St. George's R.C. Cathedral, Southwark, says the hold of that Church is slight until sickness comes or death threatens, when her ministrations are sought. The question of High and Low does not seem to affect people. Of the actively worked Charter House Mission in Tabard Street and Long Lane, a very poor and bad district, it is reported that though there are the usual services, celebrations, and processions, there has been almost complete failure in bringing men to church. On Sunday evening there may be 200 or 300 women at the most (out of

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\* Baptists have fuller congregations, due to Mr. Spurgeon's personality, but more of the middle class, and many from a distance.

8,000 parishioners), but the other services are attended principally by the sisters and the few other workers. Everywhere things are on a small scale in the way of numbers in anything religious. One vicar tells Mr. Booth, and his words are echoed by workers all round, that "most things have been tried and failed." It has been forcibly said that work with the adults is "like driving a nail into rotten wood." Hope, however, lies with the children, and the work among them is promising, as is noted both by church and chapel workers, and the schoolmasters and mistresses.

The *causes* of irreligious life are much dwelt upon by Mr. Booth. The pressure of poverty, and the living from hand to mouth, which takes away all thought from people save how to satisfy their immediate bodily wants. The poverty he attributes to many reasons, three coming before the most obvious one of lack of earning power; they are drink, betting, and the grip of the money-lender. It is said small money-lenders may be found in every court, and the customary rate of interest is one penny per shilling per week! Betting is an ever-increasing evil; it absorbs men's minds, and regular pay for honest work is little thought of by those who dream they may win by successfully gambling or betting. A schoolmaster in a S.E. London school lately told the present writer that he always tried to prevent his boys going as assistants in barbers' shops, as the betting talk was incessantly carried on by the loungers there waiting to be shaved.

We have spoken of the young as the one bright spot in the work of religious influence. There is another hope for the South-East, which lies in the increasing influx of workers during the last few years, especially in the Settlements and College Missions. Some years back the south of the river was regarded as a poor part, but the vagueness about it was so extreme that poverty in London was taken by most to mean the East End, Whitechapel, and thereabouts. It will not be much more than a generation, perhaps, before the Thames will divide two equally large parts of London, as population in the South-East increases twice as fast as that on the other side of the river. It is personal help, workers with knowledge and insight, time and brain power, that is needed to solve the human and social problems of poverty. It is the fact that Settlements emphasize this need, and seek

to supply it, that makes them of such immense importance to the task of social transformation. In addition to the Settlements are many workers, living alone or in twos and threes, joining in social and religious work.

Although the *religious* effect is small, the civilizing one, and the raising of standards, would seem to be on the increase. The clubs and institutes do not lead to church-going, but they tend to social reformation. "Many men who come rough and uncivilized are now walking about London steady and respectable men, though they may never enter a church; just as you may often make a man a teetotalter without leading him to higher things."

Reckless giving of charity has not quite died out, and still does much harm, but we must hope that all workers will be gradually educated above that temptation. Mr. Booth notices that some vestries are progressive and vigorous bodies, and sanitation and health is well looked after, though it is very difficult to enforce the laws against overcrowding, as people have nowhere else to go to, and the rents are rising as more and more warehouses are built. The Guinness buildings are well managed, and a great boon to the people they admit, but large families are excluded. We are glad to find that the R.S.P.C.C. is held in wholesome dread; there are, alas! many cases of cruelty to children, but more from neglect than active cruelty.

Mr. Booth's volumes should certainly be read by all who care for their religion, their country, their people. Though referring to London, there is much that is equally applicable to the irreligion and poverty in other cities. There is much to depress, but there is also hope for the future—in the children, in the civilization of some of the adults, in the energy and science brought to bear by workers of all sorts, and in the increased interest and knowledge about the hitherto neglected South London, which last this volume will do so much to quicken. To conclude with Mr. Booth's own words:—"Among the working classes there is less hostility to, and perhaps even less criticism of, the churches than in the past. The success at the polls, whether for Boards of Guardians, Borough Councils, or the School Board, of men and women who, in the name of religion, are giving their lives to the service of the people, is one of the noteworthy facts in democratic rule."

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### VIII.—THE SIGN OF THE SCALES.

“DIVIDE and conquer” was the ancient rule of statecraft. We trot out our Pegasus team, the principles of composition, one at a time; and hope, if not to break them in immediately, at least to learn their points and something of the management they require. Last time we studied *Contrast*; this time it must be his yoke-fellow, *Symmetry*.

Here let me say that the seven principles we have named are not exactly Mr. Ruskin’s laws of composition, as stated in any of his books.

(a) In *Modern Painters*, Vol. II., he gives six chief laws of Beauty as seen in Nature:—

Infinity, Unity, Repose, Symmetry, Purity, Moderation.

These are stated to be *not* meant as exhausting the subject, but as illustrating analogies between Creation and its Creator.

(b) In *Elements of Drawing* there are nine laws of composition, that is to say, the conditions of beauty in Art; these also being offered not as exhaustive, but merely as useful reminders:—

Principality, Repetition, Continuity, Curvature, Radiation, Contrast, Interchange, Consistency, Harmony.

(c) In the Laws of Fésole these nine are reduced to three “ultimate elements of Beauty in artificial grouping”:—

Dependence, Difference, Balance.

These three, however, reduce the subject to its lowest terms and thinnest abstraction. A little more explicitness will, I think, be needed. All the various headings of Mr. Ruskin are implied in our seven laws of Creation, which as they are associated with one of the best known passages in all literature, can be recollected with a very little effort.

But it must be remembered that these are *laws* of Beauty, not rules. They are the statements of existing facts, which may be observed and imitated; they are not precepts by which if you work you are sure to do right. It can never be too strongly stated that rules will never make procedure safe; no art can be learned or practised by rules. If it could,

then obviously you and I would have it in our power to be Raphaels and Beethovens ; genius and talent would be idle distinctions. But, in fact, real artists work from feeling, without conscious reference to rules. When their work is done, but not till then, we see the natural and necessary laws of Art exemplified in it.

Still, for us, who are finding our way, not so much to imitate their masterpieces as to understand them, it is right to keep the formulæ of universal fact before us. The mistake is to suppose that by using them as rules (that is, by obedience to the letter while misunderstanding the spirit) we shall produce good work. I could moralise on this ; but I deny myself, in order to take an example which will lead directly to our point.

How futile the application of rules and how difficult to frame them, is shown in an amusing passage in *The Two Paths* (§ 84 to 86), where three rules—*contrast*, *series* and *symmetry*—are laid down by a friend of the author's as sufficient for all purposes of design, and illustrated in a "choice sporting neckerchief" of which the picture is given. Mr. Ruskin, commenting, shows that the mere application of rules is not enough ; much more is involved in the creation of the design—what we usually call, in short, *judgment* and *taste*. But he goes on to remark that strict symmetry as commonly understood is only applicable to inferior materials, to conventional patterns—that it is not endurable in the human figure.

And yet he has said that symmetry is one of the laws of Beauty ?

The difficulty is merely one of words. Symmetry in the language of pattern-designers means the effect produced when you fold your paper down the middle and rub off a reversed impression of the pattern on one side, like a reflection in water. But the word symmetry ought to be replaced in its proper meaning. Symmetrical is merely Greek for "commensurate," and commensurate is Latin for "of like measure," whether as regards size, or shape, or length of time, or weight. Whatever it be you choose as common quality, in that respect the two things are alike ; in others different. There are, therefore, many kinds of symmetry ; the symmetry of reflection is one rudimentary form of it ; the symmetry of repetition or

interchange is another, in which you have two things alike, but their measurements with regard to a central line are reversed. You may have symmetry of value, as that between a penny and a penny bun. You may have symmetry of weight, a pound of lead in one scale against a pound of feathers in the other. And in ordinary language the symmetry of value is called equity or justice; that of weight is called balance. It is in this broader sense that we ought to use the word.

Now the first condition needful for symmetry is that our two things should be different in some respect; the second that they should be alike in some respect. There is no equity when you give a penny bun and take a similar penny bun; either they are alike and nothing happens, or one is stale, and the transaction is unfair. The notion of justice only steps in when you exchange your penny bun for a penny piece, or a penny stamp, or a penny anything else. And the more apparently unlike the two things are, the more striking is the sense of justice when you discern it. So that the best art is that in which symmetry is concealed; the best composition is that in which you cannot tell at once what it is that balances what; in which you can't say, "Behold, with what obvious art the painter has introduced his secondary masses, his complementary colours, interchanged his lights and darks, reflected his forms, and balanced his composition!" How do you know when a bargain is just? When both parties are satisfied. How do you know when the pound of feathers in one scale equals the lead in the other? When the scales are at rest. And so, in a picture which is in the highest sense symmetrical and balanced, you know the fact only from the satisfaction you feel in it; form, colour, light and shade are all in stable equilibrium; you want nothing altered, though you cannot tell why.

This is the case in all great naturalist painting; in the representation of things as they are in this world. But it is a curious fact that in proportion as the subject of a picture is raised out of the world of men into whatever heaven the painter may conceive, the symmetry, which is the outward and visible sign of justice or equity, becomes more apparent. Hieratic Art, whether Egyptian or Greek, sacred conceptions, whether in the Old or New Testament, are always obviously

symmetrical. We do not see the justice of God openly working in this world, but we cannot conceive of heaven without its plainest manifestation. And so the mediæval painters put always their Madonna in the middle and saints in balanced order round; but the painters of the Renaissance, who dwelt more upon the humanity than the Divinity of Christ, and brought him down from the seventh heaven to the carpenter's shop, or—I don't blame them—into their own back-garden, lose the desire of symmetry as they lose the awe and sacredness of their subject.

In these Fésole lessons our principle is to begin at the beginning, and to follow in our individual development the general development of the history of Art. We are to end with the covert symmetry of great naturalism, the type of Faith, the confidence that all things work together for good, even in this travailing world. But heaven lies before us in our infancy. Let us begin as little children to whom the justice of home and heaven is explicit. Let us take the simplest instances of balance by repetition and interchange, and insist upon the one idea for the present.

First, as to light and shade. We have noted the contrast involved in separating light from darkness, day from night. But what would sunshine be without its shadows? What is the midnight sky without its moon and stars? In our picture then we must have our dark field and our light field, but in the dark there must be light, and in the light there must be dark. This is the law of interchange—the favourite scheme of Prout, to whom we look, as I have said before, as our schoolmaster. Starting from his simple methods we mean to pursue our own course of development. If you make a rough sketch in soft pencil on the back of an envelope from one of his pictures, you will find that about half of the picture is a dark mass with light spots in it, and the other half a light mass with dark spots in it, on the principle of heraldic quartering.

Sit in the corner of a room, in one of the corners next the window, and look across to the other corner next the window. It must be by daylight; best of all when the sun is shining in. Sketch the interior roughly in soft pencil on a little bit of paper. You had better half-shut your eyes so as to see no detail, but only the broad masses. You can take into your picture a bit of the window and its frame, the curtain, and a table and chair or two standing by the curtain, some of the



carpet, the wall beyond, with the furniture against it and the pictures on it; and if the room be not very high, a bit of the cornice and ceiling. As you sketch, looking only for the distinctness of light and shade, you will see that your picture is broadly divided by a diagonal line above which everything is in gloom, below which everything catches the light. Lay in the gloom with a general shading, and leave the light as white paper. Then in the light field shade all the parts that are dark, and in the gloom look for whatever lights there may be reflected from picture-frames, catching on a hanging lamp, or outstanding furniture, and rub out these places roughly with indiarubber until you have a scribbled sketch which illustrates this law of symmetrical interchange. Then take another paper and make a similar sketch of the lines, which will in all probability lend themselves without much trouble to illustrate Repetition. You will see the upright lines of the window repeated by the upright lines of the picture-frames, the horizontal table by the horizontal cornice; and you will find that if you have any shape of round or square, oval or oblong, in one half of the picture, you will not be content until you have something like it in the other half.

With these studies before you, begin your picture with a firm pen outline, and then tint the colours. In doing this you will find when you have painted the faint green of the trees outside the window, or the blue of the sky, that you will want to repeat them with stronger and more limited masses of green or blue indoors. The colours in the carpet will cry out until they are answered by similar colours, more subdued perhaps and more widely spread, on the wall, or more concentrated in ornaments or flowers on the table. And so you will go on until you have filled in every mass, attending to nothing else but its balance with the mass that repeats it. The more advanced student may make a charming subject out of this lesson; but I think it is not beyond the powers of the youngest beginner to look out for examples of this law. So with two horses of our team in hand, *Contrast and Symmetry*, we will put up for the present at "the Sign of the Scales."

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Influenza was rampant that month, and the portfolio was not so full as usual; thirty drawings were sent in, some of which were complete little "interiors." A fault in the teaching so far was the omission of careful and explicit

directions about values of tone. There ought to have been a paper on that subject, and the want of it had to be made up by a good deal of writing in the monthly criticisms, and illustrative sketches—for example, of a hand held up, in a side light, with a white cuff and a black coat-sleeve. How many are there who know without trying the experiment, that the lights on the black sleeve are brighter than the dark on the white cuff? How many remember that there is no crow so black but he has a light on his back?

It was necessary also to remind some students that the light of the sky, seen through the window, is brighter than the things it illuminates; unless the things are bits of bright glass, and so forth, which catch and reflect more light than you happen to see through the panes you are painting.

On the other hand the gloom is full of reflected light; never more blackness. When the sun is shining (or when you paint by the light of a single lamp) the cast shadows have distinct edges; but in the usual indoors light the edges of shadows are very soft. This is especially the case in still-life subjects; when you paint flowers or fruit in a pot or on a plate, the shadows they cast are as soft-edged as mist-wreaths, and it will never do to blot them in and leave the paint to dry with hard edges: work off the colour at the edge with a clean and dryish brush.

Light is expressed by gradation, not by white paper. Some of the most luminous skies in old pictures are really very dark in actual tone; but their gradation makes them shine. Darkness is expressed far more by flatness than by blackness: you can suggest a moon-light with quite a faint grey tint on white paper, if you keep that tint flat.

Tone, therefore, is purely relative. A picture is not good in tone because it is dark all over, but when its different masses are just dark enough compared with other masses. "How much darker" is one of the things which have to be observed; and the preliminary soft-pencil study should be a help to the observation of these facts.

## CHILDREN'S MUSEUMS.

BY G. M. BERNAU.

WE all know how fond children are of collecting anything, even if it be nothing better than bits of paper, used envelopes, advertisements, or little pieces of ribbon, etc. There seems born in all a desire for possession. In children this may be turned to good account by forming a museum in which they may collect any natural object, refraining as far as is possible from taking life. This adds new zest to their walks, as they are always on the look-out for "treasures." At first, many have to be refused admission, but they soon learn to discover what will make a good addition to the museum.

If possible, it is advisable to have a room at a little distance, any outhouse will do, provided it is not damp. When this is not feasible, a large cupboard or bookcase with glass doors will sufficiently answer the purpose. I have helped in forming five different children's museums, and found the most successful was that for which we had a disused coachman's bedroom (conveniently near the house, and yet far enough away for us to be free to make unsavoury messes!) We made ourselves responsible for its cleanliness, and we had periodical spring cleanings, when the carpet was shaken, the floor scrubbed, and everything re-arranged by ourselves. Many a happy wet afternoon we spent there! We had quite a small beginning, but in two years we had formed a museum which was often visited by outside friends, the curator proudly piloting them. It may be useful to any who wish to start such a museum, to give a general idea of the kind of objects we collected, and where we found them.

### I. ANIMAL KINGDOM.

1. *Skeletons and Bones of Animals.*—These are very often to be found on the sea-shore or hill-side, ready bleached. In this way I have found skulls of a pony, mountain-sheep, rabbit, dog, rook and duck. Sometimes a whole animal may be found. If too far gone to be stuffed, it can be boiled and the skeleton taken.

2. *Stuffed Specimens of Mammals and Birds.*—We had many presents of stuffed birds, etc., but our own attempts always stood higher in our affections. We found a weasel which had been badly injured in a trap. Considering it more humane to kill it outright, we appropriated it for our museum and stuffed it—not very satisfactorily certainly, as its legs *would* wander off in different directions—still, on the whole we felt rather proud of our first attempt. We also stuffed one of the numerous field-mice which are to be found lying dead in fields or by the roadside. One day, to our great joy, we found a razorbill which had just died, lying on the beach. We carried it off in triumph to a bird stuffer, as, being away from home, we could not do it ourselves.

3. *Soft-bodied Animals in Spirits.*—When we did not wish to stuff or skeletonise our finds, we put them in spirits of wine, in closely corked bottles. This was rather a costly method, as spirits of wine are expensive and the object must be well immersed.

4. *Feathers of Birds.*—These are often to be found lying about in fields, etc., and they look very well sewn on cardboard, classified and hung up on the walls of the museum. It is as well to occasionally paint them over with benzine, as they are often attacked by mites.

5. *Various Objects of the Sea-shore.*—For example, egg-cases, shells, corals, etc.

6. *Deserted Birds' Nests.*

7. *Galls.*—These may be found on many trees and plants.

8. *Snail Shells, land and water.*—The empty shells are to be found in the hedges during the winter months.

9. *Empty Pupa Cases.*

We also started a collection of beetles, but this necessitated the taking of life and so was not encouraged.

## II. VEGETABLE KINGDOM.

1. *Classified Herbarium of Wild Flowers.*—Botanical pressing paper may be obtained at a moderate price from most naturalists. (Watkins & Doncaster, in the Strand, W.C., close to the S.E.R. Station, supply it). A handy press may be made in the following manner:—Cut the paper the size required and place it between two boards—ordinary deal ones will do—and pass round them a double strap with

a handle. One can vary the size of one's presses according to one's needs.

2. *Twigs of Forest and Fruit Trees in their winter garb.*—These should be mounted and named like the feathers.

3. *Sea Weeds.*

4. *Mosses.*

5. *Ferns.*

6. *Grasses.*

7. *Various Seeds and Seed Cases.*

8. *Medicinal Gums, Roots, etc.*—These can be bought in small quantities (a pennyworth of each) at any chemist's.

9. *Pressed Leaves to illustrate the various shapes and margins.*

### III. MINERAL KINGDOM.

1. *Minerals.*

2. *Fossils.*

### IV. VARIOUS.

1. *Models from other countries to illustrate the different customs.*—For example: shoes, means of locomotion (jinriksha, sedan chair, Irish jaunting car, etc.), dressed models to show costumes, etc.

2. *Models to illustrate passages in the Bible.*—For example: a sheep-fold, sling, etc.

These can often be obtained from friends travelling abroad.

3. *Coins.*

4. *Processes of Manufactures.*—For example: needles, cocoa, pencils, etc. These may sometimes be obtained from the large firms.

5. *Postage Stamps.*

6. *Good Photographs of Animals, Places, etc.*

Of course all belonging to this last class are not Natural History objects, still they are educational.

There are many other things that may be collected, and they will soon present themselves to the eye of an observant seeker.

The children should also keep a flower list, *i.e.*, a diary of when each flower has been first seen in the year; a tree list, saying when each tree comes into leaf and into flower; a bird list, stating when the bird is first seen, etc.; and these lists should be kept and compared year by year.

A useful and simple little cabinet for holding shells, seeds, coins, etc., may be made in the following manner: Collect several match boxes (the larger size is preferable), cover one end of the boxes with white paper and place a small paper fastener in the middle of the end. Gum the covers of the match boxes together—one above the other—and fit them into a wooden cigar box, stood on end. The paper fasteners act as knobs to the drawers.

In each case where I have started a children's museum I have found that it has helped to increase the children's interest in nature and to make them observant. They seldom go for a nature ramble without coming home with some treasure to add to the collection. Then again, it cultivates habits of method and tidiness. The museum has to be periodically cleaned and re-arranged—an excellent occupation for a rainy afternoon.

I have found it a good plan to keep a classified catalogue. Of course every object should be neatly labelled with its name and where it was found. When one is able to have a special room for the museum, one should have aquaria—both sea and fresh water, if possible.

There are many very helpful handbooks, but those mentioned below have been found the most useful. Warne's or any other large Natural History; Furneaux' *Out-of-Door World* (very useful to beginners, as it tells how and where to collect); Wood's *Common Objects of the Country*; Wood's *Common Objects of the Seashore* (Geo. Routledge & Sons, 3/6, coloured plates; or 1/-); any of the *Natural History Rambles Series* (S.P.C.K., 2/6); Geikie's *Geology* (Macmillan, 3/6); John's *Flowers of the Field* (S.P.C.K., 7/6).

## HESTER'S UP-BRINGING.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

### CHAPTER III.

HESTER stared back tearless, with round wide-open eyes, until the last of the rock-laden pastures was hidden by the dip of the road to the valley. Weeping, nature's safety valve for anguish, was denied her. Accustomed to immolate self, to repress outward signs of emotion, she now accepted her fate in silence, with a dull, lifeless aspect, not even by a downward curve of the set lips denoting her misery. Hester's heart, rather than her brain, had regulated her actions hitherto, being the more practised upon by the exigencies of daily life, and now, poor heart, it bled with pitiful longing for the place in the old homestead, which she had not time as yet to realize she had left behind for ever. Oh! to be back in the old farm kitchen, working at mother's command! Oh! to grasp the trial of her life, that wearing twin, in loving arms! The child lacked imagination, therefore she could not forecast a future; could not dream of other, more effectual ways of serving mother and the "Children of Israel," than by skill in those menial tasks, which had earned her the title of mother's right hand. At present she could not rise above the consciousness that mother had sent her away, that in some mysterious way she was to become the deliverer of her family, from the bondage imposed by isolation and poverty, and that the cold unsympathetic woman seated beside her was to indicate the line of work by which the path should be opened, the track to be followed through the wilderness of life by the "Children of Israel." She did not understand the grand large nature of Aunt Almira, or appreciate her share of the task, when she undertook the education of one so unattractive, so dull, as she now knew herself to be. Hester glanced occasionally at the majestic presence with awed, almost frightened eyes, as the miles grew longer separating her from her home folk, and throwing her more completely into the power of this stranger.

Ten miles at length were passed, and the station came in sight, with a train far away on the track, greedily eating up the miles in minutes. Mrs. Dyke then turned to the broken-hearted child beside her for the first time, not for a moment conceiving the tender nature of the clod she had transported from the hill pastures. Hester had suffered in quiet strength which would have gained her the deep respect of her companion, but had given no token whereby this suffering could be read by unaccustomed eye, and the interim had been passed by her benefactor in planning means by which she could reduce the child's disabilities ere she produced her in her own home of refinement and culture. No one must see her under the present conditions of dress and manner.

"Here's our train, Hester," she said, kindly enough. "I guess you have never taken a train ride before, eh?"

The words seemed to come to Hester from a voice far off, and she made no reply. Her aunt then left her in charge of the small bag in which she had carried some trifles for the children, and went to the ticket office. By the time she returned the train was drawing in to the station, and there was a rush for the car.

"We are going to Boston first," said Mrs. Dyke as she indicated a seat to Hester. "We shall stay a week there, and then go home. You will like to see Boston, I am sure."

Hester only stared in reply. Boston meant no more than any other place to her at this moment of misery. Her eyes were following the familiar outlines of the hills on the horizon, which, however, began to alter, shift about, and at length disappear as the train changed in direction. The child's head spun round dizzily. "Car-sick? what a nuisance," groaned Almira to herself, opening a window near the drooping head. But her diagnosis was wrong.

Hester ever looked back upon that week in Boston, which followed the rupture of all her old ties, with horror, as a nightmare of misery. She strove laboriously to attend to each direction as to her table manners, but so nervously that she failed ignominiously, shewing herself at her worst, clumsy, awkward, at length densely stupid. Daintily clothed and shod, she was afraid to move freely, lest she should ruin such fine materials, and the new hat, like the rest of her wardrobe, elegant in its simplicity, would not stay on her



head now the sunburnt hair was cut short. Almira had indeed undertaken a task when she elected Hester as the founder of the fortunes of the "Children of Israel," instead of the charming little Cis.

But Hester was as difficult of moulding as Amos her father could have been under the same circumstances. She, heretofore selfless in her absolute abnegation to the necessities of the "tribe," in her newly awakened consciousness became stupid, dull, blundering to an incredible degree. The mirrors of the luxurious hotel reflected a fresh personality to the child, who stolidly, even defiantly, met the gaze of this apparition in dainty gowns, shoes on which she feared to tread, and short cropped hair on which the broad plumed hat seemed a stranger in a strange land, as was its owner. Hester, brought up short on the broad corridors, in the parlours, in the bedroom, by this unwonted reflection, stared at it awesomely, solemnly; for under the present critic of her every action, her very bulwark, her grin, was a forbidden weapon of defence.

The week's drilling in the habits and customs of polite society, however painful it might be, had an end. The dreary time was not relieved for Hester by word from home. Roxany lacked time to write; Amos, ideas to transcribe. The child felt the bitterness of this isolation intensely, she could not eat or sleep. Aunt Almira, striving in season and out of season to improve the bearing and appearance of her charge, realized at length that Hester could not take in another idea, and resolved to return home.

So the morrow found them whirling a day's journey farther from the one spot where Hester's heart could have been cured of its wound. Leaning against the car window the child watched the track slide back from the train; nothing in her staring, light eyes, her commonplace personality, appealing to her guardian's sympathies, for Hester lacked facial means of showing that she suffered. Nature had even denied her the usual mirror of the emotions, expressive eyes. Only the mother could have read pathos in those dull round orbs, staring before her unseeing, while her heart broke in silence. Meanwhile her aunt, seriously intent on bringing the ungainly child well within the pale of conventional life, allowed nothing amiss to escape criticism. The hat so ill

adapted to the bullet head was constantly readjusted, the silk tie pinned into place, the long gloves drawn up and buttoned round the sunburnt wrists. All such kindly meant offices increased the self-consciousness at the root of Hester's undoing. Aunt and niece were both strained to the utmost by the time the journey was ended.

Dull and dumb with misery, Hester scarcely noticed the change from train to carriage, except that she was put to the test of close criticism as to her general bearing, hat and tie again adjusted, happily for the last time to-night. For soon the carriage drove to the suburbs and stopped before an elegant mansion, where lights in the veranda and the open hall showed that the travellers were expected. As the carriage stopped, two young girls flew down the garden, and rushed upon Almira with warm welcome.

"Here is Hester," said their aunt kindly. "You three girls must be the best of friends, for henceforth Hester belongs to us."

Hester feeling something was required of her, fell back on her hill manner and grinned. Unfortunately, as she did so, the electric light fell upon her face, and Dr. Dyke, father of the girls, who came out to welcome his sister home, gave one glance at the new comer, shrugging his shoulders meaningly as she passed on into the house. When Hester next came to consciousness that something was required of her, she was standing in the centre of a beautiful room upstairs, and her aunt was addressing some observations to her.

"This is your room, Hester. It gets the morning sun, and has a view of the mountains. Take off your things and come down promptly when the supper bell rings."

Hester remained where her aunt left her, conscious of one thing only; she was alone at last. She stood and gazed around her; the flaring gas showed the fresh daintiness of all the appointments; but these unwonted luxuries failed to awaken any interest in Hester's mind. "It's all so fussy," she said to herself, "I feel as though I'd choke." She sought the window, opened it wide, and leaned out. Where were those mountains of which Aunt Almira had spoken? She drew a long breath unrestrained now by that cool glance on the watch for her social short-comings. Oh! to be back in the old farm kitchen with no manners to mind, again in an

atmosphere where her limited powers received full appreciation, invaluable to mother. Hester's longing for just one moment with her own people almost choked her, her chest rose in a suppressed sob, tearless though she might be. Just then when her need seemed greatest as she stood at the open window, her sense of hearing abnormally acute (trained by much converse in the large auditorium of the hill pastures) brought the sound of voices speaking in a distant room.

"What an impossible child! Can she be Roxana's daughter? Why, her mother was a beauty and I was almost in love with her myself when she threw herself away on Amos. You have a Herculean task before you, sister."

"Nay, some of my labours are behind me. Our week in Boston was full enough, as you would realize had you seen her before I began to train her in the amenities of life."

The words fell dully enough on Hester's consciousness, she was already aware that she was "dumb stupid," but a cruel sense of hopelessness added to the burdens she was already carrying, and she became oblivious of time and place as she leaned gaspingly out of the window.

A gentle tap at the door passed unnoticed, as did several which succeeded. At length the door opened, and a girl about her own age entered.

"I'm Mildred, you know," said she, gracefully, as Hester stared at her; then, while paying instant attention to the flaring gas, "Why, not ready yet! let me help you."

Hester, too miserable to resist, permitted Mildred's kindly ministrations. Face and hands were bathed in warm water, the stubble of hair adroitly smoothed. But when the sound of the gong sent its insistent message over the house, Hester drew back. She could not go down and meet the critical glance of the owner of that voice who had so hastily pronounced judgment on her powers. But Mildred would not leave her guest, and taking her hand gently led her downstairs. What a contrast they made as they entered the dining room together. The gracious girl blest with power to express her thoughts, not only in word, but in her actions and expressive countenance, and the alien torn from the rocky fortress of the hill farm, imprisoned in new surroundings, fettered by chains of intolerable weight, which she had not as yet learned to carry, and without power to protest against the sudden transplantation.

A tall youth greeted her kindly enough as she entered the room ; " You are the new sister," said he. But kind though the words sounded, Hester was suffering too cruelly from the criticism just overheard, and dreaded the very thoughts which she felt must be forming in the boy's mind as to her stupid looks.

At table she dully tried to remember the things she was not to do, and presently nervously laid down her knife and fork, forgetting which was the forbidden medium between plate and mouth. Then her apparently vacant eyes fell on Mildred, who was seated opposite to her, and she resolved to copy her as nearly as she could. But just as she began to form herself on this model, a stray glance caught the doctor's keen eyes, unfriendly of course in their criticism to her nervous apprehension, and she let her weapons fall with a clatter on her plate.

How little she dreamed that, in spite of his hasty word concerning his first impression, the one being who had power to sympathize with her position was this same great man. For Dr. Dyke was great in his profession, a man of keen brain, a skilful surgeon, and possessed with wonderful gifts as a healer. He was taking an unprejudiced view of the new comer, quite ready to concede any point in her favour did he find one. But Hester's personality, from an intellectual point of view, was hopeless. There was a lack of symmetry in the closely-cropped head, betraying the small brain development, the face was of the most commonplace type, the round staring eyes without beauty, and the cheeks occasionally distended with a perplexed grin. But the doctor was a kind-hearted man, who, despite too many demands on his sympathies, found there was something interesting in this unpromising new comer. Certainly not in her looks. It must be confessed that the doctor had a weakness for good looks ; his own children, like himself, were very handsome ; they had their faults—grave faults, too, his sister declared, but at least they were not mentally deficient. Challenged now by the children on some knotty point, he temporarily forgot Hester, but when supper was over and the young people were leaving the room, he again turned his keen gaze upon her, and called her to his side.

Hester approached unwillingly enough, and ungracefully

as possible, but the doctor was not thinking of her appearance when he called her. He took her hand, and looked down curiously at the brown thin fingers, thence to the dull inanimate face whose utter lack of expression to-night her mother's eyes would have read as indicative of a depth of woe inexpressible.

"Sleep well," said he, kindly, after a pause adding, "I hope you will be very happy here with us."

Again came the stricture of the chest, held down with a force of character worthy of a long strain of ancestors who had *lived* on rock, *fought* rock, endured what they could not better. The doctor's fingers stole their way to her pulse.

As she left the room, he said to her sister, "Her pulse shows a feverish condition. Do you suppose the child is homesick?"

"I should say not. She has not shed a tear, nor indeed mentioned her family since we left. She does not seem capable of putting words together in a sentence. 'Yes,' and 'No,' is all I have heard from her."

"She has a very able hand," he continued. "It redeems her insignificance in a measure. Her cranium is unpromising to a degree."

"She's Roxany's daughter, that's her saving grace in my mind," said Almira, "and she'll have some qualities strong as rock if she's the least bit of her mother in her. She's got her father's looks, but it does not follow that she has his shiftless character. In fact, I know she has energy and perseverance, qualities only too rare in some bright children I know."

"I should like to have had the other one, the pretty child like the mother."

"Oh! of course," said Almira smiling mischievously, "Don't I know you by heart? But I have a larger outlook. You have enough handsome faces at your table, brother, and must put up with one less favoured."

The doctor laughed as he rose and went out. "But after all," said he to himself, "you do not, cannot know me, sister Almira nor do you know that child."

Next day Mildred found Hester giddy and tired, quite unable to sit up. The doctor looked in on his way down stairs.

"Well, little girl," said he, stooping over her, "what's wrong with you?"

His fingers on her pulse read in the uncertain throbs something of what the poor heart was feeling. Still keeping his fingers on her wrist, he asked carelessly, "Heard from home, I suppose, since you left?"

Hester shook her head, her pale eyes staring at the healer, her deprecatory grin widening her mouth.

"I'll send a wire presently," he volunteered, "and ask how they are getting along."

"Will you?" Voice and face were in perfect control, but, unconscious to herself, her fingers listlessly lying in the doctor's palm gripped his fingers as in a vice.

"Have you written home since you left?"

Hester shook her head.

"Your mother will be anxious to know how you like us all. Mildred shall bring you paper and pencil when you have eaten some breakfast, and perhaps before your letter is ready for the mail I shall get an answer to my telegram."

"I guess I could get up," cried the child eagerly, possessing no words to thank the doctor for his goodness, yet with fingers clinging to his as to a lifebuoy, eloquent as speech to one who understood such indication.

"Well, is she really sick?" asked Almira, as she poured out the coffee.

"Heartsick, homesick!" was the brief reply. "But I have given her a prescription. Have not you a picture of the old homestead or of her people any of them to hang in her room?"

Almira stared, unable to follow the complexity of her brother's thoughts.

"People of few ideas," said he seriously, "and those few established on the emotions are very hard to transplant. You tear their roots and they bleed to death."

"You speak as if I had committed a crime in adopting the child."

"Well," he said, smiling, "I am not sure you did not, that the end will justify the means—but I reserve judgment, especially as I have made a powerful prescription which should be benign in its workings. All the child's life hitherto has been subjective, her mental processes dormant—"

"Oh, if you are going to make a psychological study of the child," cried Almira, much amused, "you have chosen rather an uninteresting subject, however!"

"On the contrary, were the transition period not so painful to the subject, I could thank you for the opportunity you give me for verifying and correcting certain theories I may have formed on the result of like transplantations. But, for the present, the surgery bell is imperative."

The doctor was too busy to return in time for the mid-day lunch, but he did not forget his promise to Hester. A special messenger appeared, with the answer to his dispatch. It was brief, but to the point, evidently indited by Amos. "Ma's well, so's the twins, and t'others," signed, "Pa."

The child eagerly read the message over and over. Coming from her father, it expressed everything in brief—and how quick it had come. She was not, then, divided by such an interval of country as she had imagined. Why, it was possible to get news of them in a few hours! Oh, the relief of that realization. Tears flowed from her eyes as from a fountain, and burying her head in the pillows, scarcely conscious of what she was doing under the stress of her irrepressible emotion, she gasped between her sobs, "Ma's well, so's the twins, and t'others."

Aunt Almira, herself brought up in a stern school, held such "giving way" to tears as beneath contempt, but the experiment was of her brother's responsibility, and as such she did not feel justified in interfering. She bade Mildred, who had called her on the scene, leave the child alone. Thus Hester, left to Nature's healing, wept and revived.

After lunch, she rose and dressed herself. Her eyes were red and swollen, but she was too busy conning over and over the good news in her telegram to care for appearances. The paper, by this time blurred with tears, was set up on the mirror, and she gloated over it as she put on her clothes. Then it occurred to her to open the window and look for the hills of which Aunt Almira had spoken the previous evening. She was disappointed to find them so different in shape from the rugged ridges amongst which she had drawn her first conscious breath. "But they are hills, any way," she said, as she turned away and made the tour of her room, touching curiously the artistic objects she designated as so fussy.

"I wonder if she'd mind if I pulled the curtains down," she thought; "seems to me I'd breathe easier."

Pending the question, knitting in hand (a winter sock for her twin) and telegram in her pocket, whence it seemed to send rays of warm comfort to her heart, Hester hesitatingly set foot on the polished stair.

#### CHAPTER IV.

The walls of the wide spacious hall were hung with pictures, amongst which was a large photograph of the Forum of Rome.

"Pretty much all to pieces," was Hester's mental comment. "What's the use of hanging up pictures of a place burnt over like that? What's left of it will be down before they know where they are."

Nor did the Pantheon please her any better which took rank on the left side of the door.

"I spose it's a jail, well if ever! Couldn't no one get out of that!" Further criticism of the family taste in pictures was interrupted by the appearance of Mildred, who genially took Hester's hand and led her into the library.

"We sit here and do pretty much what we've a mind to, so long as we don't disturb father when he is at home; his room you see opens out of this. But there is another entrance from the hall."

Hester took the seat offered her and gazed about the room.

The walls were fitted with bookshelves enclosed in glass cases. Books were strewn on tables in two large bow windows. It was an ideal room in which to read or study, light and well aired. But Hester did not like books, and would rather far have been taken into the kitchen. Her wandering eyes at length rested on the two girls who were busy with some fancy work. They had pushed the books on one table aside, and occupied the space with ribbons and laces.

"Mab and I are making things for Mrs. Crab's table at the Church Fair," said Mildred. Hester took some of the finished work in her strong fingers, with her grin of perplexity.

"What's the use of them?" she asked, bluntly. "Should think they'd clutter up lots of dust."

The room pealed with laughter. Hester's grin grew broader, but where lay the joke?



"Do they only make useful things in your country?" asked Mildred presently.

"Mostly" replied Hester, gravely, holding the knick-knacks in contemptuous regard. "Some make tidies. They aint much account, always catching to folk's coat-tails. Pa, he says, wisht them as made 'em had to put up with them. But there's bed spreads and pillow shams, things as stay put. They're real useful, you know."

"But pretty things like these sell best at our fair," said Mildred, amiably.

"Should think they'd cost too much to make," objected Hester, sturdily. "That ribbon is good, and there's a good two yards on that basket."

"Just two yards," said Mab, opening her sleepy eyes with the faintest touch of admiration at the precise guess.

But at this moment the doctor's voice was heard in the hall. Hester dropped her knitting and ran out, clumsily upsetting a chair in her haste and banging the door after her. She reached the middle of the hall, then stood looking at the doctor, who very weary with his protracted morning's work, was laying off his overcoat, preparing for his delayed lunch. At the sound of this bungling entrance he turned and gave one quick look at Hester. The swollen face betrayed the relief of tears, and she waved the telegram in her hand in triumph. He took the hand and telegram both, his fingers seeking her pulse. Then he smiled genially.

"Capital," he said. "So they are all well?"

Hester nodded. Almira had forbidden her to use this mode of expressing thought, but she forgot. Again her hand spoke for her what words could not, as she squeezed the doctor's fingers in a close grip. He gave her a kind glance which seemed to say to the child that he understood all she wanted to explain to him of her past misery and her present relief, patted her on the head, and went in to his lunch.

"There are a dozen people waiting for me, little girl," said he as he left her.

"He seemed tuckered out," said Hester briefly to the girls as she returned to the library.

They looked up surprised. It seemed to them that it was nothing out of the common for their father to overwork himself in his profession; they supposed all fathers did the same thing.

"He's used to it by this time," said Mab, drawling. "I mean," as Hester looked surprised, "everyone wants him."

"I should think they would," was Hester's reply, "but that don't hinder him from working to death."

Mildred laid aside her work and glided away to the dining room.

"Hester believes you are very tired, father," she said, "can I do anything for you?"

"If you could prescribe for the room full of patients waiting me at this moment, my child, I must confess I should be glad."

"Then Hester was right, you *are* very tired."

He seemed much amused.

"So I owe this solicitude to a stranger, Mildred?"

"Yes," she said, frankly. "We are so used to see you always at work."

"I should not be happy without my hands full," he said, consolingly, "but there are times when the too much is felt even by a doctor, Mildred."

He rose, stretched himself and went into the consulting room.

\* \* \* \* \*

The curtain question was broached by Hester with the utmost simplicity. Her aunt had taken pains to prepare her room in every respect like that of the children of the house. Everything was there, bric-a-brac, dainty curtains, pictures. Secure as to the answer, therefore, Almira asked perfunctorily that day at dinner—

"I hope you are comfortable in your room, my dear."

But Hester had to be trained to like high art, or any art, and being absolutely truthful, said seriously, "I can't turn round for fear of breaking something, and I've knocked the little tables over twice this morning. Do you suppose you could find a place for the crockery, aunt Almira? and might I take down the curtains? seems like they choke me nights."

Bob led a general hearty laugh, perhaps he sympathised not a little with this honest expression of opinion.

Almira frowned a little, more with perplexity than anger, however. "Why Hester," said she, "have you no love of pretty things? Think how bare your windows will look without the curtains, and your room will be quite dismantled if I take all the hangings and that pretty bric-a-brac away."

The doctor, who had laughed with sly enjoyment, now put in his word to support Hester.

"Curtains keep out the air, and collect dust, and are unhealthy in bedrooms, and I quite agree with Hester as to the crockery nuisance. Tables are for use, not to be covered with useless rubbish."

"Oh! you are in your utilitarian mood, I perceive," said Almira, slyly.

"And—" continued the doctor, addressing Hester, "do you dislike the carpet too?"

"Why no," she replied, "there is so little of it just in the middle of the room. I'd as soon have it as not."

There was another laugh, in which Almira joined this time.

"The carpet shall stay," said the doctor, his eyes twinkling suspiciously, "but curtains and crockery are doomed. Will you have a holocaust made of them, my dear?"

"But," objected Almira later, when she was alone with her brother. "You thwart my efforts to develop love of art in our country maid, by always surrounding her with refinements and pretty things."

"I am simply acting as Hester's physician," was the reply. "She will suffocate under the rubbish of centuries of civilizations. Besides, her simple taste rings true. Bedrooms ought to be free of all dust harbingers. You know, my dear sister, I have told you more than once that you are inclined to follow the luxurious trend of the times too closely. Our house is really becoming an art museum rather than a living house."

Curtains, crockery, small tables—all disappeared from Hester's room, and instead of these impedimenta, a large round table was placed in a good light, and the child feeling at home at last in her new surroundings, sat in comfort at her table without fear of breaking some work of art, and penned a long letter to the dear mother at the hill farm.

Hester's letter :—

"DEAR MA AND PA AND EVERYONE,—I guess I've got fixed now, my clothes is all straight in my bureau. I'm goin' to begin school next week. Your wire came before lunch. Seemed as though you was all dead, and I was never goin' to hear how you was. He sent the wire. The children are pretty good here. Bob's oldest, most twenty. He aint much

account so far as I see, not so good as the girls. He goes to college, but he gets mixed up with the wrong set, Mildred says, Mildred's the best girl and so pretty. I guess she thinks what to do for other folks most of the time. Mab's selfish and so lazy—seems half asleep except when there's candy round; she's real greedy—but then she's a beauty, and everywhere she goes, they say, 'what a lovely child'; 'that's what I call a beautiful child'—I should think they'd have more sense. The doctor is best of all; everyone flies round to do what he says; even Bob's meek as Moses when he speaks real stern. I spose you know he's a great surgeon. Mildred says he gets presents every day, fruit and flowers. His waiting room is full of truck sent him by grateful patients—G.P.'s, Mildred calls them. Here's a G.P. and its solid silver, or else some piece of crockery (no mortal use as I can see) bricky brac they call them things as can't never be used and only clutter up the dust and have to keep one at work dusting them off with a tiny feather broom. I've finished the socks, and Aunt Almira says she'll send them in the next parcel to you. I've got lots of time here—no sweeping or dish-washing. I'd as 'lieve knit as read. I don't like reading so much; I told the doctor when he asked me. He said folks read too much and thought too little, and asked me what I thought about when I was not reading. I told him I wondered how soon I'd be educated and able to help you as you said I must. He said lots of ways was open now for educated women to work and make money, and he said, 'If you want to help your folks, you have got to do what is hardest to you, set your wits to work as well as your fingers.' So I asked Mab to give me books to read, for she never reads rubbish, Mildred says. I'm goin' to read a spell when I've done this."

But Hester's good intentions were frustrated by Almira, who bade her jump into bed or the doctor would be coming to look after his patient. Pleased with Hester's prompt obedience as she rose and put away her ink bottle, her aunt left her with a kind "good-night, my child."

Hester, when ready for her couch, knelt by the window now clear of obstructions, gazed out on the distant hills, and felt her way to her first real prayer.

"Let me grow up to help them all, dear God," she prayed. "I'll do my level best."

## CHAPTER V.

A month elapsed ; the doctor, unusually occupied during this period by an outbreak of typhoid, scarcely saw his family. When he appeared again at table his penetrating glance dwelt on each face in turn. Enough ! two struck him as being very unsatisfactory, in urgent need of attention. Bob's languid air betokened dissipation, that of Hester exhaustion of mental force. The child's countenance, always lacking expression, now seemed to have hardened into a block. The pale eyes deep sunken, half-open mouth, and apparent deafness to the chit-chat going on around her, as well as her lack of appetite, added to the painful impression she made on the healer, who had probed the shallows of the new comer once before and found himself in deep waters.

"Well, sister," said he after luncheon was over, "what of your experiment?"

"Uphill work, I expected that. Dense stupidity, but intense perseverance. I've got to respect, even if I cannot love, the child."

"Why can you not love her?" asked the doctor, curiously.

"She is not attractive to me," said Almira, kindly enough.

"She has no winning traits of character."

"Well, it is something if she wins your respect," said he, "for I know that is not gained without effort. I wish you could say as much of Bob. He's smoking again and keeping late hours at the club."

"Yes, he takes advantage of your pre-occupation. I confess I am most anxious about him."

"Can't the girls amuse him at home? I believe in counter attractions," said her brother.

"The girls have their lessons. I won't have them sacrificed to Bob," said Almira. "There is no more reason why they should lay themselves out to entertain Bob than that he should do the same for them."

"Then I will put it another way. I wish we had a genial home circle in which young people would find pleasure and desire to stay there instead of going outside for their fun."

"If my Margaret had only lived," he said to himself with a sigh. "No one in the world is as good as Almira, but genial and amusing she cannot be."

In the hall he pounced on Bob, put him through a brief but formidable catechism, and leaving him to digest a few words to the point which he could not possibly disobey, the doctor ran up to Hester's room.

His light step was unheard on the soft carpet, so that he stood at the half-open door of Hester's room, and looked in at the owner, himself unseen.

The child sat at her table with a pile of books before her, nervously opening one after another, her dull eyes hopelessly conning words and sentences. Presently the doctor's hand intervened between her eyes and the page, and turning a wan look on him, she seemed to feel the necessity to explain herself, and the power.

"I can't do it," she said, "I shall have to give it up. I've tried. I get stupider and duller every minute. Seems as though I'd forget my own name next, and I say it over and over instead of my lesson. Mother says Dave is looking forward to vacation for me to help him, and I can't remember a single thing she says (the teacher). And to-day she said I was obstinater than a mule, because I said something all wrong over and over. I couldn't hear what she said or what I said. Guess I'm dumb stupid."

She took up and put down the books flurriedly.

"Time's going, most two o'clock, and I aint learnt a single thing."

The doctor took the books one after another and tossed them cleverly into a heap in the corridor.

"Let them be," said he, cheerily, "I'll send Thomas up to carry them away for me. You won't want them for awhile any way, for I can't spare you to go to school. I'm pretty busy just now and want you to give me a helping hand."

"Me!" cried Hester springing to her feet, grasping the doctor's outstretched hand with both hers, as she might have done a lifebuoy when drowning. Once more did the forbidden grin widen her cheeks.

It was catching; the doctor himself grinned as he thought of what his sister would say to him.

"I see I shall have a willing helper," said he. "Now, away with study, get your hat and cloak, something warm—I'm going to take my girls ten miles into the country this bright afternoon. Be ready in four minutes and a half."

His daughters, used to these sudden invitations, were ready in a trice, and Mildred had time to run up and give Hester a helping hand, for she was trembling so with the excitement of the moment that all her fingers were thumbs.

"I wish you had asked me before you took Hester from her work," said Almira, "she is not so quick as other children and has to put more time on her studies to get them ready. She will only have double work to-morrow."

"Jump in, girls," was the reply, then motioning Hester forward, for at Almira's words she had paused obediently, he stooped over his sister and said a few words in her ear.

"Why, who would ever have thought she'd turn out nervous and weakly?" was the surprised whisper.

"Power of mind over matter," said he, whimsically. "A devouring flame that swallows up even bucolic strata. Besides your school marm has no sense to heap tasks on the child in this way."

"Oh, well; she has to keep up with her grade," was the reply.

"Horrible system! Crushing mill: that is what it is. The teacher takes a blank page and covers it with hieroglyphics to which its owner has no cipher. Before Hester returns to the mill, someone has to find her mind for her, introduce her to her own mental machinery and show her the key to its powers."

"I declare I never saw you so exercised before," said Almira, half annoyed. "You treat a child brought up in a farm kitchen as though she were a princess in disguise. I tell you she is used to take hardship and does not need all this tenderness. I believe in being kind to her, but you are going the way to spoil the very best in her, brother."

"I wish you could understand the wherefore," was the reply. "As you cannot, accept my word for it. You have gathered a sensitive plant at the hill farm, approach it with caution or it will wither at your touch. You have every sense but the sixth, sister."

"And as no one can prove that to exist, I shall do very well without it," she replied, laughing. "Well, I know you have got to have your own way when you take the bit in your mouth, so I will wait until you have driven your hobby to the stone wall, and take it up where you put it down."

But she stood with a puzzled expression on her serene, fine countenance as the happy party drove away. She intended so well by the child, it was provoking to be handicapped in her efforts by this very dominant brother.

The doctor's spirited bays soon left city streets and suburban villas alike behind, and brought to view remote farmhouses dotting the hill sides or nestling in the valleys. Colour came into Hester's cheeks in the rapid transit through the fresh air, her eyes were attracted by the peaks of distant mountains, where snow glittered in the autumn sunlight. Home, to her ignorant fancy, lay somewhere there.

"Winter comes apace. Can you skate, Hester?"

"No sir, hadn't good enough ice. Plenty snow though for coasting,"

"You must teach our lazy Mab to coast," said the doctor, "and Mildred too if she is not too much grown up."

"Oh! no," said Mildred, "not too grown up, but my legs are too long, and I keep growing taller too."

"I don't like it," said Mab, "the pleasure isn't worth the bother. Uphill you toil, come down like a flash and up again—it's always up, and the downs too short."

Even Hester's sense of humour was touched by the picture drawn by this lazybones; her laugh rang out quite merrily.

"Dave always pulls the little ones up on his big sled," she said; "why don't you hire somebody?"

"Better still, Dave shall come at Christmas, and Mab can write beforehand and pre-empt his services." The doctor glanced at Hester as he spoke, but it was evident she did not take his words seriously.

"Well, Hester, shall Dave come? I mean what I say."

"Guess he'd like it real well. He's good as they make 'em is our Dave," was the calm reply.

A stranger might have been deceived by her indifferent manner, but the doctor knew where to look for expression of her feelings; her strong fingers were intertwined with restrained eagerness.

"Some people's expression is all facial," he reflected, "and some are only capable of showing themselves when under the excitement of moving to music, dancing. Hester's hands are her medium. Dave shall come."

The ten miles passed as a dream, only too soon was the objective point, the comfortable dwelling house reached.



"Now, girls, go indoors. I will send Jerusha to you. I expect to be here at least an hour. I need not tell you to be very quiet."

The girls obeyed, and finding the parlour door open, entered and took possession. It was a stiff formal-looking room evidently seldom used, with a dismal atmosphere which would have required a host of cordial folk to warm it up to a sense of comfort. Faded wax flowers a century old had the position of honour in the middle of the table, while modern life was represented by a few albums containing *galleries* of family portraits. Mab walked about touching everything with her dainty fingers, Mildred went into convulsions over one of the albums, and Hester sat bolt upright on the edge of her chair, as she had seen company do in the absence of a rocking chair wherewith to work off the nervous apprehensions incident to meeting strangers.

"I think," said Mab, when she had exhausted the resources of the parlour, "as there is absolutely no entertainment for me, I shall go to sleep." With this she stretched herself gracefully on the horse-hair sofa.

"Good-lands! is the child sick?" cried a strident voice, as a brisk middle-aged woman bounced into the room. "You're the doctor's children, eh! He promised he'd bring you next time he come. I've heerd of you; pretty-looking girls you be as ever I see. But who is this? Not a sister, eh?"

"That's our cousin Hester, she's come to live with us now, so that makes her a kind of sister," said kindly Mildred, seeing the unflattering glance with which the good woman had accompanied her inquiry. "Mab's on the sofa, she's always lazy; and I am Mildred."

"Want to know!" said the good woman staring at Mab. "Born tired, eh?" Then after a pause, "But you had better come into the back of the house. The kitchen's the best room to my thinking, gets all the sun, and is ever so much more cheerful. When I've good help I might set here all day if I'm a mind to, but I never darken the doors unless ther's company or its sweeping day."

The girls gladly exchanged dulness for cheer. The kitchen was flooded with sunshine; gay with flowers.

The doctor's hour devoured the afternoon, but the girls were having such a good time, they never once thought of

his limit. Jerusha, short of help, had to continue her work in barnyard and dairy, and this she did with a delightful leisurely manner, and flow of narrative that effectually entertained the young people. They went out with her to visit the cows in the stalls, into the dairy to see the cream and inspect the new churn, then to visit the fowls and hear what Jerusha "fed to them" to make them lay straight along through the cold weather when fresh eggs were gold.

Now all this had the flavour of novelty to the city-bred children, but was as a mine of gold to her other listener. Hester knew what life on a farm meant where there were *no* conveniences, no aids to work, where every bucket of water must be carried into and out of the house; where all the drinking water must be brought from the spring in the ten-acre lot; where the fowls fed hap-hazard, migrated, their nests only discovered by the detective skill of the "Children of Israel"; where washing or churning day meant labour, labour, labour to the slender industrious mother. To Hester every labour-saving device came as a revelation. She went about with bated breath hanging on Jerusha's words, examining everything, storing up the simple, ingenious methods which yet meant such save of physical exertion, asking pertinent questions which raised her to Jerusha's high esteem. Next came the model kitchen in review, the cupboards proudly thrown open for inspection. Also on certain shelves ancient copper vessels glowed amongst modern blue saucepans and valuable old china, making an incomparable picture in the owner's eyes.

"You're real handy," she exclaimed, as Hester assisted her to set the supper table. "Now you beat up those eggs, and we'll have pop-overs for supper. I've got my oven red hot, and guess we can have them ready as soon as the doctor comes back."

"Why, is he gone out again?"

"Yes," said Jerusha, "a neighbour sent for him an hour ago; child sick, I believe."

"He ought to be hungry by time he gets back," said Hester, "he hardly touched his lunch."

"The new hospital and lectures keep him so busy, and there has been so much typhoid this autumn," said Mildred, "we scarcely see him from week's end to week's end."

"Want to know! wall, doctors, clergymen, and donkeys never are supposed to want regular hours of feeding. What are you laughing at?" inquired Jerusha, seriously, as Mildred and Mab fell into fits of laughter.

"Donkeys! oh, I must tell father," cried Mab.

Hester had taken Jerusha seriously, as was intended, but now the joke dawned upon her, and her grin gave way to a guffaw of appreciation.

Just at this moment, when her cheeks were distended their widest, the door opened and the doctor entered. He was quick to see the cosy, cheerful atmosphere in which his young people had been "let down" from the stilts of too much civilization, and at once declared he was not going to be company. He had been brought up in a farm kitchen not half so good as this, and was perfectly at home amongst pots and pans. Hester's eagerness in finding him an arm-chair and attending to his material wants at table, gratified him not a little.

"Oh, such coffee and cream!" he exclaimed. "Well, I must indulge in a cup, even if I keep awake for a week to come; and Jerusha's pop-overs and Graham gems are enough to turn any doctor into a gourmand. Hester, child, sit down, and show me how many pop-overs you can eat. I've lost count so far as Mab is concerned."

"Hester's real handy," said Jerusha, beaming at her guests, "I wouldn't want better help."

"Great minds think alike," said the doctor, merrily, "I've put in a prior claim, however, Jerusha, so you can't have her. Now, child, I want to see whether you are as hungry as a little girl ought to be after a drive over the hills, and an afternoon with Jerusha in the barn-yard."

This afternoon of absolute let-down to material things, in a way a return to the kind of life she was used to, had done more to heal Hester's wounds than a month spent elsewhere. The strain, the paralysis of mind disappeared, and the doctor told himself as he quietly watched her so happy in this genial atmosphere, that never again should she be subjected to such cruel brain pressure.

"Now, girls; hats and shawls! I see Obadiah has the team ready."

Supper was over, even Mab could eat no more, and farewells were hastily exchanged with the kindly Jerusha. Obadiah

stood at the window looking in and grinning his pleasure at the cheerful group.

"Obadiah is Jerusha's husband," said the doctor, as they drove away from the farm. "He is not over bright, but she makes up for his deficiencies, and keeps him stirred up to do his work."

Hester was very silent during that return drive. Presently she asked, "Do engineers have to learn how to put waterworks in houses?"

"What do you mean, little girl?"

"Do they show folks how to bring water from meadows into folks' houses?"

"Yes! certainly."

Hester asked no more questions, but she sat up late at night writing to Dave.

"MY DEAR DAVE,—He says you can come for a week at Christmas. I'm real glad I came here now. I was sorry before. I've learnt lots to-day. I can't write it all out to-night. Hens 'ull pay when you feed 'em right. I'll send you how to do. Guess you 'll work it out. And she's got her water brought into the house; it runs all round the dairy; she sets her pans in it. Her wash-tubs are under taps—hot and cold. They've got holes at the bottom and stoppers. She never moves her tubs. Washing aint a mite of bother. You soak 'em over-night in the tubs. I'm going to ask Bob how you bring the water. He's learning it. There's plenty in the ten-acre lot. When you come he'll show you praps."

This letter, incomplete as it was, was no puzzle to Dave, who, having imagination, read largely between the lines and filled in gaps with lavish hand. "My! but our Hester's goin' ahead," was his comment, and he grinned with pride and pleasure.

*(To be continued.)*

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1903.

### *Subjects for August.*

I.—"*A Holiday Subject.*" Those members who are fortunate enough to be by the sea should take the chance of trying to strengthen their colour by a study, especially on a day when the sea reflects the blue sky. Try and get a bit of rock to work at, and against it note the curling lines of the water. Failing this, members are allowed free choice of a subject.

II.—"*Harvest Moon.*" Nothing can be more beautiful than the waning light of these warm August evenings. The simplest subject is the best; a bit of field with the stubble still ungleaned, with a gate or corner of a hedge. Let the study have something of the glow of the season in it.

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## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

The House of Education is closed from August 1st to September 15th, Letters relating to the *House of Education*, *Parents' Review School*, *Mothers' Educational Course*, *Governesses*, etc., cannot be answered or received between these dates.

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*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for August: Selection of poems from Tennyson.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for August: One of Racine's plays.

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth.

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

# “PARENTS’ REVIEW” PURCHASE FUND.

The following shareholders have generously given up their shares:—

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
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B. W. ..	10	0	0	Roope, The late Mr.	10	0	0
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Bradley, Mrs. ..	0	5	0	Franklin, Mrs. L. ..	2	2	0
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Playfair, Mr. J. E ..	..	0	5	0	Interest on Subscriptions ..	..	4	5	9
Powell, Mr. C. E. ..	..	0	10	0	Half-Share <i>Parents' Review</i> Profits, 1902 ..	..	44	19	2
Poynting, Mr. ..	..	0	5	0	Grant from P.N.E.U. Funds ..	..	89	0	8
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We offer very hearty congratulations to the Parents' Union that it has now, as a fact, obtained possession of this magazine, the *Parents' Review*, which has been for the last fourteen years devoted to the dissemination of its opinions, and the promotion of its interests. All who are interested in the P.N.E.U. must needs feel heartily grateful to those generous members and others who have secured this permanent advantage to the Union. We say permanent, because, though the generosity of the original shareholders made the *Parents' Review* practically the property of the Union (without any advantage whatever to the shareholders), yet the question of heirs and assigns would in time have come into force, and it is a matter of great thankfulness to all concerned that the Magazine should be made securely the property of the Union, whether by the subscription of original shares or of donations in money. We beg to offer most grateful thanks in the name of the Union to all such subscribers.

CHARLOTTE M. MASON, ED

#### ROOPER MEMORIAL FUND.

MISS F. N. ARMFIELD,

*Secretary of the Parents' National Educational Union.*

MADAM,

A meeting has been held here to inaugurate a scheme to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. T. G. Rooper. We feel that it would be most appropriate that the Parents' National Educational Union should be associated with the movement, and should like to know what the views of the members of the Union are on the matter.

Perhaps you can suggest the names of one or two members of the Union who would be willing to serve on the Committee.

Yours truly,

Hartley University College, Southampton,

J. F. HUDSON,

*June 10th, 1903.*

*General Secretary.*

We append extracts from the circular issued by the Committee:—

#### ROOPER MEMORIAL FUND.

*"Patrons:—*His Grace The Archbishop of Canterbury; His Grace The Duke of Bedford, K.G.; His Grace The Duke of Wellington; The Rt. Hon. Lord Montagu of Beaulieu.

*"General Committee:—*Sir Thomas D. Acland, Bart.; Prof. Bernard Bosanquet; Mr. J. Bonham-Carter, J.P.; The Principal of Brasenose College, Oxford; etc., etc.

"A desire has been expressed in many quarters that steps should be taken to perpetuate the memory of the late Mr. T. G. Rooper, M.A., H.M.I., who passed away on May 20th, 1903, so prematurely as it seems to his



friends, especially those whose privilege it was to be associated with him in educational work. All who knew him are aware of the enduring value of his inspiring influence, his far-sighted enthusiasm, and his noble character.

“Mr. Rooper held the office of H.M. Inspector of Schools in the Isle of Wight, Southampton, and the vicinity during the last seven years, and previously spent fifteen years as H.M. Inspector in the Bradford district. His splendid work in the cause of education is widely known throughout England and his influence extended to other countries. His powers and his means were always generously devoted to the furtherance of the many movements with which he was identified.

“The Committee above mentioned has been formed to give effect to the feeling referred to by establishing some permanent memorial in honour of Mr. Rooper, so that there may be carried down to future generations the record of a name and a life which will always be held in peculiar affection and esteem.

“In order that the memorial may be associated with the work to which he devoted almost the whole of his life, the Committee suggest that it should take the form of a Scholarship to be called the ‘Thomas Godolphin Rooper Scholarship,’ tenable at a place of higher education by students who have at some time been scholars of a Public Elementary School, but that all conditions should be finally decided at a meeting of subscribers

“They feel that to raise a memorial worthy of the occasion, a sum of from £1,500 to £2,000 should be obtained—sufficient to found a scholarship of the annual value of not less than £50. The Committee beg to call your attention to this memorial scheme, and to appeal to your sympathy and support. They are confident that such a scholarship, if founded, will not only preserve the memory of Mr. Rooper in a manner which would have been most grateful to him, but will also prove of very great educational value.

“Contributions paid to the account of the ‘Rooper Memorial Fund’ at Grant and Maddison’s Bank, High Street, Southampton, will be acknowledged by the Manager of the Bank. Subscriptions may also be sent to the Treasurer, Mr. A. Key, 31, Belmont Road, Portswood, Southampton.

“Other communications should be addressed to the Hon. Secretaries, Hartley University College, Southampton.”

[Dr. Schofield has been appointed to represent the P.N.E.U. on the “Rooper Memorial Fund” Committee. We believe that many members of the Union will gladly take this opportunity to express their sense of the exceedingly great debt that we, as an educational body, owe to the late Mr. T. G. Rooper. We feel it an honour to have the name of so distinguished an educationalist so intimately associated with our work, and with every part of our work, from the beginning of the P.N.E.U. till the close of Mr. Rooper’s life. It is impossible to estimate what he has done for us in the way of impulse, suggestion, and encouragement; and no doubt many of us will be glad to assist in this worthy effort to commemorate his work in a most suitable way. Fuller information, with the circular, subscription list, etc., may be obtained from the Hon. Secretary of the Rooper Memorial Fund.—ED.]

## BOOKS.

*Sir Julian the Apostate*, by Mrs. Clement Parsons (Heinemann, 6/-). Mrs. Parsons' novel is very modern; and, as our novelists are also our moralists, it is well that an author should put a finger on the tendencies of to-day and shew us what is happening. That was how Jane Austen earned her prescriptive rights as an ethical teacher. She showed the people of her day the ways to which they were too much used to recognise their significance until a 'print book' shewed them as in a mirror. Just so, if less so, does Mrs. Clement Parsons do for us. "Sir Julian's" set are unsimple and therefore unpleasing folk. Mrs. Farrer-Hammond (no one could in her case drop one member of the double-barrelled name) is introduced to us in a London drawing-room of much elegance, with which her personal accord is scrupulously studied. Nothing is unstudied about this lady and nothing misses its intended effect; the producing of her environment, so to speak, is an easy and habitual effort; but she is never natural in the sense of spontaneous. The author strikes the key-note of her theme in presenting her heroine as a woman who manipulates life to a nicety, beginning with 'precious' surroundings, and going on to circumstances, and to events. The descent of this super-elegant personage into vicious coarseness and vulgar effrontery is a due progress and well-considered. Mrs. Clement Parsons writes, we think, with a message which she has the literary art to conceal. She would tell us that the unsimple life is as incapable of refinement as of sincerity; and that there is a distinct danger in our modern cult of æsthetic fitness. Sir Julian Borthwick, who gives title to the tale and hovers about the heroine, is, as many men are, at once too indolent and too proud to see that it is a fool's part to leave the ordering of their lives in other people's hands. Mrs. Farrer-Hammond, her invalid husband, her daughter, and Sir Julian, set up house for the husband's sake in a charming place in "Southshire." At the gates of the big house is the cottage of Dr. Sprott; and in this village doctor we get a charmingly delicate bit of characterisation; Mrs. Gaskell herself could not have produced a loveable and unusual man with fewer and finer touches. Mary Abinger, his "niece," is a delightful girl, fresh and keen-witted as behoves a girl of to-day; but we wish she had not interrupted the simplicity of the cottage life by giving that *recherché* supper to the fine folk of the House. We should say that *Sir Julian the Apostate* is especially strong in characterisation and in situations, while it is most refreshingly free from psychological analyses. The interest of the story, which we are careful not to tell, never flags. We recommend *Sir Julian the Apostate* to a place in the holiday luggage of our readers.

*A Survey of English Ethics, being the first chapter of Mr. Lecky's "History of European Morals,"* edited by W. A. Hirst (Longmans, 3.6). We are exceedingly indebted to Mr. Hirst for the idea of publishing in

this handy form the first chapter of Mr. Lecky's *History of European Morals*. Mr. Hirst prefaces the volume by an introduction tracing the history of English ethics from Hobbes to John Stuart Mill. It cannot be denied that our English moralists have belonged for the most part to the utilitarian school, of which it is well said that "The history of the Utilitarian principle is the history of contribution to the stock of happiness; it is the history of what has been done from time to time to improve and perfect the operations of which enjoyment is the result." Again it is said of the Utilitarians and the philosophic radicals, "Efficiency was, in fact, their watchword. The object of efficiency, of a better system of government, morals and legislation, was happiness." At the present moment the doctrine of the man in the street, and of the thinker who represents him, is distinctly utilitarian. In religion, morals, politics and education, happiness is his aim; his altruistic aspirations are expressed in "the greatest happiness of the greatest number," and assuredly he labours for the aim he has in view. His benevolent and socialistic enterprises shew fine results, all the more so because, as compared with the intuitive moralist, his results are readily put in evidence. In face of these obvious facts, it is startling to read Mr. Lecky's statement, that "the intuitive moralist (for reasons I shall hereafter explain) believes that the Utilitarian theory is profoundly immoral." This is startling, but it is also encouraging. There are still those among us who believe in the intuitive sense of obligation which we call duty; who believe that the hope of the race lies, not in the alleviation of its discontents, but in what they are assured is the fact—that every man has in his nature a notion of right which carries with it a feeling of obligation; that when circumstances call upon a man to express this sense of obligation (though it be at the peril of life or limb or property), that man is for the most part ready to seize such opportunity as offering a supreme good. This is the theme which Mr. Lecky works out with singular lucidity and power, and at the same time with full and fair treatment of the Utilitarian position. We strongly advise the study of this "survey" as offering a key to many questions of the hour.

*Nerves in Disorder*, by A. T. Schofield, M.D. (Hodder & Stoughton, 3/6). We are greatly struck by the common sense and kindness, as well as by the wide knowledge of the subject, displayed in Dr. Schofield's *Nerves in Disorder*. We are unable to judge of the work from a professional standpoint, and we have an undefined shrinking from any method of treatment which invades the personality of another, whether by way of suggestion, sympathy, or what not; but we may be wrong in thinking that mental therapeutics fall under this disqualification. Any way there is no question as to the bracing sanity of the author; for example, "Next to worry as a cause of nerve disease, or perhaps bracketed with it, we should be inclined to place sudden mental idleness, such as school girls experience when all at once transformed at the close of the last term into 'young ladies.' The sudden change from working every day through a long time table containing a perfect *olla podrida* of more or less useful subjects, to the peaceful occupation of arranging flowers in the drawing room for half-an-hour daily, has a very marked effect on some natures, and they readily become a prey

to nerve disorders from the abrupt cessation of brain work. If one might for a moment play the part of adviser here, one would suggest, when school days are over, six or twelve months of modified work at those essentials that are invariably left out of the school time table." We are grateful for Dr. Schofield's mention of the House of Education in this connection, and we think that the atmosphere here is, as he says, entirely prophylactic; but we hope the readers of this book will understand that by prophylactic, *preventive* is meant, as nervous patients would not be suitable inmates. One more invaluable advice of the author we must add, "I must here add one word about religion. While it is true that the morbidness and over-introspection that accompany various sorts of fanaticism form one of the greatest emotional causes of hysteria, on the other hand true Christianity, in its Divine simplicity as taught by its Founder, is most beneficial to the mind. Dr. Ormerod may be quoted here. He says: 'Few things are more opposed to hysteria than the trustful, patient, altruistic spirit inculcated by Christ; and few things more conducive to it than the excitement seen in revivals, or the mysticism or self-conceit which sometimes poses as religion.'"

*To Girls: A Budget of Letters*, by H. E. Hersey (Ginn & Co., 4 6). American girls are to be congratulated in having found a mentor in Miss Hersey. She is, we should say, a wise woman, and has learned that most difficult of all sciences, the science of the proportion of things. This little book deals with education, social relations, and personal conduct. Many matters are discussed—the duty of health, telling lies, the suffrage for women, the art of speech, the virtue of reticence, the reading of fiction—and every subject is treated with simplicity and, we were going to add, sympathy, but so much cant is talked in the name of sympathy that we substitute—naturalness: naturalness is the way of approach to each other, and therefore is sympathy. The delightful freedom of the chapter on courses of reading is good to come across. "Not to listen to the voice of one's own judgment, taste, curiosity, is to lose the chance of becoming oneself. I am sometimes afraid of all the club-life which leads the women of a town to read the same books and talk about them the whole winter through. . . . Not only should your reading be general, but it should be varied. . . . Give me ten pages of history and ten minutes to squeeze out from its pages five facts that I want and I shall do it easily. Give me, on the other hand, a single page of one of Shakespeare's plays and I will spend an hour over it." But there is hardly a page from which we should not be glad to quote some saying of admirable common sense. We cordially recommend this handbook for American girls as a birthday gift for any English girl in her teens.

*Towards the Rising Sun: Sketches of Life in Eastern Lands* (Ginn & Co., 1/-). Shall we say that Messrs. Ginn & Co. have "struck ile" in their *Youth's Companion Series*? *Towards the Rising Sun* contains a number of eastern sketches by travellers in the east who know how to write. The reader becomes fairly intimate with life in China, Japan, Korea, Borneo, etc. This is the sort of intimate knowledge of eastern lands this remarkable little book offers:—"In battle, Korean

generals are always accompanied by their servants. When he rides on horseback, a general has a servant on each side of his war horse to hold him in position, and a third stands at the horse's head to hold the animal during the fight, or to lead it to the advance or retreat."

*Under Sunny Skies* (Ginn & Co., 1/-) treats, on the same lines, chiefly of the countries of southern Europe, and has the same tone of intimacy so delightful to the young student of map and geography book. Think of reading this:—"At this dinner there was a peculiar entertainment. The hostess looked out into the courtyard, into which the room opened, and suddenly called something like 'Janoska!' In marched, with a dignified, dainty step, a large tame stork."

*Hero Stories from American History*, by A. Blaisdell and F. Ball (Ginn & Co., 2/6). English children who feel an intelligent curiosity about the history of our American cousins would enjoy this little book.

*The Triumphs of Science*, edited by M. A. Lane (Ginn, 1/6), describes simply such matters as the *Atlantic Cable*, *Astronomical Photography*, *Artesian Wells*, etc., etc.

*Trees in Prose and Poetry*, by G. L. Stone and M. G. Fitchett (Ginn & Co., 1/4). We are not much in sympathy with this book, which, assuming that knowledge is nauseous, sweetens it for children by such devices as "Mr. Maple," "Mr. Pine," etc.

*History for Graded and District Schools*, by E. W. Kemp (Ginn & Co., 4 6). Here is another well-intentioned volume in which great subjects are peptonised for the consumption of children. This is the sort of thing—"I want to tell you now about a great man who lived in Athens at this time. . . . His name was Pericles."

## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

### THE CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND.

DEAR EDITOR,—Thirty thousand children are every year sent by the Fund from London streets to spend a fortnight with country cottagers. Their pleasure is great, but we learn from their hosts and friends of their sad ignorance of games, and of the good which would follow if town and country children could play together.

We are also informed how immensely books which they could read and lend would increase the enjoyment and profit of the holiday. We would, therefore, earnestly appeal to your readers in the hope that they may help us by sending gifts of games and books.

Cricket bats, stumps and balls, footballs, soft balls for rounders, skipping ropes, and anything else to assist outdoor play would be very welcome. And, as wet days are sure to come, we would ask also for draughts, dominoes, paint-boxes and brushes, and other means of indoor amusement. The books should be suitable for children between the ages of 7 and 14; and any dealing with country life and amusements would be especially acceptable.

Will your readers help us in this way? The money subscribed by the public for the holiday cannot be diverted from its purpose, and the children's parents' payments represent all they can afford for their children's holiday.

If any of your readers will send a parcel to the Secretary, Children's Country Holidays Fund, The Lodge, 28, Commercial Street, E., we will see to the careful distribution, and they will have the knowledge that their gift is adding to the pleasure and goodwill of the people.

I am, faithfully yours,

(Signed) H. O. BARNETT,

18, Buckingham Street,  
Strand, W.C.

Chairman of Recreation Sub-Committee.

DEAR MISS MASON,—Vera and I think it would be so nice if the P.R.S. could have a badge with our motto, if the other children would like it.

Your loving,

ERIC BISHOP

Sunnyhill, Wimbledon.

June 25th, 1903.

[I should be very glad to hear what the other children think of Eric's proposal. The badge should have the motto of the *Parents' Review* School,—‘I am, I can, I ought, I will’; and should it have some design? If so, what do you children think would be suitable? The cost for each badge would be from 3/- to 5/- probably. Letters should be sent to the Secretary, House of Education, Ambleside, with a big “B” on the envelope. The answer to the letters will come in the shape of a notice in the *Parents' Review*.—ED.]

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by* Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, *Sec.*, 26, *Victoria Street, S.W.*  
*Tel.* 479 *Victoria.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches. also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

The Office will be closed from August 1st to September 16th inclusive. Important communications will be forwarded to the Secretary. No library books can be changed or sent out between these dates.

## P.N.E.U. AND THE POORER CLASSES.

There was a meeting of parents at the Parish Room of S. Andrew's, Westminster, on Thursday, May 29th, at 8.45 p.m. A good many mothers and a few fathers were present. After tea and coffee had been handed round, Mrs. Howard Glover gave us a most interesting address on the difficult task of bringing up children. She pointed out that people do not give sufficient thought to the care of their own families, and shewed us that a great deal might be done for children by helping them to form good habits. We all have evil tendencies, but good habits can completely conquer evil tendencies. We must study our children more that we may understand

their characters, and learn how to guard them from evil and guide them to good. Mrs. Glover said that although mother must have sole charge of the baby, yet when baby begins to run and talk father must take his share of responsibility. She said that every child should learn from the first to obey, but there is no need for punishment in teaching obedience. Let either parent take care that when a command is given it is always carried out, so that the child may know what authority is. Some fathers come home tired, and when the children are tiresome they say "Don't do that," or "Be quiet," but if the order is not obeyed they let the children alone rather than make a fuss. The consequence is that children think that what father says does not matter, and so he loses his influence over them. If you say "Don't," see that they "don't."

There was an interesting talk afterwards and it was acknowledged that parents had a great deal to learn. It was arranged to have another meeting early in July, and to consider the subject of the proper food for children, and how to deal with sudden illnesses. Next time there will be a meeting for mothers at 6 o'clock, and for fathers at 8-30.

#### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Colleendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer:* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

A Branch of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Croydon. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

DULWICH.—On Friday, May 15th, at Pond House, Dulwich, Miss Carta Sturge kindly gave her lecture on "The Training of Young Citizens." Rev. Mallinson presided and proposed a vote of thanks. Then the annual general meeting was held. The Hon. Treasurer and Secretary tendered their resignations. The hearty thanks of the meeting were unanimously given to these ladies for their kind services during past years. Mrs. Woodington offered to act as Hon. Secretary, and Mrs. Northcote as Hon. Treasurer. This was then put to the meeting and carried unanimously.

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—On Thursday, June 25th, a meeting was held in the garden at The Lodge, Ladbroke Road (by kind permission of Mrs. Stirling), when Professor Lloyd Morgan, LL.D., F.R.S., gave an interesting lecture on "Description and Explanation," in which he showed the value of careful and systematic description and explanation in the training of the intellectual side of character. The lecture was greatly appreciated and led to some discussion.—The Natural History Excursions, conducted by Miss Beatrice Taylor, have been very successful, and were much enjoyed by a large number of children.

READING.—*Natural History Club*.—The annual excursion to Dunsden had to be abandoned this year owing to the weather, which proved hopelessly wet on the day for which it was arranged. Not only did this untoward circumstance prevent us from enjoying the presence and hospitality of our President (Mrs. Hart Davis), who has so kindly extended an invitation to us every year since our club was formed, but we had also to forego a visit to the beautiful gardens at Crousley Park, which had been generously thrown open for our inspection.—Our ramble over Kingwood and Peppard Commons on the afternoon of 27th June was, however, favoured with brilliant weather, and a very enjoyable time was spent. Twenty-nine members travelled by brake, whilst some others reached the "happy hunting grounds" on bicycles or other conveyances. Special attention had been drawn to certain dainties by means of a carefully prepared leaflet, and all of these were found and examined by some or other of the party. "Butterfly" and other species of orchis were gathered, and the quantities of foxgloves and honeysuckle afforded great pleasure to some of the younger members. Birds, of course, were rather "scared" by such an invasion, but a pair of butcher birds was seen, also some stonechats and a great green woodpecker and a fern owl. By kind permission tea was allowed to be provided in the schoolroom, to which forty-six sat down. Afterwards, Canon Fowler spoke briefly upon some of the objects in the school museum: *e.g.*, a wasp's nest, a blind worm, etc. He then very kindly invited the members of the club to the Rectory to inspect his collection of beetles and other insects, an invitation which it is unnecessary to say was gladly accepted and greatly enjoyed by all.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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[SEPTEMBER, 1903.

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## THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF NATURAL HISTORY.

BY MRS. EDWARD SIEVEKING.

HAVE you ever on a stormy, gusty afternoon in late autumn, when the wind was slashing the rain across the window panes in great weals of water, and the reins on the shoulders of Nature seemed grasped by the very spirit of tempest, while across her sides was flung fiercely ever and anon the cutting thong of the whirlwind—have you ever felt that it would be "good" for you to leave your pleasant, cosy firelit room, and go out into the outside world of storm—to join in it all, to catch, as it were, something of the spirit of the thing, to make it for a time your personal environment—to get, in fact, what it has to give you, as a bracing, invigorating experience?

We have led, it may be, too introspective an existence; we have padded our daily life too carefully with the cushions of luxurious circumstance; we have regulated our days and weeks and months with too close regard to "as it was in the beginning": in other words, we have let ourselves get too much in the habit of taking our precedents the first thing on sitting down to our meal of life (like good children take their bread and butter at tea-time), and of letting them colour our

impressions of things and possibly cloud our judgments, so that we see our environments as we have been *told* to see them, and not as we should have seen them through the mental eyes of our own personal discrimination. We have, in fact, taken our precedents too much for granted. Then perhaps some moral upheaval takes place, unexpectedly, in our own little world.

We had built a house of life for ourselves, and fashioned it, as it were, before and behind : fitted all our treasures into it—perhaps centred all our interests in it. Then a day comes when our house falls to pieces at our feet, and we are left looking disconsolately at the ruin of our hopes. Or we have suffered some other reverse at the hands of Fate—some injury, may be, to a mental or physical limb. As the words of a modern play express it, “you get a God-given power knocked out of your hands by the merest accident,” and are practically undone by its loss. You are, in effect, “hipped” as regards your profession, and your usefulness in life goes with a limp ever afterwards. Or perhaps as regards the two chief things in life—friendship and love—we have suffered loss, disappointment, emptiness. We are, as regards them, standing idle in the market-place—no one perhaps has chartered our goods—we are standing with our hands before us, and not in anyone else’s.

But whatever it is—whatever slap in the face we have had from the hands of Fate—we have *pro tem.* to put up with the unwelcome companionship of Failure at bed and board—Failure, who knocks at the door of our hearts insistently, relentlessly, until we open to her, when she says, “I am here! you have got to reckon with me!” And it is when we are counting the cost of failure that such a day in the outside world as I have been describing appeals to us most powerfully. It is then that it is a relief to go out of doors, never mind in what stress of weather—nay, the greater the stress, the more regenerating vigour and renewed hope it puts into the heart. The very sting of the rain-drops on our cheek—the thong of the wind as it cuts across our face—the yellow flare of the stormy sunset on the sky line, while higher up is flung wide the long arm of the rainbow, clad in its radiant sleeve of many colours—the steely-grey glisten of the wet road, and beside it the brown swirling stream at our

feet, wind-blown and goose-fleshed, roughed up as if combed by a broad rake—the hoarse prolonged caw of the rooks high up in the “twangled branches” (as I heard a little boy express it lately) of the wood near by, that sounds like retreating waves on a pebbled sea-shore—all these things strike the much-needed, long-desired note of contrast in our mood of life. The out-of-door environment has already begun its work in us. We have got the “touch of Nature” that we so sorely needed to make us once more in kinship with the world. Already the self that was baffled—puzzled—despairing—has taken heart of grace. Already we feel we can face the disaster that, indoors, seemed so crushing, so overwhelming—like a man, yes—even though as far as regards the question of sex, one may happen to be a woman! The other-worldliness of the great heart of Nature is upon us, and it strangely dwarfs our indoor concerns—those concerns that beset and cramp and hinder us, until by drawing further away from them we get them at last into proper focus.

In the man or woman who steps over the Rubicon that lies between the world of indoors and the world of out-of-doors, there takes place in some moods just such a transfiguring change as occurred in the troubling of those waters in old records.

What was it that healed all those waiting, and in one way or other disabled, human beings around the pool? What was it but the *idea*—the suggestion of regeneration? It is and has been ever the same. To the man or the woman who can first seize and assimilate an idea, that idea becomes to his or her mind the Tree of Life, whereon grow leaves of healing. We all appreciate the truth of the dictum, that to love a thing you must first of all have the beginnings of it in yourself. Surely it was not the mere fact of the angel stepping down and troubling the pool, but the attitude of mind of the waiting people which availed. The idea of the necessity for the stirring anew of a Divine principle in their lives—a regenerating movement—a change of environment in the circumstances of their existence.

Is there not something of this idea which appeals powerfully and insistently to the man who goes out into the invigorating stir without, in the great world of storm-driven Nature, in

times of great inner stress? And to my own mind it is largely this which we want to put our children into touch with. We want to get back, as it were, to life at a simpler, less complicated, less artificial state. Anyway, if we don't want this, we *do* want to put into their hands a talisman that will be of unfailing help to them in later and more difficult years.

There is nothing in all the world quite like the pursuit, the study of Nature as shewn us in natural history. There is no hobby that develops quite the same temper of mind as that does. I think one cannot fail to notice this in every naturalist one has ever met. About everyone who has drunk deep at the wells of Nature, there is always a calm, absorbed freedom from mental stress, from emotional wear and tear. About the musician there is absorption, but there is also mental excitement, emotional development; about the artist, development in imagination, and emotionally also, only differently; there is nervous mental effort in the medical profession, and the same in the office of the Priest, as also in any profession that makes a demand on the mind in thought, discrimination and responsibility. There is no mental strain in the study of natural history, the whole atmosphere of the thing forbids it. It meets us half way, as it were, in whatever mood we are, whatever age we have reached, to whatever sex or class we belong. Meets us and takes us off to a new world of life, to a new way of looking at our own world. It has a power of Divinity in it, for it makes all things new to anyone, man, woman or child, who comes to it not pre-occupied, and with an open mind, ready to be taught a wider education of life at first hand.

There is this about the education that comes to us in the out-of-door study of natural history, it never lets us go when once it has taken hold of us. It becomes a veritable absorption, a hobby, which stands us in good stead, and will keep in working order from childhood till old age.

Most of us, I suppose, have had it proved to us, that there is nothing in the whole world that saves us, that rescues us, as can some pursuit or hobby. A personal attraction may fail, may change, may go out of our lives altogether, but an *impersonal* attraction, a hobby, calls and calls continuously, and we cannot choose but listen and

follow ; it has ever more and more to give us, and it never fails us at our hour of need ; it gives us distraction, it gives us discoveries, it gives us the "crowded hour" for which we are longing. And in the study of natural history, it is here, waiting for us quietly at our own gates. We need not go far afield to seek it, it is close to us, in our midst. All that is needed is to focus our mental eyesight, and to study patiently, consistently, thoughtfully, sympathetically.

But in trying to bring our children into touch with the study of natural history, let us before all things try to get them *not* to study it with the object of personal appropriation, as so many do at present, but with that of recognising and appreciating wild Nature in its haunts. There has always been too much of the spirit of personal appropriation connected with our study of natural history ; indeed, sometimes there has been a wanton destruction of life not in connection with the study at all, but simply and solely because of some senseless and decadent fashion, and because women have still loved to have it so, even when they knew that their own personal decoration necessitated the wanton, brutal, and demoralising destruction of defenceless creatures.

I cannot help speaking thus strongly on the subject of aigrettes, because I feel that while we, weakly, as grown women, tacitly consent to a fashion which costs so much in morals all round—if one may so express it—as well as in suffering to defenceless creatures, we cannot make the same stand as otherwise we might do against our children's habit—more especially that of our boys—of taking nests, or eggs, or otherwise thoughtlessly making war against animal life.

It has often been a marvel to me that children should have so often that sort of curious callousness with regard to animal suffering, that one notices in them from time to time. It must in every case be due to blunted perceptions ; and our part in these cases as mothers and fathers surely is to take our knives of keener and matured thought, and with them to sharpen the points of their perceptions, that they *may* clearly mark the line where their "negligences and ignorances"—to call them by no stronger word—begin to hurt another living creature, who, being to all practical intents and purposes voiceless, cannot speak for or defend itself. It is a

very true saying that "more ill is wrought by want of thought than this world reckons of," but it seems to me that it should be pressed home that that same "want of thought" is always someone's culpability. Want of thought in anyone To-day is practically someone's dereliction of duty Yesterday; consequently, if a child of ours is careless and indifferent as to the suffering of some bird or animal to-day, it means, to all intents and purposes, that we ourselves have been remiss in instilling the idea of kindness to dumb creatures in the yesterday of their childhood. Some children, indeed, seem born with the capacity for a delicate perception of the point of view of animal life, but in others this idea has to be planted and watered continually, before it takes root at all.

In this connection, I cannot help reading to you Walter Pater's words with regard to his own feeling, as a child, for animals' sufferings:—"There were the little sorrows of the dumb animals too—of the white angora, with a dark tail like an ermine's, and a face like a flower, who fell into a lingering sickness, and became quite delicately human in its valetudinarianism, and there came a hundred different expressions of voice—how it grew worse and worse, till it began to feel the light too much for it, and at last after one wild morning of pain, the little soul flickered away from the body, quite worn to death already, and now but feebly retaining it." Then he goes on to describe how he had been given a starling, which had been caught by one of the men about his father's house for him, and he adds that "he meant to treat it kindly; but in the night its young ones could be heard crying after it, and the responsive cry of the mother bird towards them; and at last, with the first light, though not till after some debate with himself, he went down and opened the cage, and saw the sharp bound of the prisoner up to the nestlings; and therewith came the sense of remorse, that he too had become an accomplice in moving, to the limit of his small power, the springs and handles of that great machine in things, constructed so ingeniously, to play pain fugues on the delicate nerve work of living creatures."

It seems to me such a mistake to let children keep in cages, as pets, wild birds or animals, whose habits they could study so far more naturally in their own haunts. And this habit of caging them is mostly due to that selfish habit of personal

appropriation, that narrow longing after personal possession, which, when encouraged in children in this way or in others, very often runs as a dark thread all through the warp and woof of their after life as grown-up men and women. It is this which is to blame for the appreciable fact of the great lack of intuitive feeling for others which shows itself later in so many ways. The true lover of birds and animals recognises that it is getting to know them in their haunts, and *not* in cages or as stuffed specimens, that is "the thing" that gives the keenest, most lasting pleasure. As Professor Miall said the other day at the Royal Institution, "It is *not* to make collections, but to study the life-histories of animals and insects which (as exemplified in the case of the diptera) are still very much to seek"; and, "that the student of natural history should not be content with facts, but should make them, by personal research, a basis of thought-building and reasoning out for himself."

Most people would agree, I think, in the fact that many collections are a weariness of the flesh to those who are condemned to be shown them. They are only one degree better than the inevitable views of places you have never seen, or photograph books filled with portraits, the originals of whom you feel not the slightest desire ever to meet, which some people always produce for their unlucky guests. No, there is a way of studying wild nature altogether dissociated from the sense of personal possession, and it is in this way that Stevenson's famous *obiter dictum* applies, "that to travel happily is better than to arrive." For to "travel happily" as a friend and not as a destroying angel among the haunts of wild birds and animals, *is* better in every sense as regards our own pleasure and our own gain in intimate knowledge of their ways. High above all childish experiences of keen healthful excitement, I place the finding of the nest of some rare bird.

I remember now, as vividly as if they had only happened yesterday, three keenly exciting incidents in my own childhood's natural history experiences. The keen delight and glamour that surrounded the finding of my first chiff-chaff's nest one June evening in the old home garden; the coming unexpectedly, while crossing a far-off meadow newly mown, on a lark's nest with four softly-tinted eggs laid snugly in it;

the discovery of a whale, washed up after some storm, on the sea-shore at Pevensy. I am not pretending that I personally, at the age of seven, was the proud discoverer of the latter, because I was not : I was only one among the group of admirers who came later on ! I should perhaps add that this last impression might not be quite so vivid had it not been that my nurse bought me a photograph of the stranded whale.

To think that you can study the real nature of a wild bird or wild animal when it is caged, is about as sensible as to imagine that you know the true individuality of a shy boy, when you have only seen him some evening at a party, leaning awkwardly and shamefacedly against the wall, feeling altogether ill-at-ease and out of his element in his best clothes and heartily wishing himself anywhere else in the world. Is there any sight much more pathetic to the grown-up person than the Zoological Gardens ? The general out-at-elbows, depressed, come-down-in-the-world air that sits on nearly all the creatures, makes the whole place seem like a vast dreary prison-house, wherein the one unceasing, though speechless, cry is for "freedom" simply. There is too much tragedy of soul in the eyes of some of the animals for one to be able to meet the despair of the gaze that looks out at you from behind the bars with equanimity, if one possesses any sense of the rightness or wrongness of the imprisonment of members of the dumb half of creation as a "show" for our amusement. My own feeling is that our methods of imprisoning, robbing and destroying animals at our own will and pleasure are quite indefensible, and show a lamentable lack of a sense of responsibility. Of course in this connection I am also referring to some of the sports (!) (please allow me to read out my note of exclamation in brackets which follows the word "sports") which obtain in the mother country, and which cannot be considered seriously in any other light than in that which shows them to be a shame and a decadence to civilized people. Whippet racing, for instance, is pre-eminently a blot on the page of any country's pastimes, and is a pandering to a morbid, debased desire for excitement. In defence of this *détour* in a lecture on the educational value of natural history, I should like to say that *one* of the great points, in my opinion, in connection with this education



is, that the true mental drift it should induce is a real sympathy and an enlightened point of view in all our relations with wild nature.

If we teach our children to study wild nature in its haunts, not from the personal appropriation point of view, but from the true student point of view, when they grow up the student point of view will have grown with their growth, and along with it will have developed a spirit of reverence for all life, and a kindly feeling of protection for the weaker thing, and through this the brutal longing to kill will have died out. Their love for animals will have taught them how to be gentle with all who are weak, with all who are dependent. Grown-up people are often, it seems to me, very much to blame in the arbitrary likings and dislikings, praising and banning of certain animals, certain insects; and this favouritism largely influences children.

We have far too little conscience as regards the destruction of, and methods of destruction of, some birds and animals. Very often it is to satisfy some indefensible, arbitrary, barbarous fashion—such as the bearing rein—very often it is simply a decision in connection with the fashion of head-gear; or again, it is in obedience to some traditional antipathy, as in the case of our ruthless despatching of a spider or an earwig. But whatever it is, it often causes unnecessary, unjustifiable suffering. One is often tempted to wish, when one sees the hasty, furtive stamp of the foot on some travelling spider or earwig by some mother, that she could be brought to see how retrograde an educational act it is when done before little children. If questioned as to the morality of the act, she would probably answer that they were “nasty little things, and had cruel ways of killing their prey, as well as unpleasant, creepy methods of getting under one’s dress.” But both the spider and the earwig might be, with advantage, taken by her, nevertheless, as object lessons for some idle hour.

The modern society woman has chosen, it is true, to copy an insect, but it is the butterfly, paying her round of afternoon calls every afternoon on certain classes of flowers; she has not seriously laid to heart the lesson of patience towards her own children set her by the spider, nor the more apposite one still, of the abused earwig, who is, at any rate,

a true mother, watching over her brood as assiduously as a hen her chickens, long after they are abroad in the world. The society mother has much to learn in *that* respect from the despised and rejected earwig, if one might venture to suggest such a thing *sub rosa* ! One might perhaps also, in passing, be allowed the conjecture that the reason we decoy the plebeian sparrow, and extol the aristocratic robin, is largely due to that which guides us so much in social questions ; we prefer him because he can dress better and has a more attractive, polished exterior—the cut of the sparrow's coat so lamentably suggests the cheap tailor, and his individuality is uncouth. He would, in fact, be said to belong indisputably, among birds, to the class in society which I heard a lady describe the other day as “the Lower Orders” (with a big “O”), an expression which I should like greatly to see turned out of doors and denied all association with the mother tongue.

Let us, when taking our children into the porch of the great and wonderful building not made with hands—the out-of-door world of natural history—to study at first hand the ways, the reasoning powers, the lives of wild nature, let us first of all be careful that they go to it prepared to learn reverently, thoughtfully, and *not* in the spirit of self-appropriation, but having previously “taken off their shoes” metaphorically speaking, so that they should disturb and hurt the great community of wild creatures as little as may be. The really great men in all ages are always great-hearted, are tenderly pitiful over all weakness and suffering : it is they who would always turn aside to rescue an animal in pain : it is they who have the inner sympathetic ear for the weakly cry, an eye for those fallen beside the way. One has only to look back into the past and see many and many a great individuality, who, beside all other gifts, had that added sense of intuitive sympathy with the dumb creation. One can look far back in the blue distance of time to S. Francis of Assisi with his “little sisters the birds” to whom he preached, and over whom he used to make the Sign of the Cross, surely in token of his belief that they possessed, in some degree, the spiritual sense as well as ourselves : to St. Patrick, building his great church on the very spot where he had rescued the fawn and the doe : to St. Columba,

blessing the white horse who came to show his sympathy to him as he lay dying; or one can look nearer at hand to such true naturalists as Wordsworth who spoke of the

“Hills . . . . .  
Which like a book preserved the memory,  
Of the dumb animals which he had saved,  
Had fed and sheltered,  
Linking to such acts the certainty of honourable gain”

—to Izaak Walton, with his injunction to every man to “handle the little humble worm as if he loved it”; to Sir Walter Scott, whose big heart had as much room in it for animals as for those of his own kind; to Georges Sand, to Whyte Melville, as to many others in all ages.

Coming down to one's own day, I know of a man—a young man—who, being in London one August evening and walking home to his rooms, came across a cat—one of those unfortunates who are yearly turned adrift during the summer exodus of the household to whom they belong—who mewed pitifully to him as if to ask an alms of him, as he was passing her own particular area gate. He stopped, spoke kindly to her and stroked her, and in doing so noticed how thin and hungry she looked. He decided to give up his stroll and went off instead some little distance to a baker's shop, bought some food for her, and returned, waiting by her till she had eaten it all. It struck me when I heard it as being an act of real knight errantry, a profession whose doors are not so crowded as they should be nowadays. And with our children, especially our *little* children, we should before all things, I think, impress upon them from the first the sacredness of life in our study of animal life in its haunts.

There is too much thoughtless cruelty about some forms of natural history-izing. We should teach them that whenever they are able to rescue some helpless, injured creature, that a new light has come into those hours of life; that the day, indeed, has been put away among the lavender in the shelves of memory as a red-letter one, and that in years to come just such a glow will rise over their thoughts in remembering it, as would come into them at the memory of an opportunity seized of rendering some kindly service beside the way to one of their own kind. We should teach them that any act of cruelty to however small a creature disqualifies them, so to

speak, from the true inner study of natural history, by blunting and dulling the perception of sympathy and intuitive thought. Animals only reveal themselves to those they love.

But if we impress continually on our children the point of view of kindness to all animals great and small, if we, in fact, train them up thus in the way they should go, when they are public school boys or public school girls, they will not depart from it, whatever others do, for it will be by then a part of their very nature. And while in this connection I should like to ask, for after discussion possibly, the question which suggests itself to me, as to the supposed reason why, as a rule, boys seem to be so much more disposed towards cruelty to animals than girls are? One wonders whether it is not due to some difference of education, and if so, whether the system of co-education will not go far to check the tendency. It arises in so many cases, I think, from the difficulty of realising the animal's point of view.

I remember a little conversation in connection with the subject of children's difficulty in understanding a fact from the animal's point of view, which took place between myself and a little girl of five. I had suggested to her that she should go out into the garden to join a tabby cat who was slowly strolling up the path, her back towards us. "That cat doesn't like me," she said after a short pause. "Oh! why not?" I asked. "Because one day, when I was in the kitchen, I took away her supper," she replied. "Well, you wouldn't like someone to come and take away your tea, would you?" I answered; and then she came out with the delightful rejoinder, "*I shouldn't mind: you see she hadn't got any good feeling!*" which I took to mean that the little girl thought the cat had failed in the game of "making pretend"; for she had meant the removal of the supper to be some sort of fun, and the cat had stupidly declined to play! Of course, the purely temporary character of the affair had not struck the cat, and this it was which had introduced what an old nurse of my acquaintance used to call "an unpleasantness" between the two!

And now, in conclusion, I should like just to accentuate one or two suggestions with regard to the practical working of the natural history schemes for children. Firstly, there

can be nothing but praise for that educational scheme carried out so splendidly by our own Society—the natural history walks for children, conducted by some naturalist—the only danger in the way being, as it seems to me, a tendency towards over-hasty jumping to conclusions as regards the specialisation of specimens found during the walk. Secondly, I think some natural history diary of discoveries, findings and notings down of dates should be kept by the children. Thirdly, that they should be urged to look up the description of some rare bird or animal and try to classify it for themselves. And fourthly (this is for older children), that they be allowed to keep a big bowl of water beetles, etc., and should note down curious occurrences, of which there are sure to be an exciting amount. Lastly, that we should forgive mess for the sake of science, if one might speak as bigly as that in talking of such small beginnings in the study of a subject with such endless outlets for further discoveries as that of natural history. If the study brings along with it dirty boots, it brings also those inestimable blessings—a wholesome, healthy mind, with a calm outlook, at peace from itself.

As long ago as the year 1834, in a *Standard Natural History Book*, Robert Mudie—whose delightful volumes on “British Birds” are familiar to everyone—wrote these words: “It is certain that there is a spirit awakened all over the Kingdom to the love and study of Nature, of which we have had no example in modern times. . . . The study of Nature will bring the different ranks together (speaking of the splitting up into classes of men and women), . . . when they go to hunt, to fish, or to any other sport or occupation in the fields. Nature thus makes brotherhood, and if all mankind would study Nature, all mankind would be brothers.”

This, then, is an additional incentive towards the education of natural history, that we shall learn a truer Christian Socialism in the pursuit of Nature, untrammelled as she is by the artificial boundaries and restrictions which hedge us round and keep us in on every side.

## TEACHING ARITHMETIC.

*Some weaknesses I have found and their remedy.*

BY C. H. WILKINSON.

*(Continued from page 578.)*

I WOULD now pass from general ideas to show how I would teach arithmetic from its earliest stage. I begin with a child at six years of age. The infant work below that age is such that there is nothing vital as regards method in it. The latest developments of kindergarten, which are well understood and well realized by infant teachers, need no suggestion for their improvement. There are continuous advances being made in this work, and they simply need the teacher to be on the alert to gain the advantage of utilizing them. The chief principle adopted is to teach the child to bring all his counts to ten. In adding he would make ten of his first figures before proceeding to the next figures beyond ten; and this he would do for every ten in succession. Subtraction, as it is miscalled, is worked on the same method. At this stage it is equally easy to break any object into ten parts, and give the child to understand that each of those parts is a tenth; and that there are ten tenths in a whole number as well as ten units in one ten. It is likewise possible to teach him that a tenth may be represented in two different ways, viz.,  $\cdot 1$  or  $\frac{1}{10}$ . You teach the child that 1 is a unit, that 11 is one ten and one unit. It is no more difficult to teach at the same time that  $\cdot 1$  is one-tenth of a unit, and that  $1\cdot 1$  is one unit and one-tenth, and I think you might teach that  $\cdot 11$  is one-tenth + one-tenth of one-tenth of a unit. This must be shown to be of value before doing it. The addition and subtraction and multiplication of decimals (or the two former at any rate) can be taught at the same time as you teach ordinary addition and subtraction; and so the child is at home at once. You can tell him also that  $\frac{1}{10}$  means one whole number to be divided by 10 or into tenths. You can put it that the top figure is to be divided by the bottom. You could only do this at the age where you begin division.

But you can tell even at the earliest stages that one over two, as " $\frac{1}{2}$ ," is the half, one over four, as " $\frac{1}{4}$ ," is the quarter, and so on, of every simple fraction; and let them add halves together and see how many they have, and how many whole ones they make, and so on, with quarters and fifths and tenths, etc. At the stage where division comes in you would say that  $\frac{1}{10}$  means one to be divided by 10. This is not mathematically accurate, but it is accurate enough to get the underlying idea. Of course in the case of  $\frac{3}{10}$  it would not always be true that it was a tenth of three articles, or that 3 were to be divided by 10 and one-tenth of each taken. In the cases of like values it would be true. Take money.  $\frac{3}{10}$  of 1s. or  $\frac{1}{10}$  of 3s. is the same thing; but  $\frac{3}{10}$  does not mean the  $\frac{1}{10}$  of 3s. Still the general mathematical principle is here, that where you have a number on top it has to be divided by the bottom in order to get its value and relationship to the standard unit. That is the principle you want to convey, and the distinction referred to is readily made clear to the child at a more advanced age. In improper fractions it is more nearly true. Thus  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an orange is an impossibility, for an orange only has  $\frac{1}{10}$ . But yet in calculations we get figures of this sort to deal with as a short and ready way of getting to a desired result. What is wanted at an early age is to get into the mind of the child the idea of how a fraction is represented and how it is easiest manipulated, and later on he will regard it actually as what it is, viz., a known portion of a unit. I sometimes go into a class of six-years old children and say, what is the half of a half? The teacher regards me for the moment with horror, and the children look blank. I know beforehand they will do so. Then I put it in the concrete and say, if I have an apple and divide it in half and give it to two of you, how much each will the two have? They see that. Now suppose I take one half and divide it in two and give to two of you, how much each will the two have? One quarter they say right away. Then what is the half of a half? Answer:  $\frac{1}{4}$ . Then I ask, what did I do when I cut the half into two equal parts? I get from them, "I halved it," or, "I divided it." Then if I divide a half by two, what do I get? Answer:  $\frac{1}{4}$ .

In Standard I., where division is going on, he drops to the fact that division can be stated in fractional form. The

teaching of both fractions and decimals can be carried much further in this class. Having utilized the fractional form in Standard II to the extent of making him illustrate his mental arithmetic principles by it, and shown him how to cancel out, I should have the foundation for algebra right at the start of Standard III., or at 8 years of age for the *average* child.

When in Standard II. let him take this sum: six dozen cost 6s.; what will one article cost? If he tells me rightly, I want to know how he has done it, and when he has done it in one way I want the other way also. First, six dozen into 6s. = one dozen for 1s. Multiply one dozen by 12, and 1s. by 12. Get the reason for this. 12 singles into 12 pence = 1d. for one single. The second way is to reduce six dozen to single ones =  $6 \times 12 = 72$ . Reduce 6s. to pence =  $6s. \times 12 = 72d$ . Divide 72 pence by 72 singles;  $72d. \div 72 \text{ singles} = 1d$ . Then I ask why one penny? Why not 1s.? Why divide pence by single ones? Why not divide single ones by pence? It is astonishing how little of this searching is done. Hence the mind of the child is hazy, and his statements are indefinite. Now, let him state the sum in fractional form. Next put £6 for 6s. and let them give the five ways in which the answer may be obtained and their reasons for each step. In a little sum like this you have thus given them division, multiplication, and several other principles incidentally, and while they are doing something which to them is new, they are practising what is old, and recapitulating without knowing it. By stating it in fractional form, and showing how cancelling out can be done, you get them on another stage. You can show them that, if you have  $\frac{+x \cdot 12}{6}$  it is the same thing, whether you regard it as  $\frac{+x}{6} = 8$  or as  $\frac{+x \cdot 12}{1} = 8$ .

After this at Standard III., at the start, I would show a child that any hieroglyphic may represent value or number. I lead up to it by saying that some people do sums in letters instead of figures. Taking him from the known to the unknown, I say, " $x$  dozen cost 6s., what is the cost of one single article?" State it fractionally,  $\frac{6 \times 12}{x \times 12}$ . Let some child give a figure for  $x$  and work it out as above. Next take  $x$  dozen and  $y$  shillings =  $\frac{y \times 12}{x \times 12}$ . Let two different children give figures for  $y$  and  $x$ , and work it out as before. You need to know from the child why  $y$  and  $x$  have to be multiplied by



12 each. If you multiply one  $y$  by 12, how many  $y$ 's do you get? You want to put all sorts of questions as, Why not put  $x$  on the top, or why not put  $y$  at the bottom? In this way the child learns that letters (any letters) may have a value when they represent numbers, or money, or measure, etc. You are familiarizing them with letters as a means of calculation, while making yourself more positive that they know the principles of their figures properly. This work can be done as blackboard work and mental arithmetic. The children do the work in their heads and tell you what to put down. A little done each day before the regular arithmetic lesson will improve the written work of the boys themselves, and carry them on very quickly, and make them confident and accurate in their work. The converse is good in the higher classes. You can ask a boy to square figures and work out problems mentally which would be hopeless unless this style of training were made a feature. Take the formula  $(a + b)$ ,  $(a - b)$ , and from it he can square quite large figures. Take  $37^2$ . He would do it—

$$\begin{array}{l} 37 + 3 = 40 \\ 37 - 3 = 34 \end{array} \quad 40 \times 34 + (3^2) 9 = 37^2, \text{ viz., } 1369.$$

Of course you do not tell him what formula to use. A boy of this sort at this stage will select the right formula for the particular sum. This is just one kind as an example. In this way you make one subject help another, and get greater brilliancy in both. I went into a very poor school looked at from the point of view of social standing and funds. It was in the slums of a large midland town. In Standard III., when three months' work had been done in that standard this was the work they were doing when I went in. How many slates at  $Bd.$  each can I buy for  $\pounds C$ ? They worked it on the lines I have indicated, viz.,  $\frac{C \times 240}{B}$ . Boy gave a figure for  $C$ , viz.,  $\pounds 25$ . Another boy gave  $3d.$  for  $B$ .

$$\frac{25 \times 240}{3} = \frac{25 \times 80}{1} = \frac{100 \times 80}{4} = \frac{100 \times 20}{1} = \frac{2000}{1} = 2000 \text{ slates.}$$

The third fractional equation was given to show that as you could cancel out, so you could also multiply top and bottom by the same figure without destroying the value of the fraction, or altering it in any way. Also because at that school decimals were coming on, two or three standards higher up. Therefore they prepared the boys somewhat for them, by

bringing 5's to 10's, and 20's and 25's to 100's. It also showed them the value of decimals, inasmuch as they learned that to multiply by 10's or 100's was much easier. They could tell you why they did everything, and it was quite easy to them and they liked it.

When teaching numeration I think few teachers show that in the same way as you have 80 single articles you may have 80 tens. If they are dealing with 809, they will show that you have 8 hundreds and 9 single units. They do not show that you have 80 tens and 9 units. When you come to longer lines of figures, as 76,956, they show that there are 76 thousands and 9 hundreds and 5 tens and 6 units. They never show that there are 769 hundreds, or 7,695 tens, which is the very thing the children ought to know before starting long division. When teaching multiplication, many children are never taught to know that it is merely addition being done in the shortest way, and that 4 times 4 only mean  $4 + 4 + 4 + 4$  added together. Nor in division are they led to realize that division is only subtraction; the divisor being deducted from the dividend a given number of times, and the result being that there are so many of the divisor as are indicated by the quotient contained in the dividend. 16 divided by 2 goes 8 times is only another way of saying that 2 is contained 8 times or there are 8 twos in sixteen. This is often *not* shown.

Even in numeration I have never known a teacher explain why 769 should not mean 967. That is to say, that they do not say why tens are put to the left of units and not to the right; nor why hundreds are put to the left of the tens and units and not to the right of them. The child should be shown that it is merely an arbitrary arrangement dogmatically adhered to in order to avoid confusion, but that it could quite as well have been arranged the other way. Of course the history of the question could also be introduced. It should be pointed out to the child that on the railway tickets of some lines the opposite order of arrangement actually exists without causing any confusion to the company.

In all teaching of arithmetic the shortest method should be taught to the child. He should know that the way he is taught is the shortest way, and that the reason for doing it in that way rather than according to some more lengthy

method is to save time and unnecessary work. As is the shortness of the day so must be the shortness of our work in order to get as much done as possible. This is one important royal road to success and highest usefulness in life. For this and many other reasons, what is taught as subtraction should never be taught as subtraction; nor should addition be always taught as a column of figures. Take subtraction. A boy does not in reality subtract anything at all. He finds the difference between two numbers. He should learn at the time he begins his fractions, if not before that time, such signs as  $+$ ,  $-$ ,  $\div$ , etc. His so-called subtraction should be done simultaneously by the use of minus signs and by placing the figures under one another. If the figures are placed one under the other as in finding the difference between 17 and 42, there is no reason why they should not be put with 17 above the 42 as well as with the 17 under the 42, thus,  $\frac{17}{42}$  or  $\frac{42}{17}$ . I should put them sometimes one way and sometimes the other. The child at present is taught almost that the sum is necessarily a subtraction sum *because* the 17 is underneath. If he is taught that he has to find the difference wherever it is he becomes much more alert and much less mechanical. In any case the method of working should always unalterably be by adding on to the smaller number enough to make the larger, and the child should be clear that the amount thus added makes the difference between the two numbers. This is what is known as the Italian method. The teachers lose a lot of time and give themselves much extra work by not adopting the Italian methods of subtraction and division. Here is a sum I saw a clever master give his class.

$  \begin{array}{r}  14,765,432 \\  \hline  45,679 \\  37,894 \\  743,652 \\  2,345 \\  12,476 \\  \hline  13,923,386  \end{array}  $	(B)    }    (A)	<p>The five lines of figures in bracket marked "A" had to be added together and deducted from the top line B, column by column as the boys came to them. The sum was on the blackboard, and the boys stated what had to be done, and gave the figure to be put down. Thus <math>6+5+2+4+9+x</math> in lines A = 2 in line B. <math>x</math> = difference between 6 5 2 4 9 and the 2 in line B, viz., 6 as shown in line C. Thus column after column was done till you got the difference in line C of 13,923,386. Its correctness is <i>proved</i> by adding the lines A to the line C, and these will make the total in line B.</p>
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Just here is where saving in time of one description comes in, besides altering the sum and making it more difficult. He drew the chalk through the second and fourth columns of figures to the left of the units, *i.e.*, through the "tens" column and the "1,000's" column, and put £ *s. d.* over the top and added some fractions of 1*d.*

Again A lines were added and taken from line B, giving the difference in line C between the other amounts. See the time saved just to run chalk through and go on with the same sum and see the new notion the boys get of the different values of figures, used in different relationships. The advantages of subtraction done in this way are manifold. First, it results in better method-training for the Italian way of doing long division, which is by far the best way in every respect for long division. I have found also that subtraction by addition (or the Italian method) is quicker and more accurate as a rule.

Again, technically, it is more logical from an educational point of view. A child is first taught addition; then under the old system he would be taught something that appeared to be the antithesis of the rule for addition. But under the system I advocate he goes on to subtraction and does it under the guise of addition with which he has just previously been made familiar. He simply adds on to a number another number which shall be big enough to make the smaller number the same as the larger. His first lesson had been to add several numbers on the one to the other; or in other words to find the sum total of a given set of numbers. Now he simply adds on to certain numbers enough to make a given sum total. The process is intelligible to the child and follows in natural sequence. Then again this process appeals to the child because it is part of his daily life. If he is sent to purchase goods the tradesman in giving change never subtracts. He adds on to the cost of the goods the amount of change necessary to make up the amount of coin the child tenders.

The chief reason of value other than these educational ones is that at the present time the business books in smart houses are printed with three columns on one page, Dr., Cr., Balance. The credits and debits are worked on to the balance column right away. Suppose the balance at your bankers to be a credit, all the credits for the day will be added up (pence

columns first of course) and the first column will be added on to the pence in the balance column, and then in like manner the shillings. The debits will be treated in a similar way, only they will be deducted as you go along, the pence from the pence and so on, the only figures appearing on the ledger being the entries and the balances. No totals of credits or debits and no pencil entries. This can only be done in one way, viz., by addition. The utilization of this Italian method in doing long division I think invaluable. Take  $679382 \div 348$ . Done in the ordinary way by long division it would be:—

$$\begin{array}{r} 348 \overline{) 679382} \quad (1952^{86} \\ \underline{348} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3313 \\ \underline{3132} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 1818 \\ \underline{1740} \end{array}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 782 \\ \underline{696} \\ \cdot 86 \end{array}$$

But the Italian way would be:—

$$348 \overline{) 679382} \quad (1952^{86}$$

$$\begin{array}{r} 3313 \\ 1818 \\ \underline{782} \\ \cdot 86 \end{array}$$

The advantages are many. It is shorter. It is quicker. It is finer for mental gymnastics. It tends to ensure more care, for if the child makes a mistake he has to go through the whole sum again to find it; and so it leads to greater accuracy. It is in harmony with previous methods of teaching the ordinary elementary rules as subtraction. In long division usually the greatest number of mistakes occur in the subtraction. By this method multiplication and subtraction are done simultaneously.

With the long division the advance of knowledge in decimals is readily extended and increased.

Suppose  $214.705$  is to be divided by  $203$ .

In this instance I have put the quotient over the dividend instead of at the side. I think it makes it clearer to the child. I should do this in ordinary long division. The sum was done first as an ordinary long division sum. Then a decimal point was put in the middle and the boys asked where the point should be in the quotient.

$$\begin{array}{r} 1057 \\ 203 \overline{) 214705} \\ \underline{1170} \\ 1555 \\ \underline{134} \end{array}$$

It was shifted from point to point in the dividend and the boys shifted it readily in the quotient. The reason was given for the 1 going over the 4 and the 0 over the 7 and so on.

There is much I could refer to on this subject, but space and time suggest my confining to one other matter, and that is the nature of the sums set. I have said I like the principle of the Government B scheme, because of its problems and mode of progression, which suits well the training of the child. Some books have excellent little problems in them. I think, however, there is a field for more definite purpose in setting sums. I would like all arithmetic to represent some facts in relation to *other subjects* which should unconsciously impress those facts on the mind of the child.

Take history, for example. I would set a sum in this form. The battle of Waterloo was fought in 1815, Wellington had for his army so many each of English, Dutch, and Belgian troops. How many had he altogether? Napoleon had such a number. How many men were in the field under the two leaders? Blücher brought so many more to Wellington's aid. How many did this make? Then deal with the losses by the flight of the Belgians, the deaths on each side, the prisoners taken from time to time, and you get your subtraction sums. Then say the total on each side were so many, how many more would Wellington have needed if the French had had 10 per cent. more than they had, and so on for proportion sum. Divide the force into divisions under their generals. Give one general  $x$  number, another one  $y$  number, and another one  $z$  number of men. Tell them that  $x$  stands for so many, and  $y$  for another quantity, and  $z$  for another number, thus—
$$\frac{x}{47,000} \quad \frac{y}{29,000} \quad \frac{z}{56,000}.$$
 Ask them how many altogether. So at this early stage you get them familiar with the use of letters. Use actual numbers as far as history reveals them.

Take another example in geography. A steamer takes 125 hours to go from Liverpool to Philadelphia, and she steams 25 miles an hour. How many miles are the ports distant? The sum should be so set as to the time taken and the rate per hour, as to give an actual distance for the answer. You might even take the time of the record steamer to date. My example is illustrative and the figures are not actual in any sense.

You could take all the various ports and take the distances they are apart in various parts of the world. Then take the various rates of sailing and steaming; and work out from these data the length of time it would take the different vessels. Problems set on these lines would be most valuable. Mountains and their height, rivers and their length, towns and their distances apart, can all be utilized for like purposes. Physics give scope for lovely, simple, and interesting arithmetical problems, and in the more advanced arithmetic, astronomy could to some extent be impressed into our service. I have not touched on many important features of arithmetic as dealing with factors, etc. I think we all realize the importance of attention to these. The sole idea of this paper is to suggest some newer and more satisfactory *method* of dealing with all rules and at all stages, so that the teaching may be more regularly and gradually progressive—more thorough in the ground-work and more usefully co-ordinated with other subjects. What I have suggested in regard to the elementary principles of the most elementary educational work should, I think, possibly apply, as far as the principles are concerned, to more advanced work. In any case, I am certain that the advanced work of our rising generation would be greatly improved, and the children would be more successful if the elementary work were done with greater attention to detail and with a more minute application to the development of underlying principles.

## EDUCATION & THE EDUCATION ACT, 1902.

BY EDITH ESCOMBE.

To those interested in education the first impression produced on reading through the New Education Act is one of disappointment. So much space is allotted to the management and working of the Act, whereas—apart from the controversial religious instruction—such slight reference is made to teaching *per se*; whilst in Part III., relating exclusively to elementary education, the word “children” is only once mentioned.

It seems such a mighty mill of organization for grinding knowledge into pot-hooks and vulgar fractions; and the reader may, perhaps, be forgiven should he wonder if the dame school and dunce's cap of the past were not simpler methods for obtaining the same results. But an Act of IV. Parts and 27 Sections cannot be laid aside with a mere cursory glance. These pages represent the hard work of several weeks before the House—endless debates, heated controversies—not to mention the labour entailed in drafting the Bill itself. With this year the working of the same Act is placed in the hands of the elected men and women of every town and village throughout the length and breadth of England, who thus become the operatives of this mighty mill; and with them rests the success or failure of the scheme, for in their keeping lies the *Education* of the Act.

Part II., Section 2 (1) opens with the words: “*The local education authority shall consider the educational needs of their area,*” and in these words lie, or should lie, the *educational* force and power of the Act.

Hitherto the child of the Essex agricultural labourer has been following the same course of instruction as the child of the Birmingham mechanic or artisan; the boy destined for the colliery or the girl intended for domestic service have followed—however distantly—the same curriculum as the sons and daughters of the smaller tradesmen or the teacher's own children. On the face of it, the conditions



are bound to result—as they have done—in failure. In towns the results have been somewhat more favourable; it is in agricultural districts that the effects have been so disastrous. In urban districts the elementary education has in many instances been supplemented by secondary and technical schools; whereas in rural districts girls and boys have, at the age of 13 or 14, been returned to their homes unfitted for the work they are required to perform, and have in consequence “flocked to the towns,” to compete with the children of cities in the terrible struggle for work and position, whilst sharing with them in the garish pleasures of the towns, having, as farmers tell, “no love of the land or of the animals.”

“*The local education authority shall consider the educational needs of their area*”: if only for this phrase let the new Education Act be greeted with a cheer!

Passing to Part III., Section 5, it is stated that “the local education authority” shall “*be responsible for, and have the control of all secular instruction in public elementary schools,*” so that from the very entry of the child upon its school career, the education can—and should—be directed according to the needs of each respective locality. With these two clauses, applying as they do to both elementary and higher education, there is given an opportunity for adapting instruction—and the mode of instruction—to the needs of those it is hoped to benefit individually, not losing sight of national efficiency as the underlying fundamental principle.

Past history has been written for our learning, and it is for each local educational authority to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the facts to be learnt therefrom. Satisfactory education is the instruction which trains a child to fill, in after life, those positions for which by circumstance he is naturally destined. To study the educational history of the past thirty years, and to contemplate the present state of national and individual inefficiency, is sufficient confirmation of the highly unsatisfactory condition of our national education. Those who are in favour of the present system will quote instances of scholars who have risen from the Board School to be “teachers at Oxford,” wranglers, and what not; but these examples are the exception, and of the ultimate career of the scholars nothing further is heard. Whereas,

on the other hand is heard from all sides the wail of inefficiency: no servants, no skilled hands, and worst of all, no agricultural labourers. The lack of domestic servants can, to a great extent, be met by ladies doing the work themselves, and learning skilled trades, such as bookbinding, dress-making, basket-work, fine needle-work, etc., or taking up such occupations as dairy-work, gardening, fruit-growing; but, so far as the labour question is concerned, matters are less hopeful. In many counties the country districts are becoming depopulated. The children of agricultural labourers leave school with no applicable knowledge, incapable of and with no taste for farm-work, and drift into the towns, leaving the least intelligent and least capable to inadequately carry on the ever-decreasing work. Lord Londonderry, President of the Board of Education, addressing a conference of the Chief Inspectors of Elementary Schools, dwelt upon the above question: "I am," he said, "an ardent advocate of the practical education of children in the wants and requirements of their future, by which I mean that I think the surroundings and natural interests of these children should be considered, and their liberty under our regulations taken advantage of by the teachers in their respective districts." The late Archbishop of Canterbury, referring to the same question, said: "The use of machinery has been growing on the farms of England for many years, and yet how many boys in our national schools know the construction of a reaping-machine or a threshing-machine? A knowledge of this would be deeply interesting, both to the children and to the parents of the children, and to win their interest is of the highest value. A boy who has been trained to use his brains on the understanding of the science which is, as it were, in constant operation around him, is sure to find new calls in the course of his life for using his brains in the same way. The material we already possess for a good system of education is very good, but it requires very careful handling."

Mr. Balfour, speaking at the Mansion House on commercial education, said: "It is strange that we, who are thus concerned with this universal commerce, should be a nation that has lagged behind all the great nations in the world, not merely in commercial education, which is a portion of technical education, but also in many of the wider

and more important aspects of national education." The same speaker, in his speech before the House of Commons, March 20th, 1902, said: "It will be for each district to determine what is the species of education most needed by the children of the district to fit them for their future work; a subject which no central department can so well judge of as those whom the parents of the children elect, and who are well acquainted with all the circumstances in which they live." [Unfortunately as the Act now stands the managers are not directly elected by the parents of the children.]

An anonymous writer in a recent issue of *The Standard*, signing himself "Country Manager," writes: "We shall shortly be settling down under the new Education Bill, with new authorities, new managers, and a new syllabus. Could we not induce the framers of the new syllabus to include an hour's technical instruction every day in country schools? In the play-ground or close at hand, a shop or convenient shed might be erected, where the boys might learn a little practical carpentering, shoe-mending, plumbing or tailoring. . . . That a country lad should know all the rivers in Austria may, in some latent manner, be useful to him; but that he should know how to mend a chair, patch a shoe, glaze a window, and mend a garment, would seem to be of far greater service to him in after life."

The Duke of Devonshire, in a recent speech, said: "It was constantly said that the farmers were no friends of education. Well, if there was any truth in that statement, he for one had never wondered at it. . . . They had seen it mainly from this point of view, that it had taken the best and brightest boys and girls from the country districts away to employment in the towns, and that it had done nothing to improve the character of the labour which was still left to them in the country. The education which the children received in our villages and rural districts might have been such as to fit the children for occupations in towns and large and populous centres in various branches of industry, but it had not been such as to make a boy or girl a better member of the agricultural community. It was worth while, at this crisis, for every one of us to consider what were the objects we really hoped to gain by education. . . . What we wanted was to form the character of the children; to make them

honest, industrious, more reflecting and steadfast, and next to improve their intelligence so that they might be more capable of doing whatever class of work might fall to their lot in life, in a better and more conscientious manner."

Surely in rural districts a system of half-day school instruction might be arranged whereby a child should have the opportunity of learning out-door and home work, as well as mere book knowledge, or to insure such instruction being given; to arrange half-day work being devoted—in the case of the girls—to domestic training in the schools. In healthy country districts let the incarceration for infants be limited to half a day; however light and well chosen the occupation, nature and pure open air will be the better masters. If the mothers tell how the children cry when kept from school, let adults in their turn weep over the modern child who has ceased to make daisy-chains and cowslip-balls, to search for fairies, or to wonder what the stars are!

"The great difficulty is, that we have not yet learned the relative meaning of ignorance and knowledge. We do not teach the right things, and we do not get the best results. We get bits of information and progressive series of bits. We have flooded the child's mind, not developed it." . . .

These words were written by an American in 1888 with regard to the American system, but they may be applied with equal aptness to English schools in the present year. He further states:—"Train our teachers well, but allow them to work out results. It is not information that we should ask of school children so much as it is character and mental life. . . . To make education amusing, an easy road without toil, is to train up a race of men and women who will shun what is displeasing to them."

In Section 9 it is stated that "*the Board of Education . . . shall have regard to the interest of secular instruction, to the wishes of parents as to the education of their children, and to the economy of the rates.*"

Here are three distinct statements not lightly to be passed over by those in authority. (1) "The interest of secular instruction." (2) "The wishes of the parents" (hitherto entirely disregarded). (3) "The economy of the rates" (a question disregarded with equal callousness). The interest of secular education is undoubtedly the interest of the locality

in question, and in all probability will be found to coincide with the wishes of the parents in their respective districts, whilst the economy of the rates has become a matter of moment to the public at large in these days of reduced incomes, industrial and agricultural depression, and heavy Income-tax.

The wisdom of the above Section (9) if not nullified, is at any rate considerably qualified, by the suggestions contained in Part IV., Section 23. (1) Where it is stated that :—“ *The power of a Council under this Act shall include the provision of vehicles or the payment of reasonable travelling expenses for teachers or children attending school or college whenever the Council shall consider such provision or payment required by the circumstances of their area or of any part thereof*”; and in Clause (2) where it is directed that :—“ *The power of a Council . . . . shall include power to make provision for the purpose outside their area, and shall include power to provide or assist in providing scholarships for, and to pay or assist in paying the fees of, students ordinarily resident in the area of the Council at schools or colleges or hostels within or without that area.*”

Little scope is here left for individual enterprise ! No fear need henceforth be entertained for future village Hampdens, or mute inglorious Miltons ! And yet . . . . may there be no fear for the future character of a people that is to gain its knowledge by means of a drain upon the classes that are not to benefit by the result ? Was it not strenuous effort against obstacles and difficulties that made our ancestors what they were ? No amount of peptonised book-education will compensate for an emasculated manhood, an effeminated womanhood. It were well for ‘the educational authority’ to keep in mind the words of Sir William Hamilton that “all true education is *growth*, and what we grow to be concerns us more than what we live to know.”

## “THOSE WHOM THE GODS LOVE DIE YOUNG.”

“Warum bin ich vergänglich, o Zeus? So fragte die Schönheit.  
Macht 'ich doch, sagte der Gott, nur das Vergängliche schön.”

*Vier Jahreszeiten.*

FAR in the past of every race and nation lie, half concealed, ideas that appear to have a common origin. One of these is the idea that the loved of the gods die young.

And yet the thought is not convincingly true; it comes to all of us inevitably in a twofold aspect—subjectively and objectively: in the one case we assent, in the other we cannot but dissent. No one can look without a touch of sorrow upon a work that death has intercepted. Stand in an orchard when the spring gales roughly fling the blossoms and the unformed fruit to shrivel on the grass. Or see that withered nosegay in the dusty road on which the evening vainly drops its quickening dew: why should a few wild roses, buttercups and poppies make one feel that being picked they would not have been thus left to die except for rue? Or read the half-told tale until you come to where the writer had to lay down the pen for ever. In a word, go when you will where death steps in to put an unexpected full stop in the sentence of a life, and ask yourself whether or not you are quite satisfied to think that the priceless tissue God gives each man to be embroidered\* should to all appearance be left but partly wrought. It seems indeed that, as Lord Tennyson said, our only teachers are time and God: that it must be best to live and not die young, for

“The best is yet to be  
The last of life, for which the first was made.  
Our times are in his hand  
Who saith, ‘a whole I planned,  
Youth shows but half, trust God, see all, nor be afraid.”

And in this mood we are apt not to think of the many for whom time's horn of plenty has no gifts except the added years, of the many whose “hearts are dry as summer dust—burnt to the socket”; we think far rather of the great old men who dread to “live after their flame lacks oil, to be the snuff

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\* “Le temps que Dieu accorde à chacun de nous est comme un tissu précieux que nous brodons de notre mieux.”—*Anatole France*.

of younger spirits," yet keep the flame of life bright till the close and show how life can be a struggle to the very end and therefore a continual pressing forward. Childhood they say is innocence indeed, but age is sympathy, and sorrows, though "lessons right severe," are fountains of wit that can be got "nae other where."

And yet, how few who have not known days when they wished they had died in youth, died when the whole world was small compared with their boundless hope, died when the sun and stars, and the hills and the flowers, and wide, wide sea still shimmered in gleaming brightness through an unrent veil of mist, died when faith still taught that this wicked world is good, died when ambition glowed with such fervour that no effort seemed great enough, died before time had revealed that a mother, a father, a brother, a sister, a friend may be unkind, before death had wrung the heart dry of all comfort except one promise that Someone is *the* life, died, as Stevenson says, "in the hot-fit of life, a tip-toe on the highest point of being," whence one could pass "at a bound to the other side, the noise of the mallet and chisel scarcely quenched and the trumpets hardly done blowing."

The value of life cannot be measured by its length; a few years may leave an indelible trace on the world; much joy and sorrow may be crowded into a short intense existence—such for instance as Pompilia's, Shelley's, Ganymede's. And readers of Goethe cannot hear this last name without thinking of the upward longing, up and upward thither where young minds so easily, so fondly dwell,—where hearts can be that wish for room to love, where artist souls may linger when they dream of beauty that eludes them, where music seems to come uncalled to give expression to the tenderest emotions. That is the death that Caponsacchi spoke of as a "spurning of the ground," that is the land to which it is a favour to be called, called by the gods in youth even from this lovely world where summer breezes laden with the flowers' fragrance dally with the leaves that try to see their silver sides reflected in a pool half hidden by the water plants on which the sun flakes quiver—from a world with possibilities of love and light and sound and sympathy boundless enough for the most eager soul—all this one leaves, for a land above where love is not a possibility but the life, where fragrance, colour music, beauty, are not things that come and go, but stay to

gladden heavenly souls for ever. That is the home of those whom the gods love, those who die young. Would we not be with them rather than left behind to live and to grow old?

"It is as natural to die as to be born": but as Lord Bacon adds a few lines lower down, "we must above all believe that the sweetest canticle is 'nunc dimittis,' when a man hath obtained worth, ends and expectations." *When*; there's the rub. And with the bereaved one may indeed ask "why before then?" Why should we hear a mourner by a child's death-bed sobbing, "Is it good that a child should die? Is it good that the light should turn to dark, the dawn die in east? Is it good that the frail fair spring should shrivel in an April frost, that the blossoms and blooms should wither before the summer's coming? Is it right that lambs should languish, that the birds should find closed beaks when they fly to their nests with food? Is it good a child should die, die in its lovely innocence, in its joy, in its hope, in its love? Ah, wherefore the pain and watching, the affectionate longing care? And wherefore this glimpse of a better joy if the treasure belong to death? Why should death steal a life full of promise, full of unknown possibilities? Is it good? Is it good? Yet they say that the children that die are the ones whom the gods love most!"

And with the grief the thoughts crowd in upon him, thoughts of the future thus abruptly closed, of the strange, mysterious taking of a life he justly deemed his own. He is blind—ah, no! it is the tears that for the moment blind him—to the happy fields through which the young soul must have "run back to the Creator who first gave it life," to the bright seventh heaven where those angel children always look upon the Light of light—to that he cannot turn his half-numbered thoughts feeling sure that he has "reason to be fond of grief," that with poor Arthur's mother he must say—

"Grief fills the room up of my absent child,  
Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me,  
Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,  
Remembers me of all his gracious parts,  
Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form . . ."

"As you fondle your little one, says Epictetus, murmur to yourself, 'To-morrow perchance it will die.'—'Ominous, is it?'—'Nothing is ominous,' said the sage, 'that signifies an



act of nature. Is it ominous to harvest the ripe ears? The green grape, the cluster, the raisin, change following change, not into nothingness, but to the not yet realised."

These few words added by Marcus Aurelius Antoninus as a comment on a brother Stoic's teaching, must surely stand as a refutation of the charge of stony-heartedness which is so often advanced against a man who must indeed in some ways have been almost superhuman in his abnegation and self-mortification. Few utterances are sadder than his words, "As autumn leaves thy little ones!" But surely that beautiful thought "to the not yet realised" betrays the golden malleable heart hidden by that steely will. *There* is the whole secret of that confident assertion that those whom the gods love die young. It is because there is somewhere deep down in the innermost recesses of every human heart the conviction that it is not to nothingness but to the "not yet realised" that we go when we leave this world.

And yet even when we realize that it is to this "yet unrealised" that a loved child goes, can we restrain the thought that for our sakes—for us who stay behind to mourn—the brightness of his life might have been left to gladden us? The lovely words of Schiller, "Auch ein Klaglied zu sein im Mund der Geliebten, ist herrlich," can only give us consolation in our happier moods. Does it reconcile us to our loss to realise that loveliness is by nature fleeting?

But after all there comes, like half-obliterated memories fetched back to mind in later years, the knowledge that no death is premature. How can it be? We ask not for the privilege of living. Also the "nunc dimittis" comes in God's good time. What if it come during the first young years? God calls a loved child; can we wonder that the child we love so deeply is one of those whom God loves too, so that He cannot spare him any longer? And in our most despondent moments we may hear, like some old melody that takes the mind back to loved scenes long since lost, the sweet words:—

"I know not where His islands lift  
Their fronded palms in air;  
I only know I cannot drift  
Beyond His love and care."

W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

*Scale How Tuesdays.\**

JANE AUSTEN.

BY D. BROWNELL.

So little is known of the life of this quiet writer of the 19th century, that it is difficult to make the story of that life an interesting one, passed, as it was, in the greatest privacy and seclusion, and unchequered by any great crisis, or disturbed by the startling events which were taking place on the Continent at the time, where Bonaparte was endeavouring to carry out his plans for a conquest of the world. Of her life, as I have said before, little is known. She was born on the 16th December, 1775, at the Parsonage House of Steventon, a small village situated on the chalk hills of the north of Hampshire, of which place, together with the neighbouring village of Dean, her father was rector. Her mother was the daughter of the Rev. Thomas Leigh, of the Leighs of Warwickshire, and it was from her that Jane inherited much of her genius, for Cassandra Leigh was endowed, not only with strong common sense, but with a lively imagination and great conversational powers. The Rev. Geo. Austen was a remarkably good-looking man, and a good scholar, which is proved by the fact that he himself prepared two of his sons for the university; and, indeed, he took a lively interest in the education of all his children, and personally superintended their studies. After their marriage, Mr. and Mrs. Austen had charge of Warren Hastings's son, who was sent home from India to be educated, but unfortunately Jane Austen's biographer does not tell us whether he afterwards kept up any connection with the family.

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[\*It is the "Tuesday" evening custom at the House of Education for one or another student to read an appreciation of some favourite author or composer, illustrated by extracts or compositions, read or performed by some of those present. The passages referred to in the notice of *Jane Austen* were read where mention of them occurs, the writer resuming her paper until the next quotation became *apropos*. We venture to think that this custom introduced into families would have happy results.—ED.]

The Austens themselves had seven children, of whom Jane was the youngest. The warmest affection bound the whole family together, but between the two sisters, Cassandra and Jane, there was a particularly devoted friendship, although their characters were not much alike. Jane's was a more demonstrative and sunny nature, Cassandra's was somewhat colder, more prudent and calm. They talked freely upon all subjects between themselves, and Jane especially loved to discuss her ideas for her novels with her sister, who was always an interested and sympathetic listener.

Jane Austen was well educated, but not highly accomplished. In childhood every opportunity of instruction was eagerly seized, and she was always fond of books, especially old periodicals and novels, and poetry—Scott, Cowper, and Crabbe being her favourite poets. Before she was eighteen she had already written a number of stories, mostly nonsense, but spirited nonsense, and however childish the matter, the language was always simple and free from extravagances.

In the spring of 1801, Mr. Austen resigned his living in favour of his eldest son James, and the family removed from Steventon to Bath, a change which was a real grief to Jane Austen, as she was very fond of the home of her childhood. It was during their stay at Bath that her father died, in February, 1805. After this sad event, Mrs. Austen and her two daughters left their house, and, after spending some months in lodgings, removed to Southampton.

In 1809, the second son, Edward, who had succeeded to the estates of a cousin, by whom he had been adopted, offered his mother the choice of two houses on his property, and Chawton Cottage, near his house in Hampshire, where he sometimes resided, was chosen, and the family removed there, accompanied by Miss Lloyd, a near connection.

In 1816, the illness which ultimately caused her death began to be felt by Jane Austen, and in the May of the following year the two sisters went to Winchester, in order that Jane might have the medical advice of Mr. Lyford, a doctor of great reputation at that time. Although exceedingly weak, Jane Austen did not suffer much pain, and she was always cheerful and bright. Her sister was a most devoted and indefatigable nurse, and never left her from the commencement of her illness until her death. Her death was

like her life—calm and peaceful. She passed away on the 18th July, 1817, and was buried in Winchester Cathedral, opposite to the tomb of William of Wykeham, a slab of black marble marking her last resting place.

Of Jane Austen's personal character we have ample knowledge through her works, for it is felt throughout them all; but apart from them her nephews and nieces agree in attributing to her the most excellent virtues, and she was looked upon by them all with the greatest affection in her rôle of maiden aunt. In appearance she has been described as a clear brunette, with a rich colour, large hazel eyes, a small well-formed nose, and a finely cut but thin mouth. Tall and elegant, she was graceful in all her movements, and her whole appearance was, until her illness, indicative of health and spirits. She played on the piano and harpsichord, and sang very sweetly, generally old-fashioned songs. Children she would amuse for hours together by telling them entrancing fairy tales, but though so fond of them, they are seldom introduced into her books. Attractive, clever and fond of pleasure, she moved in society in a quiet and unostentatious way, always studying the people among whom she found herself. She was curiously shy of being discovered in her literary pursuits, and if visitors called whilst she was writing—she worked in the common sitting room—she would cover up her work with a piece of blotting paper, and not allow anyone to know what she had been doing.

Of the romantic side of her life we know very little, but according to her sister, Jane received marked attentions from a most eligible gentleman whilst staying with her at the seaside, but he, unfortunately, died suddenly, before anything came of it. More than this we know very little, for it is shrouded in mist, but there seems to have been another admirer, who, however, failed to make Miss Austen return his feelings. That she could write in so realistic a manner of the tender passion is due, in all probability, not to personal experience, but to the way in which she studied and observed those around her. That her books are undergoing such a great revival at the present day is not to be wondered at, there being so much in them to make them valued among the standard works of our English literature. Her style is quiet and unaffected, her English is pure and simple, and

few authors have excelled Jane Austen in the cleverness and reality with which she has drawn her characters, who are essentially natural and living. Jane Austen never exaggerated, and she possessed that rare gift of being able to put in her touch, and then leave it to make its own effect upon the reader's mind. Of what may be called her serious works, *Sense and Sensibility* was the first to be commenced, as it was eventually the first published. It was begun in 1792, under the title of *Elinor and Marianne*, and was written in an epistolary form, under the influence of Richardson's works, of which she was very fond. Five years later this was entirely recast, and written, this time, not in the form of letters. One of the cleverest pieces in it is the discussion between Mr. John Dashwood and his wife as to what he must do for his step-mother and sisters in fulfilment of his father's last wish. Perhaps the cleverest character in the book is the "egregious amateur in toothpick cases," as Austin Dobson calls Mr. Robert Ferrars, and his opinion upon life in a cottage is most entertaining.

The first year at Chawton was spent in revising this book, and it was then published for £150, which her biographer tells us Jane Austen thought "a prodigious amount for that which had cost her nothing." In October, 1796, four years after beginning *Sense and Sensibility*, she set to work upon what is generally acknowledged to be her masterpiece—*Pride and Prejudice*. Like the former, this book was begun under a different name, that of *First Impressions*. In it we find not only one of the most charming characters, that of Elizabeth Bennett, but also the most amusing, Mr. Collins.

Jane Austen excelled in her bores, and of them all, and there is at least one in almost all her works, the inimitable Mr. Collins is the greatest, and her description of him is excellent. She says "Mr. Collins was not a sensible man, and the deficiency of nature had been but little assisted by education or society." We are quickly introduced to him when he comes to Longbourne in search of a wife. Some of his speeches are very amusing, particularly his conversation with Elizabeth at the Netherfield ball, on his discovering that Mr. Darcy is in the room. Having decided which cousin shall fill the honoured post of his wife, his proposal is truly characteristic. Mrs. Bennett is a terrible person, but

very entertaining. The rapid change which her opinion of Mr. Darcy undergoes on learning that he was engaged to Elizabeth, is most amusing.

Very soon after finishing the revision of *Sense and Sensibility*, Miss Austen wrote *Northanger Abbey*, in imitation of *The Mysteries of Udolpho*, and with the object of ridiculing the Radcliffe School. It is consequently very different to her other books, and is certainly less pleasing.

Jane Austen's forte was character painting, and in *Northanger Abbey* less attention is given to the characters, and more to the incidents in the story itself. The book begins with a charming little hit at the style in which *The Mysteries of Udolpho* is written. The same happy sarcasm runs throughout the book, appearing sometimes with the greatest boldness, as in Chapter VI., where Catherine Morland and Isabella Thorpe discuss *The Mysteries of Udolpho*.

In *Emma*, which was published after Jane Austen's slowly acquired reputation was beginning to grow, we have the amusing attempts of the heroine at matchmaking. In this book also we have the voluble Miss Bates, with her unending flow of conversation, a string of nothings, extending over a wide area, and generally ending miles away from the original subject, as when Emma and Harriet called in at her house as they passed it on their walk.

*Emma* was published in 1816, and was dedicated by special permission to the Prince Regent, who was a great admirer of Jane Austen's works, and who kept a set of her books in each of his palaces. Of *Emma* herself Miss Austen said, "I am going to make a heroine whom no one but myself will like," which is not exactly true, for one cannot help liking this girl who is such an excellent daughter, although a misguided friend.

In *Mansfield Park* the characters are less pleasing than in the other works of this authoress, but Henry Crawford and his sister are admirably drawn, and Fanny Price is very sweet. But Mrs. Norris, like all Jane Austen's bores, attracts a very large share of our attention. She has such a happy way of doing charitable deeds at other people's expense, the most famous instance of which is her proposal to relieve her poorer sister of the burden of providing for one member of her numerous family.

Both *Northanger Abbey* and *Persuasion* were published after the author's death, and hence it is that being first issued together in 1818, they are still generally published in the same book. The latter was finished only a few months before Jane Austen's death, and though so ill whilst engaged in writing it, her creative genius did not fail her, and *Persuasion* is one of the most delightful of her works. Of all Jane Austen's characters the heroine of this book is the most charming. In writing to a friend, Miss Austen said of her, "You may *perhaps* like her, as she is almost too good for me." This quiet and unaffected girl, who is so essentially an English gentlewoman, claims our hearts at the beginning of the book, and engrosses our attention throughout the story.

Her company has an almost magical effect upon Mary's spirits and health on her visit to Uppercross for the purpose of being of use to this sister while she was poorly.

It is curious how totally uninfluenced the writings of Jane Austen were by the stirring times in which she lived. She had, it is true, a distinct *penchant* for the navy, which was most probably due to her naval brothers, but the popular excitement which must have run high after the battles of Trafalgar and Waterloo, and the other important events of that period, seems to have passed by this quiet authoress without disturbing the even tenor of her life. Both Scott and Macaulay were great admirers of her works, and Trevelyan, in his life of the latter, gives the following quotation from his *Journal* of 1858, which shews us the extent of his admiration:—"If I could get the materials, I really would write a short life of that wonderful woman, and raise a little money to put up a monument to her in Winchester Cathedral."

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### IX.—A CHIP AND A COAL.

OLD writers on art used to say that beauty means "variety in unity." Without variety no beauty, without unity no beauty. This is indeed one of the laws by which beauty consists, though not the only one: and if in this paper we dwell upon it, according to our custom, exclusively, we must remember when all is said and done that *this* law too is only one of many.

When I began these Fésole Papers I hardly expected to continue them so soon within view of Fésole itself. But there, as I look up, are the white houses among the trees, deep grey-green this winter day, and clear at last above the morning mist; there is the monastery rising on the hither summit of the hills, while all the valley is iridescent with shifting vapour, that coils among ranks of leafless vines and sparse trees, brown-leaved like the background of an early painter.

It is wonderful, the vitality of this country; the thickly clustered houses, the crowded populations; villas and villages all along the valley "continuous as the stars that shine," and on either hand cast up like foam on the slopes that mark the shore of this broad land-lake. And with all the chance and change of history, throughout decay and renewal, always the same place—the same Italy.

Last night I walked round the Cathedral of Florence, and the shadows fell, as they did of old, on the strange, polygonal, cyclopean pavement; the moon in a stormy sky blazing and flashing on the marbles of Giotto's tower; and, do what the century will, triumphing over the bottled lightning-stuff with which modern Florence illuminates her streets. But it is not only the moon that is the same; in Italy everywhere you are in the old world. The thing that interests you so much is



the unity of its history throughout such variety. We have historic ground in England; Roman remains under any busy street of London city, but not in evidence. At Hardknot or Silchester we have relics, but antediluvian as it were; a gulf between them and us; no continuity, no *unity*, to bind them to our own days and doings. Here you can hardly disentangle the stages; from that column, first reared for an Etruscan temple, to the advertisement posted beside it yesterday; from the antique form of the language to its latest adaptation of scientific or social slang; from the features that look out of golden aureoles to their counterparts under silk hats and cotton kerchiefs; you find here an all-embracing unity in which every phase of variety finds its place and is reconciled to it.

As in the history so it is in the aspect of the place. At home we are content, and rightly content, with fewer elements of variety, and we can make our picture of a grey cottage or that green field whose sight "makes us pardon the absence of a more sublime construction." But here there *is* the more sublime construction! A dozen Skiddaws, clouds on every head, drifting into an ampler sky and tossing like spray from every ravine: and half way up the mountain-slopes multitudinous sparkling of white houses, among forests of chestnuts; maize and olive and vine massed and mingled together on terraces of every slope and slant; terraces tumbling like spellicans down the hill sides, hanging over edges, nestling under brows, curling round breasts; and all dashed through and through with deep chasmy ghylls and torrents smothered under the richness of foliage: rock and sward interchanged: rough walls with the remnants of noble architecture; trim villas with rambling farms; and roads and paths of every kind and size, twining and climbing, lost and found again among the branches and the by-ways of the Apennines.

Then as you go back to the city,—and there are many walled cities scattered about the valleys, each such as you see in old pictures, like a group of gems with a bracelet thrown round them, standing aloof from the country side, but not alien to it, as are the Malebolge of smoke and slime we call towns in these parts,—as you enter the city the variety of the place redoubles itself. Variety! But that has

been better told than I can tell it in the street scenes of many a painter and in passages of word-painting such as Ruskin's Approach to St. Mark's in *Stones of Venice* (vol. ii., chap. 4). The great feature of Italian scenery, the thing that excites one so much, the thing that we cannot parallel elsewhere, is the unlimited variety of material, form, colour, suggestion, appeal, light and shade, texture, origin, story. And the wonder of it all is that nothing jars; it does not seem like a dislocated world, or a ragbag; but it is all bound together by the life that pervades it, the vivacity of local character, the real "Italian Unity," in the spirit that accepts all, the light that bathes all, the air that breathes through all, and leaves no room, when once you are in broad sympathy with the scene, for antiquarian regrets and retrospective criticism.

There is unity (as the word is often used) in the monotony of an English town: but that is as different from the bustling harmony of Italian street life as a frog-pond from the glittering repose of a sunlit sea. The variety of a new country, of jarring elements unblended, is not beautiful as Italy is, because it is not harmonised into unity. We are expressing one great principle of beauty when we say that the charm of Italy over other lands north and south of it, east and west of it, lies in its balance of variety with unity.

But we can apply our principle to anything we find beautiful. Take, for first instance, a mountain or a hill; and ask yourself why you find it more beautiful than a pyramid, or an artificial mound or rockery. In the pyramid there is unity, if anywhere; but what variety in the millions of its monotonous bricks? And in a rockery; does it not gradually reveal itself to you, as you regard it thoughtfully, as a monster, misshapen and chaotic, fit only, if a little one, for earwigs; and if ambitious in its building, like one I have seen in Derbyshire, for dragons and owls? In the real hill, it is the sense of structural unity, the ordainment of its parts by natural forces and natural laws, the parallelism of its cleavage, the radiation of its sweeping curves of débris, or the soft harmony of its glaciation, that compel the infinitely various detail into beauty.

So again in trees, of which we have talked enough in a former paper; so in flowers and leaves, and in the detail of

vegetation. For the wonder of nature is that every part of her work is a whole in itself; and her laws are "as full, as perfect, in a hair as heart." A mountain is her most beautiful work in what they used to call the mineral kingdom; a tree, in the vegetable; and these between them make up all possibilities of *our* landscape-painting, for we cannot bid the skies stand to be studied; and the painting of living creatures is beyond us as yet. Even in the study of mountains and trees, many of the secrets of their beauty may be learnt from a bit of each; a stone—and a stick.

A stone exemplifies the normal structure of stones, and through them of mountains. Not the squared or carved stone of the builder; nor even the broken stone in the roadway, or the pebble rounded on the shore; for these only dimly bear the marks of their origin. These marks are, first, their deposition in successive layers, or strata; next, their breaking up by joints—nobody quite knows how or why. To see and study these, a clean bit of coal is as good a specimen as any; for though coal is not mineral in substance, it is mineral in form. The ease with which it may be split into thin leaves is due, they say, to the "bedding"; that is, to the fact that it is made up of many thin successive layers of frail rotted vegetable material. I have read in a magazine for young ladies that coal splits so easily because it was once wood; and wood always splits like that, don't you know? Whether this bit of scientific information was irony or ignorance does not now matter; it seemed serious; but the interest of our lump of coal is in this,—that it is an epitome of a great rock, of a mountain. In drawing it you will notice the two kinds of splitting that it has already undergone, and might still undergo; the bedding or foliation, and the jointing which crosses the bedding in various directions. This is the unity of structure, to which is opposed the rough and apparently accidental fracture of the surface. So far as a piece of coal is pretty (and when you look at it carefully you will see that it is not without prettiness) it is because throughout its rugged broken bulk there run lines, and planes, making constant angles, emerging here and there from the mass which at first you thought shapeless, and repeating over and over again their appeal to the law of mineral structure, recalling the principles of creation, and

acknowledging the unity of the whole in the midst of its apparent accidentality and variety. You will find that to be a great secret in mountain-drawing.

For illustration of the vegetable world take a piece of split—not sawn—firewood, and follow out its structure in the same way. You will trace the grain of the wood, its springing curvature restrained by the bark-ring; its radiation to the junction of branches, and its writhe—the struggling line of life so different from the crushed helplessness of the layers of the coal. And in this example the variety is to be sought in the continual change of direction in all these lines; *curves* indeed, but not curves that can be struck with a compass; *restraint*, but not rigidity, for every inch up the stem the section of the bark varies both in shape and in size; and *writhe*, suggesting a spiral ascent, but how different from a Jacobean chair-leg. If you learn to look for these characters in a chip, you will find them also in the tree.

By-and-by, as you draw, you will see for yourself things that are indescribable in words in the way of beauties, and learn laws that cannot be formulated, secrets inconceivable to people who only read and talk about nature. You have noticed an artist's delight over something that seemed to you of little significance? You asked him to explain himself, and he could not? You will find a whole new realm of sensation and enjoyment opened out by this power of careful and patient drawing; it is like a new sense—untranslatable into any terms but its own. And it can be gained, more or less. "Among the blind the one-eyed is king," though he cannot make them see what he sees.

\* \* \* \* \*

From this paper I have cut some preliminary talk about generalities, which seemed to me rather vaporous, in order to make room for this little story which may have an interest for the sketcher of mountain-scenery. I was trying to draw a ravine, wild and savage, with ragged trees clinging to the steep walls of broken rock, and big boulders tumbled in confusion into the foaming gulf: you know how the impression of such a place is that it can't be too mixed-up and chaotic. After several days' work I took the picture home, and couldn't think why it looked unreal. At first I supposed it was too detailed, for I had tried to put everything in, and the place

where I had posted myself allowed no "walk back" to see the general effect while I was painting. So I tried to broaden the lights and darks, but it seemed no better. Then I thought I hadn't enough force, and tried to get the nearer parts to stand out with sharper lights and darks; which made it look coarse and vulgar. At last it occurred to me that I had missed the parallel lines of cleavage: I had drawn the cracks and edges which express the cross-cutting of the rocks, but I had not drawn them quite truly parallel. So next time I looked out for them, and found the picture jump into reality at once; for even in this scene of wild variety there was still the unity of structure underneath it all.

But supposing we drew only the parallel cleavages, expressing only the unity of the subject, that would be by no means beautiful. It would make a mere geological diagram, not a landscape picture. The studies of chips and coals tended to overdoing the unity part of the business, except when they were painted by the more artistic and skillful students; and so the next paper was written as an attempt to show how unity and variety, in beautiful nature and good art, are combined to form "infinity."

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), of some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: Literature.*

Group: English. Class IV. Age: 16. Time: 45 minutes.

BY E. A. PARISH.

CHARLES LAMB.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To give some main principles on the choice of reading.
- II. To give a short sketch of the life of Charles Lamb.
- III. To show how the writer's character is reflected in *The Essays of Elia*.
- IV. To emphasize the fact that very thoughtful reading is necessary in order to get full pleasure and benefit from it.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Decide with the pupils some principles on the choice of reading, such as the following:—

Never waste time on valueless books.

Have respect for the books themselves.

Try to cultivate taste by noticing the best pieces in any book that is being read.

Time is too short to read much; there is a necessity, therefore, for judicious selection.

The best literature can only be appreciated by those who have fitted themselves for it.

It is more important to read well than to read much.

The gain of reading some of the most beautiful literature while we are young is that we shall then have beautiful thoughts and images to carry with us through life.

To get at the full significance of a book it is necessary to dig for it.

Thus *The Essays of Elia* are not only pleasant reading, but they are the reflection of the writer's character. All that Lamb was can be gathered from his works, and to rightly understand these one must know something of the grand though obscure life of Charles Lamb.

*Step II.*—Try to draw from the girls, who are already familiar with some of the essays, what they tell us of Charles Lamb.

Charles Lamb was born 1775. His father was a domestic servant to Mr. Salt, whose portrait is found in *The Old Benchers of the Inner Temple*. 1782, Charles received a presentation from Mr. Salt to Christ's Hospital (see *Essay*). The result of his education is summed up in *The Schoolmaster*. From fifteen to 20 he was a clerk in the South Sea House (*Essay*).

In 1795 he was transferred to the India House. He lived near Holborn with his parents and his sister Mary. Here took place the sad accident occasioned by Mary's insanity.

Charles' heroic resolution. One learns something of the dream he renounced in *Dream Children*. His work at the India House was uninteresting, but such as left him leisure for intellectual pursuits. This distribution of occupation was a means of conserving his mental balance. His literary work was all done in the evening: "Candle light" in *Popular Fallacies*.

The girls will read Talfourd's estimate of Lamb.

Letters to Robert Lloyd show Lamb's persistent cheerfulness. The cheerful tone is also noticeable in many of his essays: *Mrs. Battle*, *All Fools Day*, *My Relations* (portrait of John Lamb), *Mackery End* (portrait of Mary Lamb), *Poor Relations* and *Captain Jackson*. C. Lamb died 1834.

*Step III.*—Summarize by questions.

## II.

*Subject: Physical Geography.*

Group: Science. Class III. Average age: 12½. Time: 30 minutes.

BY HILDA M. FOUNTAIN.

## SKETCH OF A LESSON ON PERIODICAL WINDS.

## OBJECTS.

- I. To train the pupils' powers of inductive reasoning.
- II. To help them to gain a clear idea of the causes of wind in general, and periodical winds in particular.
- III. To connect these winds with the geography of South America which they have been studying.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—To draw from the children that difference in the temperature of air is one cause of wind. Introduce the subject by asking what happens when a handful of snips of paper are thrown into the fire. Do the experiment before them if possible, and get them to infer from their observation that the snips are carried upwards, that the heated air is lighter than the cooler air surrounding the grate. Hence hot air is lighter than cold air.

*Step II.*—To draw from the children that the difference in degree of moisture is a cause of wind. Ask them if they have noticed what happens when damp clothes are put to dry near a fire, and let them tell that steam rises from them. Get them to draw from this the conclusion that damp air is lighter than dry air.

*Step III.*—Sum up what we have learnt from these two experiments. A current of air tends to flow from a cold to a hot region, from a dry to a damp. Draw attention to the fact that air is a material substance and has weight.

*Step IV.*—Draw from the children that there is on the globe always a store of cold air at the Poles ready to rush in and take the place of the heated air near the Equator. Hence in the Atlantic Ocean, where there is no land to interrupt the course of the wind, we might expect the wind to blow due north, north of the Equator, and due south, south of the Equator. Tell them that such is not the case.



That sailing vessels find it most convenient to sail with the wind, and when going to the Cape they go first to South America, calling at the Brazilian ports. Draw from the children that the winds must, therefore, blow from the north-east.

*Step V.*—Hence there must be some other cause which has not been accounted for. Ask the children what are the motions of the earth, and tell them that it is the rotation of the earth that affects the direction of the wind. Help them by questioning to realize that the earth rotates more rapidly at the Equator than elsewhere, owing to the greater distance which it has to turn round in the twenty-four hours. Hence a current of air starting from the north with a slow velocity from west to east does not acquire the rapid velocity of the earth at the Equator by the time it reaches that part of the earth, and the result is that it seems to lag behind, and so, instead of blowing from the north, it seems to come from the north-east. Illustrate by diagram.

*Step VI.*—Get the children to find out how the wind blows south of the Equator, viz., from the south-east. Give the name of Trade Winds, and give some idea of their importance to navigation before steam power was employed. They blow all the year round in the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans.

### III.

*Subject: Sloyd.*

Group: Handicrafts. Class II. Age: 9. Time: 30 minutes.

BY H. M. A. BELL.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To increase manual dexterity, accuracy, neatness and perseverance.
- II. To strengthen the habit of attention.
- III. To cultivate practical intelligence.
- IV. To give exercise to the muscles of the eye and hand.
- V. To give mental discipline.
- VI. To cut out in cardboard and make as far as possible a box to hold stamps.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Show the children a ready-made box. Let them examine it and say what materials are required for making it.

*Step II.*—Let the children measure the box and its lid, their length, breadth and height.

*Step III.*—Draw diagrams on the board, while the children do so on their cardboard.

*Step IV.*—Direct the cutting out, seeing that the knives are held properly, at the same time being careful not to interfere with their work; that they may feel that they are expected to work independently, I shall cut out a box myself. If necessary hold their steel angles while they cut, as not having done much Sloyd their wrists are not steady.

Let one child cut out the box and the other the lid. Let them both persevere with the cutting until they cut a good line.

*Step V.*—They will have oblong pieces of cardboard: ask them what they must do in order to shape them into box and lid. When they have cut out the corners and cut half through the lines where the sides have to be turned up, let them begin to bind the corners together.

*Step VI.*—Bind inside and outside if time allows.

Papering the box will occupy another lesson. The children should be allowed to choose the materials required and take measurements for the paper from the ready-made box.

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IV.

*Subject: Old Testament.*

Group: History.      Class 1.      Time: 15 minutes.

BY ADELE GYTHA ROFFE.

## OBJECTS.

- I. To increase the children's knowledge of the Flood and the building of the Ark.
- II. To increase their power of narration.
- III. To give a spiritual idea.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Read aloud, slowly and distinctly, Genesis chapter vi., verse 13 to end, and chapter vii., omitting verses 2-10. God's instructions to Noah about the building of the Ark, the animals to be preserved, and the account of the Deluge.

*Step II.*—Describe the scenes, trying to make the children imagine them clearly.

*First.* Noah and his friends cutting down trees and preparing for the great shipbuilding in a field—a curious place, as there is no water near. Imagine the people coming and laughing at Noah—"this foolish man who has been bothering us with his preachings all these years."

*Second.* Now the time has come; 120 years have passed. The ark is finished, and all the beasts and birds in pairs are being gathered in, and Noah and his family are busy from morning till night, storing provisions. You can fancy the people laughing louder than ever, to hide feelings of uneasiness beginning to rise. Five days pass thus, then six days; still clear blue sky and still the people mocked him. But at midnight the storm begins, the houses rock in the storm, the sky is dark and the wind howls, and torrents of rain pour down, great sheets of water, "the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and the windows of heaven were opened." In the morning the water had risen up to their feet, the next day it is worse, and so it continues.

*Step III.*—Make the children repeat as much as possible in the words of the Bible.

## HESTER'S UP-BRINGING.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

### CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE she was thoroughly awake Hester was overwhelmed with the burden of unlearned lessons which must be accomplished to keep up with her class. Gradually this cloud cleared as memory brought to mind the doctor's words. He wanted her help, she must give up her studies for the present. Enough; Hester flew out of bed like a happy bird, her hands trembling with eagerness lest she might be late this morning and not appear willing to devote herself to her good friend.

"Hester looks perfectly well this morning," said Almira in a low tone to her brother as he passed her in the hall. "Are you not taking a great responsibility in keeping her back from her studies, so very backward as you know her to be?"

"Physicians have to shoulder so many responsibilities," he replied, with provoking levity, "that I really am not afraid of the result of this one extra. Yes, I know she looks well; I shall not be afraid to continue, for my diagnosis was absolutely correct for once."

Almira felt he need not have put in that modest saving clause; she really appreciated her brother's great gifts, which had won him a place as consulting physician in a large city, and had brought to her life so many additional interests, artistic and literary. But she felt he was now off on a tangent, run away with by his large imagination, as though Hester could possibly feel things with the intensity of one with a quick live brain and delicate perceptions such as he himself possessed. Only half satisfied she followed the pair to the surgery, within whose doors no broom or duster was permitted to intrude unless wielded by the doctor himself. She listened with amazement as Hester received orders to sweep, dust and set in order the sacred premises. Also a

variety of glass bottles and receivers, small lamps and other objects used by the doctor in his experiments, were to be cleansed. And the girl did not seem in the least afraid to undertake the affair—simply turned to her aunt with the request for a good large bib apron. When she ran away to procure this protection to her dainty dress, Almira made one last effort to release Hester from this menial task.

"I could spare you Mary (the housemaid); you know she is as careful as anyone could possibly be. It seems a crime to take Hester's precious time."

The doctor shook his head. "Hester or no one," said he. "I must be able to trust my employée to follow my directions without bias of daily routine." Then, seeing that he was teasing his sister beyond endurance, added, "Dear Almira, do trust me. The time will not be irrevocably lost for Hester. I am not without my plans."

So Almira vanished from the scene, unconvinced and very much tried by her brother's versatility. Hester she perceived for the present was taken out of her hands, to be played upon as a valuable instrument, to prove or disprove some new theory as to brain evolution.

Hester, however, was more than content; her grin as she stood to take her orders showed such elation of spirit that the good doctor was momentarily on the broad grin also. His orders given he disappeared in his consulting room, the office being already well lined with patients, "grateful" or otherwise.

Hester paused, broom in hand, as the school bell clanged, and the girls left the house without her. What a martyrdom she had endured in that schoolroom! She positively executed a war-dance with the broom for a partner, for joy at her deliverance.

"You seem interested in practical questions," said the doctor, entering just as she gave a clumsy leap. "You were asking Bob about waterworks. Here's a book for you which I loved as a lad. You have heard of the Romans?"

"Pa says, 'when you're in Rome do like the Romans,'" said Hester, after some mental research.

"Just so," laughed her friend. "Well, the Romans were a great people. Sometime you will like to read their history."

Hester looked doubtful, evidently preferring her broom.

"I want you to take a look at these pictures and see how these clever people managed to get a good water supply. Perhaps you will get some new ideas."

"I don't care awfully much for pictures," confessed the child. "Aunt Almiry sent us no end of 'em last Christmas. Some was awful homely women. Mydonnas most of 'em."

The doctor choked down his inclination to laugh, especially the greater as he himself had endured much in the Botticelli craze. But he continued seriously.

"When the clock strikes ten, sit down for a few minutes and look at the pages I have set marks in. By the way, do not let anyone enter the room during my absence."

Hester nodded. Left alone she proceeded with keen enjoyment of her task. Well did she know how to sweep so as not to raise much dust, carefully had her mother trained her as to taking up what was left with a damp cloth, after the broom had done its best. The surgery floor was in beautiful condition by the time the clock ticked away an hour, and Hester was not unwilling to obey the order to sit down and look at the pictures.

The first picture representing arches spanning the Campagna did not interest her, but the second and third plate, giving sections of the aqueducts, awakened her attention. Slowly dawned understanding of the first picture, and she turned back to it, and became absorbed in the letterpress which preceded it. Could it be possible that from this page she could find the secret which would make life less laborious to "ma"?

The doctor had dismissed his patients, and was ready to set forth to pay his round of visits, when he next peeped in on Hester.

"They brought it forty miles in acqueducts," she cried, "sweet good water in plenty."

No little triumph sparkled in the doctor's amused eyes, as on questioning Hester he found she perfectly comprehended all she had read. He dismissed her from her work for the day, giving her a commission to do for him in the town. Later when he saw his sister, he said, "My experiment exceeded my hope. Hester has a mind. All she needs is a director skilful enough to introduce her to its mental processes. This I shall find in good time."

"Meantime she is to wash bottles, etc."

"Certainly, I need them badly, and she knows *how* to work. She reminds me of the way our mother accomplished such tasks. I wish my girls knew how to use their hands to such good purpose."

"Fancy Mab with a pail of water and a broom!"

"She would be the better not the worse for knowing how to use them skilfully. But we do not agree on this point. In some ways you are spoilt by indulgence in mental and artistic labours; you depreciate the homely life to which we were born, and the homely work which yet enhances a woman's charm, adding to the sense of power with which she stands ready for life's battles. You think I have a hobby when I talk like this; but in truth I should have fewer patients on my list, if less mental and more homely work were now encouraged amongst growing girls—ay, even by middle-aged women."

Hester's next letter to Dave asked—

"Don't the reader tell about the Romans? They done wonders with their waterworks—acqueducts, they called them. We might fix it somehow for summer—winters guess it would freeze. You must see the pictures. They're stone, but we could get lots of old logs 'nough to lay from the well to the dairy."

Thus did the young leader of the "Children of Israel" strive to pass on every new idea to her sub—Dave.

About this time Bob was giving his father and aunt great anxiety. His college reports were most disheartening, his leisure being spent with idlers like himself. The doctor was too busy to keep the boy in hand, and Bob resented his aunt's authority. It was reserved for the stranger within their gates, plain, dull, ignorant though the young man considered her to be, to apply the spur to his flagging energies, striking unconsciously enough the only vulnerable point in his devil-may-care hardened mood.

It happened that a few days after Hester had been inaugurated as head bottle washer "to His Majesty" (Bob's effort at wit), the young man was at home, "headachy" he called his complaint (too many cigars the previous evening would have been the diagnosis of his father, had he seen his boy that morning). Feeling better as the hours fled, Bob lounged across the vestibule to the surgery door.

"What are you about now?" said he, preparing to enter, "or in particular slang, 'Where are you at?'"

"Washing these tiny bottles. No, you can't come in, I promised no one should come in while he's away."

"Who's he?" laughed Bob. "Don't you know, you must never speak of people as 'he' and 'she.'"

"Well," said Hester, "but you can't come in."

"Father did not mean me," said Bob carelessly, stepping across the threshold.

"I don't know but he did," was the shrewd reply. "I guess no one means everyone, don't it?"

"But," said Bob, good-naturedly, "I want to talk to you."

Hester looked perplexed, but she meant to obey her orders at any cost. Presently she made a dive at a chair, placing it for Bob outside the open door.

"Now you can talk as much as you're a mind to," she said. "When he's home perhaps he'll let you come in."

Bob accepted the chair and permission to talk with some amusement. He was accustomed to anything but toleration from young ladies.

At this moment Aunt Almira passed through the vestibule, and shook her head at the idle young man.

"You really might study a little, Bob. I wish you had an ounce of ambition in your make-up."

Bob smiled superior as she passed on.

"My aunt is goodness itself," he remarked, as he twisted a cigarette, "but she does plague a fellow so to study. Now I know what I am doing: no one better. I have definite ideas on the liberty of every individual soul to work or not work—oh! what did you say?"

"So has pa," was Hester's remark.

Bob paused. He'd heard of Amos. Had this child the impudence to rank him with Amos? He glared at her, but Hester was unconcerned at her work and apparently had no idea of the incongruity of the suggested idea. After a pause, during which he moulded his cigarette to his liking, lighted and puffed away at it, he continued in a didactic tone.

"The world needs all kinds of people. There are fellows at college who grind from morning to night. All right! If they want to, let them! I'm willing to grant them perfect freedom. But that is no reason why *I* should be forced into the same groove. But, though I may not be a grind, I avoid



the other extreme. My aunt does not give me credit for this. But really I prefer the golden mean—"

"Yes, I know," said Hester, with quick comprehension. "You want to be mejum! That's pa all over. Pa, he says you take the liberty of a man away, and he's no better than a slave. It's a matter of will. If a man want's to be mejum, why, he's a right to be mejum. Man's a free critter to work his brains or let 'em alone, pa says."

Hester, flourishing her towel as she faced Bob with sympathetic grin, was a picture impressed on the young man's brain for many a long day. He flushed a dark red. Amos! that clod Amos! quoted to him as one with him in his level of thought, spring of action, *non* action! That his views of man's liberty to be, to do, to make or unmake himself, promulgated with such force as President of the Pioneer Club, had their echo in the man who had *lived* the theory, Amos, the dullard of the Hill Farm! But there was a more crushing blow to his pride yet to come, as Hester chattered on.

"Now, ma's got ambition. She says its real common to be 'mejum.' She'd like to see more come her way as wasn't. It would be a treat, ma says, to see folks with minds chock full of ideas, and achin' to work 'em out. Ma says, her ideas of a patriot aint them mejum, go-as-you-please folks. Our Dave he says no mejum for him: give him a chanct of anything better to get on to."

Bob's cigarette fell from his fingers. *Common!* Classed as *common!* He stared at the speaker as she delicately handled a frail tube, continuing the subject with fresh zest.

"Now pa's just as happy; he's real clever is pa. 'What's the use of werriting,' pa says, 'when things go wrong? What aint done to-day, can be done to-morrow.' And he can't understand why ma has days for doin' things. 'He don't—' he says, 'they come along and he does 'em. Monday one week, Wednesday another. What's the odds, so long's they get done?' I suppose," continued Hester, with a geniality more cutting than the keenest satire could have been to the self-satisfied youth, "it's the same to you if you pass this year or next, or any time."

Inarticulate growl from Bob.

"Uncle spoke of you goin' in for engineering," continued the dense Hester, bent on showing how well she understood

the theme, and wishing to be agreeably sympathetic. "Guess there's other things easier he'd let you try for, if you say so."

Bob writhed. She could not have given him a deeper cut. Professors and parents had hitherto harped on his superior mental abilities, and the high place they might lead him to did he only buckle down to work. He had not felt the need of ambition to stir his pulses, being as he thought sufficiently distinguished by his remarkable talents. Hester presented him with a fresh point of view, a new public. Bob realized that there were people who would think he took a low place because he had not power to do better. He would not at all mind the foot of his class, if he could meet as usual the reproach of friends and teachers, "Bob, we expected more of you."

His vanity was well fed by the perpetual bemoaning of those interested in him, that he was not ambitious of a better standing. Bob realized as Hester spoke that there were people who would think he did not pass because he *could* not. It stung him sharply, the more since he found it impossible to explain his platform to Hester, who was so purely literal, that he would have to say outright and baldly, "Hester, I am really a very able fellow, I could surpass my fellows did I choose, but I have no ambition to be a grind."

Nor would Bob have enjoyed his position any better had he known that his father had heard the last part of the conversation from the inner room, with full appreciation of Hester's genial part in it, being convulsed with amusement at the rout of his brilliant son.

"Yes," continued Hester, reflectively, "there's lots like you as 'ud rather be 'mejum.' (Bob classed himself as a star.) "Why don't you own up to your pa. Pity for him to be payin' out good money for nothin'! He might put it into something as you're fit for, eh!"

Another inarticulate sound from the debonnair one.

"I daresay engineering is awful hard to learn," sympathetically from Hester; "but whist I was a boy—I'd learn it somehow, anyway all there is to road making and acqueducks. Our roads up to the farm can't be beat for badness."

Bob, now crimson in hue, beat a hasty retreat, snatched his hat from the hallstand, and darted out of the house.

"My—you're in a hurry, aint you?" called Hester, wonderingly.

## CHAPTER VII.

Bob left the house in an excessively irritable frame of mind. To begin with, his head really ached, and the cause of the throbbing, the lively discussion which he had led at the Pioneer Club the previous night, added to incessant smoking, did not make his feeling of mortification anything the lighter. Aristocratic Bob, however, as he walked down High Street with his usual air of elegant leisure, conscious that his clothes, boots, gloves, cane were all exquisitely appointed, regained by degrees his nonchalant mood, his good opinion of himself, and his serenely equable manner. The windows gave back the reflection of a very handsome youth, quite distinguished from the common herd in appearance. Bob stood for a moment to fondle his budding mustache before one of these flattering mirrors, but as he turned away with indulgent pride in his outward and visible man, he started with a sense of smart, for Hester's words came back in their bald commonplaceness: "I know, you want to be mejum. Pa's mejum."

For the first time in his life he had been confronted by a judge who unerringly unveiled to his clear-sighted view his inner man—calmly showed him the level he desired to attain, and agreed with him, that feeling this to be his ultimatum, he had a perfect right to descend to it if he chose so to do. One flattering word from Hester as to his power to be anything higher—one suggestion that he had better buckle to and make use of his brilliant talents—and his vanity would have been appeased: he would have encouraged her to continue in that vein, for he liked to hear of Dame Nature's liberality to him. But Hester had not grasped the situation as he and his had always seen it, that he *must* perforce make his mark in the world. On the contrary, she had entered into what she believed to be his honest standpoint, and perceiving that the profession chosen for him was impossible of attainment, without more application than the youth was willing to give, made the practical suggestion that he should ask for something easier to do. Hester's words showed unmistakably, that she regarded him as on a level with—Amos, fitted by nature for dead level rather than the career suggested to him by his distinguished father. Suddenly

Bob's vain soul was cut to the quick by a pertinent question which intruded itself most mysteriously into his inner consciousness. Had his professors also begun to rank him as only of average ability? He recalled to mind that none of them had striven during this session to spur him to better endeavour, receiving his work without remark, protest or comment. He had been several times a little nettled at the indifference of Dr. Herrmann, who, last year, had lent him books and striven to interest him in German literature, and to make him understand its fine points. Now he seldom took any notice of him, correcting his exercises without comment; merely giving them back heavily underscored.

Still buried in thought of a new and most absorbing nature, he traversed the road to the college, passing as he did so many young ladies of his acquaintance, whom he greeted with mechanical grace. One of these stopped to speak to him.

"Oh, how lucky you are to be free!" she said. "There's my poor brother digging so hard at his work this year that he scarcely exists for his family."

"Oh, Jack's a hard worker, I know," said Bob, courteously.

"Yes; and he's not quick like you. I suppose if you stay away one day you can make it up without any trouble, while Jack would have to work for hours to catch up. But I never saw such a fellow as he is; his ambition is boundless: he spares no trouble to gain his place in class. Father's just tickled to death to see the dogged way he sets about his work."

Now Jack Delaney was a most uninteresting subject to Bob at the best of times, and coming on top of what he had endured from Hester, was taken as a particular grievance by the unhappy youth. He felt a perfect antipathy for Jack and Jack's proud little sister at the moment, hastily excused himself and passed on his way.

Unendurable thought: was he going to allow dull Jack Delaney to carry away the honours of the class?

Well, here was the college at last. He should be in time for his German, and could make excuse for any shortcomings because of his headache. As it happened Jack was seated in front of him, and Bob could scarcely attend to the lecture for watching the intent way Jack listened and took notes,

writing them in shorthand of his own invention. The kind old professor accepted Bob's brief apology, and consoled with him on his evident suffering.

"Bob," he said, later. "A young man like you should not have aches and pains. Hein! No matter how hard our parents work for us, one makes his own fate for good or ill; this is a bad beginning."

"Everyone is subject more or less to headache," said Bob.

"Does your father grant that as a truth?" asked the professor; "because if so I have no more to say. If there exists a more skilful physician I should like to see him, that is all."

"I did not know you were so much interested in medicine," said Bob, who was intensely proud of his father's reputation.

After a pause the good professor spoke.

"Perhaps not. But what I did see with mine own eyes! It was the poor little lame son of my friend. Ach! and now he is straight like other children, and but for his one boot an inch thicker than the other there is nothing to attract notice to him. Ach! and to see the doctor cutting and breaking and setting the bones, making the crooked straight. Gott in Himmel! The mother would have let him cut off her head if he had wanted it; but she has faith in him!"

Usually the professor would have pointed this story with a little sermonette as to what Bob owed to such a father, to be worthy of him. But to-day, when Bob's vanity would have welcomed the suggestion that he might emulate his distinguished parent, no such sop to his vanity was forthcoming. The professor turned from him almost coldly, and interested himself in another student.

Bob went into the college library. He thought he would look over the curriculum of past years and see what was expected of fellows who had to go up for their B.A. degree. His face grew long as he read. No wonder the professors had ceased to feel any especial interest in him as a student. He was to all practical purposes out of the swim.

"Well there is no use worrying," he began to himself; "if I can't, I can't—that's all there is to it."

Suddenly came back in vivid memory Hester's shrill, unmodulated voice, as she delivered herself on the subject of Amos:—

"Pa, he don't worry; he's real clever is pa."

Oh, that abominable level of mediumness! What possessed him to talk to a chit of a girl of Hester's age, an ignorant child who had so few words at command to express her meaning that one grew positively weary of her vernacular? What did he care for her sayings or doings? It was a mere matter of personal business, but here again came the voice shrilly insistent.

"Pa says, 'if a man's got a mind to be mejum, there's no one's got the right to prevent him.'"

"She's a little nuisance, that girl," he said, between his teeth. "Can't think what father has taken such a fancy to her for, she's as plain as she is densely stupid."

It was some relief to his mood to reflect that Hester was densely stupid, but after all it gave him no rest from the train of thought set afloat by the unflattering advice of the little country maid. He leaned over the book, his aching temples supported on his hands, and gave himself up to some hard thinking to the exclusion of Hester. He did not know it, but his fate in life was during that hour being weighed to a nicety in the balance.

He saw that his reputation as a brilliant young man, who from sheer idleness allowed others less fortunate to pass him, was on the wane. He had a certain position in the regard of the townsfolk which he did not undervalue, as a young man of means—the charming son of a distinguished father. He had done nothing in himself so far to give him rank above his contemporaries. Most difficult would it now be to take up a more serious rôle. He saw plainly what it would mean, he would have to dig as though he had no more brilliant powers than the hard-working Jack. His club, the idle lounging in High Street, must be given up. If he transgressed the rules of the house and burnt midnight oil, it must be for the sake of his studies rather than the consummation of a "good time." How he detested the mental picture thus conjured into existence. But the whip, the spur, were lashing and pricking him cruelly. Would the hour ever come when he should be obliged to ask his father to give him something less "hard" to work for?

*Never.*

When Bob arose to go home, the balance had been adjusted and Bob had paid his farewell to the indifferent attitude he had affected as he grew out of boyhood.

Hester meanwhile, perfectly unconscious that she said anything of great import to the family which had undertaken through her to advance the interests of the "Children of Israel," was calmly finishing her work, sorry that the surgery was now almost cleaned to perfection. Should she have to go back to school?

She was debating this question in her mind, when the door of the inner room opened and the doctor beckoned her. The sound of a child's wail broke the silence.

"You know what to do with children, I think," he said. "I've got a child here badly burnt, and the mother has fainted and can't hold him."

Hester was in the room in a moment.

"Oh, you poor baby," she said, darting upon the little fellow now on the floor beside his mother, who with wan face and pitiful eyes looked imploringly from the doctor to Hester.

"I'll hold him," said she, nodding to the woman. "I guess most of our children have been worse hurt than this tumblin' round, and the boys always would play with fire." With that she picked up the child and amused him cleverly while the doctor attended to the wound.

"They upset the kettle over him," said the doctor when the woman had gone away. "It is a common enough incident amongst the poor."

"My, but he was badly scorched," said Hester. The doctor looked at her keenly.

"If I am called away to-morrow before the woman brings the child, can you dress the wound as I did to-day?"

"I guess so," said Hester. "Ma, she uses flour and oil; but I guess what you put on will do as well, the flour takes the heat out and feels real cooling."

A few days later as the family were sitting over their dessert, the doctor who had been unusually silent hazarded an observation.

"I have one of you in my eye, to train for a profession," said he.

"One of us, father?" said Mab, pouting.

"Yes, one of you. I want a skilful surgical nurse, and mean to have one to my mind"; with this he nodded in Hester's direction.

Brought thus before the public in such a new light, Hester lost her bearings.

"Land's sake," she said, grinning all over her face. "You don't mean me?"

Bob shouted in a kind of ecstasy, Almira's face was so comic in its despair.

"She has such clever fingers," said the doctor, whose face had broadened a little at this lapse from grace. "To-day during my absence she bandaged a little burnt baby as well as I could do it myself, and she has splendid nerve. *She* would not faint in an emergency like some people I know"; with a meaning look at Mildred.

"But I can't help fainting, father."

"Can't you? Did you ever try? Well, we will thrash this subject out some other time, when you distinguish yourself by some such folly. All I want to say now is, that Hester will never lack a career or a good income if she chooses to take up this line of woman's work."

Hester stared with wide-eyed surprise at this encomium, but her honest soul would not permit her to accept praise which she considered undeserved.

"Why," she blundered, "Anyone could tie up a sore arm, I guess. It's as easy as A B C."

"Is it?" he smiled with a sly look at his daughter. "Did I not say it was your vocation? It is easy to you because you have a talent in that direction."

And now Hester was overpowered with her pleasure in the words. She, the dullard, always so conscious of her limitations beside these elegant people, to be selected as one worthy of praise, as possessing a gift, a talent. She grinned from ear to ear, in a succession of masks to hide her deep feeling, and for once Almira had sympathy with her fledgling, and permitted the lapse to pass unproved.

Bob meanwhile looked upon Hester with not a little respect; perhaps he felt there was something better than mere polish and beauty as a foundation for character.

And from that moment Hester lost much of her stupid awkwardness, she was uplifted by the judicious praise to a level where her slow faculties would come at her call, and many of her nervous blunders died a natural death, having been merely temporarily created by the exigencies of her novel position; the leader of the "Children of Israel" had proved her mettle at last.



## CHAPTER VIII.

The doctor at last had his inspiration and decided upon an instructress for Hester, in the daughter of a patient of his in reduced circumstances, a woman of very original mind. She not only enjoyed teaching, but it was a passion with her, and it was her eager promulgation of her views on the subject when conversing with friends which had led the doctor to think she was the lever which, applied to Hester's brains, might give them the awakening they required, before she could be thrown on the mercy of ordinary teachers. So Miss Johnstone was engaged to experiment on Hester.

Almira, patiently giving way to her brother's whim in this as in so many other matters, set aside a small sitting room for the theatre of this new play, in which Miss Johnstone was to be leading lady. Then the doctor, having introduced the two so much in need of one another on the scene, left them to the first act, without stage accessories or prompters.

Miss Johnstone was a small woman, fat and serene; her one peculiarity, eyes so curiously set that it was difficult to tell on whom they were focussed. Was she looking at *her*, Hester, or was she looking out of the window? wondered the child during that first hour with her teacher. Hester, it must be confessed feeling more nervous than usual, sat on the edge of her chair, hanging her head, and pushing her foot back and forth, as she had been accustomed to do in the sand at the Hill Farm, only instead of the possibility of seizing and holding pebbles and stones, the prehensile toes enclosed in dainty stocking and slipper merely did the shuffle without the satisfaction of the skilful portorage.

Miss Johnstone was apparently unconscious of the embarrassment of her new charge, for, taking a minute red pocket-book from her satchel, she began to enter some notes, holding the book corner-wise to her funny eyes, making Hester increasingly nervous, for surely one of the eyes was on her shuffling foot as the last entry was made.

"Bucolic type. Cranium small and undeveloped. No ancestors behind her of intellectual capacity. Thinking machine not set in train. Power of noticing, nil."

The wisest of investigators may err. Power of noticing, "nil!" Hester had summed up everything about the

stranger with a rapid process of acute perception perhaps only found amongst country folk who see strangers so rarely that they take in every peculiarity at a glance. Hester could have told not only the size of foot and hand of her instructress, but had finished her summary with the guess "she was a crank of some kind."

"I suppose you can read?" came as a sudden question.

"Guess so," said Hester, bluntly. "Even the twins know A from B."

"Erudite twins!" in an amused tone. "Well, I've brought some very charming stories in my bag, and we can begin by reading some of them together this morning. Let me see, which would you like?"

Hester grinned. She really did not want any of them, but she wished to look pleasant.

"*The Swiss Family Robinson*," read Miss Johnstone. "Now that is about a very interesting family, which, being wrecked on a desert island, found everything they wanted growing there, and lived up in a tree."

"Guess it's all made up," said Hester, in a tone of unmitigated disgust. "I don't think there's much to stories all made up like that: downright childish to live up a tree, when it's so inconvenient carting everything up and down—"

"Well, well," interposed Miss Johnstone, hurriedly, "here's a book of travels—what do you say to that?"

Hester, as usual, spoke her mind, without knowing that sometimes it is better to qualify or modify the expression of one's opinions.

"Travels are kind of tejours," she declared. "Mab's been puttin' me through some of 'em. They kill a bear one day, and another next week, and go to bed in snow houses, and 'most starve and freeze to death; and I haven't come to where I can find out what they done as made it all worth while."

There ensued a pause. Miss Johnstone began to ask herself if the Doctor had not underrated the shrewdness of his charge. On her beam ends, she took refuge in history.

"Then, as you do not care for travel, let us begin with a little history. Most people consider the subject interesting."

As Hester made no objection, the history was opened, and the reader proceeded without interruption for a couple of pages.

"Am I to believe it?" asked Hester, at the first pause.

"Certainly, in a measure. Of course every history has the bias of the mind that wrote it, but of course you are too young to discriminate. I cannot say that every statement is absolutely true," replied Miss Johnstone.

"How am I to know what to believe and what not?" asked Hester, "and have I got to remember it?"

She gazed at the teacher with corrugated brows, some of the old muddled condition of brain coming back with the puzzled feeling. "All kind of mixed up," she would have expressed it herself. Miss Johnstone closed the book. She felt she was advancing in the wrong direction, and it behoved her to find out something more of her charge before she attempted to instruct her mind with history or any other subject.

So, as she settled herself in her seat, and with both eyes for once focussed in the same direction (a mirror on the opposite side of the room), she said encouragingly, "You're the eldest of the family, I understand; I wish you would tell me something of your life out on the farm, and what the other children are like, not forgetting the twins that know A from B (erudite twins)."

Thus encouraged, Hester began, mixing up her he's and she's in the usual manner of country folk, until none but a master mind could have followed her meanderings. As to matter, Miss Johnstone was all abroad; but as to experience she was receiving the lesson she required and absorbing it. By-and-by the clock struck the hour, and Miss Johnstone rose to go, feeling it had not been a wasted one. As she walked slowly, thoughtfully away from the house, the doctor driving past, drew up at the side-walk.

"Well," he said.

"One of us got instruction this morning," she said merrily. "Not Hester! I wasted the early part of the interview by following foregone conclusions. That's the worst of employing a woman with a theory. Now, for the next week or so, Hester shall be leading lady. She shall teach me what she knows. Then I shall be in a position to teach her. Until this is consummated I am no more than a barber's block, I can't reach her intellect."

The doctor smiled.

"You are a clever woman," he said, "the very one I want."

"No, do not praise me, I'm so ashamed of my blunders. I took the child's mind as absolutely empty—to let, whereas the premises, none too large, are occupied at present by the many and varied peculiarities, virtues and charms of the children at the Hill Farm."

"Do you purpose to oust the present tenants?" asked the doctor with interest.

"Not I, I mean to build fresh barns—storehouses. I mean to try the theory of expansion."

"Some would laugh at the idea as impossible," said the doctor, approvingly.

"*You* will not, I see, and I assure you my building materials are all ready, as soon as I know my ground."

"I knew you would find the clue to the child's understanding," he said, thoughtfully.

"My nucleus, my tower of strength, on which I shall base all my advances," continued Miss Johnstone, "will be the twins."

This was too much for the doctor; he indulged in a spontaneous laugh.

"The acts of the twins, as narrated by Hester, give one all kinds of opportunities for educational suggestions—especially their tendency to revolution," continued Miss Johnstone.

Then she too began to laugh, and turned away home well pleased with the liberty which she had to work out the problem as she best pleased. How did she manage it? Certainly Hester never dreamed that she was carefully studied by her teacher, for whose visits she began to prepare with keen pleasure. Day by day fresh interests opened for her.

"Dave," she wrote one day, "I'm learning German. I told her what you said, that you'd like to study German, and she said, 'well, it's pretty hard work, but if I cared to begin and learn a little, I could start you, Dave, when you come, and she says you could go on by yourself if you'd a mind.' And it *is* hard, Dave, but I don't mind that, because I know I am getting it all right, and she says if it's only a few words every day I shall soon begin to read a bit. And I can help you lots. And I like it, Dave. I'm learning the writing too—I can

make most of the letters. She says I done better than she ever thought I could in the time. Writing's easy to me, I can't think why Mab makes such a fuss about writing out her lessons. I can say two or three things now in German, she says I've got the sounds all right. I said one of them to the doctor yesterday in the hall. He was looking for his whip, and I told him it was on the chair. He was just as tickled as could be, Dave. Then he came in the schoolroom and told Miss Johnstone she was building pretty big premises. I didn't know she was in business, and it seems kind of funny for a woman to take up building. She's real good though, and she don't see why I can't learn anything I'm a mind to. Guess I could too, though I'm awful slow, Dave."

The doctor was not slow to express his pleasure to Miss Johnstone for her remarkable success in dealing with the problem he had put in her hands.

"Did I not tell you I had found the key? Twins as a basis work like a charm. Slow, dull, I grant you Hester may be, but show her a plain path by means of which she can eventually benefit her people, and she is dauntless, will overcome every obstacle in her way. She will give three hours, poor child, to learn what your lazy clever little Mab could accomplish in half-an-hour."

"I told you Hester had her mother's character, even if she has got her father's looks," said Almira to her brother, as she joined the speakers. "Roxena if full of ambition."

The doctor was often surprised to find that his sister seemed to find it impossible to become attached to Hester. She showed herself tireless in caring for her material requirements, impartial in her kindness, and yet there never was a note of tenderness in her tone as she spoke to the child, nor a warm glance in her eyes when she met Hester's round light orbs fixed upon her. The truth was that Hester belonged to a commonplace type in Almira's eyes, reminding her of hours of boredom in her youth, before the doctor had founded the family fortunes and before her own happy marriage. Her strong cultured mind could not endure the paucity of ideas, the disposition to value small items of gossip, so common to country people. She strove continually to combat Hester's too intimate interest in her neighbours' affairs, teaching her that people must come and go without remark on her part, that

the acquisition of new perambulators, horses or servants concerned those alone to whom they belonged. The girl sought to obey and not be interested in the coming and going of her neighbours, but somehow she always *did* know the affairs of the next-door folk as well as those of the neighbours over the way. Yet with all her disabilities, her commonplaceness, Hester was more than holding her own in her new home. She was like one of the rocks on the Hill Farm, as impossible to move right or left when any moral question was approached. Now an absolutely sincere person becomes a power in any home circle fortunate enough to possess such a member. Hester had never known anyone afraid to say his mind ; at the Hill Farm anyone possessing a thought shared it freely. Amos, who lacked almost every vital quality that a father should possess, at least was honest—he made no pretences. “The Children of Israel” never had anything to *fear*. Did they break such slender rules as their parent superimposed on their youthful ardour, they were encouraged to tell their story when the deed was done. Amos remarked then, “he guessed they’d better not be too previous another time, or he didn’t know but he’d have to discipline them some.” Notwithstanding the eccentricities of the tribe, as yet this threat had never come to fulfilment, and none the less had the system one merit—there were no lies to the fore at the Hill Farm.

Almira’s rules were of the strictest for the governing of the young people. Every bedroom had its code framed ready for the occupant to study. Lazy Mab ignored them all boldly, and the spoilt little beauty seldom received rebuke. With Mildred things were different ; she had a timid nature ; blame she could not endure, and to screen herself would act or tell an untruth. On her character Hester’s unswerving uprightness had a bracing effect. Certainly if the gentle girl’s tactful kindness was given generously to the relief of the awkward stranger, the reflex action, the very atmosphere clinging about this child of nature, had a powerful influence on the city-bred less robust child of the house.

Hester cannot be said to have had much influence on Mab in any way. Mab was lazily selfish, and went her own way caring little if it was to the taste of others or the reverse. She was very clever, and could learn so easily that her lessons took up little of her time. She read omnivorously,

but was after all critical in her selections: she really preferred good literature. In brief, she had a remarkably able mind, but an inert nature. Her aunt was too indulgent to her faults, for the child really appealed to her two weak spots—her love of beauty and of culture. It gratified her to peep over Mab's shoulder and find her absorbed in a book on travel, or a biography or other instructive work. She was delighted also to make the child her companion when paying visits of ceremony. Mab dressed in some simple artistic fashion looked worthy of her distinguished father: her manners never cost Almira a thought, except perchance of passing approval. Her brother had once suggested she should take Hester for a round of visits, to enlighten her mind as to the ways of the new world into which she had been born. This was too much! Take Hester! Be forced to watch the facial contortions of the countrymaid as she put on company manners; to apprehend the mischief those uneducated limbs might do under stress of nerve paralysis! Almira drew the line at Hester. As for Mildred, though often entreated she was never to be drawn into the meshes. Almira smilingly excused her, believing that she refused because she had such a retiring spirit; but she never dreamed, and it would have given her a heart-break to know, that in reality Mildred was never at ease in her presence—was always more or less afraid of the stern woman. More than this, had Almira only had the sixth sense of divination, so largely possessed by her brother, she would have found out that the one fault which might one day prove disastrous to Mildred was a timidity, even cowardice of spirit. She feared blame, and from her baby days, after the loss of her gentle mother, had taken refuge in the vice of the timid falsehood. Almira herself, fearlessly truthful, so little comprehended such a weakness that had she become aware of it she would probably have made things much worse by her severe denunciations of the meanness of subterfuge. Mab knew that Mildred fibbed, and turned up her nose in pretty scorn of the act; but Almira never suspected her niece of want of honesty. When Hester first became aware of Mildred's weakness, she was overpowered, and with difficulty choked down an expression of opinion. It came about accidentally.

Almira had laid down one rule, a very wise one, that while

the girls were busy in school they should not distract their minds by reading story books. Mab had no temptation to break the rule, for though she often was found book in hand because she was too lazy to find other employment, she really had a fine taste in literature, child as she was. Now Mildred cared only for story books, and so long as she had a romance in hand did not care at all for its literary quality. Some of her girl friends appeared to have an unlimited supply of trash, with which they were always ready to provide her. These books were of a nature which Mildred would never have dared to read openly at home, even had Almira not laid down the rule about light literature. She would not have had her aunt know that she revelled in love scenes, in heroines who would throw aside all their home ties for lovers who in general had little to offer in addition to their love-making for the sacrifice of home and friends which the silly maid was willing to make for the hero.

It happened one day that Hester, having finished her hour with Miss Johnstone, went to meet her cousins as they returned from school. Mab handed Hester her bag to carry with an exhausted gesture, which brought a laugh to her companions, and Hester as she shouldered it told Mildred she guessed she could carry hers too, if she was at the point of fainting under the weight. Mildred refused, of course; but presently seeing her aunt in the distance looked very much flustered, and hastily taking a gaily covered book from her bag passed it in silence to Hester, so that Mab did not see, and signed to her to put it in the bag she carried.

"It won't go in," said honest Hester, looking admiringly after Mab, who ran lightly ahead to meet her aunt. "Never mind, I'll carry it in my hand."

But Mildred, with tokens of most evident nervousness, stopped, took a book out of Mab's bag, which she put in Hester's hand, slipping the other into its place. It was a needless precaution, for when had her aunt ever challenged her nieces, suspected them of deceiving her? Hester's mind was a slow one, but it was sure. She saw that Mildred had done something which had made her afraid to expose her conduct to the light of those rather severe, even if kind eyes. She was not enough versed in literature to know that such poison existed as that which lay snugly cloaked amid Mab's lesson books. Why should Mildred be afraid?



What had she done? She looked the inquiry several times as they walked silently home together, but Mildred pretended not to understand; her own simple face grew much troubled as they walked on side by side.

"I'll wait and give Mab her bag," said Mildred when they arrived at the garden gate.

"No," said Hester, "I've carried it, and I'll do that myself."

"Then let me take my book. You can put back Mab's in its place."

At this moment Mab caught up with them. As her eyes rested on the title of the volume in Mildred's hands, which her sister had not time to hide, she turned up her dainty nose and gave Mildred a lazily contemptuous glance. She said nothing. Mab would not have thought it worth while to bother herself with her sister's taste in reading, but her face expressed eloquently her thought. Hester suddenly comprehended and was grievously troubled.

"Mab," she cried, "what is this book that Mildred was so careful to hide from aunty?"

"Low trash," replied Mab, "I would not touch it with the tongs. I suppose that silly Silvie lent it you—eh, Mildred?"

Hester turned on Mildred with a severe countenance; she had not been leader of the "Children of Israel" for nothing, accustomed to constitute herself judge and jury of their vagaries.

"Is that book Silvie's, Mildred?"

But Mildred, very much ashamed to be found out, began to cry with mortification. Mab answered for her, contemptuously indifferent.

"Of course it is hers. Silvie is an idiot of the first water."

"Then," said Hester, gently but firmly, "if that's Silvie's book she's got to have it—right off, and I'll take it to her."

Without a moment's hesitation, she took the book from Mildred's hand, tied it up in brown paper, and set off to walk the mile to the owner's house. She knew this would make her late for lunch, but for once she did not mind breaking a rule of the house.

When she came in Almira reproved her for being late. Hester replied, "I had a book I was bound I'd return to the owner."

Almira, ever unsuspecting, and knowing besides this that Hester was no book lover, asked no questions, simply saying, "Never borrow books, Hester. If you ever take a fancy to one, let me have the title, and if I approve I will buy it for you."

"I've got too many books as it is," was the uncompromising reply.

Hester did not mean to be ungracious, but her way of expressing that she considered herself to be well provided with reading matter was certainly not a graceful one.

It entertained Bob exceedingly.

"When Hester comes to you to beg a book, aunt," said he, "may I be there to see."

There was a general laugh at Hester's expense, but she ate her belated lunch without an idea wherein she had furnished amusement to the others ; and Mildred covered her feeling of discomfiture, her dread lest Hester should blurt out that the book returned had not been of her own borrowing, with a laugh.

Relations were a little strained between the cousins for some time after this event, but things gradually righted themselves. If Mildred continued her practice of reading forbidden books, she certainly concealed the fact very cleverly from the other girls.

Perhaps there was something in the pure atmosphere which clung to this child of the Hill Farm that had a bracing effect on the less robustly nurtured maid. Certainly the strong affection which soon welded these two so unlike in their characteristics together, was as much to the advantage of the hothouse plant as to the wild flower plucked so rudely from its surroundings in the woodlands on the heights.

*(To be concluded in our December number.)*

## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1903.

### *Subjects for September.*

I.—"*Evening in the stubble field.*" Much beauty may be found in the tender little wisps of straw that remain in the brown earth.

II.—Study of a branch of fruit done out-of-doors, and painted with its background of sky or wall, as the case may be.

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## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

The House of Education is closed from August 1st to September 15th. Letters relating to the *House of Education*, *Parents' Review School*, *Mothers' Educational Course*, *Governesses*, etc., cannot be answered or received between these dates.

Term begins Wednesday, September 30th.

### *Parents' Review School.*

Term may begin September 14th.

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*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for September: *Religio Medici* (Sir Thomas Browne).

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for September: Poems by Wieland (*Universal Bibliothek*)

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth.

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

## BOOKS.

*Education: Disciplinary, Civic and Moral*, by L. Wynn Williams (Simpkin Marshall). Mr. Williams' chief contention is "that the most deadly poison to education—flagellation—must be officially prohibited, and that the School City system—representative government by the child community—must be instituted." The idea of the School City may be Utopian and may be open to objections, but we commend the chapter on the "Charter of the School City" to the consideration of persons concerned with public education. The mere possibility of such an organisation is one of the advantages which we owe to the new Education Bill.

*The Teacher and the Child*, by H. Thiselton Mark (Fisher Unwin, 1.6). There is a certain humanness about Mr. Thiselton Mark's capital little book which we welcome with much pleasure. Mr. Mark has made himself master of the educational thought of the day, including, apparently, P.N.E.U. thought, but "technical language is avoided. The chapters are half-hours of educational theory addressed mainly to volunteer workers in education, whether in the Sunday school, the night school, or in the home." The chapters on the training of the mind and on the training of character are helpful and inspiring.

*The Making of Citizens: A Study in Comparative Education*, by R. E. Hughes (The Contemporary Science Series, Walter Scott, 6/-). Mr. Hughes presents us in this volume with an invaluable and considerable piece of work. His attempt has been "to place before my readers a complete and accurate account of the present position of education in the four principal countries of the world." These are, in the order in which they are taken up by the author—England, Germany, France, and the United States. The statistics are usually taken from official sources, and we certainly think that this volume is calculated to throw light upon the way in which "sister peoples deal with many pressing educational and social problems." But the volume does not consist of statistics only. Mr. Hughes brings a welcome quota of personal leading and light to the discussion of the subjects in hand. This, for example, is suggestive, "As intellectual sovereign of the German secondary school, Shakespeare reigns supreme. There is no comparison between the devotion and care that Shakespeare receives in the German and English schools."

*Mothers' Guide to the Care of Children*, by L. Leney, M.D. (Pearson, 3/6). Dr. Lydia Leney has written a plain and practical handbook for mothers. There are few ailments or diseases of children for which practical hints may not be found here, and, what is more immediately useful, symptoms are carefully described and their treatment indicated.

Indeed, we should have judged that in some cases—typhoid fever, for example—it would have been enough to say, "Send for the doctor," but that Dr. Lydia Leney in her preface states that her book is meant to be of use in the Colonies and in remote districts where a doctor is not to be had at a few minutes' notice.

*Education in Accordance with Natural Law*, by C. B. Ingham (Novello, 3/-). We greatly like Mr. Ingham's book. It is a thoughtful and sensible consideration of education, and is also an indictment of much of the educational practice in our schools, modestly worded and logically considered. What strikes us as a very strong point in Mr. Ingham's treatise is his recognition of the fact that a chief end of education is to teach people to employ their leisure. "*What does modern education lead to?*" he asks, and adds that "The methods in which the hours of personal leisure are employed afford the only reliable indication of the status or level to which the individual's intellect and sentiments really belong." An examination of the pursuits and interests of our "educated" youth from this point of view is not encouraging. Again, we are in sympathy with Mr. Ingham as regards the foundation period in education. He requires that "on the extent and strength of the foundations depend the character of the building," even though these "pass out of sight as the building rises." That is our contention also. We are with the author again when he shows that the education whose function is largely to prepare for examinations produces flabbiness of mental tissue, leaving behind no craving for mental exercise and no desire for nourishment. Without committing ourselves to all Mr. Ingham's statements, we heartily commend these "suggestions for the consideration of parents, teachers and social reformers."

*The Work of Botticelli* (Newnes' Art Library, 3/6). Certainly, the young people of to-day have extraordinary facilities for the study of art. A generation ago Botticelli was little more than a name to "the general," *vide* Punch's joke, "Is Botticelli a wine or a cheese?" To-day the name of the great Renaissance painter is a household word: and before we go in search of his pictures we may study their outline minutely in such a volume as this—a most important preparation for educational travel. Here are some sixty-four photographs of the most famous pictures—some of them photographs of details; which should afford a good first step in the study of Botticelli. An interesting notice of Sandro Botticelli, by Richard Davy, introduces the work. We congratulate Mr. George Newnes on the issue of such a work at such a price.

Arnold *Countryside Readers* (Books i., 10d.; ii., 1/-; iii., 1/2; iv., 1/4), and *Seaside Readers* (1/6), are extremely admirable. We are not quite sure that we like the plan of mixing incidents and poems proper to countryside and seaside with nature lore proper, but we rather think we do. To go from Robinson Crusoe's island to a capital chapter on barnacles, and from that to Kingsley's *Three Fishers*, and from that to *Captain Cook*, and thence to why the plaice is flat, is probably more interesting to children than a series of fish lessons or shell lessons. A child will put these things together in his notion of the wonders of the sea; and an elementary school child has not the chance of getting the

composite notions which comes to the young reader of many books. The articles are very well written, from the point of view of the interest of knowledge, and not from that of the imbecility of children! Many writers of children's books have the offensive habit of writing down to their readers. We venture to say that there are few well-informed persons who will not be able to learn something new from the nature papers; this sort of thing for example—"The Roman snail is not one of those that have a door to their shell, but before it goes to rest for the winter it makes itself a thick chalky door, which quite closes the mouth of the shell and keeps out the cold."

*The Mother's Book of Song*, edited by J. H. Burn (Grant Richards, 3/-). Anthologies are many, but this is the age of baby worship, and Mr. Burn owes us no apology, but challenges our gratitude for his book of baby songs. All the poems have little children for their theme. Some of them are old favourites, many are new to us. Some are poems of perfect beauty, and some fail a little in literary charm, but in every one of them is that glamour of childhood which bewitches us all. This is a book which mothers will love, and it is rather for their delectation than for that of their babies. The illustrations by Mr. Charles Robinson are most sympathetic and engaging.

*Life and Health*, by A. F. Blaisdell (Ginn & Co., 4/6). The author remarks in the preface that "The few facts which the young student is able to learn in school about the anatomy and physiology of the human body are of little value in themselves. Such facts, however, become of supreme importance and practical worth when they enable him to understand a few of the great laws of health, and to apply them intelligently to his daily living. Hence the author has aimed to lay marked emphasis upon such points as bear directly upon personal health." We think Mr. Blaisdell's principle is sound, and that he has succeeded in producing an intelligent and sufficiently interesting text book on physiology. We are particularly interested in the sense and voice experiments in the chapters on those subjects.

*English Composition* (Part I.), by Amy Kimpster (Norland Press). Here is a book, admirable in its thoroughness and method, which sets forth with much completeness all that, according to our experience, ought *not* to be done in teaching children to write and speak their own language. The book is written from what we have called the point of view of the imbecility of children, and indeed it might be useful in teaching actually imbecile children. But what the ordinary child, of whatever class, wants is a vocabulary to be got from a copious supply of books. Given the right book he is perfectly able to narrate what he has read or heard read in complete sentences and in good English. By-and-by he writes his narrative, and has learned the art of composition. The better the books he reads, the better will be his style; and he can do infinitely well without sentence-building on the blackboard, or the meagre, wretched little sentences drawn out of him by way of "summary." Education would advance by leaps and bounds if we could believe that children have minds which act upon knowledge as their digestive organs act upon food.

*Private Schools' Association (Incorporated) Handbook* (29, Old Queen Street, Westminster, 1/-). We are glad to see that the private schools have formed themselves into an Association. This should be a useful handbook.

*Elementary Geometry*, containing the subject matter of Euclid's two first books, by Chintamani Mukerji, B.A. (The Indian Press, Allahabad, 10 As.) This is one of many books which have appeared with the object of presenting elementary geometry to children in a more suitable form than that of Euclid's elements. These books fall mainly into two classes—(1) Those in which Euclid's arrangement and methods of proof are disregarded; (2) Those which are merely modern versions of Euclid. Mr. Mukerji's book may be described as a compromise between these two lines of treatment. He is sufficiently independent to rearrange his subject matter under the heads of angles, triangles, parallels and quadrilaterals, and area of rectilineal figures, and to adopt a modern definition of an angle, as well as to omit nine of Euclid's propositions and to introduce others. On the other hand, it is to be regretted that the book contains no exercises, and *may* be only used for memory work. Also, with the exception of the algebraical solutions of the propositions belonging to Eu. II., there is no attempt made to connect algebra and arithmetic with geometry. In many cases the language is as roundabout as that of Euclid. See Prop. IX., Sec. II., including the note. The questions seem unnecessary.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.  
Tel. 479 Victoria.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

The Office will be closed from August 1st to September 16th inclusive. Important communications will be forwarded to the Secretary. No library books can be changed or sent out between these dates.

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### THE HOME-COUNTIES NATURE-STUDY EXHIBITION

Will be held *from October 30th to November 3rd, 1903*, by kind permission at the Offices of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, London.

In consequence of the above there will be no P.N.E.U. Nature-study Exhibition at the time of the Conference. Members are strongly advised to contribute to the above exhibition instead, and in any case to inspect the objects sent. For full particulars apply to MRS. FRANKLIN, 50, Porchester Terrace, W.

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### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

HARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Colleendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer :* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

A Branch of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Croydon. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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Vol. XIV. No. 10.]

[OCTOBER, 1903.

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*"Studies Serve for Delight, for Ornament, & for Ability."* \*

*A P.N.E.U. Manifesto.*

BY THE EDITOR.

Every child has a right of entry to several fields of knowledge.

Every normal child has an appetite for such knowledge.

This appetite or desire for knowledge is a sufficient stimulus for school-work, if the knowledge be fitly given.

There are four means of destroying the desire for knowledge:—

- (a) TOO MANY ORAL LESSONS which offer knowledge in a diluted form, and do not leave the child free to deal with it.
- (b) LECTURES, for which the teacher collects, arranges and illustrates matter from various sources; these offer knowledge in a too condensed and ready prepared form.
- (c) THE TEXT BOOK, compressed and re-compressed from the big book of the big man.
- (d) THE USE OF EMULATION AND AMBITION as the sole incentives to learning in place of the adequate desire for, and delight in, knowledge.

Children can be most fitly educated on *Things* and *Books*. Things, *e.g.*:

- i. NATURAL OBSTACLES for physical contention, as in climbing, swimming, walking, etc.
- ii. MATERIAL TO WORK IN—wood, leather, clay, etc.
- iii. NATURAL OBJECTS IN SITU.—Birds, plants, streams, stones, etc.
- iv. OBJECTS OF ART.
- v. SCIENTIFIC APPARATUS, etc.

The value of this education by *Things* is receiving wide recognition, but intellectual education to be derived from *Books* is still for the most part to seek.

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\* Read at the P.N.E.U. Conversazione in June, 1903.

Every scholar of six years old and upwards should study with "delight" *his own, living*, Books, on every subject in a pretty wide curriculum. (Children between six and eight must for the most part have their books read to them.)

This plan has been tried with happy results for the last twelve years in many home schoolrooms, and some other schools.

We contend that by this means the mechanical difficulties of education—reading, spelling, composition, etc., disappear; and studies prove themselves to be "for delight, for ornament, and for ability."

We are persuaded that these principles are workable in all schools, Elementary and Secondary; that they tend in the working to simplification, economy and discipline: and that they lend themselves especially to the solving of a difficulty which will meet most County Councils, the formation of small Secondary Schools in semi-urban districts.

Everyone has been made familiar with the phrase "educational unrest," and we all feel its fitness. Never were there more able and devoted teachers, whether as the heads or on the staffs of schools of all classes. Money, labour, and research are freely spent on education; yet there is something amiss beyond that "divine discontent" which leads to effort. The fact is, we know that a change of front is necessary; and we are ready, provided that the change be something more than an experiment. Head masters and mistresses and masters of preparatory schools are, I believe, amongst the persons most ready to fall in with a sound reform; but, because these are persons with wide experience and highly-trained intellects, they are unwilling to launch changes which have not a philosophic basis as well as a utilitarian end.

Perhaps we of the Parents' National Educational Union may be allowed to offer our modest quota of suggestion. Hitherto we have pressed on the public rather our views on home-training than those on school-teaching, but this is because we have been unwilling to disturb the existing order. We have, however, during the last twelve years worked out *a unifying principle and adequate methods* with happy results. Speaking on secondary education in Kendal lately, Archdeacon Wilson said that it fails, so far as it does fail, through the absence of definite *aim*. Now the P.N.E.U. exists because it has a definite aim and exists to carry out that aim. I need not now speak of the few principles which form a guide to us in the up-bringing of children; but that principle which guides us in what is commonly called education—the teaching of knowledge—may be found to indicate the cause of some educational failures and may point the way to some reform.

To adapt a phrase of Matthew Arnold's concerning religion,—education should aim at giving knowledge "*touched with emotion*." Frederika Bremer has a charming episode in *Neighbours*, where two school-girls fight a duel on behalf of their heroes—Charles XII. and Peter the Great: I believe even a drop of blood was shed. Parents may be glad that we have no girl-duels to-day! We do not care for heroes, we care for marks. Knowledge for us is not "*touched with emotion*," unless it be that of personal acquisitiveness and emulation. The boys and girls have it in them to be generous and enthusiastic; that they leave school without interests beyond that of preparing for further examinations or the absorbing interest of games, is no doubt the fault of the schools. Perhaps the "unrest" of the public mind at home and abroad about secondary education is due to the fact that young people are turned out from excellent schools *devitalised* so far as their minds go. No "large draughts of intellectual day" have been offered to their thirst, and yet the thirst was there to begin with.

Mr. Benson,\* speaks very frankly. He says, "I honestly believe that the masters of public schools have two strong ambitions—to make boys good and to make them healthy; but I do not think they care about making them intellectual: intellectual life is left to take care of itself. My belief is that a great many masters look upon the boys' work as a question of duty—that is, they consider it from the moral standpoint and not from the intellectual. . . . It must be frankly admitted that the intellectual standard maintained at the English public schools is low; and, what is more serious, I do not see any evidence that it is tending to become higher."

Mr. Sadler, with a perhaps wider outlook, says practically the same thing—our secondary schools have capital points, but intellectually they are behindhand, compared with even those of some continental nations. Mr. Benson speaks no doubt from personal knowledge; but is it a fact that so intellectual a body as our headmasters deliberately forego intellectual distinction in their schools? Or is it not rather that examinations throw them back on the pseudo-intellectual

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\* *The Schoolmaster*, by H. C. Benson, of Eton College.—*Nineteenth Century*, December, 1902.

work known as "cram"? It is because cram is deadening that some of us deprecate the registration of teachers as a backward movement. Hundreds of mediocre young women set themselves to cram for a course of examinations, often a long course, to end at last in registration, and already head-mistresses feel the evil and enquire diligently for mistresses who are "not the usual sort." Women are apt to be over-strenuous and over-conscientious, and the strain of moral effort carried on through years of preparation or successive examinations often leaves a certain dulness of apprehension. There are brilliant exceptions, but the average young woman who has undergone such an experience has little initiative, is slow of perception, not readily adaptable, not quick in the uptake; is in fact a little devitalised. I speak of moral effort, because the labour of preparing for examinations, of going through steady long-sustained grind, is apt to be rather a moral than an intellectual effect. With young men it is otherwise; they are commonly less strenuous, less absorbed, and therefore perhaps more receptive to the ideas that beset the way of their studies.

The idea that vivifies teaching in the Parents' National Educational Union is that *Education is the Science of Relations*; by which phrase we mean that children come into the world with a natural "appetency," to use Coleridge's word, for, and affinity with all the material of knowledge; with wistful interest in the heroic past and in the age of myths, with a keen desire to know about everything that moves and lives, about strange places and strange peoples, about the how and the why of operations; with a desire to handle material and to make; a desire to run and ride and row and do whatever the law of gravitation permits to them. Therefore we do not feel it is lawful in the early days of a child's life to select certain subjects for his education to the exclusion of others; to say he shall not learn Latin, for example, or shall not learn Science; but we endeavour that he shall have relations of pleasure and intimacy established with all the interests proper to him; not learning a slight or incomplete smattering about this or that subject; but plunging into vital knowledge, with a great field before him which in all his life he will not be able to explore, but which is for him a region of interest and delight. In this conception we get that "touch of emotion" which

vivifies knowledge, for it is probable that we *feel* only as we are brought into our proper vital relations.

We get courage to attack so wide a programme through a few working ideas or principles: one of these is, we do not lay ourselves out for what is called the "child mind"; we believe that the ignorance of children is illimitable, but that, on the other hand, their intelligence is hardly to be measured or reckoned with by our slower wits. In practical working we find this idea a great power; the teachers do not talk down to the children, there is no elaborate graciousness; they are careful *not* to explain every word that is used, or to ascertain if children understand every detail. As a girl of twelve or so the writer browsed a good deal on Cowper's poems; and, somehow, took an interest in *Mrs. Montague's Feather Hangings*. Only the other day did the ball to fit that socket arrive in the shape of an article in *The Quarterly* on "The Queen of the Bluestockings." Behold, there was my Mrs. Montague with her feather hangings! The pleasure of meeting with her after all these years was extraordinary; in no way is knowledge more enriching than in this that it leaves behind it a so to speak dormant appetite for more of the kind. The recent finds at Knossos are only to be appreciated by those who recollect how Ulysses told Penelope of Crete with its ninety cities, and Knossos, and King Minos, and the rest. Not what we have learned, but what we are waiting to know, is the delectable part of knowledge; which should not be peptonised or diluted, but offered to the children with some substance in it and some vitality: and we find that children can cover a large field of various knowledge with delight and intelligence in the same time that is sometimes wasted over "the three R's," object lessons, and other much-diluted matter in which the teaching is more than the knowledge.

It is the easier to deal in this direct fashion with knowledge when we are not embarrassed by the necessity of cultivating faculties; for working purposes the so-called faculties are sufficiently described as *mind*; and the normal mind we find is as able to deal with knowledge as are the normal digestive organs with food. Our concern is to give a child such knowledge as shall open up for him as large a share as may be of the world he lives in for his use and enjoyment.

As there are gymnastics for the body, so there are certain subjects whose use is chiefly disciplinary for the mind, and of these we avail ourselves. Again, as our various organs labour without our consciousness in the assimilation of food, so judgment, imagination, and what not, deal of their own accord with knowledge, that it may be *incorporated*, which is not the same thing as 'remembered.' A further analogy—as the digestive organs are incited by appetite, so we recognise that children come into the world with a few inherent desires, some with more, some, less. These are, roughly, the desire of power, of praise, of wealth, of distinction, of society, and of *knowledge*. It seems to us that education which appeals to the desire of wealth (marks, prizes, scholarships, or what not), or to the desire of excelling (as in the taking of places, &c.), or to any other of the natural desires, *except that of knowledge*, destroys the balance of character, and, what is more fatal, destroys by inanition that desire for and delight in knowledge which is meant for our joy and enrichment through the whole of life. Each of the natural desires finds place and play in school life as in all life; the danger is, that we deliberately substitute one desire for some other which is fully competent to do its own work. "A desire for knowledge," says Dr. Johnson, "is the natural feeling of mankind, and every human being whose mind is not debauched will be willing to give all that he has to get knowledge." Is it possible that what has been called "mark-hunger" is a debauchery of the mind? The undebauched mind takes knowledge with avidity; and we find lessons are so interesting to children that they need no other stimulus.

Another corollary of the principle that education is the science of relations, is, that no education seems to us worth the name which has not made children at home in the world of books, and so related them mind to mind with thinkers who have dealt with knowledge. We reject epitomes, compilations, excerpts and their like, and put into the children's hands books which, long or short, are *living*. Thus it becomes a large part of the teacher's work to help children to deal with their books, and the oral lesson and lecture are used chiefly to summarise or to expand or illustrate. The effect of this use of books on the students of the House of Education, our training college, is striking;

they are delighted with the books they find the children using in the Practising School ; and read round this and that subject for themselves, stirred by an intelligent curiosity.

Too much faith is commonly placed in oral lessons and lectures ; "to be poured into like a bucket is not exhilarating to any soul" ; neither is it exhilarating to have every difficulty explained to weariness, or to have the explanation teased out of one by questions. Children, like Dr. Johnson, protest in their souls,—“I will not be put to the *question*. Don't you consider, sir, that these are not the manners of a gentleman ? I will not be baited with *what* and *why* ; what is this ? what is that ? why is a cow's tail long ? why is a fox's tail bushy ?” \* Oral lessons have their occasional use, and when they are fitly given it is the children who ask the questions. We do not think it wholesome or quite honest for a teacher to pose as a source of all knowledge and to give “lovely” lessons. Such lessons are titillating for the moment, but they give children the minimum of mental labour and the result is much the same as that left on older people by the reading of a magazine. We find, on the other hand, that in working through a considerable book, which may take two or three years to master, the interest of boys and girls is well sustained to the end ; they develop an intelligent curiosity as to causes and consequences, and are in fact educating themselves.

For the same reason, that is, that we may not paralyze the mental vigour of children, we are very chary in the use of appliances (except such as the microscope, telescope, magic lantern, &c.) I heard a schoolmaster, who had a school in a shipbuilding town, say that he had demanded and got from his committee a complete sectional model of a man-of-war. Such a model would be of use to his boys when they begin to work in the yards, but during their school years I believe the effect would be stultifying, because the mind is not able to conceive with an elaborate model as basis. Last year, I happened to visit Herr Bloch's admirable Peace and War show at Lucerne. Torpedoes were very fully illustrated by models, sectional diagrams and what not, but I was not enlightened. I asked my neighbour at dinner to explain the principle ; he took up his spectacle case as an illustration and after a few sentences my intelligence had grasped what was

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\* See Professor Raleigh's *Wordsworth*, *re* “A Tale for Fathers,” page 168.

distinctive in a torpedo. This gentleman turned out to have been in the War Office and to have had much concern with torpedoes. The power in the teacher of illustrating by inkpot and ruler or any object at hand, or by a few lines on the black-board, appears to me to be of more use than the most elaborate equipment of models and diagrams; these things stale on the senses and produce a torpor of thought the moment they are presented.

Another point; the co-ordination of studies is carefully regulated, without any reference to the clash of ideas on the threshold or their combination into apperception masses, but solely with reference to the natural and inevitable co-ordination of certain subjects. Thus, in readings on the period of the Armada, we should not devote the contemporary arithmetic lessons to calculations as to the amount of food necessary to sustain the Spanish fleet, because this is an arbitrary and not an inherent connection, but we should read such history, travels and literature as would make the Spanish invasion live in the memory.

Believing that he is in the world to lay hold of all that he can of those possessions which endure, that full happy living, power of initiative, serviceableness, in a word—character, for him, depends upon how far he apprehends the relationships proper to him and how many of them he seizes, we are gravely uneasy when his education leaves a young person with prejudices and “events” (in the sporting sense) rather than with interests and pursuits. Principles, we believe, the best of our young people have and bring away from their schools fully as much as from their homes. Our educational shortcomings seem to be intellectual rather than moral.

Education should be by *Things* and by *Books*. Ten years ago education by *Things* was little thought of except in the games of public schools. To-day a great reform has taken place and the worth of education by *Things* is recognised everywhere. Disciplined exercises, artistic handicrafts, are seen to make for education as truly as do geography and Latin. “Nature Study” has come in later, but has come with a rush. The teaching of Science, that is, the knowledge of *things*, is receiving enormous attention. Here and there works of art are allowed their chance with boys and girls, and we shall look more and more to this means of education.



In these matters also the P.N.E.U. has done pioneer work; has laboured at education by *Things* for the last ten or twelve years, in the training college, the *Parents' Review* school, the various Branch natural history clubs, the art and the handicraft classes, in classes and clubs for games and physical exercise. But the importance of education in this kind need not be enforced to-day.

The great educational failure we have still to deal with is in the matter of *Books*. We know that *Books* store the knowledge and thought of the world; but the mass of knowledge, the multitude of books, overpower us, and we think we may select here and there, from this book and that, fragments and facts of knowledge, to be dealt out, whether by the miserable little cram book or the oral lesson.

I believe that our efforts at intellectual education commonly fail from the following causes:—

(a) The oral lesson, which at its worst is very poor twaddle, and at its best is far below the ordered treatment of the same subject by an original mind in the right book.

(b) The lecture, commonly gathered from various books in rapid notes by the teacher, and issuing in hasty notes, afterwards written out, and finally crammed up by the pupils. (The lecture is often careful, thorough and well-illustrated; but is it ever equal in educational value to direct contact with the original mind of one able thinker who has written his book on the subject? Arnold, Thring, Bowen, we know, lectured with great effect, but then each of them lectured on only a few subjects, and each lecture was as the breaking out of a spring of slowly gathered knowledge. We are not all Arnolds or even Bowens.)

(c) The text-book, compressed and re-compressed from one or many big books. These handbooks are of two kinds—the frankly dry and uninteresting books which enumerate facts and details; and the easy and beguiling sort. I think we are safe in saying that there is *no educational value* in either sort of text-book.

(d) The debauchery of the mind which comes of exciting other desires to do the work of the inherent and fully adequate desire of knowledge.

(e) In elementary schools, the dependence upon apparatus and illustrative appliances which have a paralyzing effect on the mind.

But an ounce of example is worth a ton of precept. For the last twelve years we have tried the plan of bringing children up on *Books* and *Things*. No doubt, both in the *Parents' Review School* and in the Training College we know the taste of—

“the sharp ingredient of a bad success,”

but, on the whole, the results are pleasing. The *average* child studies with “delight.” We do not say he will remember all he knows, but, to use a phrase of Jane Austen’s, he will have his “imagination warmed” in many regions of knowledge. Our plan is a mere dipping in Jordan which the heuristic teacher may well despise, but it answers; and the methods we describe are so easy and simple that any intelligent person may take them up.

Will you be so very kind as to understand that what follows is *in praise of Books* as instruments of education, and not at all in praise of our particular use of books.

Here are a few extracts from letters showing that children find that “studies serve for delight and for ability.” Letters come too which show that the children’s studies are for “ornament”; how admiring elders are amazed, “that one small head should carry all he knew,” but this particular use of studies we keep in the back-ground.

Mrs. A. writes:—

“We love our work more and more, and this excellent régime has turned a burden into a pleasure. I told the little girls I was writing to you, and they asked me to send you their love, and say how they loved their lessons now, especially the geography books, which I believe are to be taken away with them when they go for their summer holiday to the east coast, in order to study them when passing through the different counties.”

Mrs. B.:—

“*Westminster Abbey* is delightfully suggestive, and I was agreeably surprised to find that L. and I. (7 and 6) could take in enough, to make a strong impression, of Mrs. Browning’s *Cry of the Children* and Lord Tennyson’s *Siege of Lucknow*. They are not likely to forget Lord Shaftesbury and Lord Lawrence.

“L. is charmed with *Tanglewood Tales* and *St. Paul’s Cathedral*; he learnt *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *con amore*, after reading it. Of all his lessons I think perhaps he most looks forward to geography, and *The Cruise of the Seagull* is quite a joy, indeed I do not know that he finds a single lesson ‘dry,’ and already he is getting keen about ‘what we are to do next.’”

Mrs. C. :—

"K. (aged 8) has taken to Latin and thinks it delightful; he finds it everywhere, especially in his Prayer book, Psalms, etc., so it is another 'open door' of interest."

Mrs. D. :—

"I am glad to say K. (9) has really worked well this term, and he says he thinks he has never enjoyed his lessons so much before, because he likes his present books so much."

Mrs. E. :—

"It may interest you to know that E. has done so well at school during his first term, and everyone thinks him so well trained. He is most intelligent and observant, which I attribute entirely to the *early* teaching of Nature Lore on P.N.E.U. lines. My eldest girl, who commenced at a much later age, has benefitted least from the Nature training."

Mrs. F. :—

"I heard from a lady, with whom my children (9 and 6) are staying, to-day. This extract from her note may interest you :—'The girls seem more interested in their studies and 'observations' than in any game. This method of education certainly attracts and interests the children. Lessons are what they love.'"

Mrs. G. :—

"I find all my children (12, 10 and 9) can put their ideas on paper so well and fully, which is a great gain, and their observation has been so wonderfully developed."

Mrs. H. :—

"You will be glad to hear that W. (15, Class IV.) has taken a good position (having had an entrance exam.) in the school to which she is going; she is placed in the upper fifth form. K. (10, Class II.) too is doing well at school."

Mrs. I. :—

"You will be glad to hear that the two elder boys (14 and 11) have just taken scholarships at the Grammar School. We are very pleased. R. has the second for boys under 16, and R. the first for boys under 12."

Mrs. J. :—

"I find in going on what a good foundation we have been laying in the past."

Mrs. K. :—

"T., whom we had never thought quick, and who was very delicate, was said to be clever and very well prepared when he went to school."

L. (pupil, aged 13) writes :—

"We have been so very excited about the examinations, in geography M. wanted the *Alhambra*, and I wanted the *Province of Andalusia*, and we each got our wish. We also like English History, and we are very pleased to think we are going to have the *Faerie Queene*, by Edmund Spenser, and the *Fortunes of Nigel* next term. French History questions were extremely nice. I liked writing about the Edict of Nantes."

Mrs. N. writes from Jamaica :—

"Scott's novels have taken R.'s fancy from his reading of *The Abbot* and *Kenilworth*. He devours all kinds of books and digests them too."

Miss O. :—

"What an extremely nice book Arnold-Forster's English History is! I often find the girls reading it like a story book."

Miss P. :—

"L. (Class III., aged 12) told me she loved *Eminent Women* and French History, but that there was never enough set of the nice things. She is also delighted with the portion set in *Animal Sketches* (by Professor Lloyd-Morgan), and we are able to make use of the Zoo for these lessons. Perhaps her chief affection lies in handicrafts, she makes baskets very nicely, and draws exceedingly well."

Miss Q. :—

"Some time ago now—it was when we first started a Class IV., I think—it struck me that it would be very nice if the girls spent some of their pocket money in getting say *one* book mentioned in IV. programme for themselves—there are such fascinating editions of nearly all standard works now, from 2s. to 2s. 6d. I thought that once the girls felt they were forming little libraries of their own, which would last them all their lives, it would give them greater enthusiasm, and lead to a great love of good literature. I told the girls in Class IV. my plan, and suggested that we should each begin to build our libraries at once. The girls *all* took up the idea most enthusiastically, and now they are not satisfied with getting one book *only* a term—in fact, I have to restrain them a little. One of my Class IV. girls has now 12 books in her library. They are :—*English History* (Green), *French Revolution* (Carlyle), *Real Siberia* (John F. Fraser), *Pride and Prejudice* (J. Austen), *The Antiquary* (Scott), *The Virginians* (Thackeray), *Childe Harold* (Byron), *Peveril of the Peak* (Scott), *Tale of Two Cities* (Dickens), *Life of Burns* (Carlyle), *Alton Locke* (Kingsley), *Sylvia's Lovers* (Mrs. Gaskell).

"S. C., who left last term, would have more books in her library, I think, as she started sooner, and I am sending her the list of this term's books too, at her particular request. P. R. is anxious to go on with her reading, so I am keeping her posted as to our literature too. I only allowed Class IV. to get their books at first, and the others looked on it as a privilege which they would be allowed to have one day. However, two terms ago—as it had answered so well in Class IV.—I thought Class III. might begin. They only get one book a term. C. R. has four books :—*Ivanhoe* (Sir Walter Scott), *Red Gauntlet* (Sir Walter Scott), *Barnaby Rudge* (Dickens), *Faery Queene* (Spenser). The children in this class read aloud to me every week, during reading time, and then I give them two or three chapters to read to themselves at home, before the next class comes round. They *love* it. One or two didn't appreciate Scott at first, but I think are beginning to really enjoy him now. It has been an interesting experiment, and it has answered so far most successfully, I

think. It is quite delightful at the beginning of a term to see the girls' excitement as to what new books they will be able to add to their libraries. I find, too, that some of the girls like to get books of travel. Miss M., for her geography lessons, invests in some really good books for her private use, and reads extracts to the girls. *Real Siberia*, which you will see mentioned in the first list, was a result of this."

As the *Parents' Review* School exists to carry out the principles we have considered, you will, I know, kindly understand that in exemplifying the work of the school I am trying to illustrate and enforce principles which every intelligent teacher could carry into effect.

Children may not enter under six. We think the first six years of life are wanted for physical growth and the self-education children carry on with little ordered aid. By the way, have Infant Schools (Kindergarten and other) anything to do with the physical deterioration we are lamenting over as a nation? It is worth while to notice that in Germany, where such schools are rather the fad of the few than the institution of the many, there is no such deterioration to lament.

The child of six goes into Class Ia.; he works for  $2\frac{1}{2}$  hours a day, but half-an-hour out of this time is spent in drill and games. Including drill, he has thirteen subjects of study, for which sixteen books are used. He recites hymns, poems and Bible verses, works from Messrs. Sonnenschein & Nesbitt's *A B C Arithmetic*, sings French and English songs, begins Mrs. Curwen's *Child Pianist*, learns to write and to print, learns to read (we have our own method, but find Miss Yonge's *Happy Reader* very successful), learns French by the Gouin method (and is quick to take it up), does brush-drawing and various handicrafts. All these things he does with joy, but they are not things which can be illustrated here. Besides, he does Bible lessons, tales, natural history and geography from appointed books and his own observation.

Our plan in each of these subjects is to read him the passage for the lesson (a good long passage), talk about it a little, avoiding explanation, and then let him narrate what has been read. This he does very well and with pleasure, and is often happy in catching the style as well as the words of the author.

Certain pages, say 40 or 50, from each of the children's

books are appointed for a term's reading. At the end of the term an examination paper is sent out containing one or two questions on each book. Here are a few of the answers. The children in the two first classes narrate their answers, which someone writes from their dictation.

*Q.* Tell the Story of Naaman.

*A.* (aged 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ ):—

"Naaman had something the matter with him, and his master sent a letter to the King of Israel, and the king was very unhappy and did not know what to do because he thought that he wanted to come and fight against him, and he rent his clothes. And he said, 'I can't cure him,' so he sent him to Elisha, and he told him to take a lot of presents and a lot of things with him. And when Naaman came to Elisha's door, Elisha sent Gehazi to tell him to dip himself seven times in the waters of Jordan, and he said to himself, 'I surely thought he would have come out, and I thought a lot of people would come and make a fuss'; and he went back in a rage. And his servant said to him, 'Why didn't you go?' And he said, 'My rivers are much the best.' So his servants said, 'If he had asked you to do some great thing, wouldst thou have done it?' So he went and dipped himself seven times in the water, and when he came out he was quite all right again. And when he was coming home they saw Gehazi coming, so Naaman told them to stop the horses, and so they stopped, and Gehazi said, 'There are some people come to see me, please give me some money and some cloaks,' and they were very heavy, so Naaman sent some of his men to carry them, and when he came near the house he said to the servants, 'You can go now.' Elisha said, 'Because you have done this you shall have the leprosy that Naaman had.'"

*Q.* Tell a fairy story.

*B.* (aged 6 $\frac{3}{4}$ ):—

"When Ulysses was coming back from Troy he passed the Sirens. He could hear them, but he couldn't get to them because he was bound. He wanted to get to them so as he could listen to them a long time, because a lot of people had come and listened to them, and they found it so beautiful that they wanted to stay there, and they stayed there till they died. His companions couldn't hear them because they stopped up their ears with wax and cotton wool. And this was the song they sang:—

'Hither, come hither and harken awhile,  
Odysseus far-famed king,  
No sailor has ever passed this way  
But has paused to hear us sing.  
Our song is sweeter than honey,  
And he that hears it knows  
What he never learnt from another,  
And his joy before he goes.  
We know what the heroes bore at Troy  
In the ten long years of strife,  
We know what happened in all the world,  
And the secret things of life.'

And then they rowed on till at last the song faded away, and they rowed on and on for a long time, and then when they couldn't hear them nor see them, the wax was taken out of their ears, and then they unbound Ulysses."

*Q.* What have you noticed yourself about a spider?

*C.* (aged 7 $\frac{3}{4}$ ):—

"We have found out the name of one spider, and often have seen spiders under the microscope—they were all very hairy. We have often noticed a lot of spiders running about the ground—quantities. Last term we saw a spider's web up in the corner of the window with a spider sucking out the juice of a fly; and we have often touched a web to try and make the spider come out, and we never could, because she saw it wasn't a fly, before she came out.

"I saw the claw of a spider under the microscope, with its little teeth; we saw her spinnerets and her great eyes. There were the two big eyes in one row, four little ones in the next row, and two little ones in the next row. We have often found eggs of the spiders; we have some now that we have got in a little box, and we want to hatch them out, so we have put them on the mantelpiece to force them.

"Once we saw a spider on a leaf and we tried to catch it, but we couldn't: he immediately let himself down on to the ground with a thread.

"We saw the circulation in the leg of another spider under the microscope: it looked like a little line going up and down."

*Q.* Gather three sorts of tree leaf-bud and two sorts of catkin and tell all you can about them.

*D.* (aged 6):—

(1) "The chestnut bud is brown and sticky, it is a sort of cotton-woolly with the leaves inside. It splits open and sends out two leaves, and the leaves split open.

(2) "The oak twig has always a lot of buds on the top, and one bud always dies. Where the buds start there is a little bit of knot-wood. The oak bud is very tiny.

(3) "The lime bud has a green side and a red side, and then it bursts open and several little leaves come out and all the little things that shut up the leaves die away.

(4) "Golden catkins and silver pussy palms of a willow tree. The golden catkins have stamens with all the pollen on them. They grow upwards and two never grow opposite to each other. The silver pussy palms have seed boxes with a little tube growing out and a little sticky knob on the top. The bees rub the pollen off their backs on to the sticky knob."

*Q.* Tell about the North-West Passage. (Book studied, *The World at Home.*)

*E.* (aged 7):—

"People in England are very fond of finding things out, and they wanted to find out the North-west Passage. If people wanted to go to the Pacific

Ocean, they had to go round Africa by the Cape of Good Hope or else round South America by Cape Horn. This was a very long way. They thought they might find out a shorter way by going along the North Coast of America, and they would come out in the Pacific Ocean. They would call this way the North-west Passage. First one man and then another tried to find a way. They found a lot of straits and bays which they called after themselves. The enemy they met which made them turn back was the cold. It was in the frozen zone, and the sea was all ice, and the ice lumps were as big as mountains, and when they came against a ship they crashed it to pieces. Once a man named Captain Franklin tried over and over again to find the North-west Passage, and once he went and never came back again, for he got stuck fast in the ice, and the ice did not break, and he had not much food with him, and what he had was soon eaten up, and he could not get any more, for all the animals in that country had gone away, for it was winter, and he could not wait for the summer when they would return. A ship went out from England called the 'Fox,' to look for him, but all they found was a boat, a Bible, a watch, and a pair of slippers near each other. After looking a lot they found the North-west Passage, but because there is so much ice there the ships can't use it."

In Class Ib., the children are usually between seven and eight but may be nine. They have fifteen subjects (about twenty-three books). The subjects which do not lend themselves to illustration are a continuation of the work in Class Ia. But now the children can usually read; when they cannot, they go on with Part II. of Miss Yonge's *Happy Reader*, but should also read some, at any rate, of their books for *History*, *Geography*, *Tales*. In Class Ib., the children narrate their lessons as in Ia., and, also, their answers to the examination questions. They appear to enjoy doing this; indeed, the examination which comes at the end of each term is a pleasure; the only difficulty is that small children want to go on "telling." Their words are taken down literally. You will no doubt be struck by the correctness and copiousness of the language the children use, but everyone knows that young children delight in words, and surprise their elders by their free and correct use of "dictionary" words. The narratives are always much condensed, and each subject, "St. Patrick" for example, is one item taken from the term's reading in that subject. You will notice the *verve* with which the children tell the tale, the orderly sequence of events, the correctness and fulness of detail, the accuracy of names. These things are natural to children until they are schooled out of them.



Q. Tell all you know about St Patrick. (Book studied, *Old Tales from British History*.)

A. (aged 7) :—

“St. Patrick was the son of a Scotch farming clergyman, and one day some Irish pirates came and took Patrick with them to make him a slave, and they sold him to an Irish nobleman. And the Irish nobleman made him a shepherd to take care of his flocks, and shepherds have a lot of time to think when they are out guarding their flocks by night. And Patrick was very sorry that the poor Irish were heathens. One day he slipped off and got into a boat with some sailors, and after a great adventure, for their food ran short, they arrived safely in Scotland. And Patrick was still thinking about the Irish, so he went off in a boat of his own, with a few followers, to Ireland. A shepherd saw them coming, and told his master pirates were coming. So he armed his servants and went down to meet the pirates, but when he heard the errand they were on he offered them to come into his house. Now Patrick settled in Ireland, but some heathen priests rose up against him, and a wise man said, ‘What is the good of killing him? Other Irish people are now Christians, and they will teach too.’ So he saved his life. And Patrick gave him the book of Psalms, written by his own hand. One day Patrick asked a rich man if he might have a little plot of land on top of a hill, but the rich man refused him, but gave him a little plot of land at the bottom of the hill. And there Patrick built a church, and a house for himself and servants to live in. Then the rich man got ill, and was just about to die, but got better, but as he thought Patrick was like a wizard, who could foretell his fortune, he thought he’d better try and please him. So he sent him a brass cauldron, enough to hold one whole sheep, and Patrick said, ‘I thank your master.’ The rich man was angry, as he expected something in return, so he sent for the cauldron back again, and Patrick said, ‘I thank your master.’ So the rich man was ashamed, and brought back the cauldron, and said he could have the little plot of land on top of the hill. So they went to measure it. Then a roe-deer dashed out of the thicket, but left her fawn behind her, and the men were going to kill the fawn, but Patrick took it up and carried it down the hill; the mother followed, for she saw he was doing no harm to it. On that place he built a fine church, which is still standing. And Patrick died on a journey, and was buried at a place called Downpatrick after him.”

Q. Tell what you know about Alfred Tennyson. (Book studied, Mrs. Frewen Lord’s *Tales from Westminster Abbey*.)

B. (aged 7½) :—

“Alfred Tennyson was born in 1809, and he loved the country very much. One Sunday when they were going out to chapel, except Alfred Tennyson as he was very young, his brother Charles gave him his slate to write about birds and flowers, and when they came back he had filled his slate with his first poem. He and his brother used to make up stories that sometimes

lasted a month. He was very shortsighted, and when he was looking at anything it looked as if he were smelling it. He had good ears, for he could hear the shriek of a bat. Alfred Tennyson wrote *The Revenge* and *The Siege of Lucknow*, and Sir John Franklin's poem :—

‘Not here; the white North hath thy bones  
And thou, heroic sailor soul,  
Art passing on thy happier voyage now,  
Toward no earthly pole.’

And he also wrote *The May Queen*, and *Cradle Song*. Because his poetry was so good the Queen gave him a name and knighted him. He says that if you tread on a daisy it will turn up and get red. He was 83 years old when he died—the year he died in was 1892. We was buried in Westminster Abbey, in Poets' Corner.”

*Q.* What is a hero? What hero have you heard of? Tell about him.

*C.* (aged 7) :—

“(1) A hero is a brave man. (2) Count Roland, Huon of Bordeaux, the Horatii and Curatii. (3) Once there was a brave Emperor called Charlemagne, and he was fighting with the heathen King of Saragossa. Just a wee bit of land was left to the heathen king, so he sent a messenger to speak about peace. They pretended that they would have peace, so they went back to Charlemagne and asked him to leave Roland behind to take charge of the mountain passes. So Charlemagne said that he would leave Roland behind because there was none so brave as him, so that when Charlemagne had turned his army they should come in great numbers to fight against Roland. And Roland stayed behind with twenty thousand men, and Oliver heard a great noise by the side of Spain, and then Oliver climbed on a pine tree, and he saw the arms glimmering and the spears shining, and then he said to Roland that there were a full hundred thousand, and that they just had so few, and that it was much better to sound his horn and Charlemagne will turn his army. Roland said he would be mad if he did that. Oliver said again to sound his horn, and Roland said he would lose his fame in France if he did it. Then Oliver said again, ‘Friend Roland, sound thy horn and Charles will hear it and turn his army.’ Then all the mountain passes were full of the enemies, and when they came nearer they fought, and they fought, and they fought, and at last the Christians were falling too, and when there were only sixty left he blew his horn. Charlemagne heard it and said he must go, and Ganelon said he was just pretending, but then Charlemagne heard it fainter, and knew that it was true that he must go, and then fainter again, but Charlemagne was nearer and so heard it better. And Roland said, ‘Ride as fast as you can for many men have been killed, and there are few left.’ Then Charlemagne bade his men sound their horns, so that they knew that help was near, and then the heathen fled away. There were just the two left, Roland and the Archbishop, and Roland said to the Archbishop that he would try to fetch the dead bodies of the braver soldiers. Then the Archbishop said to Roland, ‘Quick, before I die.’ Then Roland went and brought them before

the Archbishop and laid them down there. Then he went and searched the field again, and under a pine tree he found Oliver's body, then he brought it too and laid it in front of the Archbishop. Then Roland fainted to the ground, then the Archbishop tried to bring some water for Roland, and he fell down and died. Then Roland put the hands over the chest of the Archbishop, then he prayed to God to give him a place in Paradise, and then he said that the field was his. Before he died he put his sword and his ivory horn under him, and laid himself down on the ground, so that Charlemagne, when he came, would know that he was the conqueror. And God sent St. Michael and another saint to fetch his soul up to heaven."

I have said one has to be up to children in the choice of books. For some time I have been trying to get children to take kindly to Mrs. Bray's *Elements of Morality*, which seems to me in some ways a capital little book. But, no; this is the sort of stuff that comes of it, as near an approach to a "howler" as these sensible young people ever produce.

Q. What is a duty? Mention some of the duties of children. (Book studied, Mrs. Bray's *Elements of Morality*.)

D. (aged  $7\frac{1}{2}$ ):—

"Duty is doing what one is meant to do. Nobody is meant to do wrong but one is born to do right, but they can't help being naughty. Nobody is perfect as a matter of fact. It is your duty to do as you are told. Grown-up people have to tell children to do as they are told. *Duties of Children*.—To do as they are told, *not* to do as we are not told to do; to obey the laws of the Queen; to obey the grown-up people, as the grown-up people know best; to tell the right stories when they are doing their examinations; to obey the teacher's rules; to obey God's rules *above all*, and the Queen's rules just below it."

Q. Gather three sorts of tree leaf-bud and two sorts of catkin and tell all you can about them.

E. (a cottage child aged 9):—

"*Beech Twig*.—It has rather a woody stalk, and it is a very light grey-brown stalk, and it is very thin, and the little branches that grow out are light brown, and it is thicker where the buds are and it is a lighter brown up at the top than it is at the bottom, and the buds are a light red-brown and very pointed, and they are scaly. The bark is rather rough and there is a lot of little kind of brown spots on it.

"*Lime Twig*.—It is called Ruby-budded Lime because the buds are red, and they are fat rather, and they have got some green in as well, and they come rather to a point at the top, they grow alternately and the little stalk that they grow out of is red-brown, and the top part of the stalk is green, and it is woody, and it is rough, and it is a red-brown at the bottom. Where the buds come out it is swelled out, the bark has

come off and it has left it white and woody. At the top of one of the stalks the bud has come off.

"*Sycamore Twig*.—Well, the bark is *very* woody and it is a brown stalk and it is rough and there is a little weeny bud growing out of the side, and the buds grow out two and two, and there are a lot of little buds.

"*Willow*.—Well, the stalk is a dark brown, and it is very smooth and it will bend very easily, and the buds when first they come on the stalk are little brown ones, and then a silvery green comes out and there is a scale at the bottom, and then they get greyer and bigger with little green leaves at the bottom, and then it comes yellow, and there is a lot of pollen on it. If you touch it the pollen comes on your finger.

"*Hazel*.—Well, the stalk is a dark-brown, something the colour of the willow, and it bends easily, and the buds are green and there is little scales, and then the catkins come and they grow very long, and there is a lot of little flowers in one, and there is pollen in that, and the stalk is rather rough, and there are some big buds at the top just bursting, and the leaves are coming out, and the buds are very soft and glossy, and the scales are at the bottom."

Q. What have you noticed about a thrush? Tell all you know about it.

F. (aged 8):—

"Thrushes are brownish birds. They eat snails, and they take the snail up in their mouths and knock it against a stone to break the shell and eat the snail. I found a stone with a lot of bits of shell round it, so knew that a thrush had been there. Where we used to live a thrush used to sing every morning on the same tree. The song of the thrush is like a nightingale. We often see a lot of thrushes on the lawn before breakfast or after a shower. They have yellow beaks and their breasts are specked with lovely yellow and brown. Once we found a thrush asleep on a sponge in a bedroom and we carried it out and put it on a tree. Thrushes eat worms as well as snails, and on the lawn they listen with their heads on one side and go along as the worm gets under the ground, and presently, perhaps, the worm comes up and they gobble it up, or they put their beaks in and get it. Thrushes build their nests with sticks at the bottom and line them with little bits of wool they pick up, or feathers, and they like to get down very much."

In Class II. the children are between nine and twelve, though seldom over eleven. They have twenty-one subjects and about twenty-five books are used. They work from 9-12 each day, with half-an-hour's interval for games and drill. French is still studied on the Gouin system. Hall's *Child's First Latin Book* is used for Latin. German is set, but is optional. In music they continue the *Child Pianist* method and Tonic Sol-Fa, and learn French, German (optional)

and English songs. But there is not time to give details of our methods, and we must content ourselves with illustrations from seven of the subjects on the programme. Children in Class II. write, or dictate, or write a part and dictate a part of their examination answers according to their age. The examination lasts for a week and to write the whole of their work would be fatiguing at this stage. The plan followed is that the examination in each subject shall be done in the times for that subject on the time-table.

Of Greek and Roman History, I should like to say a word. Plutarch's *Lives* are read in Classes II. and III., and as children are usually five years in these two classes, they may read some fifteen of these *Lives*, which, I think, stand alone in literature as teaching that a man is part of the State, that his business is to be of service to the State, but that the value of his service depends upon his personal character. The *Lives* are read to the children almost without comment, but with necessary omissions. Proper names are written on the blackboard, and then the children narrate what they have listened to. The English History book used in Classes II. and III. is extremely popular; it is Mr. Arnold-Forster's (of about 800 pages), and is a serious, manly and statesmanlike treatment of English History, shirking no difficulty; and in no case is there any writing down to the children. Mrs. Creighton's *First History of France* is also a favourite, though I should have thought there was hardly enough detail to make it so. Contemporary periods of English and French History are studied. For Natural History, Miss Buckley's *Fairyland of Science* and *Life and Her Children*, Mrs. Brightwen's books, etc., give scientific information and excite intelligent curiosity; but out-of-door Nature study lays the foundation for science. The handiworks for Class II. are such as cardboard sloyd, clay modelling, needlework, gardening, etc. These are done out of school hours.

Q. "Ah! Pericles, those that have need of a lamp, take care to supply it with oil." Who said this? Tell the story. Book studied, Plutarch's *Lives: Pericles*.

D. (aged 11½), answer dictated:—

"Anaxagoras, the philosopher, said these words to Pericles.

"Pericles was the ruler of Athens, and Anaxagoras had taught him when a boy. Being ruler of Athens, he led a very busy life, attending to the affairs of state, and so was not able to give much time to his household

affairs. Once a year he collected his money and could only manage his income by giving out an allowance to each member of his family and household every day: this was done by Evangelus, his steward. Anaxagoras thought this a very wrong way of arranging matters, and said that Pericles paid too much heed to bodily affairs, because he thought you ought to mind only about philosophy and spiritual doings and not about the affairs of the world. To give an example to Pericles he gave up all his household and tried to live entirely on philosophy. But he soon found his mistake when he found himself starving and penniless, with no house. So he covered his head up and prepared to die. Pericles, hearing of this, went immediately to his rescue and begged him to live; not because he thought death a misfortune, but that he said, 'What shall I do without your help in the affairs of state?' And then Anaxagoras uttered the words which are above, meaning, of course (though putting it in a clever way), that Pericles was to keep him. On the other hand he might have meant that he had been mistaken in his philosophy."

Q. Tell the history of "F.D." on a penny. Book studied, Arnold-Forster's *History of England*.

C. (aged 10), answer written by child:—

"The letters 'F.D.' stand for the Latin words, *Fidei Defensor*, meaning 'The Defender of the Faith.' Henry VIII. had a little while ago written a book on the Pope (who was Clement VII.) saying that the Pope was the true head of the Church, and everyone ought to obey him. The Pope was so pleased that he made Henry *Fidei Defensor*. It must be remembered that the king had married his brother Arthur's\* widow, a Spanish princess, namely, Catherine of Aragon (*sic*), and as they had no son, Henry wished to divorce her, but the Pope would not allow him to, as he had given Henry special leave (*sic*) to marry her. At this Henry was furious, and began to think about the Pope's words, 'Defender of the Faith.' He would not act as he thought till someone suggested it. Soon two men, called Cromwell and Cranmer, came forward, telling the king to take the Pope's words not as he meant them, but as they really were, but as they stood. The king was delighted, and made Cranmer a bishop and Cromwell his wisest counsellor.\* In 1534 Parliament\* was called upon to declare Henry head of the church. All said he was, except two men, Sir Thomas More and Fisher, bishop of Rochester; these would not agree, and were executed in 1535. If we look on a penny we see the letters 'F.D.' which shows from the reign of Henry VIII. till now the Pope has not been allowed to interfere with England. In order to spite the Pope, Henry allowed the Lutherans and learned men to come into England."

Q. What did you see in the Seagull sailing up the Firth of Forth? (Book studied, *London Geographical Reader*, Book II.)

G. (aged 9), answer dictated:—

"In sailing up the Forth we first of all see Leith which is the seaport town of Edinburgh. Then we come to Edinburgh. The old and new Edinburghs

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\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

are built on opposite hills, the valley in between is laid out in lovely gardens. One thing very odd about Edinburgh is that the streets look as if they are built one on top of the other. At one end of the town there is a castle which looks so like the rocks and mountains it is built on, one can hardly distinguish it. At the other end of the town there is Holyrood where the ancient kings used to live. We do not see many merchantmen because there are no good harbours, there are a good many fishing smacks and pleasure boats. As we go along we see women with big baskets with a strap across their foreheads and they are calling out 'caller herrings.'

Q. "And Jonathan loved him as his own soul." Of whom was this said? Tell a story of Jonathan's love.

E. (aged 9), answer dictated:—

"This was said of David. Saul's anger was kindled against David; and Jonathan and David were talking together, and Jonathan had been telling David that he would do anything for him, and David said, 'Tomorrow is the feast of a new moon, and Saul will expect me to sit with him at table; therefore say, "David earnestly asked leave of me to go to Bethlehem, his city, where there is a sacrifice of his family." If Saul is angry, then I shall know that he would kill me, but if he is not angry, it will be all right.' Jonathan said, 'So shall it be, but it will not be safe for anybody to know anything about it; come into the field and I will tell you what to do. Thou shalt remain hidden by the stone, and I will bring a lad and my arrows and bow, and I will shoot an arrow as if firing at a target; and if I say, "Run," to the lad, "is not the arrow beyond thee, go fetch it," then thou shalt know that thou must flee from Saul.' David's seat was empty at the feast that night, but Saul said nothing. But the next day his seat was empty, and when Saul asked why, Jonathan told him what David had asked him to say. And Saul's anger was kindled, so much so that Jonathan feasted not that day, for he was grieved; and next morning he went out with his bow and arrows, and the lad, and shot an arrow as if at a mark. Then Jonathan said to the lad, 'Run, is not the arrow beyond thee? haste.' Then Jonathan gave his artillery unto the lad and sent him back to the city; and David came out of his hiding-place, and they made a covenant together, for Jonathan loved him as his own soul. Then David had to flee to Naioth in Ramah, and Jonathan went back to the city."

Q. What do you know of Richelieu? (Book studied, Mrs. Creighton's *First History of France*.)

E. (aged 10), answer partly written, partly dictated:—

"Cardinal Richeleu (*sic*) was brought to the French Court by the Queen mother, who thought he would do as she wished, but she was mistaken, for he no sooner was there than he turned against her, for Louse (*sic*) took him into his favour and made him Prime Minister after he had been there a few weeks. Richeleu (*sic*) was a devoted Catholic, and was determined to put down the Huguenots (*sic*), or Protestants as we call them, so he laid siege to La Rochelle, the chief town of the Huguenots (*sic*), who applied to the English for help. Charles sent a fleet to La Rochelle under pretence of helping the

Huguenots\*\* (*sic*), but Admiral Pennington, who was in the command of the ships, received orders when half way down the channel to take in French soldiers and sailors at Calais and to go to the French side. When Admiral Pennington ordered the ships to take in the soldiers, his men mutinied and he had to go back. Richelieu had thrown up earthworks across the harbour so that it was impossible to get in. Now Rochelle held out bravely, but at last it had to surrender, and out of 40,000, 140 crawled out, too weak to bury the dead in the streets. La Rochelle was razed to the ground, and never recovered its prosperity. One by one the Huguenot towns surrendered, and thus the Huguenots were destroyed. When Richelieu was made Prime Minister the nobles did not like him because they thought he had too much power, and now when Louis was ill, the Queen mother came to him, and in a stormy passion of tears begged Louis to send away his ungrateful servant. Louis promised he would do so, and Richelieu's fall seemed certain. Now all the nobles crowded to the Queen mother to pay their respects to her, as they thought she would now be the most important person in the government. But one noble, who was wiser than the rest, went to Richelieu and begged to plead his cause before the king. The king promised he would keep him if he would serve him as he had done before. The Queen mother was foiled, and returned to Brussels, where she died."

Q. What towns, rivers and castles would you see in travelling about Warwickshire? (Book studied, *Geographical Reader*, Book III.)

B. (aged 9½), answer dictated:—

"Warwick, Kenilworth, Coventry, Stratford, Leamington and Birmingham are all towns which you would see if you travelled through Warwick.

"The Avon stretches from north to south of Warwickshire. It has its tributary, the Leam, upon which Leamington is situated.

"There is the castle of Warwick and Coventry and Kenilworth.

"Warwick is the capital of the county. It has a famous castle, whose high and lofty towers stand up on the bank of the river Avon.

"Coventry is a very old town. It also has a beautiful castle, where the fair Lady Godiva and her father used to live, about whom I suppose you have read.

"Stratford is called 'The Swan on the Avon,' because that is where Shakespeare, the great poet, was born and died, and this is a little piece of poetry about him:—

Where his first infant lays sweet Shakespeare sung,  
Where the last accents faltered on his tongue.'

"The river Avon takes its rise in the vale of Evesham, then winds through pleasant fields and meadows, till it comes to the south of Warwickshire, and then it becomes broad and stately and flows on up to Coventry, where the Leam branches off from it (!), and then it becomes narrower and narrower until it gets out of Warwickshire and stops altogether at Naseby."

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\*\* After this the answer was dictated.



Q. How many kinds of bees are there in a hive? What work does each do? Tell how they build the comb. (Book studied, *Fairyland of Science*.)

F. (aged 10), answer dictated :—

“Three kinds. The *drones*, or males, the *workers*, or females, and the *queen* bee. The drone is fat, the queen is long and thin, the workers are small and slim. The queen bee lays the eggs, the worker bee brings the honey in and makes the cell, and the drones wait to be fed. On a summer's day you see something hanging on a tree like a plum pudding, this is a swarm of bees. You will soon see someone come up with a hive, turn it upside down, shake the bough gently, and they will fall in. They will put some clean calico quickly over the bottom of the hive and turn it back over on a bench. The bees first close up every little hole in the hive with wax, then they hang on to the roof, clinging on to one another by their legs. Then one comes away and scrapes some wax from under its body, and bites it in its mouth until it is pulled out like ribbon, this she plasters on the roof of the hive, then she flies out to get honey, and comes home to digest it, hanging from the roof, and in 24 hours this digested honey turns to wax, then she goes through the same process again. Next, the nursing bees come and poke their heads into this wax, bite the wax away (20 bees do this before one hole is ready to make a cell). Other bees are working on the other side at the same time. Each cell is made six-sided, so as to take up the least wax and smallest space. When the cells are made the bees come in with honey in their honey-bag or first stomach; they can easily pass the honey back through their mouths into the cells. It takes many bees to fill one cell, so they are hard at work.”

Composition on “The Opening of Parliament.”

G. (aged 9), written by child :—

“The opening of Parliament by King Edward VII. and Queen Alexandra (*sic*) was rather grand. First, they drove to the Houses of Parliament in a grand state carriage which had been used by George III., and then when they got there they had to robe in a certain room in great big robes, all edged with ermine fur and with huge trains. Queen Alexandra had an evening dress on, and King Edward a very nice kingly sort of suit (which was nearly covered up by his robes), and then they walked along to the real Houses of Parliament where the members really sit. Then the king made a speech to open Parliament (*sic*), and other people made speeches too, and everything was done with grandeur and stateliness such as would befit a king. May Parliament long be his!”

In Class III. the range of age is from twelve to fifteen. The subjects are: Bible Lessons; Recitations (Poetry and Bible passages); English Grammar, French, German and Latin, Italian (optional); English, French and Greek History; Singing (French, English and German Songs); Writing, Drill, Dictation, Drawing in Brush and Charcoal; Geography, Natural History, Botany, Physiology; Arithmetic, Inductive

Geometry; Reading. About thirty-five books are used. Time,  $3\frac{1}{2}$  hours a day; half-an-hour as before for drill and games. There is no preparation or home work in any of the classes (bookwork or writing, that is to say).<sup>\*</sup> You will notice that the papers are still written *con amore*, and show a full knowledge and intelligent grasp of the several subjects. Notice, too, that though there are errors in many of the papers, they are not often the mistakes of ignorance or stupidity, nor are they often those of a person who never has understood what he is writing about. "Composition" is not taught as a subject; well-taught children compose as well-bred children behave—by the light of nature; it is probable that few considerable writers have been taught the art of "composition." All the pupils of the *Parents' Review* School do not take all the subjects set in the programmes of the several classes. Sometimes parents have the mistaken notion that the greater the number of subjects the heavier the work; the contrary is the case unless the hours of study are increased. Sometimes, outside lessons in languages, music, etc., interfere; sometimes health will not allow of more than an hour or two of work in the day. The children in the practising school do all the work set, and their work compares satisfactorily with that of the rest, though the classes have the disadvantage of a change of teachers every week.<sup>†</sup> Children in Class III. write the whole of their examination work.

Q. Describe the founding of the Kingdom. What are the laws of the Kingdom?

A. (aged 13):—

"Christ came to found His kingdom. He preached the laws to His people. He taught them to pray for it: 'Thy kingdom come.' And He told His chosen few to 'go and preach the Gospel of the kingdom.' He founded His kingdom in their hearts, and He reigned there. He will still found His kingdom in our hearts. He will come and reign as King. The kingdom was first founded by the sea of Galilee. 'Follow me,' said our Lord to Andrew, and from that moment the kingdom was founded in

<sup>\*</sup> The sort of diagrams with which some of the subjects are illustrated may be seen at the Office, 28, Victoria Street.

<sup>†</sup> Some years ago all the children in the Practising School were drawn from what may be called the elementary school class. They did all the work in the programmes of Classes Ia. and Ib., II. and III. quite as well as it is done by children of another class, and developed many intelligent interests; shewing themselves at the same time industrious and handy at home.

Andrew's heart. Then there were Peter, James, John, Philip, Nathaniel (*sic*), and the kingdom grew. From that moment Christ never stopped His work for the kingdom—preaching and teaching, healing and comforting, proclaiming the laws of the kingdom. 'Think not that I am come to destroy the law or the prophets. I am not come to destroy, but to fulfil.' 'One jot or one tittle shall in no wise pass from the law.' 'Whosoever shall break one of these least commandments, and shall teach men so, the same shall be called the least in the kingdom.' No commandment was to pass from the law, but there was a new commandment, a new law, and that was 'love.' 'Love your enemies.' The Pharisees could not understand it. 'Love your friends and hate your enemies' was their law. But Jesus said, 'Bless them that curse you, and pray for them that despitefully use you.' 'Give, hoping for nothing in return'; and, 'whosoever shall smite thee on one cheek turn to him the other also.' Christ's law is the love which 'suffereth long and is kind . . . seeketh not her own . . . never faileth . . . hopeth all things, endureth all things'; and 'now abideth faith, hope and charity, these three, but the greatest of these is—love.'

Q. Explain "English Funds, Consols  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cents. 113," and give an account of the South Sea Bubble. (Book studied, Arnold-Forster's *History of England*.)

B. (aged 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ ):—

"This means that when the South Sea Company first appeared, the government gave them £113 on condition that the company should give  $2\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., which means £2 15s. on every £100 lent, for a certain number of years. In the reign of George I. the money matters of the country were in a very bad state. The government was very much in debt, especially to those people who had purchased annuities, and had a right to receive a certain sum of money from the government every year as long as they lived. Sir Robert Walpole, who was then Prime Minister, was most anxious to pay off part of this debt. He heard of a company which had just been started, called the South Sea Company, whose object was to trade in the south seas. This was what Walpole wished for. He suggested to them that they should pay off the debt due to the people who had bought annuities, and in return the government would give them some privileges (*sic*) and charts which would be useful to them. This the company agreed to do, but instead of paying the people in money, they gave them what were called 'shares' in the South Sea Company. These shares were supposed to be very valuable, and it was thought that the South Sea Company was really prosperous, and that those who had shares in it would have most enormous profit in the end. Thousands of people came to buy shares, and some of them were so anxious to get them that they spent enormous sums of money on these worthless pieces\* of paper. All was well for a time, but at last the people began to wish for their money instead of the shares, and claimed it loudly from the company. It was then that the bubble burst. It was discovered that the company was quite unable to pay what was due, and that all this time they had been deluding the nation by promises and giving them shares, and that they had never been the rich

\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

and prosperous company they made themselves out to be. Naturally, the most dreadful distress prevailed everywhere, and many were absolutely ruined, so that the government had to help those who were most distressed. At this point Sir Robert Walpole came to the rescue. He made the Bank of England pay some of the debts, and behaved with such cleverness that he saved the country almost from ruin."

Q. What do you know of the States General? (Book studied, Mrs. Creighton's *First History of France*.)

C. (aged 12):—

"The States General met in May, 1789. The people had long wanted reforms, and been talking about them, and now on the 5th of May, 1789, the States General met again for the first time since 1614. If the nobles sat in one house and the people in another, as was the custom, they could never get the changes made. So the people with their leader, the Marquis of Mirabeau, declared that they would not leave the tennis court on which they were standing till it was agreed that they could sit together with the nobles. When Louis XVI. came down in state, and told them they were to sit apart, they said they would not leave their place except at the bayonets (*sic*) point. When he heard this he said, 'Very well, leave them alone.' So they sat together."

Q. Show fully how Aristides acquired the title of "The Just." Why was it a strange title for a man in those days? (Book studied, Plutarch's *Lives: Aristides*).

D. (aged 13½):—

"Aristides acquired the title of 'The Just' by his justice, and because he never did anything unjust in order to become rich or powerful. While many of the judges and chief men in Athens took bribes, he alone always refused to do so, and he also never spent the public money on himself. When, after having defeated the Persians at Plateæ, the Greek States decided to have a standing army, it was Aristides who was sent round to settle how much each town should contribute. And he did this so fairly and well that all the Greek States blessed and praised his arrangement. It is said that Aristides could not only resist (*sic*) the unjust claims of those whom he loved, but also those of his enemies.\* Once when he was judging a quarrel between two men, one of them remarked that the other had often injured Aristides. 'Tell me not that,' was the reply of Aristides, 'but what he has done to thee, for it is thy cause I am judging, not my own.' Another time when he had gone to law himself, and when, after having heard what he had to say, his judges were going to pass sentence\* on his adversary\* without having heard him, Aristides rose and entreated his judges to hear what his enemy could say in his own defence. In all that he did Aristides was inflexibly just, and many stories were told of his justice. Though he loved his country well he would never do anything wrong to gain for Athens some advantage, and in all he did his one aim was justice, and his only ambition to be called 'The Just.' He was so just and good that he was called the 'most just man in Greece.' In the times

\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

in which Aristides lived, men used to care more to be called great, rich, or powerful, than just. Themistocles, the great rival of Aristides, used to do all he could to become the first man in Athens, and rich as well as powerful. He did not hesitate to take bribes, and all he did for the Athenians was done with a view to making himself the head of the people, and the first man in the state. He used often to do unjust as well as cruel things in order to get his own ends. It was the same with most other men who lived at this time, they preferred (*sic*) being rich, powerful, or great, to being distinguished by the title of 'The Just.'"

Q. Describe a journey in Northern Italy. (Book studied, *Geographical Reader*, Book IV.)

E. (aged 12):—

"I am about to go for a tour round the northern part of Italy, and after I have taken a train to Savoy, which is about the south-east of France, I enter into Italy by the Cenis pass, which is very lofty—about 7000 feet above sea level.

"On arriving in Italy, I come into the province of Piedmont, which has three mountain torrents\* or streams running through it. These streams join at Turin, the capital of Piedmont, and form the Po river, which flows out on the east coast of France into the Gulf of Venice. On the banks of the three mountain streams are some Protestants by the name of Waldenses,\* who say they are followers of the disciples\*; but if you ask any outsider, they will say, 'O the Waldenses are followers of a good man by the name of Waldo, who fled out of France in the 12th century.

"We will now go and see Turin, and the first thing we say is, 'What a clean town'; and so it certainly is, for it is quite the cleanest town in Italy, as the people have only to turn on the fountain taps to clean their paved streets. And after we have looked at Alessandria, where Napoleon gained his great victory, we leave Piedmont and follow up the river Po, until we come to its next tributary, the river Ticino, which runs up north into the Lake Maggiore, which is five to six miles wide and about sixty miles in length. This lake has four islands, which are named after Count Borromeo, and so called the Borromeo Islands, which are cultivated like gardens, with terraces (*sic*) for resting places.

"Now let us go to Milan, which is so well known by its beautiful cathedral of white and black marble, which have (*sic*) no less than 4000 sculptures of white marble, with pillars of Egyptian granite. Milan is famous for silks and lace to provide for the numerous palaces.

"We will now go back to the next lake, Lake Como, which is surrounded by mountains, and supposed to be the most beautiful of all lakes. At the south it goes out in a fork, and between the fork is a beautiful piece of land called Bellagia (*sic*).

"The next lake we come to is the Garda, the largest of all the lakes, and then we go on to the smallest of lakes called Lugano.

"We now having visited all the lakes, take a look at Lodi, the famous cheese market in Italy; after which we visit Verona, where Pliny the

\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

naturalist was born, also Paul Veronese. Shakespeare lays the scene of his play, 'Romeo and Juliet,' in Verona. The short time we have we spend at Venice, the queen of the Italian cities (*sic*), with its wonderful canals and the marvellous cathedral of S. Mark's, also the dark, gloomy palace of the Doge."

Q. How are the following seeds dispersed :—birch, pine, dandelion, balsam, broom? Give diagrams. (Book studied, Mrs. Brightwen's *Glimpses into Plant Life*.)

F. (aged 13) :—

"The seeds of the Birch are very small, with two wings, one on each side, so that in a high wind numbers of them are blown on to high places, such as crevices (*sic*) on the face of a rock, or crevices (*sic*) on a church tower, or the tower of an old ruin. They are so light that they are carried a long way.

"The seeds of the Pine are very small, and the veins in the seed are wiggly, so that the seed is curly, which makes it whirl rapidly in the air, and the whirling motion carries it along a little way before it rests on the ground. It has two small wings.

"The seeds of the Dandelion (*sic*) are large, with a kind of silky parachute (*sic*) attached, so that when they fall off they do not fall to the ground, but are carried a little way because the wind catches the under part of the parachute (*sic*). The seed has a little hook at the top of it which prevents it from being pulled out of the ground by the parachute (*sic*) after it is once in.

"The Balsam seed case splits when the seeds are ripe and sends them flying in all directions, so they are far enough dispersed, and need no wings or parachutes (*sic*) to help them.

"The Broom seed case is a carpel, more like that of the sweet pea. When the seeds are ripe the two sides of the carpel split open and curl up like springs and send the seeds flying out, so they are dispersed without needing wings or parachutes."

Q. Describe the tissue of a potato and of a piece of rhubarb (Book studied, Oliver's *Elementary Botany*.)

H. (aged 13) :—

"The tissue of *rhubarb* is *very* fibrous indeed. In fact it is almost entirely made up of vessels. These are cells which have become tubes by the dividing cell-wall being absorbed. These vessels are very beautiful when seen under a microscope, for their walls are all thickened in some way, in order to make them strong enough to bear the weight of the leaf. Some are thickened by a spiral cord, which goes round and round the wall of the vessel. In some vessels this is quite tightly twisted round the wall, that is to say, the rings do not come far apart: in others it is quite loose and far apart. Another kind of thickening is by rings which just go round the tube and are not joined to each other. Other vessels, again, have little knots in them like what there are in birch bark.

"The *potato* tissue is mainly made up of starch, as it is one of the plant's storehouses, and starch is one of the plant's principal foods."

Q. Give a diagram of the eye and explain how we see everything. (Book studied, Dr. Schofield's *Physiology for Schools*.)

G. (aged 13):—

"The eye can be likened to a camera, and the brain to the man behind the camera. The image enters at the hole, passes through the lens, is reflected on the plate, but the camera does not see, it is the man behind the camera who sees. In the same way, the image passes in at the pupil and through the lens, both sides of which are curved, and can be tightened or slackened according to the distance of the image. Then the image passes along the nerve of sight to the two bulbs in the brain which see. If you hold a rounded glass between a sheet of paper and the image at the right distance (for the glass cannot tighten or slacken like our lens), you will see the image reflected upside-down on the paper. This is the way the lens acts. There is a small yellow spot a little below the middle of the back of the eye; here the sight is more acute, and so, though we can see lots of things at one time we can only look at one thing at a time. There is a blind spot where the nerve enters the eye (which shows that the nerve of sight itself is blind), so that some part of every image is lost, like a black dot punched in it. But we are so used to it that we cannot see it."

Q. Describe your favourite scene in *Waverley*.

I. (aged 12½):—

"*A Highland Stag Hunt*.—The Highland chiefs (*sic*) were in various postures: some reclining lazily on their plaids, others stalking up and down conversing with one another, and a few were already seated in position for the sport. MacIvor was talking with another chief (*sic*) as to what the sport would be; but as they talked in Gaelic,\* Edward had no part in the conversation, but sat looking at the scene before him. They were seated on a low hill at the head of a broad valley which narrowed into a small opening or cleft in the hills at the extreme end. It was hemmed in on all sides by hills of various heights. It was through this opening that the beaters were to drive the deer. Already Waverly (*sic*) could hear the distant shouts of the men calling to each other coming nearer and nearer. Soon he could distinguish the antlers of the deer moving towards the opening like a forest of trees stiped (*sic*) of their leaves. The sportsmen prepared themselves to give them a warm reception, and all were ready as the deer entered the valley.

"They looked very ferocious" as they advanced towards where Edward and the chiefs (*sic*) were standing, and seemed as if they were determined to fight: the roes and weaker ones in the centre, and the bulls standing as if on defence. As soon as they came within range, some of the chiefs (*sic*) fired, and two or three deer came down. Waverly (*sic*) also had the good fortune (and also the skill) to bring down a couple and gain the applause (*sic*) of the other sportsmen. But the herd was now charging furiously up the valley towards them. The order was given to lie down, as it was impossible (*sic*) to stem the coming wave of deer; but as it was given in Gaelic,\*

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\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

it conveyed no meaning to Edward's mind, and he remained standing.

"The heard (*sic*) was now not fifty yards from him, and in another minute he would have been trampled to death; but MacIvor, at his own risk, jumped up and literally (*sic*) dragged him to the ground just as the deer reached them. Edward had a sensation as if he was out in a severe hail-storm, but this did not last long.

"When they had passed, and Edward attempted to rise, he found that besides a number of bruises he had also severely\* sprained his ankle (*sic*), and was unable to walk, or even stand. A shelter was soon made for him out of a plaid, in which he was laid; and then MacIvor called the Highland doctor, or herbalist, to attend him. The doctor approached Edward with every sign of humiliation, but before attending to his ankle (*sic*), he insisted upon walking slowly round him several times, in the direction in which the sun goes, muttering at the same time a spell over him as he went, and though Waverly (*sic*) was in great pain he had to submit to this foolery. Waverly (*sic*) saw to his great astonishment that MacIvor believed, or seemed to believe, in the old man's cantations (*sic*). At last, when he had finished his spells, which he seemed to think more necessary\* than the dressing, he drew from his pocket a little packet of herbs, some of which he applied to the sprained ankle (*sic*), and after it had been bound up, Edward felt much relieved. He rewarded the doctor with some money, the value of which seemed to exceed\* his wildest imaginations, for he heaped so many blessings upon the head of Waverly (*sic*), that MacIvor said, 'A hundred thousand curses on you,' whereupon he stopped."

Girls are usually in Class IV. for two or three years, from fourteen or fifteen to seventeen, after which they are ready to specialise. The programme for Class IV. is especially interesting; it adds geology and astronomy to the elementary science already studied, more advanced Algebra to the Mathematics; sets the history of modern Europe instead of French history. The literature, to illustrate the history, includes the reading of a good many books, and the German and French books are set also (when possible) to illustrate the history. All the books (about forty) are of a different calibre from those used in the lower classes; they are books for intelligent students.

I think you will observe that due growth has taken place in the minds of the girls, both as regards judgment and power of appreciation.

Q. For what purpose were priests instituted? (Book studied, Dr. Abbot's *Bible Lessons*.)

A. (aged 15½):—

"The system of the Jewish priesthood was almost entirely symbolical. God ordained it, we believe, to lead the primitive mind of his chosen

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\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).



people onwards and upwards, to the true belief and earthly comprehension of that great Sacrifice, by the grace of which we are all now honoured to become 'kings and priests unto God.' In the earliest times of the patriarchs, there was in every holy and honourable Jewish family some voluntary priest, to offer up the burnt offerings and yearly sacrifices. We have an example of this in Job the patriarch, who, we read, ministered to his family in the capacity of priest of their offerings. In the wilderness, however, God commanded through Moses the foundation of a separate and holy priesthood, to minister in His tabernacle and offer his appointed sacrifices. The tribe of Levi, and the family of Aaron, were set apart for this purpose, and in the building of the tabernacle and the anointing (*sic*) of Aaron and his four sons, the cornerstone was laid to that great building which became a fit dwelling for the presence of God and the heart of Israel, until Christ came to change and lighten the world; and the symbol and the shadow became the truth."

Q. "His power was to assert itself in deeds, not words."

Write a short sketch of the character of Cromwell, discussing the above statement. (Book studied, Green's *Shorter History of the English People*.)

B. (aged 15):—

"Cromwell was no orator. It has been said that if all his speeches were taken and made into a book, it would seem simply a pack of nonsense. In Parliament though, the earnestness with which he spoke attracted attention. His deeds proved his innate power, which could not express itself in words. He may be called the inarticulate man. In his mind, everything was clear, and his various actions proved his purposes and determinations, but in speaking, he simply brought out a hurried volume of words, in the mazes of which one entirely lost the point meant to be implied. Cromwell also was more of an administrator than a statesman, unspeculative and conservative. He was subject to fits of hypochondria, which naturally had some effect on his character. He considered himself a servant of God and acted accordingly. Undoubtedly he was under the conviction that he was carrying out the Lord's will in all he did. He was not in calm moods a bloody man, but when his anger was kindled he would spare no one. At times he would be filled with remorse for the part he had taken in the martyrdom of the king; then, again, he would say it was the just punishment of heaven on Charles. In giving orders his words were curt and to the point, but in making speeches he adopted the phraseology of the Bible, which added to their ambiguity. One would think he was ambitious, for at one time he asked Whitelock, 'What if a man should take upon himself to be king?' evidently having in view the regal power; and yet, according to his own assertion he would rather have returned to his occupation as a farmer, than have undertaken the government of Britain. But in this, as in other acts, he recognised the call of God (as he thought) and obeyed it."

Q. What do you know of The Girondins? (Book studied, Lord's *Modern Europe*.)

C. (aged 17):—

"The Girondins were the perhaps most tolerant and reasonable of the revolutionary parties. They were a body of men who found the government of France under the king more than they could stand, and who were the first to welcome any changes, but were shocked and horrified\* at the dreadful riots and massacres which followed the fall of the throne. Such a party, representing justice and reform could not be popular with the more violent Jacobins and such like clubs. The day came when these latter were in power and all the Girondins were thrown into prison.

"They were all taken from prison before the Court of Justice for trial and placed before the judge, where they sat quite silently; they were one by one condemned to execution, receiving the sentence of death with perfect calmness. Only their leader was seen to fall down; one of his companions leant over him and said: 'What, are *you* afraid?' 'Non,' was the answer, 'Je mours'—he had stabbed himself with his dagger.

"As the Girondins marched back to their cells, condemned to die the next morning, they all sang the 'Marseillaise,' as they had arranged, to tell their fellow-prisoners what the sentence had been. When they reached the prison a splendid supper was placed for them, and they all sat down with great cheerfulness to eat it, none of them showing the least signs of breaking down. Towards morning priests were sent to them, and very early in the day they all marched to the foot of the guillotine, singing as they went. They kept on singing a solemn chant when the executions commenced, which became fainter and fainter as one by one they were beheaded, until all were gone."

Q. What effect have mountain ranges and plains on the countries in which they are situated? Give examples. (Book studied, Geikie's *Physical Geography*.)

D. (aged 16):—

"The distribution of mountains and plains in a country does not only greatly effect (*sic*) the climate and rainfall of a country, but also the length and importance of its rivers. In North America the Rocky Mountains form an axis right down the whole continent in a line from north to south, and the Andes form an even greater line in South America, stretching from north to south parallel to the west coast for a length of 9,000 miles, and forming the axis of the continent. In North America the climate west and east of the Rocky Mountains is very different, while those heights also form the watershed of the country, all the large rivers that rise in them being compelled to flow east. In South America also all the large rivers flow to the east. In nearly every continent there is a watershed or axis of the same sort, formed not necessarily of the highest but of the most continuous range of mountains. This axis

\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*)

is very seldom situated at all near the middle of the continent, far more often it is very much to one side. It does not always form one continuous chain, or run from north to south as in North and South America; in Europe, for example, the axis runs from east to west, and is formed of four ranges—the Caucasus (*sic*), the Carpatians (*sic*), the Alps, and Pyraunes (*sic*). Europe is thus cut into two very unequal parts, the larger half being the great plain north of the axis, where the great rivers are situated. This axis makes the countries to the south of it warmer than they would otherwise have been. In Asia the axis of the country also runs in a north-easterly to a south-westerly direction, the great chain extending for a length of 12,000 miles; the great rivers of Asia therefore flow to the north of the mountains where they can have a longer course than to the south."

Q. Distinguish between *arrogant* and *presumptuous*, *interference* and *interposition*, *genuine* and *authentic*, *hate* and *detest*, *loathe* and *abhor*, *education* and *instruction*, *apprehend* and *comprehend*, using each word in a sentence. (Book studied, Trench's *Study of Words*.)

E. (aged 15):—

"A man who is 'arrogant' is a man who has right to what he wants, but who is harsh and exacting in taking it. A 'presumptuous' man is a man who expects more than is due, and takes it. 'Judge Jefferies was an *arrogant* old man.' 'Charles II. was a *presumptuous* king, he thought he could have absolute power.'

"'Interference' is not minding our own business, and meddling with other people's when we are not wanted. 'Interposition' is more the 'doing good by interfering'\* as protecting a little boy from a bully. 'But for the *interference* of James all would have gone well.' 'Thanks to the *interposition* of Mary a quarrel was averted.'

"'Genuine' means real, true, what it seems to be, as—'a real *genuine* ruby.' 'Authentic,' in speaking of a book, means really written by the author to which it is ascribed. 'Dickens' *Oliver Twist* is certainly *authentic*.'

"'You would 'hate' a man who killed your father. 'Charles II. *hated* Cromwell' You would 'detest' a man who had not done you any personal injury, but who (*sic*) you knew to be a murderer and a hypocrite. 'Yeo *detested* the Spaniards.'

"'You would 'loathe' a poisonous snake or a hypocrite. 'David Copperfield *loathed* Uriah Heep.' You would 'abhor' a man inferior to you in intellect or principles, as a great king would 'abhor' a cringing coward, leave him behind, go on without him, refuse to listen to him. 'Napoleon *abhorred* the traitor.'

"'Education' is the lessons you receive as a matter of course, as French, writing, grammar. 'Instruction' is this, but more also, it includes moral teaching, the teaching of honesty, and the teaching of gentleness. 'Henry had a good *education*.' 'No well-*instructed* Briton is a coward.'

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\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*)

“‘Apprehend’ is to see, or hear, and notice. ‘Comprehend’\* is to understand, without seeing or hearing perhaps. ‘Philip *apprehended* that danger was near, but he did not *comprehend* it.’”

Q. Tell shortly Carlyle’s estimate of Burns, showing what he did for Scotland and what was the cause of his personal failure in life? (Book studied, Carlyle’s *Essay on Burns*.)

F. (aged 17):—

“Carlyle looked upon Burns as one of the nicest of men and greatest of poets; rather a weak man, perhaps, but covering all his faults with his genius and kindness of heart, clever and persevering, and basely neglected and shunned by his contemporaries. It is quite extraordinary to read the world-famous poems of this poet, and to remember that he was a ploughman, and surrounded only by the most uneducated peasants and fellow-labourers; though, of course, the life of a ploughman in the hills of Scotland is far more likely to encourage poetry and reflection than the life of many a London dentist or hair-dresser far higher in rank; but it is easy to believe, in fact, that Burns would have found inspirations for his genius in a flat sandy waste or a grocer’s shop, and, as Carlyle says, a man or woman is not a genius unless they are extraordinary, not really inspired if such a person could have been imagined before. Robert Burns has provided Scotland, for centuries at least, with plenty of national poetry, his poems are such as can be enjoyed, like flowers and trees and all things really beautiful, by old and young, stupid and clever, fishermen and prime-ministers—surely that is a work of which any man would be proud!

“Burns (*sic*) chief fault, if fault it can be called, and the cause of his failure in life, seems to have been a sort of bitterness against people more fortunate than himself, without the art of hiding it. This, real or affected, seems very common in poets, and such an inspired man, a man with a mind greater than kings, must have felt very deeply, almost without knowing it, the ‘unrefinedness’ of the people he loved best, and his own distance from the admirers who clustered round him later in life.

“All his life, it seems, he was in a place by himself, now spending his time with his own family, acting a part all day, trying to make his relations feel him an equal, pretending to take a great interest in what he did not care for—the pigs and cows and porridge, seeing his own dearest friends looking at him with awe, and feeling him something above them, thinking of his ‘great’ friends, and feeling embarrassed when he came and more at ease without his presence.

“Now, on the other hand, associating with people high in rank and education, enjoying their friendship and their praise, but feeling, be they ever so kind and familiar, that he was not their equal by birth, and that they could not treat him quite as such, however hard they might try, turning familiarity in his mind into slights, and kindness into con-

\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

descension. This to a proud man must have been misery, and Burns must have been very lonely in a crowd of companions, thronged with admirers, but without a friend.

"Nobody understood Burns, he shared his opinions with no one he knew. When, at the beginning of the French Revolution, he expressed his delight and approval, the people who admired him were shocked, refused to speak to him, and regarded him either as mad or terribly wicked. His poems were not admired as much as they deserved to be, he had hardly any money, was never likely to get on in the world, was shunned and disgraced, and began, as a last resource\*, to drink too much. Ill-health was one of his misfortunes, and this intemperance killed him.

"Thus died, at the age of thirty seven, poor, friendless, despised, the man who has given pleasure to thousands, and an undying collection of poems and songs to his country."

Q. Give some account, as far as you can in the *style* of Carlyle, of the Procession of May 4th. (Book studied, Carlyle's *French Revolution*.)

G. (aged 14½) :—

"See the doors of Nôtre Dame open wide, the Procession issuing\* forth, a sea of human faces that are to reform France. First come the nobles in their gayly (*sic*) tinted robes, next the clergy, and then the commons, the Tiers Etats in their slouched hats, firm and resolute, and lastly the king and the œuil-de-bœuf, these are greeted by a tremendous storm of vivats, Vive le roi! Vive la nation! Let us suppose we can take up some coigne of vantage, from which we can watch this procession, but with eyes different from other eyes, namely, with prophetic eyes. See a man coming, striding at the head of the Tiers États, tall and with thick lips and black hair, one Mirabeau, whose father and brother walk among the nobles. Close beside walks Doctor Guillotin,\* learned Doctor Guillotin\*, who said, "My friends (*mes amis*), I have a machine that will whisk off your heads in a second, and cause you no pain," now doomed for two years to see and hear nothing but guillotin, and for more than two centuries after yonder a desolate ghost on this of the Styx. Mark, too, a small mean man, a sea-green man, with sea-green eyes, Robespierre by name, a small underhand secretary walking beside one Danton (*sic*), tall and massive, cruelty and vengeance on their faces. We may not linger longer, but one other we must note, one tall and active with a cunning air, namely, Camille Désmouellins (*sic*), one day to rise to fame and the next to be forgotten.

"Many more walk in that procession one day to become famous, Bailli, future president of a New Republic (*sic*), and Marat, with Broglie the War-God, and others.

"The Tiers Etats with Mayor Bailli march to the rooms where they are to sit, but the doors are shut, there is a sound of hammering within.

"Mayor Bailli knocks, and wants to know why they are shut out? It

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\* The writers have been in two minds about the spelling of words marked (\*).

is the king's orders. He wants his papers; he may come in and get them; and with this they must be content.

"They swarm to Versailles, the king steps out on the balcony (*sic*) and speaks. He says the room is being prepared for his own august presence; a platform is being erected; he says he is sorry to inconvenience (*sic*) them, but he is afraid they must wait; and with that he retires. Meanwhile patriotism consults as to what had best be done. Shall they meet on the palace steps? or even in the streets? At length they adjourn to the tennis court, and there Patriotism swears one by one to be faithful to the New National Assembly, as they now name themselves. This is known as the Oath of the Tennis Court."

The reader has seen a fragment of the work of each of some thirty or so pupils educated upon *Books*. It is not necessary to-day to speak of their education by *Things*; perhaps that is even more thorough and systematic. This, which has been read, is strictly average work in two senses. The subjects of which nothing has been said are quite as well, or as ill, done as those from which answers have been taken; and that these are not picked pupils you will judge by the fact that nearly all the papers are from a store left behind by parents.

I do not know if you consider that I have proved my point, that is, that "studies," schoolroom studies, are "for delight, for ornament, for ability." One could bring many proofs, but perhaps that which is not self-evident cannot be proved. Should you consider that these children prove their right of entry to several fields of knowledge; that they show a distinct appetite for such knowledge; that thought and power of mind develop upon the books we read, as they do not and cannot upon the lectures we hear, (because loyalty, sympathy, good nature, and what not, induce a slavish adherence to the very words of the speaker); should you, indeed, be convinced of the truth of these positions, I think you will see that, not an educational reform here and there, but an educational revolution is before us to which every one of us is bound to put his hand.

I know there are lions in the way: the dead hand rules, perhaps must rule, in our great Foundations. Scholarship, again, is more than a distinction; it makes for gentleness, tolerance, a wide and modest outlook upon life; but perhaps in the future, scholarship will be aimed at for the few, and only a rudimentary knowledge of the classics for the general. Meanwhile, our plea is, and we have justified it by

experiment, that many doors shall be opened to boys and girls until they are at least fourteen, and always the doors of good houses; that they shall be introduced to no subject whatever through compendiums, abstracts, or selections; that they shall know what history is, what literature is, what science is, what life is, from the living books of those who know. We know it can be done because we have done it and are doing it.

If conviction has indeed reached us, the Magna Carta of children's intellectual liberty is before us. The need is immediate, the means are evident. This, at least, I think we ought to claim, that, up to the age of fourteen, all boys and girls shall be educated on some such curricula, with some such *habit of Books*, as we have been considering.

N.B.—In order to induce the heads of schools (private schools, preparatory schools, girls' schools, and lower schools,) to consider seriously whether it is not possible to introduce such a method of *Education by Books*, let me put forward a few considerations:—

1. The cost of the books for the eight years—from six to fourteen—does not average more than £1 a year (perhaps one-fourth of that sum for elementary schools).

2. Two-and-a-half, for Class I., to three-and-a-half hours a day for Class III. is ample time for this Book education.

3. Much writing is unnecessary, because the pupils have the matter in their books and know where to find it.

4. Classes are able to occupy themselves in study with pleasure and profit.

5. Teachers are relieved of the exhausting drudgery of many corrections.

6. The pupils have the afternoons for handicrafts, nature-work, walks, games, etc.

7. The evenings are free, whether at school or at home, for reading aloud, choral singing, hobbies, etc.

8. The pupils get many intelligent interests, beget hobbies, and have leisure for them.

9. There is no distressing cramming for the examination at the end of each term. The pupils know their work, and find it easy to answer questions set to find out what they know, rather than what they do not know.

10. Children of any age, however taught hitherto, take up this sort of work with avidity.

11. Boys and girls taught in this way take up ordinary school work, preparation for examination, etc., with intelligence, zeal and success.

The eight years' work—from six to fourteen—which I suggest, should and does result in the power of the pupils:—

1. To grasp the sense of a passage of some length at a single reading.

2. To spell and express themselves in writing with ease and fair correctness.

3. To give an orderly and detailed account of any subject they have studied.

4. To describe in writing what they have seen, or heard from the newspapers.

\*5. They should have a familiar acquaintance with the common objects of the country, with the power to reproduce some of these in brushwork.

6. Should have skill in various handicrafts.

\*7. In arithmetic, a knowledge of vulgar and decimal fractions, proportion, practice, etc.

\*8. Of elementary algebra and geometry.

\*9. Of elementary *Latin* grammar, and, say, the first two books of "Cæsar," and some "Virgil."

\*10. They should have some power of understanding spoken *French*; should be able to speak a little; be able to read a fairly easy French book.

\*11. In *German*, much the same as in French, but less progress.

\*12. In *Italian*, pronunciation and the power to read a little.

13. In *History* they will have gone through a rather detailed study of English, French, and classical History (Plutarch).

14. In *Geography* they will have studied in detail the map of the world, and have been at one time able to fill in landscape, industries, etc., from their studies of each division of the map.

15. They will have learned the elements of *physical geography*, *botany*, *human physiology*, and *natural history*, and will have read interesting books on some of these subjects.

\*16. They should have a sufficient knowledge of *English grammar*.

17. They should have a considerable knowledge of *Scripture history* and the *Bible text*.

18. They should have learned a good deal of *Scripture* and of *poetry*, and should have read some *literature*.

\*19. They should have learned *Tonic sol-fa* and a number of *English*, *French* and *German songs*.

20. They should have learned *Swedish drill* and various *calisthenic exercises*.

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\* Progress in these subjects must depend largely on the knowledge and ability of the teacher.



## “IN MEMORIAM.”

BY THE REV. CANON C. V. GORTON.

IT has been said that men oftenest fail to see the trees for the wood, and women the wood for the trees. Whether this statement is correct or not does not concern us now. But certainly if we would approach Tennyson's *In Memoriam* rightly, we must first walk through and round the wood, then more fair will seem to us the growth of each tree.

It is my purpose to lead readers to follow the general scheme of the poem—this gained each section will reveal fresh beauties, new meanings.

The poem, as a whole, seeks to answer those questions which the heart moved by bitter loss asks—Is there a future life? If there is, is it a conscious life? Is there personal identity? Will there be mutual recognition, continuance of attachment? If there is no marrying or giving in marriage, will the marriage bond, and all that it means, stand the stress of death? Shall friend meet friend? What is the state of the departed, do we pass from them as they pass from us, are we too hidden? Is death for them an arresting of growth? Can love conquer death? The poet is conscious of the solution of Easter, but he relies not on the written revelation. The shekinah of God is the spirit of man. What light does this shekinah give? How far does the intuitive perception of man corroborate the answer given by the dogma of Scripture?

Let me quote from F. W. Robertson :—

“By slow degrees all doubts, and worse, are answered, not as a philosopher would answer them, nor as a theologian or a metaphysician, but it is the duty of a poet by intuitive faculty, in strains in which imagination predominates over thought and memory. And one of the manifold beauties of this exquisite poem, and which is another characteristic of true poetry, is that piercing through all sophistries, its falling back upon the grand *primary, simple truths of our humanity*. These first principles which underlie all needs, which belong to our earliest, and in which the wisest and best have rested through

all ages; that all is right, that darkness shall be clear, that love is king, that the immortal is in us, that

‘All’s well, though faith and form  
Be sundered in the night of fear.’”

The poet does not assume Easter. All that Easter means consequently comes not to aid him in his need. Therefore if we seek an analogy in the Gospel it must not be in those scenes which depict the triumph of Christ over death; nor to the holy sepulchre must we go, but to such a scene as that of the home of Bethany. Recall for a moment the scene in St. John. It is a scene of family life, without, the beauty of nature, and within, the beauty of family affection. Jesus oft-times resorted thither, he found there a home of seclusion and rest. Each character has a marked individuality. Martha, busy, capable, talkative. Mary, meditative, *spirituelle*, feeling more than she utters, her acts sacramental; and Lazarus? well, it is he “whom Jesus loved.” On this scene of peace and of hope bears in sickness, sorrow, and unexpected death.

Death is followed by burial. “He whom Thou lovest is dead.” Then follows the havoc of death, the humiliation and shame, “Behold he stinketh.” Then the question of wounded hearts, the bitter “Why?” “Lord, if Thou hadst been here he had not died.” Could not this man who opened the eyes of the blind have caused that he whom he loved had not died? “Your brother shall rise again!” But in the meantime, “Where art thou, brother?” In the meantime, the tears of Martha and Mary, yes! and the tears of Jesus Himself. Does not the analogy strike us? Well, it struck Tennyson. Who was the Lazarus of the poem? “Arthur H. Hallam was snatched away by sudden death at Vienna, in the twenty-third year of his age. And now in this obscure and solitary church repose the mortal remains of one too early lost for public fame, but already conspicuous among his contemporaries for the brightness of his genius, the depth of his understanding, the nobleness of his disposition, the fervour of his piety, and the purity of his life.” Such is the inscription in Clevedon Church.

This is no effusive estimate of family admiration; all evidence of the great men among whom he moved unite in one high admiration of this remarkable man.

And not the least feature of the poem is the portrait, the character of one who represents all that a man should be.

"A life that all the Muses deck'd  
With gifts of grace, that might express  
All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-subtilising intellect.

"Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
Impassion'd logic, which outran  
The hearer in its fiery course.

"High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom,  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the years of April blood." (109)

Bishop Thirwall, a master mind, wrote of Hallam, "that he was actually captivated by him." This hard and self-contained man wrote of him, "He is the only man of my standing before whom I bow in conscious inferiority in everything." Alford wrote, "Hallam was a man of wonderful mind and knowledge on all subjects, hardly credible at his age. I long ago set him down for the most wonderful person I ever knew. He was of the most tender and affectionate disposition."

Mr. Gladstone recognised in Hallam a kindred spirit of genius, pure as it was lofty.

"I marked him  
As a fair Alp: and loved to watch the sunrise  
Dawn on his ample brow,"

and adds, "it would be easy to show what in the varied forms of human excellence he might, had life been granted to him, have accomplished; much more difficult to point the finger and say, 'This he could never have done.'" I need add nothing further to accentuate the remarkable testimony to a promise the most complete of any man of the century; but the more complete it is, the more mysterious becomes the disaster of his death, the more natural that his loss to his dearest friend should force forward the questionings—the great Why, which we find written in what Mr. Gladstone termed "the richest oblation ever offered of the affection of friendship at the tomb of the departed."

Let us now turn to *In Memoriam* itself, and I would invite readers to follow this analysis with their copy of the poem.

As Milton opens his *Paradise Lost* with an invocation to the Holy Spirit, so this poem opens with a dedication to Incarnate Love.

"Strong Son of God, immortal Love,  
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove.

"Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:  
Our wills are ours, we know not how;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

"We have but faith: we cannot know:  
For knowledge is of things we see;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness: let it grow."

This prelude foretells the end from the beginning, like the prelude of Genesis, where God blessed the world and saw that it was very good, and this on the edge of the tragedy of human history.

We pass from light into darkness, from faith in the unseen but ruling love, into fellowship with sorrow.

"O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,  
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,  
O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
What whispers from thy lying lip?

"The stars,' she whispers, 'blindly run;  
A web is wov'n across the sky;  
From out waste places comes a cry,  
And murmurs from the dying sun.'" (3)

Sorrow clothes all nature in her own mourning garb, and blurs all truth.

"And shall I take a thing so blind,  
Embrace her as my natural good;  
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?" (3)

He rejects the commonplace which is offered to Hamlet by his uncle—the *thing is common*.

"That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more:  
Too common! Never morning wore  
To evening, but some heart did break." (6)

His sorrow brings him to fellowship with fathers who weep for gallant sons, with the mother who thinks of her sailor lad

sunk with a shot at sea, with the girl who waits in vain for her lover's tread.

And thus his heart goes forth to the ship carrying the sad burthen—

"I hear the noise about thy keel;  
I hear the bell struck in the night;  
I see the cabin-window bright;  
I see the sailor at the wheel.  
"Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
And travell'd men from foreign lands;  
And letters unto trembling hands;  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life." (10)

Nature and man are in contrast. There is the calm of morn without a sound, the calm and deep peace of the high wold, calm and deep peace of autumn, of leaves which redden as they fall, calm of the seas, and the calm of him who sleeps on the deep, but within the heart the restlessness of doubt.

"Lo, as a dove when up she springs  
To bear thro' Heaven a tale of woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings." (12)

So his spirit goes forth to meet the ship, and circles

. . . . "Moaning in the air:  
'Is this the end? Is this the end?'"

The vessel draws near, he blesses her for her office, she touches the shore, and Arthur comes to his native land; at Clevedon he is buried, on the banks of the Severn, and he is laid to rest.

"They laid him by the pleasant shore  
And in the hearing of the wave." (19)

The poet enters the churchyard.

"I sing to him that rests below."

Men rebuke him for his musing of sorrow—how full of the pathos of simplicity.

"I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing:  
"And one is glad; her note is gay,  
For now her little ones have ranged;  
And one is sad; her note is changed,  
Because her brood is stol'n away." (21)

He recalls his five years of fair friendship, and longs to follow his friend. *He longs to prove love is eternal.*

"Still onward winds the dreary way;  
I with it; for I long to prove  
No lapse of moons can canker Love,  
Whatever fickle tongues may say." (26)

He will not part with his love for all the burden it brings.

"I hold it true, whate'er befall;  
I feel it when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all." (27)

We come to the conclusion of the first section of the poem with *the first Christmas*, and Christmas brings its message to the saddened home, where all renews at first the memories of the past.

The poet hears the bells of the four village churches near, now sounding long, now dying into silence; they meet his sorrow with a challenge—

"Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night;  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born."

But what of him *who had been the centre of joy*? Does he know and yet love? So he leads us to Bethany.

"When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,  
And home to Mary's house return'd,  
Was this demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave?"

Was this question asked, "Where wert thou, brother, those four days?" Why was not this asked and answered? The record made, what comfort had it left for sorrow!

But Mary asks not; sufficient for her, Lazarus is there, and the Saviour is there; she questions not, she loves, believes, adores.

"Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind admits  
But, he was dead, and there he sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

"All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears." (32)

Such faith is not his. Is such simple faith of true hearts to be disturbed? It may be the faith won through mental anguish has reached a higher standpoint, but is it as fruitful of good works?

In his own sad questionings, questionings such as Mary may know not, he feels the awful doubt, *if indeed there be any future life?* But if not, all is mockery—better die with the bare bodkin.

"'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness and to cease." (34)

But even supposing no future state, *does not love justify life?* He casts aside this in anger; what can love be which has no background of eternity?

. . . . "If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been."

So grasping this truth by intuition, his heart goes forth to the Christ, who gives the living lesson to be read by all.

"And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
With human hands the creed of creeds  
In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
More strong than all poetic thought;  
"Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
And those wild eyes that watch the wave  
In roarings round the coral reef." (36)

But the unknown state of the departed is fresh cause for sorrow; are they removed to a higher sphere, and other duties? There is the great gulf fixed, mutual interests, mutual progress ceases. Is death merely a sleep, or if the dead sleep not, can any flash of earth surprise his friend?

One clear purpose at least of this earth is the growing assertion of personal identity; whereas—

"The baby new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is prest  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that 'this is I.'" (45)

Therefore he rejects those theories of a future state which deny the continuance of individual being—the merging of

the soul in the general soul cannot satisfy love which is personal.

"I shall know him when we meet."

But these hopes are *not proofs*; they are intuitions of a poet. The poet does not dare to

. . . . "trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears, and skim away." (48)

He longs for the presence of his friend in lines instinct with pathos. "Be near me when my light is low." Be near me in pain, in my faithlessness.

"Be near me when I fade away,  
To point the term of human strife,  
And on the low dark verge of life  
The twilight of eternal day."

But then there is somewhat majestic about the dead. Can they *know us and yet love us*? Yes; because they know us they will love us. To doubt them is to wrong them. Our very weaknesses may be the cause of experience, never an excuse for sin, and yet a power which may convince us the more of the beauty of holiness. So light begins to dawn.

"Oh yet we trust that somehow good  
Will be the final goal of ill."  
"That nothing walks with aimless feet;  
That not one life shall be destroyed."  
"Behold, we know not anything;  
I can but trust that good shall fall  
At last—far off—at last, to all,  
And every winter change to spring." (54)

But is not this very crying of the child in the night, the crying for the light, an intimation of the Divine in us?

"The wish, that of the living whole  
No life may fail beyond the grave,  
Derives it not from what we have  
The likest God within the soul." (55)

But alas, when I test this with reason, how Nature is seen full of waste, Nature seems callous, so he cries—

"I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God.



"I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope." (55)

But the trust is but faint; what reason to think that Nature red in tooth and claw, that man "with splendid purpose in his eyes," who rolls the psalm to wintry skies, and builds splendid fames, should be an exception? He too will be blown about the desert dust.

"O life as futile, then, as frail!  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless!  
What hope of answer, or redress?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil." (56)

He returns again to consider the possible condition of the departed, he cannot think of his friend as no more, they must meet, will there be a great separation between them? No! "what was, again shall be." So he gains happiness in recalling the face of his friend, the happy days of the past. Fame had been his, but work need not cease with life below. Is fame an immortality? No! it is an earnest of future work.

"So here shall silence guard thy fame;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim." (75)

In seeking to guard his fame on earth, some solace comes in sorrow, and again are heard the Christmas bells, and we pass to the third section of the poem. The question now is asked—*Did his friend lose by death*, lose in noble purposes, did death arrest his growth? There can be no arrest; death may in an instant accomplish the work of years, ripening at a touch. Fresh meanings come to life.

"Eternal process moving on,  
From state to state the spirit walks;  
And these are but the shatter'd stalks  
Or ruin'd chrysalis of one." (82)

Human worth transported will bloom elsewhere.

Again the poet dwells on the past; he revisits in mind Cambridge and his home at Sowerby—scenes of fellowship in Nature, where Arthur H. tasted the romance of love.

"And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honied hours." (89)

If the past can be recalled, cannot communion be held with the spirit of the beloved ?

. . . . "Dare I say  
No spirit ever brake the band  
That stays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when claspt in clay ?" (93)

But to hold such communion, the heart must be pure, the head sound, the affections must be divine, the heavenly spirits, themselves at peace, cannot make themselves heard in a tumultuous heart.

Nature calms the sorrow, recalls so vividly the form and feature, that the dead man seems to touch him from the past. He seems to share his courage in grappling problems of life, his faith gains through pain, for he was one who

"Perplexed in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

"He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind,  
And laid them: thus he came at length

"To find a stronger faith his own." (96)

So dawns the third Christmas eve and the fourth section of the poem.

It is no longer the old bells, the former chimes, but the bells of a new home which sound—sounding like strangers' voices. But on New Year's eve the bells have for him a new song—

"Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true."

Sorrow which enervates, which hinders the task of life, must be set aside.

"Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be." (106)

Though fresh beauties of character appear as he meditates  
on his friend, spring comes, life quickens, and duty calls.  
What a spring he reveals to us.

"Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

"Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

"Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea;

"Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greenening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood; that live their lives

"From land to land; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest." (115)

The joyous resurrection of life around reawakens hope and trust. It is for a future tie of lasting blessedness with Arthur rather than for the severed tie of bygone days that his quickened yearning desires. Restored to greater vigour of life, he asks who can think upon the gradual forming of this wondrous earth and of the sea of fire, until at last, man, the crowning work of Time, arose, and believe in man's annihilation?

"We trust that those we call the dead  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever nobler ends." (118)

Materialism defeats its own ends. Why like St. Paul fight with beasts at Ephesus? Why strive to know? What matters science unto men, if to-morrow we die?

"Let him, the wiser man who springs  
Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
His action like the greater ape,  
But I was *born* to other things." (126)

When we fix our mind on material changes we lose our hold. There where the deep rolls, were forests, there where the town roars, was once the stillness of the deep; the hills have been moulded, valleys carved.

"The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go."

"But in my spirit will I dwell,  
And dream my dream, and hold it true;  
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell." (123)

One thing is fixed and abiding, that which we call spirit; and amid all uncertainties one truth is certain, that to a loving human soul a parting which shall be eternal is unthinkable.

And now we reach the climax.

It is not by any effort of the understanding that we can apprehend God. Not the grandest, not the most cunningly devised thing in all Nature can prove Him.

"I found Him not in world or sun,  
Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye;  
Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
The petty cobwebs we have spun:

"If e'er when faith had fall'n asleep,  
I heard a voice 'believe no more'  
And heard an ever-breaking shore  
That tumbled in the Godless deep;

"A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answer'd 'I have felt.'" (124)

And he who cries to Him as a child to a father out of the depths of this unalterable, ineradicable need of Him, shall feel, although he may not see His hand stretched out to him.

We who read these lines now can little realise what they meant to the age in which they were written. Old traditions were cast off, old faiths and limitations of thought were yielding; freedom was won, but what did it bring men to?

"It brought men," wrote Seeley, "face to face with atheistic science; the faith in God and immortality which we have been struggling to clear from superstition suddenly seems in the *air*, and in seeking for a firm basis for this faith we find ourselves in the midst of a fight with death. What *In Memoriam* did for us was to impress on us the ineffaceable and ineradicable conviction that *humanity* will not and cannot acquiesce in a Godless world. He did not meet the atheistic tendencies of modern science with more confident defiance, overriding results laboriously reached.

"I always feel this strongly if reading the lines just quoted. At this point, if the stanzas had stopped there, we should have shaken our heads and said 'Feeling must not usurp the function of reason; feeling is not knowing. It is the duty of the rational being to follow truth wherever it leads.' But the poet knows this, accordingly in the next stanza he gives the turn to humility in the protest of feeling which is required to win the assent of man in men.

'No, like a child in doubt and fear:  
But that blind clamour made me wise;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near.' (124)

"These lines," he adds, "I can never read without tears. I feel in them the indestructible and inalienable minimum of faith which humanity cannot give up because it is necessary for life."

So the poem moves on in growing faith and peace. Hope had never lost its youth for him, he claims. She did not look through dimmer eyes. Love had ever breathed the spirit of his song.

"Love is and was my Lord and King,  
And in his presence I attend  
To hear the tidings of my friend,  
Which every hour his couriers bring.  
"Love is and was my King and Lord,  
And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
Within his court on earth, and sleep  
Encompass'd by his faithful guard,  
"And hear at times a sentinel  
Who moves about from place to place,  
And whispers to the worlds of space,  
In the deep night, that all is well." (126)

Yes, all is well—not for his friend alone, but for all mankind. The tide may set at times among nations to evil, but it turns with the stronger flow for righteousness.

. . . . . "I see in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil coöperant to an end." (128)

"The more I hope and labour, the nearer, the closer the communion with the blessed, the more assured I am of its consummation."

The poem concludes as it opened, with prayer for a purified will. The will to live thus stands for what is highest and most enduring in us. It flows through our deeds and makes them pure.

"That we may lift from out of dust  
A voice as unto him that hears,  
A cry above the conquer'd years  
To one that with us works, and trust,  
"With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul." (131)

Thus love has not only conquered doubt, and fear, and death, but inspires life.

Love leads to the eternal truth—"Beloved now are we the sons of God, and it does not yet appear what we shall be."

"Thus the soul, after grappling with anguish, darkness, emerges with the inspiration of a strong and steadfast faith in the love of God for man, and in the oneness of man with God, and of man with man in Him."

"That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves."

## NATURE'S FORETHOUGHT.

BY E. M. E. WILKINSON.

AS a preliminary remark, I must explain that the term "Nature" is here used to designate that wonderful Power which is behind all things—the "very pulse of the machine," which sets all in an orderly motion, and without which we can imagine life to be nothing but chaos and darkness—or rather, we cannot imagine life at all, for to us it means law and order. Wonderful manifestations of this Power are daily before our eyes, and for this very reason, alas!—because they are so common and universal—we fail to see their beauty and to wonder at them.

Looking at the plant-world alone, I will try to give some few instances (out of the countless number) of the manifestation of this Power in a wise forethought, which we find as marvellously displayed in Nature's care for the humblest "weed," as in the glories of the heavens.

If we consider for a moment what "life" means to a plant—how real to it, as to us human beings, is the struggle for existence, with enemies and dangers on every side—we shall see how great is the need for care and forethought in securing for the plant itself the best *conditions* of life possible, and also for its children after it.

It is in connection with the latter, the propagation of its species, that I particularly wish to write, for it seems to me that nowhere in the whole vegetable world does Nature display more wonderful forethought than in the various devices for the protection and distribution of seed. The question of how and from what cause the various modifications of different parts of the plant arose is a most interesting and difficult one, but it is quite beyond the scope of this paper to consider it at all, and I will therefore only try to describe some of the curious and interesting devices of plants for the protection and distribution of their seed which have come under my notice.

Taking, firstly, the *protection* of the seed from its many natural enemies, such as birds, slugs, etc., we find that Nature is in no way limited in her devices. Seeds are usually enclosed in a pericarp, and it is either this seed-vessel that we find modified to serve as a protective covering ; or when, as we often find, the whole fruit is enclosed in persistent bracts or a persistent calyx, it is the latter that are modified in various ways to serve the same end.

The pericarp of the Horse Chestnut is most effectually armed with prickles, and in the Spanish Chestnut the bracts, covered thickly with spines, close round the whole fruit, and encase it in a suit of armour as effective, as a weapon of defence, as his prickles to the hedgehog. The Common Beech is another instance of the same kind, with its prickly cupules.

The fruit of many of the Medicks (*Medicago*) consists of pods in compact spiral coils, with a double row of spines, forming a prickly ball, inside which the seed is safely ripened. In the case of those fruits known as drupes, such as plum, cherry, peach, etc., the hard, woody endocarp—the “stone”—covers the seed, until it at length rots away when it has taken its precious burden safely under the ground, and leaves the embryo plant free scope for growth.

The berries of some plants contain in themselves such poisonous properties that no creature—or sometimes only a very few—may eat them and live. Such an one is the Deadly Nightshade (*Atropa Belladonna*), the most poisonous plant in Britain, and there are, of course, many others with the same effective weapon of offence and defence !

These are only a very few instances, but they will serve as an illustration of Nature's forethought and varied resources, in the care of even the lowliest of her children.

The seed safely and duly brought to perfection, there remains the all-important and difficult question of giving it a suitable start in life—in other words, of securing for it the most favourable conditions possible for growth. And here the analogy between human and plant life does not hold so good, for the plant is much more the plaything of circumstances than the human being endowed with will-power (though one does find the most remarkable instances of plants overcoming the difficulties created by changing circumstances, and adapting themselves in the most extraordinary



way to new conditions of life), and this being so, it is *a fortiori* necessary for the embryo plant to find itself placed in suitable surroundings, wherein it may grow and thrive.

It is a well-known fact that different plants require, and take, different mineral foods from the soil in which they grow. Too many plants of the same species cannot, therefore, grow well for long together in the same limited area, unless, of course, the mineral they require is artificially supplied, as in agriculture. We see an illustration of this fact in the system of the rotation of crops—a fact which, if known, was not acted upon in England, I believe, until the latter part of the eighteenth century. It is also a universally acknowledged principle, and one always carried out in the planting of forests, etc., that overcrowding is opposed to all healthy growth, for it deprives of sun and light—two of the most essential conditions thereto.

We see then that in the distribution of seed Nature has always these two important facts to keep in mind, viz., the avoidance of overcrowding, and the securing to a given plant the mineral food it may require from the soil in which it grows.

Both these ends are secured by the wide and gradual distribution of the seed at some distance, often a great one, from the parent plant, and we will now consider a few of the ways in which Nature has provided that this end shall be attained.

One of the most interesting cases of seed-distribution came under my notice quite by chance. Searching one day for a lost tennis ball in a flower-bed with my racket, I suddenly felt a whole cannonade of tiny seeds in my face, and looking down found a plantation of Hairy Bitter-cress (*Cardamine hirsuta*), a very common garden "weed." This little plant has long pods which, when ripe, split from below upwards, and the valves curl up elastically, thereby thrusting out the seeds to an enormous distance, when one considers that the size of the plant is often not twelve inches, and the pods about one inch long. The fruits were, of course, quite ripe, and just the touch of the racket caused the bursting of the pod.

Another very similar case is that of the Broom (*Cytisus scoparius*), the black twisted pods of which remain, long after

the seeds are scattered, as conspicuous objects on the tree. In the Burdocks (*Arctium*), members of the Composite family, the whole flower-head is enclosed in an involucre covered with hooked spines. By means of the latter, the head of fruits attaches itself to the coats of passing animals, and the seeds are often carried to great distances from the parent plant. Another instance of the same kind is that of the Goose-grass (*Galium aparine*), the tiny burs of which often cover one's clothes after walking through a corn-field, and cling very persistently, as they will to any other woolly object that comes in their way. From this the plant derives its popular name of "Cleavers." Everyone must have seen the lovely feathery pappus which crowns the fruit of so many of the Compositæ, dandelion, goats-beard, groundsel and others, floating gracefully in the air with the little fruit pendent beneath. Here the wind is made use of by Nature as the agent for carrying the seed, and we can see to what diverse places the seeds from one flower-head must travel.

One of the most lovely designs for seed distribution that I have ever seen is that of the Willow-herb (*Epilobium*). The fruit is a very long and slender capsule with four valves, and the seeds, each crowned with a silky, downy tuft, are arranged one above the other inside the capsule, with the silky hairs adhering to its sides. As the capsule splits gradually from below upwards, so are the silky hairs detached from its sides, and each little seed in turn floats gracefully away, borne "upon the wings of the wind." The wind is again made use of in distributing the seeds of many of our forest trees. The seeds of sycamore, maple and ash all have "little wings to bear them" earthwards, to the "fresh fields and pastures new," where, after a time, they shall again lift themselves heavenwards, and strive towards the sun.

But living creatures and the wind are not the sole outside agents of which Nature makes use in distributing seed; the moisture of the atmosphere is also made to serve this end, and an interesting example of this is afforded by the Stocks-bill (*Erodium*). The plant is obviously so named from its long beaked fruits, the beak being formed by the styles, which persist as spirally-twisted awns, each of which has long *elastic* bristles on the inner side. The awns are at first quite straight, but become spirally-twisted when ripe, and

then spring away, often to some distance, from the parent plant. But this is not all; the awn is hygroscopic and uncurls when moistened. So by the combined action of the awn and the bristles on it the little fruit is given the power of locomotion at every change in the moisture surrounding it, and is thus able to bury itself in a short time.

When one thinks of the wonderful life-story of even the very humblest little plant, one is filled with wonder and admiration at the infinite care and forethought bestowed upon the smallest things, even as upon the greatest. Here, as in the ruling of the heavens, we find the same law and order reigning, and the infinitely small is as awful as the infinitely great.

In conclusion, let me quote a few words from an article I recently read—"It may be that a man is terrified by the contemplation of the vastness of the questions and the distances which present themselves to the astronomer, frightened by the realisation that stars are innumerable. Let such a man go to the *smallest* things on the earth on which he lives: let him realise that it is not bathos to turn from suns to caterpillars. The stag-beetle, cutting out a space which months hence is to hold the horns that are not yet grown; the privet-hawk larva, invisible in its lilac and green on the stem on which it feeds; the tiniest moth laying its eggs on the only leaves which its young will eat when they emerge from the eggs; the edible butterfly arrayed like the poisonous to keep its species alive,—can any man contemplating these small things, evidences as they are of defined order and progress in what can best, perhaps, be described as subconscious life, deny the existence of a Directing Purpose and Power in all that he is allowed to see about him?"

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### X.—INFINITY.

IN common language we misuse the word *infinite*. The image it presents to our minds is that of a ladder, up which we toil step by step, only to find that another step is ever beyond us. That is not infinity; that is repetition. We *must* drop off some day; and *there* will be the end. And trying to read infinity into that image is indeed bewildering, because illogical; as absurd a state of mind as that of the legendary Irishman who, trying to unwind a tangle of twine, cried out in despair, "Faith, somebody must have cut the end of this string off!" If you would picture infinity, stand still, and draw round you a magic circle. There is a line which will have no end; its beginning is its end; it is a thing done for ever, complete; and well chosen as a symbol of the immovable, within which mystic isle you can stand secure from all the powers of darkness.

Again; in Time, what is our notion of eternity? Is it the ticking clock that never stops—hour after hour, year after year, millennium after millennium? But what then? Surely such a conception is not that of endlessness, but of periods defined and limited, differing only from the calendar of this life in the greater heart-sickness of hope deferred. A measure implies a limit; a limit implies an end. The end may be not yet; it may be out of sight; yet if it is implied there is no eternity, no infinity. But picture, if you can, the annihilation of Time; a state in which no one could say, "It takes me twenty minutes to walk a mile, or five minutes to run it, or one minute to steam it, or such and such a fraction of a second to telegraph it." A state in which your spirit is independent of a body, in which to think is to be, and to will is to do. That is Eternity; life freed from death in all its forms.

Observe that true infinity is not mere multiplicity of detail. It is not, "however much you learn, there is still something

more." That is only another way of saying that our powers of learning are poor. And when we apply what we have been discussing to the question of art, we ought to see in a moment the proper principles of detail in a composition, and the proper meaning of artistic infinity.

On hearing about it at first one might say, "That means I must put quantities of little things into my picture, and into each little thing I must put quantities more of little things, because that would be an approach to infinity." A double fallacy; for, first, it is not an *approach* to infinity that will do you the least good; you must either have infinity itself, or you have it not at all. And, secondly, have we not already seen that it lies, not in repetition, but in completion? That it is not the string with the end cut off, the Jacob's ladder; but the circle, the ring; not the wearied struggle of perpetual addition, but the repose of content.

But you may say, "How does this differ from unity?" In this way—that Unity is the dot, Infinity the circle. When Unity embraces Variety, when from the mere point without parts and magnitude it grows into the great harmonious whole, it then becomes the Infinite. In that process consists life. The moment that Unity is combined with Variety there is a living whole; and everything that expresses a living being, a whole, a soul, is an expression at the same time of what is rightly understood by the word Infinite.

Go and look out of window a minute; I am sure I am boring you with my metaphysics. It will not be long before the spring is here. We have some snowdrops, I think, and crocuses coming up. [This was written at first for a February lesson, and the reader must please imagine the north-country garden in early spring.] You notice that across the lawn the coppice looks not so wind-beaten and draggletail as it did a while ago. The twigs of oak seem standing on the tip-toe of expectation. It will not be long before they double their fists into buds and then fling out their hands into an ecstasy of spring foliage. Stand close to the window here. You remember how the rose tree on the wall flapped and scratched the panes through all the "drear-nighted December," till sometimes you were quite frightened; it seemed so like a ghost wanting to come in from the storm. How is it that now there is an alertness, a vigour, about the plant? You who

have learned to draw can see at a glance that there is life in its lines, no longer drooping, but switched up, spruce and springy, into quite a different curve. And if we try to draw the sort of curve they take, we find, as we have found before, that it is unlike a worm-wriggle or an end of thread; that it is a curve which constantly changes its direction, and yet, as you surmise, is under the control of some guiding principle. It is a line of life. It is what they call an infinite curve; infinite, not merely because it is always changing its direction, but because its perpetual variety is controlled and harmonised by unity of general direction, and vitality of action implied.

Now, when you come to draw, and to look at drawings, you will find that all possible lines may be thus expressive of life, or by hair's-breadth difference may be inert, lifeless. And those artists who have grasped the principle of infinite curvature make drawings that have a catch in them, a life about them, which can be explained by no talking, nor demonstrated by any measurement, and yet felt at once by the intelligent mind and experienced eye. That is one expression of infinity in art.

What curvature is to line, gradation is to tone and colour. Gradation in tone means light fading into dark: gradation in colour means green fading into grey or brown, and pink into russet, and so on. Like every other good thing, you can have too much of it; but gradation, far more than glitter, makes the light and life of natural effect.

Let us come to the window again, and look up at that film of cloud. I wish I could show you the sunset sky, clear and luminous from zenith to horizon, changing with every degree from deep purple blue, through rose, to golden of intense light. That indeed would teach the lesson, and exemplify infinity like nothing else. But we see too little of clear skies here; and yet there is infinity of gradation in every wreath, and wisp, and rag, and cushion of cloud.

From its darkest point of shade it lightens at first rapidly, and yet how tenderly! As your eye follows the tint, the gradation is retarded; light comes into the surface more and more slowly in this cloud we are looking at, until at last we arrive at its pitch of highest brightness, beyond which it fades again to the next edge of darkness, or to the brink of

the deep blue. Look again at the lawn. There are no sun-streaks on it now ; and you might think at first that it was one flat tint of uniform green. And yet, when you examine it more closely, half shutting your eyes, you see that the green grows darker, changes both its tone and its colour, where on the other side the trees a little overshadow it. Just under the trees, how dark ! Then from them spreads a soft bloom of tone, quite distinct at first ; but as it comes toward you into the light, rapidly and more rapidly disappearing. There is gradation like this on every mass of foliage, on every leaf and blade of grass ; how much more on that consummate expression of life, the subtle and mysterious modelling of the human figure ! It is not only gradation that you must represent, it is *infinite* gradation ; gradation varying in intensity with every step, and yet controlled in its variety by unity of direction ; and gradation tender and delicate, for in nature sometimes you hardly know, till you look, that it is there at all. Now let us turn from nature to art. Here is a piece of sky that is one flat wash of cobalt ; you were in too great a hurry to gradate it at all. Here is a cloud, done in two splashes of paint ; a dark side and a light side ; and somehow it does not look soft, and melting, and moving, and mysterious. Here is a tree in which you have tried hard to express what you thought to be infinity by laborious niggling of multitudinous leaves ; but where are the springing lines of life in its branches ? the play of varying light on the subtly modulated masses of its foliage ? the Unity that should bind all its Variety into a living Infinity ? In two minutes you might have suggested that, with a few dashing lines and a cleverly melting tint, if you had perfect command of your materials and the ready power of sympathetic observation which makes the difference between the real artist and other people ; for the expression of Infinity is given easily if given at all. The very hand you work with is alive, and its natural impulse is to strike out lines that express life. That is why we find rapid and passionate sketching so pleasing, so lively, when it is done by a great artist.

But to attain to the power of such sketching, we cannot begin at once by dashing and scrawling away, on the supposition that *any* rapid work, with hands such as we have,

will produce infinite curves unerringly, and natural gradations. We must learn command of our material ; we must train our eyes and we must accustom our hands first, at all costs, with labour and pains perhaps, to be faithful and true ; and then one day we may hope to meet with the reward of our labours in living creations of vital art.

Of *Principality* we have spoken in a previous paper (No. 4)—how that you must have one chief thing in your picture, to which the rest is subordinate. We called it then the chief law, because if it be remembered the others suggest themselves without ado. Only be certain what you want to show as principal subject, and contrast and symmetry come without calling ; unity is, though not the same thing, akin to principality ; variety cries out for it, so that the eye may not wander about the picture seeking in vain for a resting-place.

In finding that resting-place you find *Repose*. Artistic repose, the repose of a good composition, does not mean dulness, emptiness, or the representation of people doing nothing ; of lakes stagnant, and skies vacant. It means the satisfaction felt by the eye when it no longer roams about the picture distracted by one thing and another, when it no longer craves a light here and a dark there, a form more or less ; because the whole arrangement is now in equilibrium—force balanced against force, and weight against weight ; the details, various though they seemed, now united under a common headship. And to the whole, the expression of Infinity has given life. At last the labour of art ceases, for the work of art is done, and the test and token of its completion is *Repose*.

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Our first club year closed with this article, which set no new subject because the members were left free to draw whatever they liked as a competition for a prize. The drawings were required to be done within the month before the time fixed for sending in ; otherwise there was no restriction on size, style, etc. A well-known artist, who had not read the articles, and had no leaning toward any of the somewhat peculiar ways and means inculcated in the Fésole club, was asked to judge the drawings. He gave the prize to the member who had taken highest monthly marks for carrying out the exercises in the Fésole club style ; and the second in competition was second in monthly marks.



## PLAYTIME.

BY LUCY H. YATES.

THE instinct of Play is strong in all young creatures,—one might indeed call it a “dominant idea” with both the human and the animal, but with the human it is almost equally an instinct to bring imagination into the play. And imagination has a wonderfully educative effect. If it is unwise to check imagination, it is disastrous to ridicule it, but this the unimagined parent will generally strive to do. Children are not diminutive men and women; they live in a world of their own; if it is a world in which mistaken notions and ideals loom large, what matter?—they will all too soon fade into the light of common day. When disillusion comes the charm of the play is invariably gone.

An instance of this occurred the other day; a little girl was playing at draper’s shop, her mother taking the part of purchaser. Partly with the idea of adding to the fun, and partly to tease the child, the mother made remarks of a ridiculous character, but the child saw no humour in the inconsistency. “You know you never speak like that in a shop, mother,” she said, and the whole attraction of the play vanished.

In the home at any rate it would be an advantage if we encouraged games that called out imagination, rather than such as call for active exertion. Children are many-sided beings, with undeveloped resources; they have not only arms and legs, eyes and ears, but senses of taste and touch, faculties of reasoning and speculating, of listening and criticising, all of which want bringing into use. To use a faculty is to obtain control of it, and as the aim in physical training is to gain freedom of movement and grace, so the sharpening-up of the faculties brings them under control and makes them ready for use.

Knowledge of the material world only reaches a child through the doors and windows of the senses, and according as his powers of perception increase so he is able to form correct judgments and add to his store of knowledge. There

are some games admirable for assisting to train the senses.—sight games, taste games, touch games, and even the sense of smell can be quickened by playing blindfold games requiring objects to be detected by their odours.

In sight games the motive is to distinguish the size, shape, length, width, and colour of different objects, and to describe them so that their kind can be told by others who do not see them. This is played by keeping all the players blindfolded save one who gives the description, but the play becomes much more keenly interesting when the “teller” is blindfolded as well. Similarly, sound games—to distinguish objects by their sound and locate them; the judgment will be based upon whether the sounds are loud or soft, high or low, far or near; the voices and footsteps of different persons are easily distinguished by tone and sound, but actions that are not seen are more difficult to describe. The attempts to do so will be as amusing as they are interesting.

Taste games are always popular, and, like those of sight and sound, they are played blindfold; the children will be asked to distinguish not only between sour and bitter, sweet, pungent, acid, and mild flavours, but between the more subtle differences of herbs and spices. The reward, of course, is to have a taste of a favourite morsel. The sense of smell is wonderfully elusive, and we soon learn how much sight has to do with our ability to detect odours. But an amusing game can be arranged by placing bits of cheese, onion, orange, coffee, pepper, spice, peppermint, camphor, and other sufficiently strong-scented things, at distances apart, and letting the children find them by the odour, then certain perfumes and spices of a fainter character can be learnt, and so on to the scent of flowers and fruits.

In the same way we train the sense of touch by placing in a bag such objects as a lump of sugar, of salt, pieces of shell, of wood, stone, silk, cotton, woollen, balls of thread, of leather, etc., and small objects that are known familiarly by sight. Only one object at a time should be taken from the bag, and the name should be told at once, a correct guess being rewarded by an extra “dip.”

The amount of actual information gained by games like these may not be great, but the training they give in perception and accuracy certainly is so. They bring into play

faculties that have been comparatively dormant when outdoor games and physical drill occupied the attention. Older people, who have a taste for games of skill like chess and draughts, cribbage and puzzles, are virtually bearing out the same principle.

Our modern ideas as to the value of play are based upon all that was good in the ancient games, but we go a step beyond the Greeks, for, whereas they prized beauty of face and symmetry of figure, they do not appear to have thought much of the graces of character, nor did their games tend to draw out moral qualities. With the Romans it was the same, their delight was in shows of skill and gymnastic feats. But later generations have both educated play and made play a part of education. While skill and agility are still greatly admired, everybody acknowledges that the playing fields are training grounds for chivalrous forbearance, consideration of others, courtesy and courage. The honour of a school and the manners of a house are as much at stake in the playground as they are in any other arena.

Some games are more valuable than others because they help to concentrate attention, others again because they demand quickness of observation. Pestalozzi said "observation is the basis of all knowledge," but to observation we generally need to add concentration. Take the game of tennis; for example, to be a good tennis player one must be quick at sight, quick to gauge where a ball will fall so as not to miss the stroke; and to quick sight must be added a steady hand and alert mind. Because tennis calls out the faculties of sight, reason, and judgment, we call it a game of skill, and rightly so.

Cricket calls out the same faculties and adds to these a vigorous muscular exercise that develops the arms and legs. There is no radical reason why girls should not play cricket if they enjoy it, provided the bat is light enough for them to wield it easily, although on the whole tennis equals cricket in the matter of exercise. Most boys' games, when brought into use for girls, are apt to turn into games of skill rather than of physical prowess. From the boy's point of view they degenerate on this account, and if he is not quite correct he is at least perfectly just in condemning the subterfuges girls sometimes employ in their efforts to compete with him. And

there are many games and sports in which girls and boys can join on equal terms, as also men and women, without involving competition that is unfair to one side or the other. There is hockey, golf, croquet, fives, rounders—all these are games of skill and all require the same qualities of character, frankness, forbearance, fair-play, and confidence in others, as well as self-reliance. Games that are played with balls, like badminton, are excellent for training the eye and strengthening the arm; but we can hardly include amongst them that degenerate latter-day production—ping pong! Better by far is the old-fashioned play of battledore and shuttlecock. Rousseau, indeed, says of this last, “When a child plays at shuttlecock he trains his eye and arm in accuracy; but when he whips a top he increases his strength without learning anything else. . . . To spring from one end of the ball to the other, to estimate the bound of a ball while still in the air, to send it back with strong and steady hand—such sports serve to train a youth.”

In infancy and early childhood the play of the child when left to itself seems largely an outlet for superfluous energy, but it quickly alters its character when imagination begins to enter in and control it. It is at this stage that an older person may do so much to help and encourage. The eager request, “Do come and play with me,” means that the child wants not so much your company—children are rarely lonely—as that it wants the stimulus of another mind and the help of another imagination.

Later on we notice the character of the plays that are chosen alters; the alteration has nothing to do with whims and fancies, it is a natural development. It would be as unnatural for a boy or girl of sixteen and seventeen to play as a child of six or seven does as for a grown person to behave as a child behaves. Again, when a man or woman enters into a game they go about it in quite a different way to that in which a child sets about it, and if they did not we should be inclined to credit them with a deficiency of intellect. That this is a truth we realise, when an illustration of it, such as that which came under the notice of the writer of some Irish studies, occurs. The studies are of a village in Ireland where the inhabitants, young and old, all appear to be children. No one seems to reason about things, but while in

the young children this unforeseenness has a certain charm, in the old it becomes ridiculous even whilst it is pathetic. An old woman, named Gubinet, is watched playing in the streets with the children the time-honoured game of "pickie." The writer says, "It is a game requiring much hopping and skipping over chalk lines, great watchfulness, and a loud and insistent voice to claim one's rights. Of all the Inisdoyle pickie players, the loudest and most active was Gubinet. Strangers thought it a queer and uncanny thing to see the little, withered old woman, hopping, yelling, and quarrelling with the children, but the children skipped and yelled and fought back, quite unconscious that she was not one of themselves. The game almost invariably wound up in a violent squabble, whereat Gubinet hastily rubbed out the chalk squares and left the play in a passion of anger."

Play is without doubt a part of education, and as such it advances with the years, and this does not in any way prevent it being the relaxation for both mind and body that we all feel it should be, or interfere with the impulse to find enjoyment therein, which is from the first our dominant idea with regard to it.

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review* School), of some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### I.

*Subject: History.*

Group: History.    Class IV.    Age: 16.    Time: 30 minutes.

By H. E. WIX.

## THE STATE OF FRANCE IN 1789.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To establish relations with the past.
- II. To show how closely literature and history are linked together and how the one influences the other.
- III. To try to give G—— and S—— a clearer idea of the social and political state of France before the Revolution than they have now, and to draw from them the causes which brought about the Revolution in *France* and at *this time* (1789).

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Begin by taking the state of France generally. *Feudalism* was still in existence without its usefulness and with most of its abuses, and it led to the great *division of Classes*—the Privileged and the Unprivileged. In both Army and Church it was impossible for the unprivileged to rise by merit; all offices were filled by the privileged classes. These were exempt from many taxes. Draw from G—— and S—— the chief taxes—*Taille* levied on property and the *Gabelle* which forced everyone to buy a certain amount of salt from the Government at an enormous rate.

*Step II.*—Take the state of France in the country, showing what was the position of the peasant to his lord. The land he lived on generally belonged to him; in return for which he had to grind his corn at his lord's mill, etc., had to give his work free on certain days in the year, and help to make the roads in his lord's land (*corvée*). Tell them something of the Game Laws and the "Intendants."

*Step III.*—Take the state of France in the towns, showing how impossible it was for a poor man to set up in a trade, owing to the guilds and monopolies. Together with men who held some office under Government, the merchants made a separate class, far removed from both the peasants and the nobles.

*Step IV.*—The state of the Church. For the most part the higher ecclesiastics were hated and despised. This was not the case with the "curés," for they were of the peasantry, and shared their troubles. But the higher ecclesiastics were generally younger sons of nobles, who drew the salaries of their offices and lived a gay life at Court. The Church also imposed heavy dues.

*Step V.*—Show that these evils might have been remedied gradually (as in England) had there been a representative assembly regularly called, or any true justice. But as justice could be bought and sold, the poor man always lost his cause, and the pleadings of the peasants could in no way make themselves heard. They had risen just before this time, but unsuccessfully.

*Step VI.*—Draw from G—— and S—— the reason why the Revolution broke out in France rather than in any other Continental country. Because, though the evils in France were no worse than those borne by the German peasants, the French people had been awakened to the knowledge of their evils and of their right to liberty by many great writers. Such were Voltaire, Rousseau, Diderot, d'Alembert and Montesquieu. Draw from G—— and S—— all I can about these men and their influence on history.

*Step VII.*—Draw from G—— and S—— why the Revolution broke out just in 1789. Rousseau had written his works since about 1730, and Voltaire since 1718.

The French had borne their evils under Louis XIV.'s strong government. Louis XV. was very different. The

evils of a despotic government were clearly shown by him. He it was who said, "Après nous le déluge!" Then came Louis XVI., conscientious and full of good intentions. Draw from G— and S— something of Louis' character. But the great opportunity of the people came in the calling of the States General, in order to get money.

*Step VIII.*—A short recapitulation of the principal points.

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## II.

*Subject: Nature Note-book Painting.*

Group: Art.      Class III.      Time: 30 minutes.

BY B. M. DISMORR.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To increase the pupil's power of observation.
- II. To give a greater appreciation of beauty.
- III. To give practice in the choosing and laying on of colour.
- IV. To paint berries.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—See that the children sit in a good light. Let the children each choose a specimen and hold it in the position in which they would like to paint it. Draw their attention to the beauty of the specimen. Pin each specimen on to a piece of white paper and ask why this is done.

*Step II.*—Let the children look well at the specimens. Ask them which is the lightest and darkest part; and let them notice the relative heights and distances of the various parts. Ask the names of the colours they will use, and let them mix plenty of each before beginning.

*Step III.*—Ask the children how they would begin. First, faintly sketch in the direction of the stalk, indicating the position of the berries and leaves. Then paint the berries, laying on the colour at once in the right tone, and leaving the high light and the shadow to be put on after the first wash is dry. Then let the leaves and lastly the stalk be taken in the same way, altering the tone when necessary; but only putting one wash.



*Step IV.*—Let the shadows be put in. The shadow will be a darker tone of the same colour as the object. The shadow becomes lighter as it approaches the light side or part of the object, and is not bounded by a hard line.

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### III.

Group: History. Class II. Age: 8—11. Time: 20—30 minutes.

BY C. N. HEATH.

## THE LAKE-DWELLERS OF SWITZERLAND.

### OBJECTS.

- I. To maintain and increase the children's interest in Switzerland, which country is included in the school geography for this term.
- II. To establish relations with the past.
- III. To give the children a living idea of the customs and habits of the prehistoric people of Switzerland.

### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Tell the children we will talk to-day of the prehistoric people of Switzerland. The children then to look at the map and see what they think might happen to the low-lying lakes of that country. Illustrate by examples of local lakes if necessary.

*Step II.*—Relate the discovery made by the people of Meilen, in 1853, on the shores of Lake Zurich. Show a map, indicating the positions of the discovered dwellings, on the blackboard. Draw from them the conclusion arrived at by means of the objects found, and the name given to these settlers. Make the children observe that these dwellings are only found on the low-lying lake, and draw from them the reason.

*Step III.*—Describe the position of the dwellings and get from the children the materials used besides the piles in building the houses. Show picture of a reconstructed dwelling. Mention various objects found, and read the following account of a "lake lady's" dress:—"A 'lady of the lake' in full dress would seem to have made an imposing show. An undergarment of fine linen was girded at the

waist by a broad belt of inlaid or embossed bronze-work. Over the shoulders was thrown a woollen cloak, fastened with bronze clasps, or pins, whilst neck, arms, and ankles were decked with a great store of trinkets. The whole was set off by a diadem of long pins with large heads, beautifully chiselled, and inlaid with beads of metal or glass, these pins being stuck through a sort of leathern fillet, which bound up the hair."

*Step IV.*—Describe the colonies on Lake Pfäffikon with a diagram on the board to show the three successive settlements, the two lower ones being well preserved by fire. Also diagrams of pots imbedded in the mud.

*Step V.*—Mention the plants, grains, seeds, fruits, and materials discovered in the settlements, and draw from the children why the presence of nephrite hatchets proves that the lake-dwellers had tradings with the East. Tell how the "pile-builders" were not only fishers, but hunted, tilled the ground and kept horses and cattle.

*Step VI.*—Give the possible dates of the three ages of lake-dwellers; building themselves tombs on land, the first sign of their becoming land-dwellers. The evidences of their existing till the beginning of the early historic period. Get from the children the means of arriving at that conclusion.

*Step VII.*—Get the children to recapitulate the lesson.

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## ART CLUB.

This Club is open to any readers of the *Review*, either lady or gentleman. The terms are 6s. for six months. All work marked for exhibition is criticised by Mr. David Murray, A.R.A., on the yearly "Pupils' Show Day," in Miss Stewart Wood's studio, Vine Court Studio, Holland Street, Kensington. All particulars of the Club can be obtained from Miss A. Y. Davidson, Secretary, 41, Bessborough Gardens, London, S.W.

MAY TO NOVEMBER, 1903.

### *Subjects for October.*

I—"When Autumn flings her golden coinage down."

II.—A study of apples done out-of-doors if possible, or, if not, a mass of them painted indoors.

## OUR WORK.

*P.N.E.U. Literary Society*.—Subject for October: From Crabbe's Poems.

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society*.—Subject for October: *Odes et Ballades* (Victor Hugo).

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth.

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

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## BOOKS.

*Short Prayers*, compiled by Lucy H. M. Soulsby (Longmans, 6d. net.) We are greatly indebted to Miss Soulsby for these short prayers, of which she says, "it is thought they may be useful to beginners or to those who find help in occasionally changing their accustomed book for a shorter frame-work of settled prayers, so as to use more words of their own." Most of us would probably be content to sit in the seat of the "beginner," and find wings for our soul in these devout aspirations, as practical as they are spiritual. We are told that they are a net-work of phrases from many sources, but there is a modern glow about many of the phrases which should have, we think, a certain use in recommending the little book to young people who have just been confirmed; for the young like the thought of their own time, and it is good when it comes to them enriched and mellowed by being blended with the musings of many holy souls who have gone before. What a haunting phrase is this for example of Jeremy Taylor's, "That I may taste the deliciousness of my employment." The little book contains morning prayers, evening prayers, prayers for Holy Communion, a prayer for the first Sunday in each month, suggestions for self-examination, and for intercession and thanksgiving. Miss Soulsby has helped us greatly by her several volumes of *Stray Thoughts*, each full of wisdom and suggestion, but we think this little manual for the way is peculiarly helpful and useful. The author's tract, *Sunday* (2d.), does not commend itself to us quite so much. It is written to help young people to steer a course between the Scylla and Charybdis of the conflicting views concerning the keeping of Sunday. It seems to us that perhaps the author concedes too much to the modern temper; though, if so, we know it is with the hope and strong effort to save by concession some leisure of mind for the occupations of Sunday.

*The Works of Charles Lamb* (Newnes Thin Paper Classics, 3s. 6d.) Messrs. Newnes have put into our hands a treasure trove in this dainty and delightful volume. It is good to turn the pages and see the beloved Essays set out in a worthy and generous type; good, too, to excavate for buried treasures among the less familiar writings—the plays, poems, miscellaneous essays and what not. The reader dives and delves with

the certainty of turning up things as gemlike as the "Elia" series, and if he comes to the conclusion that the *vox populi* has after all pronounced the final verdict, if Lamb himself cannot match elsewhere the delicate grace and whimsical gaiety of the Essays, yet no lover of Charles Lamb would willingly be without the thousand touches of his sweetness, some of which appear in his least considered trifles. We are grateful to the editors of other editions which are even now appearing. No labour of appreciation and discrimination can be thrown away upon this author; but Lamb is a companion for highways and byways and garden seats, and we doubt if any other will take the place of this charming pocket edition with its interesting portrait and its dainty green leather binding.

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*Women's Vacation Term for Biblical Study.\**

A THREE weeks' Vacation Term for Biblical study for women was held at Cambridge this summer from July 25th to August 15th. It has long been felt, by some of those who are most anxious for women's education, that while the standard of attainment for women teachers has gone up in classics, mathematics, science, history and modern languages, the standard of Biblical knowledge has, if anything, declined. The Bible teaching in many secondary schools has been reduced to the dry bones of a commentary, with the conviction that if the commentary were in any degree departed from, the teacher would probably either get out of her own depth or be hauled over the coals by an aggrieved parent: and as most of the best teachers were unwilling to teach a subject which they had not specially studied, it has often happened that Scripture was assigned to any inexperienced teacher who would take it.

Some, to whom Biblical study is a real and valuable branch of learning, resolved to endeavour to improve its status by a new departure. The credit of the inception of the attempt is due to Miss Margaret Benson, and Miss Creighton, the secretary, was indefatigable in promoting its success. By the kindness of the authorities of Newnham College, the Old Hall was thrown open for three weeks for the reception of women-students, and the dining-hall of Sidgwick Hall for the lectures. Some students preferred Cambridge lodgings, and

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\*[We have been requested to publish this report of the work of the *Women's Vacation Term for Biblical Study*. We do so with particular pleasure. The conclusions arrived at will be comforting to our readers, who will, no doubt, also be glad to possess, in the list of books recommended, suggestions for the small library of Divinity which no cultivated home should be without.—ED.]

some enjoyed the hospitality of Girton : but all were allowed to use the delightful grounds at Newnham, and to read in the Old Hall reading room, provided by the kindness of the lecturers and their friends with most of the books recommended for study. None can speak too highly of the kindness and care with which their comfort was looked after by Miss Alice Gardner. Over 150 students, between the ages of 20 and 60, attended the whole or a part of the course, and all were so keen and enthusiastic that if, as is hoped, a similar course should be provided next year at Oxford, it is certain that those who can do so will welcome a repetition of the experience.

Owing to the mature years of the students, there was no necessity on the part of their teachers to economize the fact that historical and literary criticism has shown us various facts about the Bible in a new light, and it was a great gain and satisfaction to many of us to be told definitely which of the conclusions of Higher Criticism were considered by *all* critics to be soundly established. The lines on which the Biblical lectures were given were those of the sound and moderate school of Higher Critics—the school which we associate with the names of Driver and Sanday—as opposed to the more extreme writers of the *Encyclopædia Biblica*. No one who attended them could fail to feel that they silenced the misgivings which have for many years haunted the minds of many religious women—that if they knew more, they might come to believe less. We learnt from our lecturers that if fuller knowledge altered our views of dates, or relegated certain facts before regarded as historical to the region of tradition, it only brought out into fuller prominence the incomparableness of the truths of Christianity.

Nine courses of four lectures each were delivered by the lecturers (from both Universities) whose names are appended, and connected with each course was a conversation class, where students could ask questions and state their difficulties and get solutions. There were also several single lectures, given by M. Naville, Mrs. Lewis, Professor Gwatkin, and others, and we shall all remember gratefully the “extra” lecture on teaching religion to children given us by Mr. Kennett.

Some idea of the work done in the three weeks may be given by the following list of the different courses and of the

books recommended for the study of the subjects, most of which were available in the Old Hall reading-room :—

COURSE I. Old Testament Religion as illustrated by the Psalter, Dr. Kirkpatrick, Lady Margaret Professor of Divinity.

*Modern Criticism and the Preaching of the Old Testament*, G. A. Smith; *Old Testament in the Jewish Church* (Lecture VII.), Robertson Smith; *Old Testament Theology* (Chapter XXVII.—XXIX.), Schultz; *Aspects of the Old Testament*, Outley; *Religion of the Ancient Hebrews* (Hibbert Lectures), Montefiore; *The Praises of Israel*, Davidson; *The Origin of the Psalter*, Cheyne; *The Witness of the Psalms to Christ*, Archbishop Alexander; *Sacred Poetry of Early Religions* (in *The Gifts of Civilization*, and published separately), Dean Church; *Commentary on the Psalms*, Kirkpatrick; *Eschatology: Hebrew, Jewish and Christian*, Charles.

COURSE II. The Christology of the Old Testament, Dr. Swete, Regius Professor of Divinity.

Westcott on the Gospel and Epistles of St. John, and on Hebrews; Lightfoot on Philippians and Colossians; Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, articles on Jesus Christ, Son of God, Son of Man, John the Apostle, Paul the Apostle; *Theology of the New Testament*, G. B. Stevens; *Doctrine of the Person of Christ*, Dorner; *Doctrine of the Incarnation*, Ottley; *Teaching of Jesus*, Wendt; *New Testament Theology*, Beyschlag; *What is Christianity?* Harnack; *First Interpreters of Jesus*, Gilbert.

COURSE III. Isaiah xl.—lxvi. Dr. Barnes, Hulsean Professor of Divinity.

*Isaiah: His Life and Times*, pages 133—212, Driver; Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, article on Isaiah; Isaiah (*Expositors' Bible*), Vol. II., G. A. Smith; *Prophecies of Isaiah*, Vol. II., Cheyne; *Commentary on Isaiah*, Delitzsch; *Doctrine of the Prophets*, Kirkpatrick.

COURSE IV. The Pre-Exilic Prophets, Rev. R. H. Kennett, Queen's College, Cambridge.

*Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, Driver; *The Prophets of Israel*, Robertson Smith; *The Doctrine of the Prophets*, Kirkpatrick; *The Book of the Twelve Prophets*, G. A. Smith; *The Hebrew Prophets*, Ottley; *Isaiah: His Life and Times*, Driver; Isaiah (*Cambridge Bible for Schools*), Skinner; Isaiah (*Expositors' Bible*, Vol. I.), G. A. Smith; Jeremiah (*Pulpit Commentary*), Cheyne; *Jeremiah: His Life and Times*, Cheyne; Jeremiah (*Cambridge Bible for Schools*), Skeane; Ezekiel (*Cambridge Bible for Schools*), Davidson; Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, articles on Amos, Hosea, Isaiah, Micah, Jeremiah, Zephaniah, Nahum, Ezekiel.

COURSE V. The Synoptic Gospels, Mr. F. C. Burkitt, Trinity College, Cambridge.

*The Study of the Gospels*, Dean of Westminster; *The Common Tradition of the Synoptic Gospels*, pp. 2—147, Abbott and Rushbrooke; *Horæ Synopticæ*, Hawkins; Hastings' *Dictionary of the Bible*, Article on Gospels;

*Historic View of the New Testament*, P. Gardner; *Contentio Veritatis*, Allen; *Two Lectures on the Gospels*, Burkitt; *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, Westcott; *The Gospels in the Second Century*, Sanday; *Composition of the Four Gospels*, Wright.

COURSE VI. New Testament Times, Dr. Stanton, Ely Professor of Divinity.

*History of the Jewish People in the Time of Jesus*, Schürer; *A History of New Testament Times*, Hausrath; *La Palestine au temps de Jesus Christ*, Stapfer; *Life and Times of Jesus the Messiah*, Edersheim; *Introduction to the Study of the Gospels*, Chapters I. and II., Westcott; *Hastings' Dictionary of the Bible*, article on Jesus Christ; *Jésus de Nazareth*, Pt. I., Réville; *History of Jesus of Nazara*, Vol. I., Pt. I., Keim.

COURSE VII. Genesis and Exodus, Rev. C. F. Burney, St. John's College, Oxford.

*The World before Abraham*, Mitchell; *The Ancient East* (tran. by Hutchinson), articles by Zimmern—Biblical and Babylonian Genesis, Jeremias, Heaven and Hell amongst the Babylonians; *Code of Khammurabi*, Johns; *The Early Narratives of Genesis*, Ryle; *Introduction to the Literature of the Old Testament*, Driver; *Old Testament History*, Wade; *The Documents of the Hexateuch*, Addis; *Genesis Critically and Exegetically Expounded*, Dillman; *Genesis*, Wade; *Authority and Archæology, Sacred and Profane*, edited by Hogarth, article by Driver.

COURSE VIII. Epistle to Romans, Dr. Agar Beet, Wesleyan College, Richmond.

The Epistle to the Romans in the original Greek or in the English Revised Version.

COURSE IX. Philosophy of Religion, Dr. Rashdall, New College, Oxford.

*Principles of Human Knowledge*, Bishop Berkeley; *Study of Religion*, Martineau; *Personality Human and Divine*, Illingworth; *Philosophy of the Christian Religion*, Fairbairn; *Philosophy and Development of Religion*, Pfleiderer; *Naturalism and Agnosticism*, James Ward.

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## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—May I once more appeal to the hospitable feelings of members in and near London, who are willing to receive country members as their guests during our coming Conference, Oct. 27—30. I shall be glad to hear as soon as possible the names both of hostesses and of those requiring hospitality.

Yours sincerely,

(MRS.) ELLA HOWARD GLOVER.

35, Steeles Road, London, N.W.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOEL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.  
Tel. 479 Victoria.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### THE HOME-COUNTIES NATURE-STUDY EXHIBITION

Will be held *from October 30th to November 3rd, 1903*, by kind permission at the Offices of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, London.

In consequence of the above there will be no P.N.E.U. Nature-study Exhibition at the time of the Conference. Members are strongly advised to contribute to the above exhibition instead, and in any case to inspect the objects sent. For full particulars apply to MRS. FRANKLIN, 50, Porchester Terrace, W.

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### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

CROYDON.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Hall, Colleendene, Addiscombe Grove, Croydon.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer:* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Miss Helen Webb, M.B. (Lond.), will lecture on "Some Small Things of Great Importance" (a lecture chiefly intended for the parents of young children), at 8.30 p.m. on Oct. 20th, at 12, Airlie Gardens (by kind permission of Mrs. Rickman, who will be in the chair).



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

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## ON THE TEACHING OF MODERN LANGUAGES.

BY A. S. TETLEY.

IN no department of educational practice have greater changes been made during the past ten or twelve years than in the teaching of modern languages. Most if not all of my hearers will have learnt their French or German by the traditional method, applied to the living as to the dead tongues. We had our grammars and exercise books, with lighter fare such as Voltaire's *Louis XIV.*, or Madame de Stael's *Le Directoire*, to relieve the inevitable mental indigestion. We learned French exactly in the same way as we learned Latin and Greek—long lists of unused anomalies in gender and number, page after page of irregular verbs, and a mass of valueless lumber of rules and exceptions, stranded like derelicts on the dreary pages of our grammars.

To-day, particularly in English schools, this old style still more than holds its own, but its days, I believe, are inevitably numbered. Students of educational method have long seen—some at least of them—that it transgressed the main laws of logical thought. There was no passing from the known to the unknown, no association of ideas, no connecting of eye with mind, no perception of the general from the particular.

A new school arose; and, like so many reformers, they pushed their views to extremities, and refused to see any good whatever in the older methods. Oral teaching throughout was the creed to which they pinned their faith. They admitted neither the need nor the utility of formulating grammatical rules, even by deduction; writing was deferred far too late; to parody a famous phrase, "l'oreille, l'oreille, toujours l'oreille" was their war cry.

But wiser counsels prevailed, and out of the confusion there has gradually emerged an eclectic system, combining the best parts of both methods.

This system may not be the best for a grown-up mind that wants simply to acquire power to read in a new language. For such a man—particularly if he already possesses a knowledge of one or more languages and *in primis* of Latin and Greek—the quickest way to attain his end is by means of grammar, dictionary, and cheap copies of good prose and poetry that he can pencil-mark to his heart's content.

But we are searching for a method suitable for young children; and it is the proved unsuitability of the old system that has at last brought about the remarkable changes referred to above.

I will proceed at once to outline some of the chief features of this new way; and afterwards I propose to make a few general remarks on the subject in its broader aspect.

We begin by connecting the new name of an object with the object itself. Holding up a book, I say, "Voici un livre." I explain at once to the class the force of the word "voici," and then go on to ask them the question, "What is this?"—"Qu'est ce que ceci (*or cela*)?" I am pretty certain to get an answer, "Un livre," whereupon I point out the form to be observed in answering, "C'est un livre, monsieur." I have the answer repeated all together (in a few minutes I use the phrase "tous ensemble") and singly; and then I proceed to another object—"un garçon," "un tableau," "un crayon"—any prominent thing in the classroom, which in French requires the article "un."

Next I name in succession, insisting on collective and individual answers throughout, such objects as "une plume," "une fenêtre," "une fille," which require the article "une." These names all well learnt, I proceed to the first deduction of

a grammatical rule—the distinction between “un” and “une,” which will be at once obvious to most of my class; and with further questioning it will not be difficult to get from them some suggestion as to the *raison d'être* of such a distinction.

In like manner we proceed to the name of a number of the same object—“voici des livres,” or “ce sont des livres,” with the inevitable question and answer. Now, here comes a practical illustration of the need of introducing writing at the beginning. Any child will at once distinguish singular from plural by the use of the preceding article “un” or “des;” but it will never imagine that the name of the object itself actually varies in form. Once learned, the names must be written. This does not weaken the force of the word spoken and heard. Rather it is another link to connect it with the chain of memory.

And so for a lesson or two we deal with objects and their names, and deduce the grammatical distinction between “un,” “une,” “des,” and “le,” “la,” “les,” introducing, whenever they are likely to be understood, simple phrases of command and instruction, such as “debout,” “asseyez-vous,” “s’il vous plaît,” &c. But we cannot go far without the verb; and some experts advocate bringing it in at the very outset. Personally I think it matters little. We may proceed in various ways, though all very similar in result. A blackboard sketch or a simple picture is as good as any. (Such pictures, I may say, are published by a German firm; they have the fault of being foreign and depicting foreign ways. Our English publishers are, however, bestirring themselves.) Suppose we have a boy walking or reading. After asking the name of the object, we say, “Le garçon marche” or “lit.” “What is the boy doing?”—“Le garçon que fait-il?” Our answer will come, “Le garçon lit.”

Now, here we must insist on the answer repeating so far as possible every word of the question. It would never do to pass such an answer as “lit” or “marche”—and we are sure to get them. Our questions must be carefully framed if we are not to lead to errors which will become ineradicable.

In this way we learn a number of the commonest verbs, all at first with the prefix “il,” and afterwards with “elle”: from which we deduce another important rule, and take our first plunge into the region of pronouns. A more difficult

step now awaits us. Calling a child to me, I say, "Ouvrez la porte." As he obeys I say to him, "Vous ouvrez la porte." Then I do it myself, saying the while, "J'ouvre la porte"; and by dint of careful examination I enable them to infer the difference between the use of "je" and "vous." So we learn the three persons; and the different endings of the verbs become self-evident as our lesson advances. It is amazing with what readiness children pick up these simple phrases and how rarely, when they come to writing, they fall into the appalling blunders of "nous allez" and "vous allons," so painfully common under the old régime.

Before developing the verb further we introduce the adjective. For instance, calling out two children before the class, one considerably taller than the other, we say, "Voici un grand garçon," "Voilà un petit garçon." Other attributes readily suggest themselves. Then we take a feminine noun—"fille," "plume," or the like—and use it with the same adjectives. At once we deduce the unvarying occurrence of the mute "e" as the termination of all feminine adjectives. Further developments are obvious, for instance, the feminines in "-ve" and "-se," comparison, the place of colour adjectives, and so on.

Now we are in a position to enlarge our treatment of the verb. We lead our class on to the negative and interrogative form of sentence. Under the old system this was one of the most troublesome parts of language teaching. Under the new the child learns a number of typical sentences and models others unconsciously on what it has already acquired. So too with the complicated puzzle of reflexive verbs and the use of pronouns preceding their verb as objects. Again, from present we pass to the past indefinite, that "maid of all work" tense, and then to the future and other tenses. Even the subjunctive can readily be introduced with common phrases like "il faut."

To illustrate what I mean; let us take a sentence already known and understood, such as "le garçon lit le livre." To the child before us, book in hand, we say, "Stop reading," ("cessez de lire"), and then to the class, "Le garçon ne lit pas le livre." Thus the negative; and in like manner the question, "Le garçon lit-il le livre?" "Le garçon ne lit-il pas le livre?"

Then follows the same use with a compound tense, and so we get a series of models for constant imitation :—

1. "La fille a ouvert la porte."
2. "La fille n'a pas ouvert la porte."
3. "Pourquoi la fille n'a-t-elle pas ouvert la porte?"
4. "Avez-vous ouvert la porte?"
5. "Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas ouvert la porte?"

Each sentence is followed by a question to which the sentence itself supplies the answer; or, if in question form already, answers must be suggested at first and will soon occur to the children. Thus to "Pourquoi n'avez-vous pas ouvert la porte?" we might prefix the remark, "Vous avez oublié d'ouvrir la porte," and the answer to the question then follows, "Parceque j'ai oublié, &c."

By this time or even before we are ready to begin reading short and easy stories. At first they are perhaps best written on a blackboard. Let us take an example and show how we can use it.

"Deux compagnons, Joseph et Pierre, passaient un jour près d'un jardin situé au bout d'un village. 'Regardez un peu,' dit Joseph, 'comme ces choux sont beaux; jamais je n'en ai vu d'une si énorme grosseur.'"

The first sentence alone will provide us with material enough for a lesson :—

"Lisons cette phrase en Français, tous ensemble." This done several times, "Traduisons en Anglais." Then we can ask questions :—

Q. "Qui passaient près d'un jardin?"

R. "Deux ouvriers passaient," &c.

Q. "Comment s'appellent-ils?"

R. "Ils s'appellent Jean et Pierre."

Q. "Comment vous appelez-vous? et vous? et vous?"

R. "Je m'appelle Guillaume, Marie," &c.

Q. "Par où passaient-ils?"

R. "Ils passaient près d'(*or* par) un jardin."

Q. "Ce jardin où est-il situé?"

R. "Ce jardin est situé au bout d'un village."

From these we can form numberless other questions : thus :—

Q. "Ces ouvriers couraient-ils par le jardin?"

R. "Non, Monsieur, ils ne couraient pas, ils passaient, ils se promenaient, par," &c.

*Q.* "Combien d'ouvriers y avait-il?"

*R.* "Il y avait deux ouvriers." }

"Il y en avait deux." }

*Q.* "Avez-vous un jardin chez vous?"

*Q.* "Votre jardin est-il au bout d'un village?"

*Q.* "Passez-vous près d'un jardin, d'une église, de l'hôtel de ville, etc., quand vous allez à l'école?"

And so on almost without end.

In this way the form of each kind of sentence becomes so fixed in the mind that it is reproduced automatically and without conscious effort. Adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions fall into their right places. There is no casting about for "quand," "où," "pourquoi," "comment"—no thinking in the mother tongue to be translated word for word into the foreign speech. Grievous solecisms are a thing of the past in speech and still more so in writing.

And now, in closing, I will suggest a few points of general importance.

I. I strongly believe in accustoming the children from the beginning to the written language. They should see the words on the blackboard and write them in sentences for themselves. It is not enough to get them to repeat the phrases or invent new ones with mere verbal accuracy; they should have incessant practice in writing.

II. Hence a collection of simple tales should be brought into use very early. These should be read aloud in French and questions put (as above) to be answered in the same language. Translation and retranslation should be very sparingly employed, perhaps not at all for a year or two. To write from one language to another is a most difficult feat to accomplish well.

III. Grammars and dictionaries should not be put into the hands of the young learner. It is difficult to say when first they may be used with advantage. Exercise books will become unnecessary; in fact the common type of such books will be a positive hindrance.

IV. Poetry should be learned by heart from the earliest lessons. It helps the child to appreciate and understand the sound and rhythm of the language more than anything else; and of course can be made the medium for numberless questions.

V. It is not wise to insist on using nothing but the foreign language throughout the lesson. Much time is wasted by so doing; and it is almost certain that some of the children, however easily and glibly they may answer, will often fail to understand a word of what they are saying.

VI. As to the teacher,—it is far the best to have English men or women trained in these methods than the native foreigner. For no foreigner can appreciate the special difficulties that beset our children in learning another language. A perfectly correct accent is a matter of secondary importance. It is doubtful if absolute purity of tone is possible for anyone speaking a foreign tongue,—even after long years of residence.\*

VII. What language should be first taught is a problem of great interest, but one I can hardly discuss now. German has many advantages over French in its early stages, but afterwards it becomes much harder. Moreover it lacks the ease and grace of its rival, and is never likely to become the “*lingua franca*” of educated society. Of all European languages Spanish is probably the easiest for Englishmen; but its modern literature, like that of Italy, is incomparably inferior to that of France or Germany.

VIII. Lastly,—a thorough grounding in the elements of the mother tongue is indispensable for success in learning foreign languages. In England we need to follow the example of Germany where children devote a very large proportion of their weekly time-table to the study of their own language.

Children thus properly grounded should begin a new language about eleven,—or to cite the average position of such children in the elementary schools, when they enter Standard V. They will thus be able to take up a second language at the age of 14. I should like to see a modern language compulsory in all our public elementary schools,—taught according to the rational methods that are so rapidly beating the older systems out of the field. Not the least boon that would assuredly follow would be the breaking down of that insular pride that is our reproach whenever we show ourselves on the continent.

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\* This statement is open to discussion.—ED.

## WHEN AND HOW TO BEGIN MODERN LANGUAGES.

BY CLARA L. DANIELL.

THERE is perhaps no subject of schoolwork in which theorists are more at variance than the teaching of modern languages.

We are all familiar with the outcry against the old methods; against the writing of exercises in which one asks the question, "Have you a hat?" and the answer is, "No, but the gardener's aunt has lost her little dog," followed by the interesting information that "Louisa has given 35 pancakes to the blind orphan girl"; against the toilsome translation with the dictionary of *Les Malheurs de Sophie* (a book thoroughly detested by most right-minded little English girls) or Erckmann-Chatrian's *Le Conscrit* (hated by generations of boys); against the gulping down of irregular verbs or indigestible quantities of nouns; against examinations in which quaint plurals and defective verbs are of more account than the understanding of the gist of a story; against the traveller's handbook in which the carefully conned question does not somehow receive the expected answer.

The revolt against these things is emphatic; better methods must be found. They are found, and in bewildering variety, and with absolute conviction on the part of each inventor that *his* way and no other is the *one* and *only* way to learn a language.

To give a few examples:—

A says: Let the teacher talk, talk, and always talk in the foreign language, the children's ears will be trained, and they will begin to talk as soon as they are ready.

B says: Read, read, read, never mind about understanding, translation is fatal.

C: Phonetics are absolutely essential.

D: Pictures are the only way.

E: *Act* everything you say, *action* is life, the *verb* is the soul of the sentence.

F: *Touch* everything you speak of, a child learns to name *things* first, follow nature—teach names of *things*.



G: Let the pupil learn a great deal by heart, then he or she will get the right construction of sentences impressed upon the mind.

H: *Never* make a child learn by heart, it is old-fashioned and therefore evil.

I: Explain everything in the foreign language itself, every minute of the lesson in which English is spoken is a minute lost.

J: Give the child a thorough grounding in Latin, it is the best possible preparation for the grasp of any language. Begin Latin at eight, French or German five years later, say at 13, and perhaps a third language three years later.

K: Let the child have a French nurse when it is six weeks old.

L: Leave modern languages alone till the child leaves school, they cannot possibly be learnt in England.

Now in all these dogmas there seems to me to be some truth—or at any rate, some protest against error—but each of them has “*les défauts de ses qualités.*” They are certainly varied and somewhat contradictory; but the criticism or defence of them is beyond the scope of this paper, which is to deal chiefly with two questions in which parents and teachers are equally interested and about which they can, I think, gain mutual enlightenment by frank expressions of opinion. They are—

(1) When should a boy or girl begin to learn a foreign language? and

(2) How should it be begun?

When?

Should the child have a French or German nurse at six weeks old, that its little ears may unconsciously receive impressions of a foreign environment from infancy?

In this case it would be essential that the mother should herself have a fair knowledge of the language, or that the nurse should know some English; otherwise misunderstandings prejudicial to the child's health or well-being might ensue. Then there is the difficulty of possible discord between servants of different nationalities, our insular prejudices being stronger as we go lower in the social scale, and international forbearance not particularly well developed in the lower orders of continental races either. On the whole, it seems that the risks are greater than the possible advantage,

although if one cared to face the risk, there is very little doubt that a child so brought up would acquire two languages simultaneously, and speak them both separately by the age of five. The same result would in some cases be arrived at if a foreign nurse were introduced at the age of three-and-a-half. The child would be very much puzzled at first at this new way of talking, and might resent it considerably, but after a little while would find it no more strange that "horse" should be called "cheval," than that "gee-gee" should be called "horse." When one comes to think of it, a child nearly always learns two languages before he is five, and in the case of many words the similarity between baby English and real English is no greater than between English and French, and often less than between English and German. In baby-talk it is generally nouns that change, verbs mostly remain the same. For instance:—"Wash donnies," "Go for a tata," "Listen to the tic-tac," "See the puff-puff," "Kiss Daddy." A child has no difficulty at all in the transition from "dinnie" to "hand," from "gee-gee" to "horse." Two words are used to represent one thing. The child accepts both and is not puzzled.

We know from our own observation that Board School children in the infant school employ two languages, the home or street language and the school language—that the difference amounts practically to two languages is evident to an observant ear.

By the way, a French child of five is wonderfully quick to know where he ought to say "tu" and where "vous." I was much struck with this point in staying with a friend of mine near Paris. Her children of three and five seemed to know instinctively whether to use "tu" or "vous."

Three children of English parentage, born in Santiago, were brought to England at the ages of three, six, and eight. The youngest knew Spanish only; he understood some English, but did not speak it. On arrival in England, he learnt English rapidly, but forgot Spanish, as it was never spoken to him. The older boy of six understood and spoke both English and Spanish before leaving Chili. Both were about equal to him as mediums of expression, and he spoke them both quite separately. He took longer to forget his Spanish (and it is a thousand pities his parents did not keep it up by speaking to him; it would not have been difficult if

they had once started the habit). The eldest, a girl of eight, could of course understand and speak both English and Spanish; she could also read both languages. She kept up Spanish reading for a time, and still understands it a little, but it is a slumbering memory now—I think it would awaken with practice. But though the Spanish has nearly faded away, their power of acquiring languages is remarkable. The boys very soon beat all the other boys in their classes in French and Latin, and the girl learnt to read easy French tales with positive enjoyment in a year, and used to amuse herself at the age of nine by turning little French songs into Spanish and seeing if she could bring them into rhyme and fit them to music! She took very easily to Latin and German also, in fact I have never known children in whom the *Sprachgefühl*—that instinctive feeling for the reality and life of a language—was more easily and naturally developed than in those three.

Little children learn a new language by phrases, not by words—a phrase happens to hit their fancy—they practise it over and over again. It is sometimes quite a difficult phrase, and the elders wonder where the child got it from. For instance, a little boy of four remarked to me one day, “Yes, we have had a lot of bad weather lately, and I fancy it is beating up for a storm this afternoon.” That little boy had only learnt English for a year, having been born in France and brought over here at the age of three. The expression “beating up for a storm” had evidently struck his ears and his fancy, and he reproduced it.

These instances seem to show that the ear and tongue of a child are extremely susceptible to various forms of language, but whether this is true of the majority of children, or whether even if it were, it would be desirable to have foreign nurses and nursery governesses for our English boys and girls more frequently than we have at present, is a matter which is many-sided. At any rate, when children come to school age, I think no time should be lost before some foreign language is started. Advantage should be taken betimes of the sensitiveness of the ear, the elasticity of the muscles of the throat and tongue, the power of mimicry, which may all become duller and stiffer if we wait till the reasoning powers are more fully developed.

This brings us to the second question—How should a foreign language be begun?

In the case of a child who has had a foreign nurse, the beginning is unconscious, the spoken language is his before he is aware of it, but I think the language of his own country should be the first which he grapples with by any conscious effort, as in reading a printed book or trying to write. I do not think written work, nor, as a rule, reading in a foreign language should be begun before the age of eight. Picture lessons, songs with actions, and games (these last very sparingly, as children soon think it very much beneath them to *play* at lessons, they are quick to feel the pleasure and dignity of *work*)—these all help to practise the ear and tongue, the eye unconsciously helping to bring about the association between the idea and the sounded word.

Picture lessons are very good for this oral work, but they want to be treated skilfully. Some of the pictures specially prepared by Hölzel for the teaching of languages are in my opinion too full of incident; one cannot be sure that the eyes of the pupils are so excellently under control as to look only at the parts given in the lesson. Even if they were, there is a temptation which the teacher finds hard to resist—that of giving the children too much at a time. For small classes the coloured plates of Christmas numbers of the illustrated papers often serve very well if judiciously selected—scenes that illustrate home-life, with children, dollies, animals and so on.

Songs bringing in some of the words learnt in the picture lesson help to vivify the impression, and are a reward for good repetition. In the picture lesson care must be taken to avoid merely naming the objects represented—the actions must all be brought out vividly, and thus the verbs of every-day use are practised.

There is a real comprehension and not mere parrot mimicry in these lessons. For instance, with a class of little girls of seven or eight years of age, the teacher tested the reality of the impression produced by her words in this way. There was a snow scene depicted, and after a few phrases about people and animals walking in the snow, the teacher said in the same tone “*L’église marche dans la neige.*” Not one child repeated this in parrot-fashion; with twinkling eyes and a burst of merriment they enjoyed the absurdity of a church walking in the snow.

With regard to songs, they can be made useful sometimes to fix more firmly the lesson of the picture. Following a farm picture, "Il était une bergère" might be taken. The usual version of this song is not good morally for the children, but there is another version which is very charming and brings in a great quantity of useful little phrases of every-day life. A delightful little pastoral play can be made out of it for little children too. Other songs in which the actions bring into play the various parts of the body, as in "Savez-vous planter les choux?" or in which the different musical instruments are named, or birds, etc., etc., may be chosen.

By this time the blackboard will be wanted, and the sentences referring to the actions in picture or song can be written down. We will suppose the children are now over eight. The next step will be to copy the sentences for themselves in writing. Soon they will begin to ask questions about plural endings and agreement of adjectives (not of course in that grammatical way, but they are almost sure to notice the differences in spelling), and with skilful leading they can find out reasons and rules bit by bit and will remember them because the joy of discovery will be theirs.

After this we shall use mental visualization instead of pictures. A slight amount of gesture and action will help to give life and stimulate imagination, but to go through the whole series of actions is apt to make the lesson ridiculous. A big girl learning German on the Gouin method, and taking the series "Walking," was balancing herself with great difficulty on one foot while struggling through the sentence "Ich hebe den rechten Fuss auf." "Ich hebe den rechte (hop-hop) das rechtes (hop-hop) die rechten (hop-hop, hop . . . )" Of course she felt tired, disgusted, humiliated, and fully convinced that, for her at all events, German was an impossible language. I think Gouin might justly exclaim "Save me from my followers," for some extraordinary teaching has been inflicted in his name by those who have quite failed to grasp his psychological reasoning or his method.

When reading is begun, the greatest care must be taken for the first year that the child should not attempt to pronounce the words till he has heard them from the teacher. First impressions are wonderfully strong, and prevention is better than cure. Even after two or three years' practice it is better for the teacher to read first.

Books with plenty of pictures and short tales should be chosen first; then a continuous story of simple words. Division into syllables is very puzzling and makes reading very slow and pronunciation choppy. A book that can be finished in one term is better than a more lengthy one. Stories of French or German history, handled in a skilful manner, can be utilized as the pupils advance, they will respect themselves and their work more if their foreign lessons are not all in story-book form. Conversation is easier about real events, and seems better worth spending time upon.

There is a very charming little book called *Reading without Tears*, which is quite spoilt by its title. Why *should* we put it into the minds of children that French is usually connected with tears, and this is just an exception to the usual effect of reading French? That title has always struck me as singularly unhappy, in more senses than one.

Plays are useful to counteract that excessive shyness in speaking a foreign language which seems part of the heritage of a free Briton. A good deal of effort and concentration will be wanted to master the parts, but I have known this concentration to be amply repaid by the real hold the phrases have taken, and the consciousness of knowing something has given an immense impetus.

Help at home in conversation is most valuable, and something might be done in the holidays. There are many delightful spots in Brittany or Normandy where summer holidays might be spent.

I have hardly touched on the question of grammar—of writing exercises—of composition—of translation. There is no doubt that however much we may try to clear away the thorns and nettles, there will still be a pretty thick hedge to be struggled through—still a considerable amount of rules and difficulties that nothing but sheer grind can conquer. One of the most ardent of the reformers of modern language teaching was asked, "What do you do about French irregular verbs?" "You must ram them in," was the reply.

The old and the new methods supplement each other's deficiencies. We cannot dispense with either unconscious imitation or conscious effort.

[Discussion is invited on the subject of Language Teaching.—ED.]

## EDWARD THRING.

BY M. MACEachARN.

EDWARD THRING is one of those great spirits whose life is a source of faith, of inspiration, of light, and of life itself to whoever will think upon it. "To be a *life* has long been my prayer"\*: these words are Thring's own, and thousands can testify to the fulfilment of that prayer. A great intellect Thring undoubtedly had, but it is an irresistible force of character which discriminates him as a man. No one could read his "Life"† without being deeply impressed by the grandeur of his personality, just as no one who was fortunate enough to come into contact with him in his lifetime but felt that here was no common man.

Thring was a practical idealist. He not only *saw*, but he *did*. In the field of Education there have been many thinkers who have deemed their dreams sufficient to justify their existence—Rousseau for instance. Pestalozzi did endeavour to carry out his ideals, but his incapacity to deal with the hard facts of life caused much waste of power. In carrying out his ideals Thring never lost sight of the material with which he had to deal. A cheerful combativeness was one of his most obvious characteristics—a combativeness which was not the result of an aggressive spirit, but rather of that clearer vision which saw what ought to be done, and could be done, and a determination that therefore it should be done. With faith in his work, and in himself as an instrument of God, he fought ignorance, prejudice, narrow-mindedness, and every hindrance to the mental and moral growth of boyhood which existed as a *sine quâ non* of school life before his time. Every parent who sends a boy to a public school owes a debt of gratitude to him for all he did to improve the conditions of public school life.

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\* *A Memory of Edward Thring.* J. H. Skrine.

† *Life and Letters of Edward Thring.* Parkin (MacMillan & Co.)

Tennyson might well have been thinking of Thring when he wrote:—

“And because right is right to follow right  
Were wisdom in the scorn of consequence.”

Thring was apparently not a student of pedagogical literature, and for this reason a few comparisons between him and some of the great men who were his forerunners in educational reform are interesting.

Thring, like Pestalozzi and Froebel, believed he was doing God's work, and therefore that every child had an equal right to have every opportunity of development given him.

“The path of Nature,” says Pestalozzi, “which brings out the powers of men must be open and plain; and human education to true peace-giving wisdom must be simple and available for all.”

“Be it my effort to give men to themselves,” said Froebel.

“Every boy, be he clever or stupid, must have proper individual attention paid to him,” said Thring, in his direct English way.

Thring also insisted on the importance of the youngest and stupidest having the most skill in teaching—a self-evident truth utterly disregarded by most English parents. But Plato might have opened our eyes if we had read his words: “In every work the beginning is the most important part, especially in dealing with anything young and tender.” And as early as the sixteenth century in our own country, Mulcaster, an educationalist of no little importance, said: “The first ground-work would be laid by the best workman.”\*

Thring has a great deal to say on observation, the power so little cultivated in the ordinary book-learning which is miscalled education. “All power begins by loving observation. . . . The first advance on unconscious absorption of material of thought is the implanting a habit of observation: that is, of unconsciously gathering material of thought. . . . Observation is only a better name for patient well-directed work, a name for learning to see by getting close, and waiting on that which is worthy of being known. . . . Observation, work, love, these are the masters of the world. . . . There can be no thought till there has been observation.

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\* Quick's *Educational Reformers* (Longmans, Green & Co.)



There can be no observation without work. Accurate observation of little things makes the accurate observer. Accurate observation of very little things makes the very accurate observer. The very accurate observer becomes the master of many facts old and new: the master of many facts old and new, each in its place, has all that teaching can do to make him a great man. . . . The end and crown of all true work is an accuracy which observes everything, and lets nothing escape, a power of observation animated by a true love for what it undertakes to investigate, and able through love to discover subtler truth than other people. . . . And observation and accuracy ought first to be as the joy of the explorer to the curious child, who should be made to see in every word he speaks, and every common thing he sets eyes on, endless surprises and novelties at every turn, of unexpected pleasure and new delight.”\*

In Joseph Payne’s summing-up of the teaching of Pestalozzi, he says, “All education (including instruction) must be grounded on the learner’s own observation (*Auschanung*) at first hand—on his own personal experience. This is the true basis of all his knowledge. . . . That which the learner has gained by his own observation (*Auschanung*) and which, as a part of his personal experience, is incorporated with his mind, he *knows* and can describe in his own words. His competency to do this is the measure of the accuracy of his observation, and consequently of his knowledge.”†

On the subject of observation, Froebel says, “Our conversation is poor because it is not the result of a life rich in creating and seeing inwardly and outwardly, because our words lack the contemplation of the things which they indicate.”‡

Rabelais, Mr. Quick tells us, was the first to advocate the training of the powers of observation. Thring aptly described himself as a “radical conservative,” using the words in a political sense—in educational matters as well as political he was also a “radical conservative.” He was a reformer in everything relating to the environment of the public school boy; he was a reformer inasmuch as he based his work on religious and moral principles, and in making the training

\* *The Theory and Practice of Teaching.*

† Quoted in Quick’s *Educational Reformers.*

‡ *The Education of Man.*

of character not only possible but the chief end of education ; but, in regard to the classics, he was as much influenced by the ideals of the Renaissance as nine years at Eton and life at an English university could make him, besides being a brilliant classical scholar himself. He would have all education revolve round the classics, as the proper study for mankind. We may differ from him on this point, however, and yet believe in him as a great educationalist ; but one cannot but wonder that the idea did not strike him that the inability of the human boy to absorb classical learning might be owing to the fact that classical learning was not what the average boy-mind required ; for Thring himself says, " It is really useless for many boys to expect to be able to attain to any great proficiency in Greek and Latin, they have been neglected too long." And again, he says, " There is very little want of ability in boys naturally, but there is a great want of willingness, an ingrained antagonism to learning, and dread of it, and very often utter incapacity for self-teaching." When Thring became headmaster of Uppingham, in 1853, the school buildings consisted only of an ancient master's house and a schoolroom. The school was simply a grammar school, founded in 1584, and was controlled by twenty-four governors—country gentlemen, with all the limitations of their class as it was fifty years ago, who opposed all Thring's schemes of reform as only the bigoted and ignorant can. The scheme of reform seems simple enough—the making true principles the basis of school-life. The principles were the sacredness of the individual life, and the necessity of proper school machinery. Simple truths which every good master now accepts as self-evident were, when Thring gave expression to them, treated as impracticable by those who could and ought to have helped to carry them out.

One can imagine how much his importunate enthusiasm must have disturbed the inert governors, who, no doubt, looked upon his schemes as an outburst of quixotic youth. Even now one's indignation is aroused in thinking of those men who withheld the help they had power to give, increased the difficulties of a difficult life, and caused Thring to add the burden of debt to the load he had already taken upon himself. Yet, in spite of apparently overwhelming obstacles,

in a few years Uppingham could boast of six schoolhouses, a large new schoolroom, a chapel, and a gymnasium (the first in any English public school)—a rapidity of growth unheard of in school annals. Each boy was provided with a separate cubicle and study, for Thring had Eton reminiscences of the disastrous effects, morally and mentally, as well as physically, of herding boys like cattle in large “dormitories” and “chambers.” Thring started with 25 boys; in 1869 he had more than 300.

Thring has had, perhaps, more practical experience of teaching than any other educational writer, and for this reason his writings ought to have a special value for us. He ought also to appeal to us because he is so essentially English.

What a different thing school life would be if every master realised as Thring, that mere intellectual training ought not to be the aim of education. Do not all children go to school with the preconceived idea that they are sent merely to learn lessons from books, and to play games? Why is the ideal of character-training not given more prominence? Thring had the great power of awakening in the boys’ hearts enthusiasm for the good, and hence it came to be said that having been to Uppingham was, in after life, a guarantee of good character. What praise could be higher? How insignificant in comparison are long records of prizes and scholarships. Thring opened the minds of his boys to what are the important things of life.

In *Education and School*, he says, “Intellect is only the highest instrument man possesses, the hand of the soul answering to the hand of the body. Money is a great power as an instrument, but it is justly considered vulgar to be purse-proud. Bodily strength was a very great power, and is still in some degree; yet to live for the body only is to live the life of a beast. So also intellectual strength is a great power, but to live for the intellect only is, as far as it is possible, to be a devil, not a man. . . .

“Hence it comes to pass that although both bodily and intellectual strength are needed for work, and trained to work, and are the instruments by which the class rank of individuals and nations is attained, they do not ultimately decide the fate of their possessors. They are nothing more

than instruments, capable of abuse as well as use, and the start gained by them only continues to profit so long as the true governing power, man's true self, that power by which love and hate exist irrespective of strength and knowledge, directs these instruments and this start to a right end. This power is supreme, it is the source from which all actions in their effect return. This power is life, and life, as far as it is true, does make perfect. True life makes all its instruments perfect, and puts all to a good use. Both body and intellect, guided by right love and right hate, can do wonderful and lasting things. . . . The true life-power then must be the object, if it can be attained, both of men and of nations. . . . For there is no natural progress towards perfection. . . . True education is nothing less than bringing everything that men have learnt from God, or from experience, to bear first upon the moral and spiritual being by means of a well-governed society and healthy discipline, so that it should love and hate aright, and through this, secondly, making the body and intellect perfect, as instruments necessary for carrying on the work of earthly progress; training the character, the intellect, the body, each through the means adapted to each."

On the distinction between knowledge and training, Thring says, "For it does not follow, even if the ultimate object of the educated man is knowledge, that therefore the object of his preparation is knowledge. . . . The true object of education is strength of mind and character, and any process that conduces to give this kind of strength is true, even though little knowledge is gained by it. A weak mind filled with facts collected from others, is not the end proposed. . . . In a word, nothing can be said before the distinction between the *strong* mind and the *stuffed* mind, between *training* and *cram*, is thoroughly recognized and decided."

Thring realized fully the necessity of opportunity for self-activity when he said, "To bring a number of boys together without taking care that there is plenty of occupation, and something to interest different dispositions and tastes, is not training, whatever it may be; and it is creating much evil, whatever else it may be. As great a variety as possible becomes a necessity in a great school. Healthy moral life very much depends on it."

In these days of sentimentalism, in which want of discipline is leading us we know not whither, it is a relief to find that one man, and he a great man, has had the courage to express vigorous views on the question of punishment. "As a fact," Thring says, "a great school from time to time receives all the evil of the worst English homes, as well as all the good of the best. What is to be done with it? The boys are sent to be trained; the angelic theory obviously will not work.

"The efficacy of all punishment depends, first, on the certainty of its being inflicted; secondly, on its being speedy. . . .

"Protracted feeling, instead of sharpness, is wanted in dealing with a sin. . . .

"The faults which principally call for the rod are discipline faults and wilful faults."

Nothing could be more reasonable than Thring's views on punishment; yet, because he inflicted corporal punishment on one or two boys for a breach of discipline (they had returned late after the holidays), a storm of indignation from irate parents burst upon his head, and, fanned by a scurrilous press, literally swept from one end of England to the other. It blew over in time, but not without having caused much pain and annoyance to a just man, who knew that right was on his side.

Although Thring believed strongly in the necessity of corporal punishment for the maintenance of that discipline which is a "preliminary condition for the free unfolding of our noblest capacities," he went no further, but believed that "the true way to the head is through the heart."

"What then is the right way of attaining higher life, since whip-power fails? The most complete definition of the right way is, *the winning love by love*."

It has been said that we should never read the biographies of our heroes or heroines—presumably because we shall find so much that is ordinary in them. But why despise people for being like ourselves? All life is at once ordinary and extraordinary. Is light less wonderful because it comes every day? Is a great man less great because he eats bread and butter? Nothing keeps us in a comfortable state of mediocrity so much as a complacent belief in the ordinariness of our own lives. A humble self-confidence is half the secret of all great work.

It is from Thring's diary, long excerpts from which are in the *Life and Letters*,\* that we learn best to know and love the man himself. His intense humanity cannot but appeal to all who have felt and suffered. The occasional fits of despondency, the pleasure in small things, the delight at a word of recognition or proof that his labour was not in vain, the self-accusations, all testify to the thoughts and feelings he had in common with us all. Yet the dominant note throughout is the strength of his faith and confidence in the triumph of right. Debt is the burden on many a page.

"But anything for freedom from debt and slavery," he says in one place, adding characteristically, "anything, *i.e.*, but give up the work."

An indefatigable worker to the end, no one could be better qualified to bring home to us the all-importance of hard work.

"One learns by experience how different it is being able to do a thing once and many times; to walk one or thirty miles without stopping. Much of the secret of life turns on this; it is endurance, God-given endurance, not intellect, which does great things."

Thring had great distrust of public inspection and examination in education.

"If education and training are the true aim of mankind, and power in a man's self the prize of life; then no superstition ever ate into a healthy national life organism more fatal than the cult of the examiner."

Thring had the greatest reverence for womanhood and the highest ideals of woman's place in the world. "If the world is to get better education, the women must do it," he says.

Women teachers owe a debt of gratitude to him for the helpful interest he took in their work, an interest which he showed by inviting the first Conference of Headmistresses of High Schools to meet at Uppingham, in 1887.

Mr. Skrine, who has given us one of the most delightful examples of biographical writing ever written, thus defines Thring's—we might say, transcendental—attitude towards women: "His sense of the superiority, we will not say of the passive, but the non-militant excellences, culminated in his reverence for womanhood and the womanly genius, his

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\* *Life and Letters of Edward Thring.* Parkin.

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mystical expression of which will be remembered by all who have heard him talk of 'the great and last revelation of the gentleness and loveliness of true life,' that 'all life on earth, men and women alike, is to be cleansed and glorified into the supreme excellence of womanly perfection, and that glorified humanity is the Bride of Christ.' "

"To be a life has long been my prayer." Is not one of the secrets of greatness the power to give life—the power to rouse us to activity, to quicken our souls, to open our eyes to see and our ears to hear, to thrill us with love for the Right and hatred for the Wrong ?

Viewed by this standard Edward Thring is one of the greatest of men.

# THE EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF GREAT BOOKS.

## "PARADISE LOST."

BY W. OSBORNE BRIGSTOCKE.

"Faithfulness shall be the girdle of His reins."—*Isaiah* xi. 5.

WE are said to come into the world naked—meaning not only devoid of earthly possessions, but also of mental gifts. Of course there is in a child the undeveloped germ of much—but that hardly counts. The mind is probably at first nearly bare, but not so bare as the minds of the first men must have been, because there is a great deal of ready-made clothing awaiting *us*: all we have to do is to put it on.\* That is what we are sent to school for, and there we go through, over again, the trying scenes which the nursery witnessed when the first uncomfy vests were struggled into. These mental "clothes" vary as much as the tangible ones: it is only with one article that we are concerned to-day, and we must satisfy ourselves with trying on only one specimen of it.

If a man's father has built a house to live in, that man may not be obliged to spend time in constructing his dwelling-place, for there is one ready made for him. In the same way writers of former times, wittingly or by chance, penned sentences which have not since required re-writing—each is in fact a *dernier mot*. No one will ever try to express in more beautiful language—

"We are such stuff  
As dreams are made on, and our little life  
Is rounded with a sleep."

And no one will ever improve Dante's lovely description: "The soul comes from the hand of God, as a little girl, weeping and laughing in its childish sport, a guileless soul which knows nothing, save that, moved by its joyful Creator, willingly it turns to that which gives it pleasure." And who could wish to modify the dictum of Cervantes that "the pen is the tongue of the soul"? To Germany we owe the expression which so exactly defines the spirit of evil: "Ich bin

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\* "For every man with his affects is born;  
Not by might mastered, but by special grace."

*Love's Labour Lost*, I., i.



der Geist der stets verneint"; we wade through pages of philosophy and volumes of ethics, but we cannot get away from the fact that "there is no virtue like necessity"; and the despondent scribbler may find consolation ready made if he can think that his work is "caviare to the general." And, lastly, when we are puzzled by magazine articles or afternoon tea discussions, and begin to wonder what *are* the essential characteristics of a "gentleman," all we have to do is to go to our bookshelf and turn to Horace's "dernier mot"—none the worse for its antiquity—

"Est animus tibi, sunt mores  
Et lingua, fidesque."

Taine, in his history of English literature, speaking of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, says, "Ce qu'il y a de plus beau dans ce paradis c'est l'enfer." That is undoubtedly shrewd and true. Of course Satan can hardly be called a "gentleman," and we ought not to want to sympathise with him in any way: but we do, because Milton so evidently did, just as Shakespeare did with his great criminal Richard III. Every man has a more or less profound contempt for anything that is mediocre: "to be weak is miserable, doing or suffering," is Milton's—Satan's—way of expressing it. But Satan is not alone in feeling so strongly about mediocrity. "So then because thou art lukewarm and neither cold nor hot, I will spue thee out of my mouth," occurs in Revelation (iii. 16). Or, again, the following lines which (I fancy) came from Machiavelli's pen:—

"The night that Peter Soderini died  
He at the mouth of hell himself presented.  
'What, you come into hell? poor ghost demented.  
Go to the babies' limbo!' Pluto cried."

And in this connection I once saw a line from some old ballad quoted:—

"She's nae fit for heaven, an' she'll ruin a' hell."

But the fact that Milton's Satan is so far removed from mediocrity—that he is so strong and great (though in the cause of evil)—does not wholly account for our admiration and sympathy. We do not feel in the same way towards Richard III. The difference lies in this—Richard III. is presented to us "deformed, unfinished, sent before his time

into the world, scarce half made up, and that so lamely and unfashionable that dogs barked at him." Do we wonder at his being a villain? No: we merely wonder at his force, just as we might marvel at the astonishing craft of a Madame Humbert. How different is it when, instead of a deformity, we observe the—

"Dread commander (who) proudly eminent  
 Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost  
 All her original brightness, nor appear'd  
 Less than archangel ruin'd, and the excess  
 Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,  
 Looks through the horizontal misty air  
 Shorn of his beams. . . . Darken'd so, yet shone  
 Above them all the arch-angel."

Such a vision is almost as attractive as that of the un-darkened archangel who visited Adam in the garden. One cannot subdue a lurking feeling of regret that so much glory should have suffered eclipse; and this sense of regret springs into flame when one reads,—

"But his face  
 Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care  
 Sat on his faded cheek; but under brows  
 Of dauntless courage and considerate pride  
 Waiting revenge."

And, like indolent people agreeably surprised in church to find that the preacher is going to be "interesting," we rouse ourselves to listen to further details about this fallen chief of many throned powers. What are we told of this great angel who—

"In the happy realms of light  
 Cloth'd with transcendent brightness did outshine  
 Myriads though bright"?

Personal appearance is, of course, not a thing by which we should be unduly influenced.

"Garde-toi, tant que tu vivras,  
 De juger les gens sur la mine."

Too frequently, however, do we allow our opinions to be thereby biassed. It is difficult not to feel lenient towards sinning beauty. And Milton has given us a picture of a sinning angel most—one might almost say, dazzlingly beautiful. It is hard to realize the magnificent description of this "fallen god and heavenly essence—hell's matchless

chief." When he speaks cheering words to the spirits damned, it is

"As when from mountain tops the dusky clouds  
Ascending, while the north wind sleeps, o'erspread  
Heav'n's cheerful face, the low'ring element  
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or show'r;  
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet  
Extend his ev'ning beam, the fields revive,  
The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds  
Attest their joy, that hill and valley rings."

Then we see him in the heart of hell put on swift wings,  
back towards the gates to explore his solitary flight—

"Sometimes  
He scours the right hand coast, sometimes the left,  
Now shaves with level wing the deep, then soars  
Up to the fiery concave tow'ring high,"

until he reaches the ninefold impenetrable hell-gates, where sit two shapes described in words that are too well known to require repeating. (Book II. 648-676.) Then when the ghastly dialogue is ended and the gates have opened with impetuous recoil and thunder harsh, Satan stands gazing into a darkness without order, more terrible than that which he has just traversed. The "wary fiend," we are told, "stood on the brink of hell and looked a while, pondering his voyage; for no narrow firth he had to cross"—

"A wild abyss,  
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,  
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire;  
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd.  
. . . The secrets of the hoary deep, a dark  
Illimitable ocean, neither bond,  
Without dimension . . . where eldest night  
And chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold  
Eternal anarchy."

At last he spreads his wings for flight and rises in a surging smoke; then falls with fluttering pennons plumb down ten thousand fathom, till a tumultuous cloud instinct with fire and nitre hurries him upward to where is neither sea nor dry land, where half on foot, half flying, he struggles on with head, hands, wings or feet, until at length a universal hubbub of wild stunning sounds and voices reveals to him

"The throne  
Of chaos and his dark pavilion spread  
Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned  
Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,  
The consort of his reign."

From before this throne of darkness, discord, and confusion, Satan "springs upward like a pyramid of fire into the wild expanse," until at length—

"The sacred influence  
Of light appears, and from the walls of heav'n  
Shoots far into the bosom of dim night  
A glimm'ring dawn."

What a journey! It is quite inconceivable, though we can understand it quite enough to sympathise with the strong feeling of relief that came to Satan when he could fly with less toil—"as a weather-beaten vessel holds gladly the port, though shrouds and tackle torn." And what burning tears must have gathered in his eyes—tears such as angels weep—when he beheld

"Far off th' empyreal heav'n . . .  
With opal tow'rs and battlements adorned  
Of living sapphire, once his native seat;  
And fast by hanging in a golden chain  
This pendent world, in bigness as a star  
Of smallest magnitude close by the moon."

We cannot but admire the dauntless angel who could brave the trials of such a journey. But, perhaps, such an achievement is not all too wonderful for a spirit "all heart, all head, all eye, all ear, all intellect, all sense." Grant it. Yet it is plain enough that Satan is far beyond compare with all his angels whom he calls "ethereal virtues." When they hear his voice they quickly resume new courage and revive. Nor is it only the power of oratory that moves them, though Satan's speeches are exquisitely worded. Nothing could be more lovely than his address to the sun—though Milton does seem to imply that the high words "bear semblance of worth not substance." We are also told that "spirits damn'd do not lose all their virtues," which seems scant praise for one who "for the gen'ral safety despised his own," who was full of "immortal vigour," who was not content with Mammon's otiose conception of hard liberty, working ease out of pain through labour and endurance. Satan's idea was an unending strife, and his one concern—"how attempted best?" His noble frame of mind is fully disclosed by the words,—

"But I should ill become this throne, O Peers,  
  . . . if aught proposed  
And judged of public moment, in the shape  
Of difficulty or danger, could deter  
Me from attempting."

Finally he comes to heaven's wall, more like a brave crusader before the ramparts of Jerusalem than the dread enemy of man. There, underneath the stairs "mysteriously meant" a sea of jasper flowed—or of liquid pearl. The stairs were then let down, whether to dare

"The fiend by easy ascent, or aggravate  
His sad exclusion from the doors of bliss. . . ."

No, no; though we feel that Satan's place is outside heaven, he does not deserve that: he has been found to be beautiful, noble-minded, dauntless, and an exquisite orator. He is a noble enemy: he should be treated as such. Milton clearly intends us to feel all this; and we smile at the grim irony of "Satan bowing low to Uriel—as to superior spirits is wont in heav'n."

But the real truth is suddenly flashed on us and all our sympathy vanishes: we have found that Satan satisfies nearly all Horace's conditions—*animus, mores et lingua*. The way in which the missing *fides* is brought home to us may be compared to a fact in school-boy life. A boy does not always realize his wrong when whipped, but some little word of reproach may subsequently reveal to him what his master feels. I remember being caned one day: of course I minded, but I did not really feel abashed until the following afternoon. My master was going into his garden to brush the green-fly off his rose trees. He asked for boys to help him. I volunteered. "I never care to have a boy to help me when I have had to whip him." That was a blow more cruel than any caning. Satan, I feel sure, experienced the same thing when

"Abash'd the devil stood  
And felt how awful goodness is, and saw  
Virtue in her shape how lovely."

And yet even after this, Milton seems unable to avoid feeling that he *might* sympathise with Satan—if Satan were not so very improper a character. When Satan sees the earthly paradise he exclaims,—

"O hell! what do mine eyes with grief behold!  
Creatures . . . to heav'nly spirits bright  
Little inferior; whom my thoughts pursue  
With wonder, and could love. . . .  
And should I at your harmless innocence  
Melt, as I do, yet public reason just,  
Honour and empire . . . compels me now  
To do what else, though damn'd, I should abhor."

To call this "necessity—the tyrant's plea"—is unkind, for Milton may very well be accused of being as weak with regard to the lovely Arch-fiend. He succeeds in making us feel that Satan deserves utmost punishment. He lays emphasis on the lack of faithfulness, as if that were the great sin.

"So spake the seraph Abdiel, *faithful* found  
Among the *faithless*, *faithful* only he  
Among innumerable *false*, unmoved,  
Unshaken, unseduced, unterrified,  
His *loyalty* he kept, his love, his zeal."

But he allows us to feel that touch of pity which is one of the properties of tragedy. There is real tragedy in the torments under which Satan inwardly groans whilst the fallen angels adore him on the throne of hell; or in the hideousness of his having to "mix with bestial slime—essence to incarnate and imbrute that to the height of deity aspired." And, lastly, how sadly true is the picture of Satan in the mist: he was indeed "in the mist" in the presence of the God to whom he had been false. *Sadly* true, is it? Yes, I think we may say so; for even Milton will not let his Satan be quite baffled: only his deeds are to perish.

"He, who comes thy Saviour, shall recure,  
Not by destroying Satan, but his works  
In thee and in thy seed."

The educational value of this aspect of the poem? Surely that is plain enough. Ambition may be said to be "the last infirmity of noble minds"—"by that sin fell the angels." Milton has shown us a wonderful angel, still almost perfect though fallen, higher than man, worthy to be a model to us, were it not for one fatal flaw—faithlessness. The greatest angel in heaven was tempted, and fell—by ambition, yes; but if he had been faithful, ambition could not have got possession of his will. If such a being could be faithless in the very presence of God, can it be easy for us to be faithful, though we are still in the paradise God made for man to live in? Not easy. But for that very reason the surest rock on which our hands must build. Faithful to two things: faithful to the highest beyond us, faithful to the highest within us.

"They love truth best who to themselves are true,  
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do!"

Satan dared to do what he dared to dream of: he was, in a way, true to himself—at least he thought so, until "he felt how awful goodness is."

## THE HOME SCHOOLROOM.

BY CHRISTINE SHARR.

EDUCATION! what is it? What does it convey to our minds as we slowly repeat the word syllable by syllable: Ed-u-ca-tion? It conveys a thought too overwhelming for words; years of our life swiftly flash across our mental vision and we sigh at the apparent impossibility of ever attaining the ideal we started out to seek.

Can we explain all it means? Can we say that our education is limited to any one period of our life? Were it possible, it would be difficult to select the time. The questions would arise one after another as to when our education commenced and when it ceased?

Froebel asks, "Do you know when, where and how your child's intellectual development begins? Where and when is the boundary of existence that has not begun, and of its actual beginning, and how this boundary manifests itself?" Surely those of us who have been brought into close communion with child life, will admit that the answer to these questions is not to be found during those years which are spent within the bounds of nursery and school. Our own experience brings us to the only reasonable conclusion, that while life and reason are our common portion, so surely do we continue to harvest, glean, winnow and thrash out the facts that encompass us on all sides; separating those things which are neither of use or value to us, from those which we can usefully employ; and which go to augment our stores of knowledge—in fine to broaden our education.

This is a thought full of serious import, over which we may well ponder at length. For the time being, however, let us glance shortly at the second period of a child's existence. He has passed from babyhood into childhood, free and happy; and for a while things continue to remain as before; the child is content to play his little games repeatedly, finding each time a new delight in them.

Thus far the child's doings find favour in the nurse's, and alas! too frequently in the mother's eyes. Then begins a fresh development on his part, for which, possibly, the mother is not prepared. Question after question comes from the little seeker, who is suddenly launched, as it were, into a sea of why's and wherefore's, and is no more capable of remaining silent than is a dog chasing a cat. Like the dog, he worries and worries until he is satisfied, and the impatient mother who puts the child off, or does not answer him at all, causes him to suffer irreparable loss both for the present and future. For when a child's mind first becomes active, it should be stored with information suitable to his understanding, and sufficiently interesting to hold his attention for a few minutes. But what teacher adapts herself to the needs of a little child, so bountifully, as the great mother of all teachers! Nature! She alone will hold him, aye, even the man, spell-bound, when all else fails. And although apparently little knowledge is gained by the small enquirer, the mother is doing great things for her child when she helps him to fix a few of the ceaseless, flitting thoughts, which momentarily occupy his attention. By repeating them time after time she eventually makes such impressions on his brain as will prove to be the foundation of those habits of observation and attention, which are of such untold value, in all the undertakings of the boy, the student, and the man, busy with the affairs of life.

It is at this period, that a mother feels inadequate to cope with her child, and either looks about for a suitable school to which she may send him, or prefers to have him taught at home, so that she may be certain he is receiving all the knowledge she deems necessary for his age.

If the child is taught at home the first thought is to select the schoolroom. A room bright with sunlight, pleasantly situated and cheerfully and interestingly decorated is a *sine qua non*.

It is a curious feeling that creeps over the child the first time he enters the schoolroom. He feels a new responsibility come into his life; a feeling of satisfaction settles upon his mind, that now he will be able to learn about everything; and that all those things will be made plain, which were beyond his comprehension before.



How shall we fit our schoolroom that the child may not be disappointed in his work ; that he may retain that eager desire for knowledge, with which but a short time ago he came, fresh and vigorous. Not only must we foster his desire to learn, but we should also give such point to further, deeper researches, that the child's life may become one long plan of investigation, self-education, and self-development. His queries may be answered, his craving for knowledge supplied, and yet he is not satisfied, but is ever ready to plunge deeper and deeper into the mysteries of life until he lifts a corner of the veil which hides the beginnings, and sees, with childish innocent wonder, the grand schemes by which the universe is made, and realises the infinitude of its Maker.

Oh, mothers ! Show your children early, the great truths of God. Make their childhood one long day of happy healthful joy, which they may, in after years, look back upon as the happiest and most glorious springtide they could have wished for, and round which will be linked in loving memories, all that is sacred and beautiful in the word "home."

We have digressed somewhat from the point, and must turn our thoughts back to the eager little "fresher" in the schoolroom. Note how eagerly he gazes round ; what joy he manifests when given his first book and pencil, and how frail the thread which links his thoughts together. He cannot spend more than two minutes at his book, but his eye wanders round the room where everything is fresh and new to him ; the furniture, the pictures, even the chairs have a fascination for him. Do not thwart his interest, put aside book and pencil and take him for a tour of discovery round the room ; and an hour or more of delicious dreaming on his part will pass, till he regards the schoolroom as a world of wonder, from which he will not easily raise the veil, nor need he ever do so, if the educator fulfils her high and noble calling. Let us take a brief glance at the schoolroom the little one so much admires. First there is the clean cork flooring with some pretty rugs, a good fireplace, artistically-tinted walls, cupboard, table, piano, chairs and a desk for each child. The latter should be used for school things only, and school things must not be carried to the nursery, for thus they are lost and trouble arises. Secondly, there is a black-board and easel with plenty of white and coloured chalks

and a clean duster. The blackboard is not merely to be used for writing ; but beautiful pictures can be drawn in a very few minutes by teacher or child, which add a special charm to a lesson, and leave a lasting impression on the mind.

These are the general accessories of the schoolroom ; let us now turn to the more particular. First and foremost among these should be the glass-fronted museum case, or cases, as occasion may require. In this should be gathered all the curios obtainable ; labelled and classified by or with the children so that they may know what each thing is, and where it is kept. These should then be introduced into the lessons as frequently and under as many new aspects as possible. Each time a specimen is brought forth, the child will remember a whole chain of facts, and will, with pleasure, add another link to those he has already made. It must be borne in mind that the museum is the child's ; therefore, he must consider it *his* duty to be always increasing it. In his rambles and walks there are many things he may collect and he will soon feel dissatisfied if he goes out without bring home something new, whether it be a fresh specimen for the flint or granite collection, a flower for the botany collection, a new snail shell, water creature or water plant. There are things innumerable the child can find, of which he may learn the wonders. Thus, gradually, the schoolroom will become the best loved room in the house, because its beauty is of his own creating, a monument wrought by much patience, care and love.

Even his toys can be made instruments of education ; during the nursery period, a child needs very few toys, but as he grows older and can appreciate beautiful things, so should they be given to his care. For instance, in the tall museum case he can have a menagerie of all the model animals he has had given him ; and week by week, when the geography lesson comes round, think what delight there will be in making the desert of Africa on the sand tray, the boy's camels walking slowly across with the girl's dolls upon their backs, and a little linen round a few sticks for their camp ; some of the doll's-house pots and pans lying around to add to the completeness of the scene. The effect is one of breathless wonder, and childlike admiration frequently finds expression in the clapping of hands and walking round the model with exclamations of joy and satisfaction.

In another part of the room is a table, and by its side a sofa. On the table is that which rouses, perhaps, the keenest interest of all, the aquarium. Either salt or fresh water, or both, may be kept and maintained perfectly pure and wholesome, if proper care and attention be devoted to them. A child's interest is always roused by watching the varied forms of animal life, and the aquarium affords such unlimited scope, that hours and hours of keen naturalistic research may be spent by a wayside pond, when out walking, or in watching the various interesting incidents in the aquarium. If a sofa be placed near the table in such a position that when resting, the child may watch the curious ways of the water creatures, there would not be the difficulty that now presents itself of keeping his mind occupied when it is necessary for him to rest some part of the day in order that he may keep his health. Silent though nature is, she is almost sure to teach him something of interest through that long weary hour, and he should be made to understand that time wasted has gone for ever and can never be recalled.

To keep a salt water aquarium is no very difficult task. Gallon cans of sea water can be obtained, by payment of one shilling, from the Great Eastern Railway Company ; and this placed with a pretty piece of rock in the aquarium, is all that is sufficient as a home for the beautiful pink, green, and purple anemone from the wild sea cave.

No seaweed must be put in, or it will foul the water, and the aquarium will be spoilt. Every morning the faces of the anemones must be carefully washed. Oh ! what a happy idea for a child, a link so inseparable from his own life. During the day a slight film of dirt spreads over its surface, which in nature is washed off by the constant tossing of the sea, but in the aquarium our little anemones miss this process, so we substitute a clean paint brush, kept for that purpose.

It is not difficult to do, but every scrap of the film must be cleared from the water, and the water well aerated every day from a cup put into the bowl ; or by means of air blown into the water from a pair of bellows. In the South Kensington aquarium the water is kept fresh for very long periods by air which is allowed to slowly bubble up through the water from a perforated pipe close to the bottom of the tanks ; this is all the regular keeping a salt water aquarium needs. Once a

week the anemones need a little food, and a single oyster will satisfy them all. This should be cut up into small pieces and with the paint brush a little piece placed over the mouth of each, and they will draw all the goodness from it and cast away the remains, it is curious to watch them wave their hundred arms and clasp them round the food when it is given to them ; once in about three months a cup of fresh water must be added to allow for evaporation, which would otherwise render the water too salt for the anemone to live. In this way I have kept such an aquarium for two years and then it came to an untimely end by a fall. I have known one kept for seven years, and when last I heard of it, it was flourishing. Generation after generation of young are budded off so that sometimes it is necessary even to enlarge the aquarium.

There is no need to say much about the fresh water aquarium that is so general, and can be found illustrated in every book dealing with pond life, and should one wish to know, it can easily be learnt. I would only add, feed the creatures and fish regularly and at a certain time, and the fish learn to know the time for their meal, as it comes round, and show some signs of excitement. They will swim up to the top of the water directly it is given them, and you may watch them at their dinner without having to exercise any great amount of patience. It is a mistake to think that water animals cannot be tamed as well as others, results prove that they can, and they become very fascinating to the child.

A word more on the aquarium before I leave it ; if it is impossible to keep it out of the sun, paste a sheet of green paper on the outside of the glass nearest the light, and that will give the creatures all the shade they require.

In regard to the pictures of the schoolroom, there is much difference of opinion. Ruskin suggests that every schoolroom should have one good picture of each of the five great cities of the world upon the walls. These are very well for older children, but they would convey very little information to younger ones. Pictures should not be standard things at all, they should be altered from time to time to suit the development of the children and interchanged sometimes with those in other parts of the house.

The first pictures should portray as many of the physical features, times and seasons, as possible ; so that they may be

used to illustrate the geography or nature lessons. Representations of beautiful scenery with a waterfall and brook, or a hay field, or eventide on the sea, can be bought very inexpensively. When these are done with, and the child's knowledge increases, Ruskin's idea of the great cities would make an admirable series, to which might be added one or two etchings of the gods and heroes of mythology.

One picture is suitable and essential for every stage of development, and that is the beautiful engraving of Raphael's "Madonna and Child." There is such grace, such dignity and calm repose about it, that even a casual glance satisfies the restlessness of the child's nature, and a wave of calm high thought sweeps over his mind.

There are many other little things which can be introduced into our schoolroom, making it into a world of ideals for the children. When the trees are lopped, decorate it and turn it into a wild Indian jungle. Tell them of the mighty trees, the wonderful flowers, the animals and birds. Again, in winter, change it into the Ice Queen's palace glittering with frost and snow, by means of cotton-wool and frost.

There must always be flowers in the schoolroom growing in pots, and cut flowers in vases kept watered and fresh by the child. Thus he will always have something to do, something that needs his special care and no longer will the mother find him fretful or lounging about unoccupied, but rather the cry will be, "Shall I ever get time enough to do all that I want to?"

## TREES IN OUR WALKS.

BY A. C. DRURY.

IN our walks we find many an illustration of the effect of climate. Most of our burns are eating out little glens in the hill-sides. Before we had explored these, we thought there were no hazels here, until we found them away from our bare, northward hill-slopes, on the banks of some tiny burn with a southern or western exposure.

In following up one such stream, we traverse first the steep sides of quite a deep gorge, clothed with beech, elm, oak, ash, lime, a pine or two, and plenty of luxuriant hawthorns. As we mount, the slope changes; the little valley is no longer sheltered by the steep behind it, and its grassy banks are shaded by birches—gnarled, ancient-looking trees, branching from the roots, their bark rough and blackened by the weather. Above the birches, where the stream is winding through a marshy meadow, there are alders—fairly tall trees, with plenty of last year's pistillate catkins to show what has been achieved, but sadly destitute of leaf-buds. Higher than this, heather alone beautifies the banks of the stream.

The hill-side is indeed crowned with fir and pine plantations. But how they suffer from the gales! Dozens of trees are levelled, torn up by the roots, and some are broken off about five feet from the ground.

The tissues of these splintered stumps are most interesting. The tapering ends of the branches are discovered, radiating from the heart of the tree, torn out quite distinct from the wood of the main trunk, the curves of which show how the vessels divide to pass on either side of branches growing at right angles to them.

In another wood, a fir has split in falling, leaving a distinct smooth core, like a thick cane, in the centre of the trunk.

The massive trunks of the Seven Sisters, a group of splendid pines, looked still and steady in the biggest gale, though their heads were rocking furiously. But by leaning against them one could feel the motion, as they bent and gave under the strain of the wind. As for the slender firs rocking in the close plantation beyond, they made the earth quake under them. It was extraordinary to see their roots lifting

and tugging so that the ground heaved and sank as with a respiration, and any long, straggling root, lying half-buried in the soft soil, was lifted several inches above the surface.

There is a fascination in studying the characteristics of a leafless tree, to enable oneself to recognise it at sight. Trees with opposite buds, as ash, chestnut, sycamore, are easier to distinguish in winter than those with alternate buds, particularly young specimens. A young sycamore shows perfectly the arrangement of its branches, the first and third pairs at right angles to the second and fourth, and so on. The terminal bud eventually produces a flower, when the branch has grown to some length, consequently a forked branch develops from the last pair of lateral buds. Sycamore buds are always protected by green scale leaves, so their colour distinguishes them from all other buds.

Ash buds, of course, are black, and are always supported by a thickening of the twig, like a bracket, that identifies them past mistake. From a distance, the ash tree is characterised by the downward and upward curve of its outermost branches, which sweep earthward and recurve in most regular fashion, while the topmost twigs are erect. In a full-grown tree, the cleavage of the bark makes shapes of the shuttle form, but a sapling ash has the smooth, pale bark that irresistibly recalls an ash broomstick, or a horizontal bar.

Perhaps the commonest tree here is the wych elm, which is also the earliest to flower, for Scotland is its native land. Its pliant branches begin to fork not far from the ground, and spread and droop so as to render the whole tree of a spherical shape. It is more graceful than the south-country elm, and is the only elm that produces fruit in Britain.

Every tree has its characteristics, either of bud, or bark, or gesture.

Beech trunks are unmistakeable; so is the unrivalled purpose to rise which the twigs express by their upward sweep. The slender, golden-brown buds make the same angle with the twig as the branch does with the trunk. And as the growing bud bends back towards the twig, so does a sinuous curve show in the branches. Last winter the beeches were known too by their fruit, for nearly all those in the deep valley of the "fair river, broad and deep," were covered with empty cupules, showing how successful the last flowering season had been.

Lime twigs zigzag from bud to bud, and are less woody than those of most big trees. The buds are often quite red. Another tree beautiful in colour is the alder. The youngest shoots have an orange tinge, and are bracketed to support the stalked, purple buds that are covered with a lovely bloom. The fat, yellow, pyramidal buds, with regular vandyked markings, will inform any unworthy Briton who does not know the oak at sight. And, of course, the "grey birches" are our most intimate friends.

About an unknown tree in spring, we have all the excitement of a new discovery. This year, our least known tree had a smooth, ringed bark, many-creased twigs, and reddish-brown colour that suggested the Rose family. When the irregularly pointed bud began to swell and form a grey, furry, blunt knob, expectation was at the highest. Soon the green and silver pinnate leaves were expanding among the brown twigs and revealing flower-buds that would develop into masses of creamy blossom. In autumn we shall see the berries flaming in the woods. From beginning to end, is there a lovelier tree in our country than the rowan?

Besides the rowan, others of our most attractive flowering trees belong to the Rose family; gean, or wild cherry, crab-apple, hawthorn, sloe or blackthorn, bird-cherry, etc. The white blossom in spring, the scarlet or purple fruit in autumn, are easily recognised.

But the less conspicuous flowers of timber trees are not less beautiful. Elm and ash are in flower before their leaves appear. As the brown elm bud begins to swell, an orange patch heralds the development of a crowded spike of tiny red flowers. Thus, before the appearance of the grey-anthered stamens, the whole tree looks red. By the time the leaves are fully out, bunches of fruit are hanging among them, green, leaf-like fruit with a central crimson spot where the seed is ripening.

The flowering ash is an ever-fresh miracle. At first one grudges the loss of the splendid black buds when they burst and reveal other leathery bracts surrounding a mass of blossom—blossom that looks almost incongruous upon the tough, bare twigs. But how lovely is the simplicity of the ash flower, scores of them developed from a single bud, each flower consisting only of a pistil and two stamens. Some of last year's winged fruits, familiarly called the "keys" of the ash,



are still hanging, brown and limp, on the trees. Another ash is sadly covered with unfertile blossom that seems to have been first sodden, then hardened into a mass where only the stalks are distinguishable. Possibly a gall-fly may have caused this destruction.

Long before the ash blossoms, the catkin-bearing trees have flowered; willows first, with their glories of golden and silver "palm," poplars, hazels and alders, birches, oaks, and beeches. The stamens and pistils of willow and poplar are on different trees, those of the others are on separate flowers.

Everybody knows the staminate catkins of hazel, alder and birch, which make their first appearance in summer as tight, hard, unpromising "fingers," and blossom the following spring into those graceful swinging tassels that hang on the bare twigs of hazel and alder, and among the leaves of the birch.

Crimson, thread-like stigmas characterise the pistillate catkins of each. The group which makes a hazel-flower is in brilliant contrast with the brown twigs and tawny catkins. What a mystery that out of this grows the hard-shelled hazel nut!

On the alder, the crimson stigmas emerge successively from the purple scales of a miniature cone. This becomes a green fruit that ripens and lets fall quantities of little angular brown seeds, into streams which sow them broadcast.

The pistillate flowers of the birch are slender, and stand erect to receive the pollen shed upon them from the wind-shaken staminate catkins. One birch by our burn had ripe fertile catkins of last year, a mass of tiny winged seeds still unscattered, beside this year's catkins, both staminate and pistillate.

So many birches in our neighbourhood bear those big bunches of twigs we call witches' pincushions. One might take them for old rooks' nests, until the spring comes and they burst into leaf like any normal twigs. We notice great variety in sycamores. The leaves of some have such sharp angles, others are so rounded. The lovely pink tint of newly-peeled bark, that contrasts exquisitely with green mosses, is not seen on young trunks. They are too smooth to show bark cleavage; but the red colour appears again in the leaf stalks. Not a trace of it is in the sticky green flowers that hang in long racemes, as the green double-seeded, double-winged fruit hangs later on.

We find sycamore seedlings at great distances from the parent tree, showing how easily the light, winged seeds are blown about by the wind.

Those lovely mushroom-like beech seedlings, in two shades of green, are found under the beech trees, for the sharp-pointed beech nuts mostly lie where they fall.

Beech blossoms must be looked for soon after the unfolding of the translucent young leaves, silver-bordered with silky hairs. Very limply the soft fringes of stamens hang from the twigs on their slender stalks; the tight spikes that will become beech nuts stand up quite stiffly to meet them.

The oak too bears flowers after the leaves have come. Its staminate flowers are sometimes transformed into a string of currant galls. Diligent search for the pistillate catkin is needed, for it is as hard to find as the acorn is easy, and grows, little bigger than a pin's head, on a slender stalk in the axil of a terminal leaf.

Last of all flowers the lime, delayed until July by a late northern summer. Sweet-scented as any garden flower are these pale green blossoms, most fragrant in hottest sunshine, hanging under far-stretching branches, haunted by the "murmur of innumerable bees."

By its flower and fruit we most easily recognise the hornbeam, for the tree is rather like an elm and has points of resemblance to the beech too. The fruiting catkin bears a number of little nuts, about the size of sunflower seeds, each enclosed in a three-lobed leafy bract. One hornbeam was found in mid-winter in such a sheltered spot that, although it was bare of leaves, all the fruit was still hanging there with faded yellow bracts.

Of course we love to watch the growth of the trees in the garden, but most interesting of all are the pines. We seem to know their slowly-maturing cones at any stage but that of actual ripeness. We have seen clusters of staminate flowers at the base of new shoots, a mass of brown anthers that shed an enormous quantity of pollen. The cones that are to receive it grow beneath, further up the branch; but how does the pollen reach the ovules, two of which grow at the base of each scale of the cone? At the tips of the new shoots miniature cones are growing. These are the youngest on the tree. We will choose several of them and watch their growth, week by week and year by year, and so learn their life history.

## THE FÉSOLE CLUB PAPERS.

BY W. G. COLLINGWOOD.

### XI.—A NEW CARD GAME.

PLEASE look into the waste-paper basket, and find some scraps of paper; backs of used envelopes, slit round with a knife, will do. Or, better still, rob the card-tray of some less-valued—but not highly glazed—visiting cards. And then find a BB, or at any rate a soft pencil, with which you can rub in a rough, strong shading easily and rapidly.

This is to be a composition lesson in black and white; and it may be done of an evening by lamplight. It ought not to be more difficult than playing “snap”; indeed, it is so simple that I am only afraid the members of the club will think it beneath their artistic dignity.

Draw a line horizontally across the paper; and shade all the lower half. There you have Contrast, about which we talked in the paper on the “The Team of Phaëthon.” There is a black half and a white half. But you have not a picture yet, nor even the suggestion of a picture.

Now, with india-rubber, make a light patch in the dark half, and hold your drawing at arm’s length, and think about it. I believe you will soon feel a sort of craving to dash in something dark in the light half. The longer you look, the more you will feel certain that, though the formless scribble means nothing at all, and does not resemble any scene or shape in the world—unless a heraldic shield in a fog—still, as a mere arrangement, it cries out, so to say, for Balance. The question is not “*Shall* I make a dark patch in the light half?”—that is decided; but, “What sort of a dark patch shall I make?”

Now, that depends. Suppose, first, that you have rubbed out the light patch just in the middle of the dark half. A corresponding dark patch in the middle of the light half will balance it; and your eye will be satisfied so far. (Better make a separate sketch of this and call it A.) It is balanced, but formal and stiff.

Now make another sketch, with the light patch on one side, say, in the right-hand part of the dark half, and put a dark patch just above it, and call this sketch B. The balance here

is not complete. You want to do something with the left-hand side of the picture—for a picture it begins to be—though what it may be going to represent you can hardly guess.

Try another (C), in which, while keeping the light patch on the right-hand side, you put the dark patch on the left, diagonally opposite to it. Here, again, balance is restored.

But in C, while you have balance, you have not as much contrast as possible. There is contrast between the light and the dark halves of the sketch; but the contrast between the light and dark patches is only in their tone and position, whereas they might also be contrasted in another way. One might be concentrated, and the other diffused; one might be tall, and the other broad; one square, and the other round; and all this without losing balance of weight and general effect. You begin to see a number of variations to be made in this very simple plan of composition.

Try a diffused, half-tone light on the dark half in another sketch (D), and oppose it with one or two sharp black touches in the light field, diagonally over against the light patch. In E reverse the conditions—a bright spot of light, and a broad cloudy dark.

Now look at all your sketches together. What do they suggest to you? I have let the cat out of the bag, as they say, with the word “cloudy,” have I not? A few more touches will turn E into a landscape, with a cloud in the sky, and a white cottage against a dark moorland, or a white breaker in a dark sea, or a white goose on a dark common. D will stand for a dark bird—Noah’s messenger, if you like—over a waste of waters with diffused reflection. By A the afternoon sun may be suggested, behind a cloud, throwing a bright dazzle beneath it into a lake; and so on. A great number of scenes can be made out of these simple arrangements; and by varying the position, size, shape, and relative tone of the opposing patches, you can suggest scores of different subjects, even without any further complications of these elementary patches, keeping to a horizontal division in the middle of the paper.

But as we have introduced the idea of contrasting the two patches in tone and shape—one being diffused and broad, and the other concentrated and sharp—so we can, if we like, vary the contrast of the two original halves of the first state of our sketch. The dividing line need not be straight and hard; it can go up into the sky on one side, if there is a corresponding depression on the other side. And so you get an irregular

sky-line (F), which may represent a mountain and valley; and by other varieties (G, H, and so on), you can get the outline of mountains, trees, houses, or what not. And at once you see the prospect of an infinite series of possibilities of picturesque composition, still preserving only two equal great masses, and only two opposing patches.

We might complicate matters still farther, as an artist would very soon be forced to do. But in this lesson it will be well to keep the idea simple. Try a series of new sketches with D and E adapted to varied sky-lines, and you will get a gallery of landscape compositions of a broad and powerful type, into which you can fit reminiscences of real scenes, or sketches of your own. And notice how they gain in picturesque effect by this breadth; how, instead of being weak, and scattered, and amateurish, they begin to suggest a masterliness which your sketches had not before. A few lines joining the detached lights and darks to the sky-line will turn some into Turner-esque trees against the sky, or ships with dark sails, or castle towers; and the light patches will become boats or cottages, roads or figures, or, in opposition to the Turner-esque tree, a Turner-esque river or lake in the middle distance.

And next, if you care to try the game reversed—as, after playing with the white draughtsmen you change pieces and play with the black—you can turn your sketches all upside down, and see what they suggest. You have now something like a light table or ground, with a dark background. Against the darkness you see vaguely a bunch of flowers or a bird's nest; a few strokes underneath them may hint the glass they stand in, or the leaves under the nest; and the dark patch becomes the shadow they cast. You are on the way to a William Hunt! By adapting F, upside down, you get any sort of still life or portrait arrangement; or even a simple interior subject, with the light falling from the window to the floor, and interrupted by a chair or table. Your cards have become studies for pictures of all kinds, in permutations and combinations as endless as, they say, scientific whist can be.

I don't mean to suggest that you must always manufacture pictures in this way; but I think it useful to learn, once for all, how you may "treat" a difficult subject by a little rearrangement of shadows and a judicious placing of the movable lights and darks. After this, you will see the possibilities of breadth and effect, and you will be ready to seize them when you sketch from nature. It is quite true that

artificial composition does not make great art, as Ruskin has said so often ; and yet, as he says in his *Elements of Drawing* (§ 192)—“ Though no one can *invent* by rule, there are some simple laws of arrangement which it is well for you to know, because, though they will not enable you to produce a good picture, they will often assist you to set forth what goodness may be in your work in a more telling way than you could have done otherwise ; and by tracing them in the work of good composers, you may better understand the grasp of their imagination, and the power it possesses over their materials.”

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In response to this article there were 125 drawings sent in—not all by different hands, of course. In some cases the drawing of the intended forms had been carried out so far that the general breadth and effect of the arrangement had been partly lost in a quantity of detail. In such a study we are trying to reduce pictures to their lowest terms, with a numerator of light and a denominator of dark ; and the figures should be as simple as possible. But the great variety of subjects turned out made it plain that the card game was not difficult to play. We had seas with ships and clouds, birds and reflections ; lakes with mountains and boats ; riversides with poplars and willows ; ruined abbeys and rustic cottages, with trees and other trimmings ; bridges with a single arch or a row of arches ; a bird's nest in a bough seen against the sky ; and indeed most of the stock subjects of British art. The analysis of these, with illustrative sketches, made a rather long manuscript paper of criticisms, which cannot be reproduced without the illustrations ; but this closed the series of lessons on composition.

During the second year of the Fésole Club most of the time was spent in repeating the first year's lessons, with variations. This was needed in teaching unseen and unknown pupils who could give very little time to drawing ; but it does not follow that so long as two years would be needed to go through these first dozen lessons (including the next) with success, given personal teaching and three or four hours a week of practice. The school-time or the holiday time of one year ought to be ample.

After these preparatory studies the landscape course closed with the next lesson ; and then we proceeded to put animals and figures into our pictures, and finally to paint figures for their own sake, and portrait heads.

## NOTES OF LESSONS.

[We have thought that it might be of use to our readers (in their own families) to publish from month to month during the current year, Notes of Lessons prepared by students of the House of Education for the pupils of the Practising School. We should like to say, however, that such a Lesson is never given as a *tour de force*, but is always an illustration or an expansion of some part of the children's regular studies (in the *Parents' Review School*), of some passage in one or other of their school books.—ED.]

### PLAN FOR WORKING TWO CLASSES TOGETHER.

For Class III. *Geography*.

Before the lesson begins, have a blank map already drawn on the blackboard, and the map questions written up on another board.

Set Class III. to work to learn the map of Scandinavia, and write the answers to the questions. Then go to Class Ia., and give them a lesson on "Word-building" for a quarter of an hour.

When this is finished let Class Ia. leave the room, and take up the geography lesson to Class III. for the remaining quarter of an hour.

#### I.

*Subject: Reading.*

Group: English Language. Class Ia. Time: 15 minutes.

BY DOROTHY BROWNELL.

### WORD-BUILDING.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To show the children how new words may be formed by adding letters to other words.
- II. To improve the children's spelling.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Let the children find "a" and "n" among their letters, and having put them together, ask what they spell.

*Step II.*—Let the children find out what letter must be added to "an" to make "and."

*Step III.*—If “h” were added to these three letters we should have “hand,” what consonant must we put instead of “h” to make “land” or “sand?”

*Step IV.*—Let the children choose another consonant to put with “a,” and build up words from that, as a-t “at,” h-a-t “hat,” t-hat “that,” or a-m “am,” h-am “ham,” s-ham “sham,” etc.

*Step V.*—Take the vowel “e,” and let the children build up words by adding consonants.

*Step VI.*—Build words with the vowel “i.”

*Step VII.*—Build words with the vowel “o.”

*Step VIII.*—Build words with the vowel “u.”

As each word is made, write it on the board, in order that the children shall get accustomed to handwriting.

## II.

*Subject: Geography.*

Group: Science.      Class III.      Time: 30 minutes.

BY DOROTHY BROWNELL.

### SCANDINAVIA—NORWAY IN PARTICULAR.

#### OBJECTS.

- I. To introduce the children to Scandinavia.
- II. To foster interest in foreign countries.
- III. To teach the children how to learn the map of a country by means of map questions.
- IV. To implant mental pictures of the characteristic scenery of Norway in the children's minds.
- V. To show, by means of comparison, the great difference in the physical features of the two countries which are included in Scandinavia, although they form only one peninsula.

#### LESSON.

*Step I.*—Let the children learn the map of Scandinavia, Norway in particular, by means of the map questions previously written on the blackboard, writing down their answers.



*Step II.*—On coming to the children from Class Ia., ask for a general description of Scandinavia.

*Step III.*—Let the children fill in the blank map on the blackboard.

*Step IV.*—Require the children to give me the answers to the questions, and as they answer give information, in order that they may become acquainted with each place as it is mentioned, and be able to picture it in their minds.

#### MAP QUESTIONS.

From the *Geographical Readers*, Book IV.

I.—What waters bound the Scandinavian peninsula? To what land is it attached? What countries does it include?

#### NOTE.

Describe the government of Scandinavia briefly, showing that, although Sweden and Norway have a common sovereign, each country has an independent parliament, elected in very much the same way as our English Parliament.

II.—Through how many degrees of latitude does this peninsula stretch? What other countries of the world lie partly in the same latitude?

III.—Describe the coast of Norway. Compare it with that of Sweden. Name the four largest fiords or openings, beginning at the extreme north.

#### NOTE.

Give the idea of the extraordinary way in which the coast is cut up, and the immense number of islands which fringe it. So innumerable are they that large steamers can go through the deep but narrow channels which divide them from Stavanger to north of Tromsøe almost without seeing the open sea. Shew how these islands form an effective break-water to the force of the Atlantic breakers, so that within their boundary the water is as calm and still as a lake. Describe the rocky, almost perpendicular sides of the fiords, over which the rivers fall in roaring torrents. Mention the fact that many ships of the Spanish Armada were driven as far north as Stadtland, and wrecked around this dangerous headland.

The Sogne is the largest and most important fiord. It is like a long sea channel running into the country for a distance of 100 miles, with branches right and left, over which wonderful torrents fall. The sides are very steep, and the water is very deep at the entrance. At the Sulen Islands, at the mouth of the fiord, Harold Hardrada collected his force for his expedition against England.

IV.—Name a group of islands north of the Arctic Circle. The most northerly island. The cape on this island. The most northerly cape on the mainland. The most southerly cape.

NOTE.

The Lofoden Islands are granite rocks, rising from the water in hundreds of peaks, with jagged and fantastic outlines. The cod fisheries of these islands are very important, and employ a great number of people.

Nordkin, which means "north chin," is the most northerly point on the mainland of Europe. Incessant storms rage round the island of Magerøe, so that it is extremely difficult for anyone to land there.

Lindesnaes means "Lime nose."

V.—Name five towns on the west, and three on the south-east coast of Norway.

NOTE.

Stavanger is the fourth largest city in Norway. Its chief trade is in herrings. It has a very ancient Cathedral.

At Bergen the houses are built on the slopes of the hills which run out into the deep sea. It was formerly the capital, and is now a great fish port.

Trondhjem is the oldest capital. The name means "home of the throne," and in the Cathedral the kings of Norway are crowned.

Hammerfest is the most northerly town in Europe. Tourists go there to see the midnight sun. Read Charles H. Wood's description of the midnight sun, from the *Geographical Reader*.

Christiania, the capital of Norway, is not a big town, but has a most beautiful situation. It is at the head of the Christiania Fiord, which is studded with countless grassy and

wooded islands. Most of the houses are of wood, painted white, with green blinds. The fiord, which used to be very much frequented by the old Vikings, is blocked by ice for four months of the year.

- VI.—The Scandinavian mountains nearly fill Norway—by what name is the range known in the north, south, and centre?  
 - Name three or four of the highest peaks.

NOTE.

There is no continuous range in the Scandinavian mountains; the whole is a high table-land, which increases in height as we go south, with here and there groups of peaks which appear like huge rocks dotted over the surface. These plateaux are topped with moors or snowfields from which glaciers descend right down into the sea.

- VII.—How does the position of the mountains affect the rivers? Compare the rivers of Norway with those of Sweden.

NOTE.

Describe how, in Norway, the rivers rush in torrents over their rocky beds, while those in Sweden flow more gently down the gradual slope of the land. Give the threefold reason—great rainfall, small evaporation owing to the coldness of the climate, and small waste owing to the hardness of the rocks—for the great volume of water in the short, quick, Norwegian rivers.

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III.

*Subject: Picture Talk.*

Group: Art.      Class Ib.      Age: 8½.      Time: 20 minutes.

BY AVICE M. COX.

“THE LADY OF SHALOTT.”

OBJECTS.

- I. To give them another picture of beauty to carry away in their minds.
- II. To show them how the idea of a story is worked out in the composition of the picture.
- III. Though in reading a poem we all form mental pictures, an artist alone is able to show us its true beauty.

## LESSON.

*Step I.*—Give the picture to the children for them to examine for themselves.

*Step II.*—Take the picture away, and ask them questions on it, concerning the time of day, the trees, island, tower, and the general details. See if they remember the curves and lines suggested in the drawing.

*Step III.*—Tell them where the subject of the picture is taken from. Refer to last picture they had. Poems are often illustrated by pictures. We form pictures in our mind while listening to poetry or stories. An artist gives us the benefit of his conception of the subject by a picture. When the children have heard the story I want them to tell me the idea of beauty which the artist has taken from the poem to express in his picture, namely, one expressing mystery, wonder and awe.

*Step IV.*—Tell the story of the Lady of Shalott, illustrating by a few verses if required. Read the last verses to them, letting them find out what was the curse which fell on the "Fairy Lady of Shalott." See if they can say which verse especially illustrates the picture. Let them look at the picture to find this out. Let them see how the details they had before observed fit in with the story.

*Step V.*—Ask the children what beautiful idea the artist has drawn out from the picture.

*Step VI.*—Draw out from them how the composition of the picture harmonizes with the idea of the artist.

Notice the expression of the face, the silence of night, the absence of action in the picture, so as not to destroy the idea of silent amazement and wonder. The only movement is that of the swift, quiet swallows by contrast. Notice the careless unloosing of the chain and the dreamy attitude of the figure.

*Step VII.*—Show how the tones of the picture harmonize with the subject. See if they can tell me from memory the relative tones of the picture. If not, let them study the picture, and notice the lights and shadows and half-tones.

*Step VIII.*—If time, let them fill in the masses of light and shade, in monochrome, from memory.

## HESTER'S UP-BRINGING.

BY ADA M. TROTTER.

### CHAPTER IX.

ONE day early in December the family were all assembled at the breakfast table, with the exception of Bob, who was always late in his appearance at the morning meal. The doctor as usual devoured his morning paper with his muffins, and hastily digested the news of the hour ere he began his day's work.

Hester's seat at table was at the doctor's right hand, to her great joy, for nothing gave her such unqualified pleasure in this new life as the performance of small acts of service to this kind friend and benefactor. Much of this the doctor divined, smiling indulgently as he found his toast buttered, his eggs prepared ready for eating, everything he could possibly want handed to him just as he wanted it.

But this morning, as he scanned the columns of the journal, he coloured, looked excessively annoyed, and pushing aside his coffee cup untasted, rose suddenly from the table, went into his consulting room and shut the door. The paper lay open on the table, and his sister, guessing that something must have transpired to annoy him, signed to Hester to hand the paper to her.

Scarcely had she read the head-lines than she too pushed her breakfast aside.

"Disgraceful. Scandalous! Bob ought to be ashamed of himself," she cried, sternly.

"Whatever has happened?" cried both Mildred and Mab together, while Hester sat with round staring eyes and spoon suspended in mid-air.

"It's that dreadful club," said Almira. "There has been a disgraceful affair there. 'Gambling, drinking and a free fight,' that is what the heading says. Bob's name as President in flaring letters! Nothing would touch your father more keenly than this. He comes of a strictly abstemious family, and holds such strong views on the subject of medical men even making use of alcohol freely as remedies for diseases. To think of *his* son involved with a set like that!"

At this moment Hester's spoon went down on her plate with a crash, and she kicked a footstool over that happened to be near her under the table. Almira looked at her severely, in fact all eyes were turned on her. Hester was grinning her forbidden grin; so wide was it that her eyes disappeared from sight, and her mouth appeared to be nothing but a slit from ear to ear.

"I think, Hester, that you could show a little feeling for us," said Almira, sternly. "Do you know that to laugh at a misfortune like this is to show yourself destitute of every point of nice feeling?"

"Bob warnt there," said Hester, calling her face to order. "Aint it a joke? He warnt there!"

"Are you sure of what you say, Hester?" said Almira, severely.

Hester nodded like a Chinese Mandarin. Had Almira only known how to read the signs, she would have known that this return to the faults so studiously avoided of late showed that Hester was feeling intensely, was off her balance for the nonce. But Almira was more provoked than she chose to show with these barbarities, and the lapse from grace.

"Try and look and act reasonably, Hester," she said; "you are sure Bob was not in this—disgraceful affair?"

"If you slep' under him as I do, guess you'd be sure too," was the reply. "My, does *he* think he done them things?"

She was referring to the doctor, and Almira suddenly remembered that her brother was enduring anguish under the thought. Hester, without asking permission, left her seat, and rushed clumsily out of the room. For once Almira excused the overturned chair, which happened in Hester's path, and the banged door. She, however, hardly dared breathe until the girl's words had further confirmation.

"If Hester says he was not there, you may be sure he was not," observed Mab, "and so I shall go on with my breakfast. May I ring for warm muffins, auntie?"

"How can you think of eating when we are so worked up," said Mildred, as the child buttered her muffins daintily.

Hester, without a by-your-leave, bounced into the consulting room, where the doctor sat cowering over the log fire, an uncut magazine upside down on his knee. His face, curiously drawn, seemed to have aged in these few minutes.

He waved his hand in dismissal as Hester plunged into the room, but in spite of this she boldly advanced.

"*She* read the piece out to us," she began hurriedly, too much excited to choose her words, "so I come to say Bob warnt in it. You needn't to be worried about it," she went on, in her homely, reassuring manner, "our Bob warnt there."

The doctor turned deliberately in his chair and fixed such a keen gaze on Hester, that, had she not spoken from the very fount of truth, she must have quailed. But Hester met the fire—and—grinned. Nothing could have been more reassuring to her friend.

"I guess he's pretty much given up bein' President for them fellows," she continued, her reprehensible interest in the doings of her neighbours having led her from various data to form this conclusion, thus crudely advanced. "Anyway, he was walking up and down his room last night, poundin' about till midnight."

"How do you know?" from the doctor, tossing the magazine on to the table and stretching his feet out to the blaze.

Hester chuckled. "I'd ought to—when he sleeps over me. He's real noisy in his room, speaks his pieces, bits of 'em, at a bellow. And when he takes off his shoes he shies 'em at that old image you gave him."

The doctor, touched with the sense of inexpressible humour at the picture presented of his hopeful son by Hester, all but "bellowed" himself with laughter. The valuable bust of Jupiter "that old image!" When he could command his risible faculties enough to speak, he recurred again to the subject of Bob.

"Hester, you are sure. You are not trying to screen Bob?"

"No," she replied simply. "Ef he'd done it, he'd have to stand to it for all me. But then he aint. He's home most evenings. I guess *she* don't know. He comes in quiet with his latch-key while Mildred is strumming them old snortas (sonatas), and he goes up to his room without a word to anyone. That's why I said he'd given up being President. He can't be in two places to onst," she concluded, judgmatically.

"That's a self-evident proposition," replied the doctor, smiling at her simple logic. "I consider you have proved your point. And there is the surgery bell." He half rose as

he spoke, but Hester made a dive in his direction, and pressed him back into his chair.

"You aint going to work without your breakfast. Let 'em wait, it's early yet," she said. "I'll bring it here right off."

The doctor very willingly promised to await her good offices, and Hester ran off, ungracefully enough perhaps, but so full of good will, the graciousness which only goodness of heart can give, that no idea of criticising her clumsy movements occurred to the doctor.

Almira was so relieved at the effect of Hester's statement with regard to the delinquent Bob, that she permitted her a free hand in what she now desired to do. So Hester found a tray, disposed a dainty repast swiftly thereupon, and smilingly carried it off to the consulting room. Almira was bound to observe how dexterously, even deftly this service was performed. Mab opened her lazy eyes approvingly, and Mildred wished aloud that she had thought of taking her father his breakfast, but she had been afraid of annoying him.

The doctor was cutting the pages of a review when Hester appeared, and as she laid the tray on the table and carried it to his side, he handed over the book for her to complete the task. Hester watched the breakfast disappear with delighted eyes, and as the surgery bell became more and more insistent, and the hour struck when the doctor must appear at his post, he rose, bent over Hester and kissed her brow.

"When Bob comes down tell him I must see him, and now run back and finish your breakfast, daughter."

Hester's cup of happiness was full, she had been able to relieve his mind, to bring him his breakfast, and he now had called her "daughter." In truth no daughter could ever have been more passionately devoted to him than this poor child from the Hill Farm who owed so much to his consideration of her mental deficiencies. She went back to her place at table in a happy mood, the whole atmosphere changed about her to brightness, and she was the cause of it. Not even Almira had a word of reproof for her gaucheries this morning.

When Bob came down, just in time to snatch a hasty meal before going to his classes, Almira silently placed the paper beside him. He coloured with annoyance, and was naturally very angry, and wanted to know if they believed such a dastardly lie about him. Hester was now at her lessons with Miss Johnstone, and the girls were already starting for school,



so Almira gave a short account of the effect of the paragraph upon the family, and of Hester's quick defence of him.

"I must see father at once," said Bob, in a lordly manner. "Of course had I been there it would not have happened. I can keep those fellows in check. The club has gone down since I withdrew my name as one of the directors."

To this boast Almira wisely made no reply, and Bob rushed off manfully enough to his father's study.

"You know I was not in it, father," he cried seizing his father's outstretched hand.

"Yes, thanks to Hester's championship, *I do* know it, to my infinite pleasure and relief," said his father. "Until she gave me her word with regard to your presence in your room last evening, I endured anguish, my son."

Bob squeezed his father's hand as in a vice. He said nothing.

"And now, my lad, I must prepare you for the fact that the lie will be largely credited; you will have an uncomfortable time ahead of you."

"I see," said Bob, "qui s'excuse, s'accuse."

"I shall know what to put in the paper," said the doctor, "but by many the delicious bit of gossip will be preferred to facts."

Bob winced as he realised the truth of these words.

The doctor laid one arm about his son's shoulders and turned him towards the light.

"Burning the midnight oil, my lad?"

"It's about time," said Bob, colouring, losing some of his self-possession.

"You are racing old Father Time, eh, Bob?"

"It's a hard-working class," said Bob hurriedly, "and the professors expect no end of work this term."

There was silence for a moment, then Bob said, "I resigned from the club two months ago, and since then have not entered the doors. It's gone down since I left."

"What did it stand for when you directed its counsels?" asked the doctor, mischievously. "What did you accomplish for yourselves and the country at large?"

"We held political discussions, essentially patriotic," said Bob.

"Well, history repeats itself, and patriots, so-called, often disgrace their country by excesses. Believe me, neglect of

every-day duties will never produce true patriots, my son. Can you say there was no smoking or drinking when you drove the team?"

"It was all kept within gentlemanly bounds, father."

"Have any of the patriots distinguished themselves at college?" was the next question.

"Oh, it was not the grinding set," replied he, flushing.

"Not brains, but tongues for the country's service," said his father. "Well, Bob, I congratulate you on your excellent good sense in withdrawing from such a doubtful set. But where am I to place you now, my son?" quizzically.

"Well," said Bob, with admirable good temper, "I feel much inclined to reply by a quotation from the immortal one, 'Write me down an ass.'"

"I will do so with a light heart," replied his father cheerfully, showing Bob an exact appreciation of all he wanted to say and could not express as to his position with regard to his work in the past. Then he added, as he went back to his patients, "I shall live to be proud of my son, since he has such clear insight into his mental status."

With that father and son parted, each more drawn to the other than had ever before happened. Bob sallied forth, holding his head a little higher than usual as he passed along High Street.

It was something to have a distinguished father like Dr. Dyke at his back, his word would carry the town. So Bob whistled softly to himself as he went, and presently seeing a young lady of his acquaintance, took off his hat with the airy grace which characterized his movements. Now Cecilia Hastings to whom this salute was addressed, a rather haughty girl who made it difficult for young men to hold themselves on a friendly footing with her, looked Bob full in the eyes as she passed on without the faintest sign of recognition. At first Bob, who had been a favourite in her family circle, imagined she must have been absent-minded and could not really have seen him. Then the dreadful situation broke upon him, bringing the hot colour to his cheeks. She believed him unworthy of notice, believed the lie. He held up his head higher than ever and walked on more briskly, losing the debonnair grace which gave such an indolent lounge to his movements. Soon afterwards he met Susie Brown, who giggled familiarly and gave Bob an appreciative

and condescending nod. Bob went on inwardly raging—even the Browns held him in contempt.

Nor were things any better when he entered the university. Students gave him a familiar greeting who heretofore would not have dared approach the young man.

"So, you had a high old time last night, eh, Bob?" and some pointed the remark with a softly whistled "As we go rolling home."

Not one word did Bob say. He took his seat as usual, and made an immense effort to rise above his difficult position, to abstract his thoughts from the undertone of conversation aimed at him by the class-mates.

The first hour was given to the Professor of Mathematics; nothing could have been a harder tax on Bob, whose strong point did not lie in abstract science. But the thought held him in strong control, that he could not better disprove the libel to his professors than by showing himself particularly clear-headed on such subjects. He therefore pulled himself together, making such an effort at attention that beads of perspiration rolled down his forehead. The faithful work which he had of late devoted to this study stood him in good stead. The professor looked at him with pleased surprise as he gave accurate and thoughtful answers to his questions. As he passed the young man on leaving the classroom, he remarked—

"You could distinguish yourself in mathematics, Dyke."

"I fear not," said Bob honestly, "you do not know what an effort it is to me to concentrate my mind on formulæ."

"That is mere matter of habit. It would cease to be an effort after a time. Think of what I have said."

As Bob gratefully acknowledged the kind words, he wondered at himself for caring so much for what the "dull old fellow" (as he had always termed him mentally,) thought of him. With a lighter heart he prepared for his next class. Here also he gave his fullest attention; never in his life had he made such efforts to show ability, clear-headedness. He scarcely saw or noticed his fellow-students, he felt as though he were fighting a battle for his life. He the leader of a drunken set of rowdies! How it mortified him to think of that disgusting paragraph. The old German professor called him to his side, took his hand, holding it with a regretful, almost reproachful touch.

"You have done so well, my son. It was genius, that translation. Tell me, how comes it that last night—" He paused, shaking his head. Bob looked into his eyes.

"I was not in it," said he, quietly.

There was instant change in the Professor's face.

"Ach, Gott! I do rejoice myself. For your father's sake I could weep for joy. He is so fine, so noble. A son that could be trunken and smash windows and be captured by police—it is so low. Now I can be happy, and tell the gossipy people who point at you, 'He was not there.'"

"I shall talk," said he, "but it is hard to catch a lie and stop it. There are many who prefer to believe in the worst. But never mind, my son, I shall tell the faculty, I shall tell everyone I know."

Bob squeezed the old man's hand affectionately as he left the classroom, grateful in his heart of hearts for this generous championship.

Curiously enough, as he went, he heard in the far-off distance the echo of the high shrill tones of the country maid, "Pa's mejum; can't you get anything easier to do?"

He awoke to the consciousness that far from disliking the grind he had undertaken, spurred by the ignorant sympathy of the girl whose gaucheries he had found so entertaining, at this moment it appealed to him as far more worthy and agreeable than the former easy going drifting existence. He became for the first time enthusiastic about his work, ambition rose within him.

"I'll stand in the first rank, or—die in the attempt," was his mental determination. He looked doggedly over the schedule of work for the next day, and gathered his books and his forces together.

## CHAPTER X.

Whatever further annoyance was felt by the doctor at the affair, he kept to himself, seeing from Bob's face that he was having a hard experience to win through on his own account. Once or twice friendly patients laughed lightly as the subject of the Pioneer Club and its extinguishment came up, saying "boys will be boys." To this came the brief calm reply, "I am glad *my* boy was not in it. The writer of the article in the paper was misinformed. Bob spent that evening at home, in fact he has not been a member of the Club since the college year began."

But it is hard, as the professor said, to catch a lie and disprove it. This delicious bit of gossip clung to Bob for years in the minds of some people. It was just as impossible however for him to go about telling people that he was not guilty of such rowdyism, as it would have been to make Hester understand that he was a youth of remarkable ability, who *could* shine as a scholar if he would, when she accepted him at his own valuation as a "mejum" boy. It simply had to be lived down.

The Hastings gave a very select party on Cecilia's birthday. Bob was not invited; hitherto he had been life and soul of these *recherché* gatherings, nothing could be done without Bob. He was too proud to show that he cared, but in reality it cut deep, as showing that the family had accepted the story against him without taking any pains to learn whether or no it might have been incorrect. His sisters felt the slight for him even more than he felt it for himself and held themselves proudly aloof from Cecilia and her set; came and went from school without deigning a word of explanation to the girls.

Hester however was not proud. All she cared for was to set folks right when they were wrong, and though too timid to take the initiative with these stylish young girls, she could be brave in the cause of justice, and led by her heart rather than her head, precipitated herself into the centre of a malicious circle as Bob's champion.

It was a wet afternoon, and Hester had volunteered to take umbrellas and rain cloaks to the gymnasium for the girls. She went early, for as yet she had not been present at a session, and she wanted to see what "antics" her cousins might be up to in those short skirts she admired so much. Hester therefore climbed the stairs to the visitors' gallery, and open-mouthed sat and enjoyed the drill. To her surprise she saw the lazy Mab excel all others, put to stand in front as leader, and when on the trapeze, floating along with such ease and grace, her fair hair falling to the hem of the crimson skirt, that she looked a perfect little fairy.

The elder girls, tired of their work, came trooping up to the gallery ready to rest themselves in watching and criticising the others. Exclamations of admiration of Mab's beauty and skill broke from all.

"Don't she look sweet? But they are a handsome family. Mildred's as pretty as a picture, and Mab might pose for an

angel with that hair; put her some wings and you'd think she was flying at this moment."

Hester grinned to herself with gratification; she was unnoticed in her corner.

"The doctor's about as handsome for a man as Mab is for a girl, and Bob"—

There was a giggle. "Guess we shan't hear from Mr. Bob *this* season."

"They say he can't hold his head up, he's that ashamed."

"But he's good-looking, too. They all are; and clever."

"Clever! What's the use of brains if you don't use them," cried a girl spitefully. "He's an idle young scamp—you girls have spoilt him; there's nothing *to* Bob, he can dance and philander around and look handsome, and that's all."

Into this group came Hester with the velocity of a cannon ball, all but incoherent with indignation. She saw now for the first time that Cecilia Hastings pale and silent stood behind the rest, and without knowing that the conversation had been pointed by that spiteful remark for the express purpose of paining Cecilia, caught and fixed her attention to her outburst. Cecilia had offended by admitting Bob to a greater degree of intimacy than she had accorded the brothers of other school friends. Somehow Hester felt as though she were speaking to Cecilia especially; she felt even in the midst of the stormy atmosphere about her that the girl *cared*.

"You've no right to talk of Bob like that," she cried. "It shows you don't know the first thing about him. He's real clever at home, and it's all a lie about his getting drunk at the club and making a row, and being taken in charge by the police and all that. Bob warnt there. He sleeps over me and he walks about when he's studying and speaks his languages out loud, and I could'nt get to sleep, till he give up, and I heard the clock strike 'leven *and* twelve, and he never once left his room that night."

Hester saw the tension in Cecilia's face as she listened; her lips moved, but she did not speak.

"It's none of your business whether he works or shirks," continued Hester, "but if you want to know the truth, I'll tell you. He's give up the club two months ago, and though *he* don't talk, *I* know he's a worker."

The girls tittered, and glanced from Hester to Cecilia, who

stooping over her mocassin seemed engaged in tying the strings.

"You seem a red-hot champion," said a girl spitefully. "I expect like some other girls we know, you're a little gone on Bob yourself."

Hester's slow mind did not at once take in this idea; when she did, her face broadened with a grin of doubtful character.

"Wall," she said, "wall. I'm sorry I spoke—you *are* a silly lot. I don't care now *what* you think of Bob, nor he wouldn't. You aint worth troubling over—nor speaking to," and with that she turned her back on the group, and went back to her corner of the gallery.

The girls treated Hester's withering scorn with a burst of laughter, and having made their point, that of annoying Cecilia all they could, ran downstairs, and Hester breathed more freely thinking herself alone. Presently a gentle hand touched her shoulder. She turned, it was Cecilia.

"You are a good brave little girl," said she with difficulty. "They *are* a silly set—but I am glad you spoke to them. And I am sure you would not try to screen Bob by saying what is not true."

"No," said Hester, "if he had done it, he'd have had to stand to it for me, but he didn't. He couldn't when he warnt there."

"I thank you for speaking out," said Cecilia, "I—I despised him, and I showed it. It's my way; I can't help myself. When people disappoint me I don't want ever to have anything to do with them again. And Bob had always been so superior."

"Guess you might have asked him ef 'twas true, then, before you went and believed in it," said Hester, severely. "Pa, he says 'the prisoner always got the benefit of the doubt.' He'll always let even the little ones tell what they done, before he lets ma punish them."

Cecilia coloured. Tears stood in her eyes at the words of this severe mentor.

"I wish—I wish you'd tell him how it was—that I did not know," she began, "I mean—if he should speak of it."

"Well," said Hester, "he'll never do that. Besides, I guess Bob's all right. He's working like a beaver, and I don't suppose he'd care for me to go stirring up the old business, just for folks that turned the cold shoulder on him when that lying paper came out."

And with this she rose to join the girls who had now retired to the dressing room, Mab as usual taking all the time of the attendant to wait on her, put on her boots and fasten her gown.

But it was not very long after this conversation with Cecilia, that Hester, being at the window (she always *did* happen to be there when anything of interest transpired), saw Cecilia and Bob deep in converse stroll up the street together. They parted at the door with a close hand-clasp—and Bob came cheerily into the room and up to the window, Hester's vantage-point.

"Hester," he said, quietly, "Cecilia has been telling me how you flew out at the girls that were talking about me. I shan't forget it. You are worth a dozen of Mildred and Mab. They'd never have done it, I know."

"Wall," said Hester, as though weighing the value of his speech, "It was a little different for them, Bob. They're too near to you, and too proud, like yourself. Guess you might have contradicted more than you've done, eh? And I wouldn't have stood up for you, Bob, ef you'd done it. But you hadn't. I knew that because I heard you racketting around till all hours that night."

"I know I was restless and had more than I could well get ready for the next day. But anyway, you have done me a great service, and I shall not forget it either. If there is anything I can do for you—"

"Well," replied the literal one, "guess you might leave off shying your shoes about when you take 'em off. You make noise enough to wake the seven sleepers."

Bob broke into a hearty laugh such as the house had not echoed with ever since that unfortunate occurrence, which had put him under a cloud.

"I'll try and remember who's under me," he said, as he went out, and to do him justice Hester's request was not forgotten. In fact he had already grown to like as well as respect this simple maid from the Hill Farm, who had neither looks nor brains to recommend her to his mightiness's hyper-critical notice.

"She's no end of a character," he had said to Cecilia, "I don't believe it would be possible for her to lie, or to think or act any way that was not true through and through. I used to think she looked dreadfully stupid, but that she certainly is not."



"No, indeed," said Cecilia. "And she has the courage of her opinions. I don't know if she will ever forgive me for not giving you the benefit of the doubt, but if she does I shall be glad to know more of her."

Bob sauntered into the consulting room from which his father had just dispatched his last patient. Here he gave Cecilia's account sufficiently humorous of Hester's championship. The doctor nodded his head wisely, and looked at his son with an amused twinkle in his eyes.

"So you are going to owe your reinstatement in the most exclusive circle in town to our little country maid," he remarked. "Well, what next!"

The "next" for Hester was an invitation to take lunch with Cecilia the very next Saturday. Almira who was not in the secret marvelled.

Was Hester going to be a social success?

Certainly so far as the Hastings family was concerned, Hester's frank simplicity, and naïve manner of expressing her opinions, which were different enough from the cut-and-dried affairs of society to bear the stamp of originality, made her a welcome guest. The elder members of the family liked her, and the little ones clung about her, never indulged by her, but kept within strict lines of what Hester believed it meant to "behave."

When the Hastings gave their next party, Bob was not excluded. Still he refused to accept the invitation.

"I have not an evening to give up," he owned up to Cecilia. "I have a dreadful struggle before me if I am to accomplish what I have made up my mind to do this year. It's an ambitious class, and I have had so much work to make up, I am looking forward to the Christmas vacation as an opportunity to bring myself up to time."

"I am so glad," said Cecilia.

"Glad I am not coming to your party?"

"Yes, I think so," replied Cecilia, sincerely. "If to come means to hinder your work, I am glad that you will not be there. We—I should be so disappointed if you were not in the van—"

"Oh, you must not expect too much—of an idler," said Bob, blushing.

"At any rate we shall have the consolation of knowing you have worked," she replied.

"Yes, but those plodding fellows, who have been steady workers for years, have the pull over me," said Bob. "However," doggedly, "we shall see."

"No mejum for me," he said to himself as he went up to his room. "Mathematics again! I am a mathematical idiot!"

#### CHAPTER LAST.

Christmas drew near, with its atmosphere of cheer and of secrecy investing all the young people as plans were worked out for surprises. In the midst of this full season, Almira devoted several days to choosing and packing gifts destined for Hester's family far away on the Hill Farm. How much Hester would have enjoyed a finger in this pie! But Almira did not admit of suggestions from young folk, and indeed it did not occur to her that Hester could better her judgment as to what would be acceptable in the smallest degree. Thus many of the valuable gifts were received with doubtful gratitude by the recipients, who really did not know enough to value certain books. Christmas meant everything jovial to the "Children of Israel." Not that Santa Claus would have brought much to the tribe but for the unfailing Christmas box from Almira. But all the children contrived to make simple gifts, Amos being particularly brilliant in suggestion as to what "Ma'd like," and helpful in the construction of the object. Then there was the turkey dinner. Amos fed that turkey himself, until it was a creditable size; the "Children of Israel" saw to it that the bird of their hopes should not stray. Ma made "sass" and a pudding. The woods furnished nuts carefully hoarded for the festal hour, also the big black log which made such cheer on Christmas eve. Snow and wind there might be without—the more the better—but within the farm kitchen was comparative luxury, warmth and feasting. This year Hester would not be there.

"Oh, mother, mother!" breathed the child regretfully, as she stood looking out on the snow-covered hills. Her mother's words came back to her.

"Its goin' to be hard for you Hester, and hard for me, but you never was a shirk."

The Doctor was so busy at this time that his family seldom saw him at the dinner table. But, after all, the busiest people seem always to have the most time to do the kindest, finest deeds, to notice a drooping spirit, to drop sympathy

into bruised hearts and lift the sorrowful to their feet. Thus to a mind reader like Doctor Dyke, one glance at Hester's vacant eyes told more of the language of the heart than his sister could have read in a year.

A few days before Christmas, the Doctor came in from his rounds and without waiting to take off his overcoat, entered the library giving a comprehensive glance at its occupants. Hester was seated at a side table stooping over a book of pictures, seeing however none other than the farm kitchen, her soul with "Ma" in the Christmas preparations, and for once did not greet her benefactor with a welcoming glance, not perceiving him until she heard Almira offer to help him remove his snowy overcoat.

"No, I have to go out again." His eye travelled critically round the group. "Mildred, you are stooping. Stand up a moment. How tall you are growing, my child. Mab, hold your book farther from your eyes. Daughter (turning to Hester), I've left an important parcel in the hall. Run and get it for me."

He followed Hester's quick movement with a smile in his eyes. She left the door open as she went. Then there came a cry that brought suspicious moisture even to the eyes of Almira.

"Why—Dave!"

\* \* \* \* \*

A few weeks later Amos stood chewing a straw and leaning over the broken gate, while his slow mind revolved the news just received in a long joint letter from the absent children, and a coherent statement from Aunt Almira.

The Doctor's house had always run on wheels hitherto, for Almira had the gift of finding and keeping valuable servants. But the marriage of the cook threw everything out of gear temporarily. While the mistress of the household was vainly searching a worthy substitute, everything seemed to go wrong. The furnace gave up, and went out day by day. And just when Almira was in despair, someone greased the wheels and filled in the hiatus. This someone was Dave, the "handiest lad" the authorities above and below stairs declared that had ever been seen. Before the end of the vacation it was found impossible to get on without him. The Doctor solemnly declared he was indispensable to his comfort.

"It is not likely I am going to let him go," said he, whimsically. "I've found a boy I can trust at last, and I'm going to keep him."

"I'm to do chores for my board," wrote Dave, "and to go to school. When I'm old enough I'm going to study medicine, and work under uncle. Bob won't be a doctor, and so I can take the place. My! but I'm going to work! Hester says she'll train for nurse, so you see we can work together some day!"

"Waal," said Amos, swallowing much pride at the thought. "Waal! Shouldn't be surprised if Dave accomplished something before he's through; and Hester, waal, she was always kind of handy in sickness. Though I say it as shouldn't, our children take 'em all round has got considerable go to 'em. Now there's our Gus and Tom and Bill, regular go-aheads they be. And it's mighty curious that when it comes to takin' things easy and comfortable there ain't one on 'em a mite like me. I do believe them twins as ain't our own flesh and blood favour me more than t'others. Waal, it's kind of interestin' I call it, to look on and see what they're goin' to do with theirselves. I ain't one for interferin' with Providence and gettin' things criss-cross like some be. Now Roxany, she's allays for puttin' in her oar, doin' something, moving things around and changin' everything, and the children take after her. I feel sometimes as ef I be goin' to get more comfort out of them twins than all t'others."

"Waal, their folk warn't much one way or t'other," suggested the neighbour whom he one day entertained by this monologue.

"Waal, they was mejum," said Amos, picking up his straw and beginning at the other end of it. "Yes, they was mejum. I kind of missed their pa when he took sick and died. Waal, you be in a hurry, I see, ain't you goin' to set down a while?"

As the neighbour passed on, it occurred to Amos he would do his stint of daily work, so he started for the barn, and looked at the door which had been off its hinges for a year.

"Seems to set down kind of firm," he said. "The cows can get in t'other side. There's no good wastin' time on an old door."

So he went back to the fence, chewed his straw and smiled at the "Children of Israel," sliding down the lot.

"Waal, there do seem a considerable lot of them," he said to himself as they passed and repassed in bewildering rapidity, "but they'll come through."

## OUR WORK.

### *House of Education.*

Ladies wishing to enter for training after Christmas should apply at once for a form of entry.

### *Parents' Review School.*

The Examination papers will be sent out for December 7th, but the Examination may be held between the 7th and 12th, or the 14th and 19th.

Paper may be posted on Saturday, 12th or 19th.

### *Mothers' Education Course.*

The Examination papers will be sent out for Monday, December 7th. Will members wishing to postpone their examination kindly communicate as soon as possible with the Secretary.

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*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for November: Virgil's *Æneid* (John Dryden).

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for November: Victor Hugo's *Odes et Ballades: Quiberon, Les deux Archers.*

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth.

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

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## BOOKS.

*Lectures on the Logic of Arithmetic*, by M. E. Boole (Oxford: Clarendon Press). Mrs. Boole remarks in her preface that, "In arithmetic, where it is especially important, hardly any opportunity is afforded for practice in swinging the mind between the conceptions Unity, Negation, and Fraction." One aim of Mrs. Boole's valuable contribution to the art of thinking is to afford opportunity and indicate methods for "swinging the mind" between these conceptions. There is an increasing conviction in the general mind that arithmetic, as it is taught, nay, that Euclid and algebra, as they are taught, are, so to speak, mere legerdemain of the mind—that a pupil can go far and distinguish himself in all these without having advanced a single step in the art of clear thinking. Parents and teachers, who have arrived at this conclusion, will welcome Mrs. Boole's lectures on the logic of arithmetic—a small volume to be slowly digested, the earlier chapters being "suited to little children, the later ones for children of 14 or 15." We are not sure that we like the reference to "the hairy woman in Clodd's book."

*England in the Nineteenth Century*, by C. W. Oman (Arnold, 3/6). Prof. Oman has done valuable service in producing a handy and lucid History of England in the Nineteenth Century, from the Peace of Amiens to the Imperial Federation. We may trust to his pages for a

temperate, just, and, considering the limits of space, adequate treatment of the multitudinous notable persons, events, and movements which marked the century. Such a volume is really a necessary companion to the newspaper.

*Greek History for Young Readers*, by Alice Zimmern (Longmans, 4/6). Miss Alice Zimmern has done a useful piece of work in a manner at once scholarly and simple. The author meets the test which should, we believe, be applied to all school books; she combines enthusiasm for her subject with accuracy and fulness of detail. Believing as we do that all children should be brought up on *Plutarch's Lives*, we are particularly glad of a handy and intelligent resumé of Greek History, to supply the missing links, illustrations, and necessary explanations. The newer and more correct spelling of Greek names will be puzzling to children who have grown familiar with other forms; they will hardly recognize, for example, Hercules in Herakles. The maps and the tables at the end should be very useful. Miss Zimmern has done service to the cause of education by producing a living, though short, treatment of her subject.

*Memoirs of a Child*, by Annie Steger Winston (Longmans, 2/6). This is a delightful little book; it shows real insight into a child's thoughts and ways from that which, we believe, is the only standpoint open to us—the recollections of a grown-up who is able to recall the child that he was. Mrs. Winston writes with singular simplicity and sincerity and without a trace of egotism. There is much to be learned about "The Child and its Earth"—playthings, books, language, and what not. It is a book for mothers, not for children.

*The Crimson Fairy Book*, by Andrew Lang (Longmans, 6/-). In vain does Mr. Andrew Lang protest that he does not make up all these tales, but gets them from Hungary, Russia, Servia, Roumania, Sicily, Finland, Iceland and Japan, not to mention a few other places. Children and their mothers still believe that he makes them all. The stories have, for the most part, been adapted or translated by Mrs. Lang, and she, as the readers of the story books of all the other colours know, tells a fairy tale in just the right way. We envy the children who will read these fascinating tales knowing quite well that they are true! It is good to read at the end of a tale "from *Icelandische Märchen*" or from *Finnische Märchen*, or from the Roumanian or what not. It makes one feel in fellowship with all the children of all the world.

*Tales from the Fairie Queene*, by C. L. Thomson. We think Miss Clara Thomson has done a useful piece of work in giving us these short tales from the first two books of *The Fairie Queene*. For ourselves, we should prefer that children read these books or listened to the reading of them; children of ten and upwards are quite able to take joy in the poetry and to take to themselves the teaching of this our great ethical poem, dropping, as the poet meant it should, "like the gentle rain from heaven" upon the virgin soil of fresh young hearts. But this is a counsel of perfection, and, if we must have the tales done into prose, Miss Clara L. Thomson has done it well. Miss Stratton's illustrations are pleasing.

*The Life of Julius Agricola*, by Cornelius Tacitus, translated by Sir Henry Saville (Norland Press, 8d.) The Norland Press has given us a treasure trove. The life of Julius Agricola, by Tacitus (who married his daughter), including the history of the great consul's government of Britannie (Britain), in Sir Henry Saville's vigorous Tudor English, is a really delightful gain and we are grateful. The Roman conquest will be something more than a name to children and grown-ups who read this little volume.

NATURE STUDY. (a) *Nests and Eggs of Familiar Birds*, by H. G. Adams (Newmann, 5/-). Mr. Adams has written a nice book. He both knows and cares about birds and writes with the *élan* of a naturalist, even though he sometimes talks down to his readers. His book should be a pleasant spring companion, showing bird-lovers where and when to be on the look-out for nests.

(b) *Observation Lessons on Plant Life*, by Mrs. Ussher and Dorothy Tebb (Newmann, 3/6). We like Mrs. Ussher's book very much. "Therefore," she says, "at school let us ask the young to *watch*, nor bribe nor satiate them with too much talk about great matters." The book consists of observation lessons on plant life for two years, with brushwork and outline drawings for each lesson. The pages of designs, especially the daisy-chain design, are very charming. Throughout, the authors give the living teaching of an intelligent mind, and the children who study their book will have learned something of the arts of seeing and thinking.

*Ways of the Six-Footed*, by A. B. Cornstock (Ginn & Co., 2/-). The stories in this volume were written to illustrate "that wherever there is life there are problems confronting it." The book is pleasantly written and we are grateful for any attempt to increase our knowledge of insect life, though we could wish that the evolutionary standpoint of the writer had been less evident; foregone conclusions are not quite interesting.

*Insect Folk*, by M. W. Morley (Ginn & Co., 2/-). Miss Morley's *Insect Folk* is more of a Kindergarten treatment of the same subject. The chapter on the *Fairy May Flies* is pretty.

*Nature Studies*, by C. F. Scott Elliot (Blackie & Son). We are grateful to Mr. Scott Elliot for his protest against the undue use of technical terms and for his own effort to avoid them. We rather wish though he had written only for those who study plants for love and not those who study for profit. We find the key to Mr. Elliot's method contained in a sentence from his preface—"Every detail in the structure of a plant has both a history and a meaning. My aim has been to point out how the student of nature can follow part of the history and can discover the meaning." We think that in this useful and interesting volume the author has kept his aim well in view.

*Les Français D'Autrefois*, by Tetta S. Wolff (Arnold, 1 6). We are heartily glad to see this little book. "French history," says the author, "is brimming over with vivid scenes and stirring incidents," and she has given us, in racy and graceful French, such scenes and interests from the reign of Clovis to that of Louis XIV. The volume ends with

a few pages of notes and a vocabulary and should be used as a companion to a more detailed history of France, possibly written in English.

Longman's *School Poetry Books*, edited by W. Peterson (Senior, 2/6; Junior, 1/6). Two charming anthologies for children, without a note or an explanation; and the bold editor advises that a class be occasionally allowed to "browse" on its poetry books instead of writing abstracts of lessons. Of the two we think we prefer the Junior School Poetry Book, enriched by several poems of Stevenson and Blake, for example. But Dr. Peterson has a fine catholic taste which welcomes the old and the new.

*From Alfred to Victoria*, by George Eayrs (Swan, Sonnenschein & Co., 2/6). The author carries us through ten centuries rather by following the career of "the chief worker," and considering the "most salient features of each century," than by attempting minute details. The tenth century is made to centre round Alfred the Saxon, the eleventh round William the Norman, the twelfth round S. Francis of Assisi, the fifteenth round Luther, the sixteenth round Shakespere, and so on. We think the plan admirable. It offers, so to speak, a sequence of thought through the ages without the distraction of infinite detail, and, at the same time, the manner of life of each age is illustrated in one or more great men who lived that life.

*Dame Wynton's Home* (a tale illustrating the Lord's Prayer), by Mrs. Carey Brock (Seeley, 1/6). We are glad to welcome a new impression of one of Mrs. Carey Brock's helpful tales. The historical setting is especially fresh and interesting.

*When I was a Child*, by An Old Potter, with an introduction by Dr. Spence Watson (Methuen, 6/-). A narrative of child-labour in the 'forties' when, as Dr. Spence Watson remarks, "the condition of the children employed in our mines and factories was simply appalling." The book is of unique value, as probably few who underwent the hardships here described are able to tell the tale even if they are living to do so. The book has the interest which belongs to all sincere personal narratives.

*The Story of the North Country* (Arnold, 1/6) belongs to a series of Local Readers, a distinctly good idea. This volume contains much interesting information, but the style is forbidding.

*A History of Great Britain*, by T. F. Tont (Longman's Historical Readers, Book II., 3/6). The author appears to have made the mistake which is, we think, at the root of our national ignorance of our own history. This is the second book of the series "which," says the author, "aims at traversing the same ground with greater thoroughness." Children like to break new ground. Professor Tont's book, is interestingly written.

*A First History of England*, Part IV., by C. N. Thomson (Norland Press). Miss Clara Thomson writes carefully. She can tell a story and has an eye for the picturesque. The last fight of "The Revenge" is very well told.

*Les Deux Fées and other French Plays for Children*, by Violet Partington (Marshall & Son). Little French plays for children of 6-12. A capital idea and the plays are pretty.



*Persephone*, by Bertha Skeat (The Norland Press), in which Persephone, Demeter, and their kind, play their parts along with Mangnall (of the Questions) and other personages of the schoolroom: pretty and spirited.

*First Lessons in Arithmetic*, by W. P. Turnbull (Newmann & Co.). A careful piece of work in which the author gets up to 100 in the course of many lessons; but we fear that this is the sort of book which drenches a child in explanations.

*Songs and Games for Little Ones*, edited by E. R. Murray (Curwen and Sons, 4/6). A volume of pretty kindergarten songs and games.

*Games with Music*, by Lois Bates (Longmans, 2/-). Another volume of the same kind—the words apparently by the author. We cannot say that in either volume either words or tunes seem to us good enough for children.

*Toujours Prêt*, Ideographic French Reader (Marlborough & Co., 2/-). An ingenious treatment of some of the principles of French grammar by means of ideographs. On the right-hand page we have a tale,—*Toujours prêt ou L'Orphelin*, and on the left a series of *graphs* illustrating such matters as tenses, comparison of adjectives, feminines of nouns, use of subjunctive and so on. These are ingenious and clear. To the grown-up mind the labour of mastering one of these ideographs is considerable, but children are fond of puzzles, and if they are left to themselves to find out the meaning of the criss-cross figures, the numbers and the lettering, they will probably at length arrive. We should advise however that each ideograph should be proposed as a puzzle!

*Reading and Elocution in the Schools and Colleges of the United States of America*, by Beatrice Bardsley (Ladies' College, Cheltenham). We are exceedingly glad to see Miss Beatrice Bardsley's Report concerning the far-famed teaching of Elocution and Reading in the United States. It is a singularly able report, appreciative but discriminating. Elocution and oratory classes and colleges appear to be run in America as some subjects are in England—rather by faddists than by sound, all-round educationalists. "As for reading, speaking generally," says Miss Bardsley, "I do not consider that the reading in American Schools reached a high standard." At the same time, during her four months' tour in the States as Gilchrist travelling scholar, nominated by the Council of Cheltenham Ladies' College, Miss Bardsley gathered many admirable suggestions, both as to what we might imitate and what we should do well to avoid.

*Analytical Grammar as applied to the Latin language* (Rivingtons). Marked by clearness, simplicity of arrangement, and, above all, by clear and striking types.

Longman's *New Fairy Tale Readers for Infants*—*The Snow Man* (3d.); *The Three Little Pigs* (3d.); *Chin-Chin Chinaman* (4d.). We are glad to see these Fairy Tale Readers. Each little book is charming, but they are unequal. *Chin-Chin Chinaman* is much the best told tale. The pictures in the three books are pleasing.

*The Gospel in North Africa*, by J. Rutherford and E. H. Glenney (Lund, Humphries & Co.). A capital missionary record, with the sort

of interesting pictures and studies of the peoples of North Africa which should give meaning to missionary effort.

*Kinderfreuden*, von A. E. C. (Oxford Clarendon Press, 1/6). An admirable and really interesting little German reading book for beginners.

*A Guide to the Best Historical Novels and Tales*, by Jonathan Nield (Elkin, Matthews). Mr. Nield's idea is capital. He gives us tables, century by century, showing title, author, publisher, and subject—a most useful work, both for teachers and parents. The only qualification we should offer points to an inevitable danger in an undertaking of the kind, that is, small books are classed with great ones. In the hands of a person of literary discrimination, however, this should be a safe guide.

Paton's *List of Schools*, 1903 (Paton, 143, Cannon Street, E.C., 1/6). Mr. Paton's book is rather impressive. One sees how much of the education of the country is still in the hands of private teachers, masters and mistresses, and the various prospectuses included in the volume give the reader a sense of good work and conscientious effort. Examinations, games and healthy surroundings are the advantages commonly offered.

*Geographical Readers*, Stages i. and ii. (Newmann & Co.) A pleasant and interesting treatment of (a) Home and Neighbourhood; (b) Definitions and Observations made on Country and Seaside Rambles.

*Latin Grammar Rules*, by W. H. S. Jones (The Norland Press, 6d.) A clear and concise treatment of Latin syntax.

*Little Folks* (3/6); *Bo-Peep* (2/6); *The Foolish Fox* (1/6). Messrs. Cassell have, as usual, catered well for the little people whose parents approve of magazines for children. Pretty verses, pretty stories, and pretty pictures are in all these volumes. We wish "Tommy at the Museum" had been left out of *Bo-Peep*. It is rather appalling.

## THE "P.R." LETTER BAG.

[*The Editor is not responsible for the opinions of Correspondents.*]

DEAR EDITOR,—I have the very strongest conviction that the use of well-written books is an education in itself. I unceasingly regret the long hours of my own childhood which were wasted on reading and re-reading the feeble tales which were the appointed spoon-meat of my nursery days. As in art, so in literature, I would have in an ideal nursery only of the best. It is comparatively easy nowadays to get good literature for our children, the difficulty seems to lie rather with the keeping away of all the feeble, mawkish, narrow-minded, poorly-written stuff, issued specially for children, all about other children, and so kindly and constantly bestowed by loving friends and relations. The perusal of all these books is a waste of time, time which is so precious for storing the mind with big thoughts, for cultivating the imagination and laying the foundations of a literary style. As long as one is able to read aloud to the children, almost any standard work by living or dead authors is suitable for the nursery or

schoolroom, though some are of course more valuable than others. When a child begins to read for itself, specially written and selected books become necessary, not so much on account of the matter as the manner, *i.e.*, type, paper, illustrations, binding, and reasonable shortness (a small child will tire of too lengthy a book).

Herein often lies a difficulty, and for this and other reasons I should discourage teaching a child to read until his literary taste is in part formed.

My own experience (not a wide one, unfortunately) has been that the child whose mind has been nourished on the adventures of heroes, living poems, and folk-lore of all nations, will turn with something like scorn from twaddling accounts of how little Elsie was naughty, and how Tom Jones won the prize at school. To come to particulars, I remember holding my children, aged at the time 7, 10 and 11, spell-bound during long hours with Mark Twain's *Joan of Arc*; whereas, the pictures once exhausted, the same children took but slight interest in a bound volume of some children's magazine, which had been given them about the same time.

My children are yet hardly sufficiently upgrown to decide exactly how far the free access to good literature has influenced and will influence their characters and minds. I can only state facts as they stand.

The eldest, now fifteen, and at a public school, finds time during each term to read some fifteen to twenty books taken out of the School Library; he constantly lets me know what book he is reading, and they are by no means all tales of adventure. He also has the deepest admiration for Shakespeare.

The next, a girl just fourteen, besides writing herself in a really capable manner, has a most discriminating taste in literature, can discuss characters in fiction and their motives of action and compare one with another. She objects strongly to any slipshod English, and can also usually tell by its style the author of any quotation she happens to meet with in prose or poetry.

The youngest child, just eleven, is, of course, rather young yet to shew much result; but I remember a little incident which shewed that at the age of six he could realise a well-drawn character. *David Copperfield* was the book of the moment, and the children had unanimously declared that the illustrations (in the original edition) did not at all carry out the author's intentions as regards Mr. Murdstone. A day or two later K—, seated on my knee, watching his sister at a dancing class, forcibly turned my head in the direction of one of the onlookers. "Mother," he whispered, "that is *my* idea of Mr. Murdstone." It was almost a shock to me to find how exactly the dark-browed, cynical-looking man he had indicated carried out *my* idea of Murdstone as Dickens drew him.

From which I argue that if a child of six (not a fragile, thin-faced, bookish child, but just an ordinary romping, rosy little chap, who at that time could not read for himself), could so thoroughly realise and make his own so decidedly unchildlike a character in fiction, what opportunities are lost for ever if children are not supplied from the very first direct from the pure fountains of literature.

I must apologise for the length of this letter, but it is a subject upon which I feel most strongly. I want to say to all parents, masters and mistresses, "Don't waste time; time is so short, so priceless, let all that is given be of the *very* best."

Yours heartily,

July 13th, 1903.

A. D. R.

[The Editor has asked permission to publish the above, which formed part of a private correspondence between her and the writer, because she thought it might be helpful to others.]

DEAR EDITOR,—The book I used was *The English Method of Teaching to Read* (Macmillan), but I believe that *Reading in a Twelvemonth* (Sonnenschein) is still better.

Yours very truly,

H. A. NESBITT.

16, South Hill Park Gardens,

Hampstead, July 7th, 1903.

[The above is in answer to a correspondent who wrote asking the name of the book referred to in Mr. Nesbitt's paper, *The Education Bill from an Educational Standpoint*.]

DEAR EDITOR,—The following extract from *Uganda Notes* (August, 1903) may be of interest to the readers of the *Parents' Review*, as an indication of the spread of education in Uganda. The lectures were, I suppose, given in Uganda:—

"Two most interesting lectures were given at Ngogwe, by Mrs. Albert Cook, to the women of the surrounding district, on the following subjects—(1) The care of young children, (2) The care of their own health, (3) The duties of wives. On the first day some two hundred women were present, on the second not quite so large a number assembled. Mrs. Cook illustrated some parts of her lecture by washing an infant before the company, which evoked roars of laughter. The baby, however, seemed thoroughly to enjoy its bath, and had probably never had such a luxurious one before, warm water being used and native soap. The women expressed themselves much pleased with the lectures, and one said, 'You have opened the door of knowledge to us, we shall try and remember all you told us.'

"One Muganda lady was seen taking notes! We believe that these lectures will do great good, for the Baganda women are very ignorant about bringing up children, and many die at birth through this want of knowledge. Some few days after the lectures we found a woman carrying out Mrs. Cook's instructions to the letter. The second day's lecture was largely on the subject of morality, and we hope the earnest words spoken to the women on this subject may do much to raise the tone amongst them. Mrs. Cook invited the women to ask questions on all the subjects, and they quite responded to the invitation; many questions were asked and great intelligence was shown. The women evidently quite took in all that was said. We hope this may not be the last of such lectures given here."

I am, truly yours,

E. K.

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.  
Tel. 479 Victoria.*

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### THE HOME-COUNTIES NATURE-STUDY EXHIBITION

Will be held *from October 30th to November 3rd, 1903*, by kind permission at the Offices of the Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, New Bond Street, London.

In consequence of the above there will be no P.N.E.U. Nature-study Exhibition at the time of the Conference. Members are strongly advised to contribute to the above exhibition instead, and in any case to inspect the objects sent. For full particulars apply to MRS. FRANKLIN, 50, Porchester Terrace, W.

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### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BARRY (GLAMORGAN).

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTENHAM.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

ESHER.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

PRESTBURY.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer :* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

A Branch of the P.N.E.U. will shortly be opened at Croydon. Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W., will be glad to receive the names of people, in or around Croydon, likely to be interested in the formation of a Branch.

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BRONDESBURY.—The Brondesbury and West Hampstead branch held its first meeting of the present season at West Hampstead Town Hall on Oct. 8th. After the customary election of officers for the ensuing year, Mrs. Franklin, one of the organising secretaries of the parent society, read an extremely able paper upon the responsibility of parents for the training and development of the character of their children, and how the P.N.E.U. assists its members in discharging this duty. She strongly urged the necessity for parents to train themselves for these responsibilities, and no longer to trust entirely to parental instinct and intuition. To give one instance out of many brought forward, she advocated that parents should take care from the beginning that their children should have placed before them only the best books of their kind, according to the age of the child, and that home reading aloud should be encouraged, so that accustomed to the best, the child would naturally later on eschew the inferior. An interesting discussion followed. The Mayor, who proposed a vote of thanks to Mrs. Franklin, spoke in high terms of the value of the mental training gained by the study of mathematics, and the pleasurable advantage to be derived from the study of Nature. The vote of thanks was seconded by the Rev. Dr. Walker, who alluded to the scanty knowledge of history and geography possessed by many people at the present day, and suggested that parental influence might very well stimulate interest in these subjects. Dr. Cunningham, in proposing a vote of thanks to the Mayor for kindly giving the branch the benefit of his support, pointed out that the subject discussed that evening was one of the most important that could be imagined, far beyond fiscal or other questions of that kind, for that upon the proper formation of the character of the children of this generation the whole future of the country depended. Mr. Clifford Granville seconded the vote of thanks.

CROYDON.—An inaugural meeting was held on Oct. 20th. A most interesting paper was read by Mrs. Clement Parsons, setting forth the objects and tenets of the Union. Miss Armfield briefly addressed the meeting on the business working of the Branch, and after a sympathetic speech by the chairman, Dr. Parsons Smith, the meeting concluded, and a large number of those present enrolled themselves as members.

DARLINGTON.—A meeting of this Branch was held at Mowden (by kind permission of the Mayoress) on Thursday, Oct. 8th, when Mrs. Clement Parsons gave an address on "The Training of the Will." In spite of the unfavourable weather there was a good audience, who thoroughly appreciated Mrs. Parsons' delightful paper. Illustrative extracts read by members supplied a pleasant novelty in the proceedings.

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. "At Home" Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—An interesting meeting was held on Tuesday, Oct. 20th.

Miss Helen Webb, M.B (Lond.), lectured on "Some Small Things of Great Importance" (a lecture chiefly intended for the parents of young children), at 12, Airlie Gardens (by kind permission of Mrs. Rickman, who was in the chair).—The next meeting will be held on Thursday, Nov. 12th. Mr. A. Burrell, Principal of the Borough Road Training College, Isleworth, will lecture on "Greek and Roman Educational Reformers," at 5 p.m., at 73, Harley Street (by kind permission of Mrs. Jessopp), Capt. W. Friedberger in the chair.

KIDDERMINSTER.—On Monday, Sept. 28th, a meeting was held in the Gymnasium of the High School for Girls, at 7.30 p.m., when members and friends met to hear Miss L. Stacey (a member of the Higher Thought Circle, London), on "Our Forces and how to use them." The lady is a trained nurse of 20 years' standing, and she spoke from a medical point of view, as well as a spiritual and physical. She explained how we misuse our forces and thereby weaken all our powers. "Fear" she condemned as an evil force, giving illustrations of people who were so seriously affected by fear alone as to cause bodily illness as well as mental distress. She pointed out the general fearlessness of a little child until "fear-thoughts" were put into its mind. "Worry," she reminded us, never paid a bill or cooked a dinner, and "bad temper" was literally the cause of many illnesses. The phrase, "My blood fairly boiled," was true in a sense which those who used it never suspected. The speaker then proceeded to explain how the good "forces" could best be cultivated, and how if a thing were worth doing we must put our whole mind into it. She urged her hearers to "put their minds" into everything they did, beginning with the morning bath. At the close of the meeting, which was well attended, a hearty vote of thanks was given to the lecturer.

READING.—*Natural History Club*.—The final summer excursion took place on Saturday, Sept. 26th, when the pine woods of the Welling-ton College district were selected as the "happy hunting grounds." Fungi formed the chief objects of interest, and we were exceedingly favoured in having with us on this occasion such an able mycologist as Mr. B. J. Austin, F.L.S., who kindly acted as director. The baskets were soon full of most interesting specimens of various colours and forms, the prevailing humid weather having been beneficial to their development. After about an hour's ramble the party (which numbered about 25) were gathered together to listen to Mr. Austin, who very kindly gave a short address on the chief characteristics of the specimens obtained, which included *Agaricus*, *Lactarius*, *Russula*, *Boletus*, *Hydnum*, and others. The return to Reading was made about 6 p.m., a most enjoyable afternoon having been spent in ideal autumnal weather.

REIGATE.—The members of this branch had a pleasant gathering on Thursday afternoon, Oct. 8th, at "Beechwood," Reigate, the residence of Dr. Stone (President of the branch), when a highly interesting and instructive lecture on "Classical Education" was given by Mr. C. D. Olive. The lecturer, who was briefly introduced by Dr. Stone, said he would divide his lecture into three parts, namely, (1) What classical education was; (2) what it is; (3) what it ought to be, or, perhaps, some day will be. At the outset, the speaker observed that classical education did not merely imply

the study of the Greek and Roman languages; it was education based upon all that was best and noblest in literature and language. He then proceeded to trace the history of classical education from three or four centuries B.C., emphasising the fact that the greatest branch of education amongst the Athenians at that time consisted in the study of rhetoric and public speaking, a class of education which was sadly neglected in our days. He went on to point out that a knowledge of the classics was the most sound basis upon which to build up the education of our children. It was said on all sides that our national education was a failure, but it was not because it was too classical. In speaking of the unsatisfactory results of public school education of to-day, the lecturer said he believed with Mr. Cecil Grant that the ignorance and intellectual apathy of the youth of to-day arose from the worship of athletics, the growth of luxury and self-indulgence, and the fact that masters did not always teach as they ought and might do. The lecturer further contended that in the majority of schools each master had too many boys under his control. He went on to explain the primary reasons for his advocacy of classical education. The study of Latin and Greek taught a boy to observe and think for himself more readily than in any other form of study; it gave a boy a grasp of his own language, which he could not obtain in any other way; it was the soundest basis upon which to build up a love of literature; it offered unrivalled opportunities for lessons in right conduct; and, above all, it had humanizing effects.—A discussion followed, in which Mrs. Feilden, Mrs. Sim, Mrs. Sewill, Miss Ambler, and Mr. Sewill took part.

WINCHESTER.—The first of this season's lectures was given on Oct. 8th, at the Abbey House (by kind permission of the Mayor and Mrs. Fort). The subject—"Some Theories of Education at the time of the Renaissance"—was most ably treated by Dr. Burge, headmaster of the College.—The children's Natural History branch is proving a success, but the bad weather has interrupted the plans occasionally.—On Saturday, Nov. 21st, the Rev. J. E. Kelsall will lecture on "Birds," with a lantern, at the headmaster's house, The College, at 3.30. Children admitted.



# THE PARENTS' REVIEW

A MONTHLY MAGAZINE  
OF HOME-TRAINING AND CULTURE.

"Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life."

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[DECEMBER, 1903.

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PARENTS' NATIONAL EDUCATIONAL UNION.

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## SEVENTH ANNUAL CONFERENCE

AT

THE PORTMAN ROOMS, BAKER ST., LONDON, W.

*October 27th to October 30th, 1903.*

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TUESDAY, *October 27th*, at 10.30 a.m.

At 10.45 a.m. (REV. W. A. LILLEY in the chair), MRS. CLEMENT PARSONS read her paper on *Parents and Lessons*.

At 12.15 p.m., the REV. WILFRID RICHMOND read his paper on

### CHILDREN AND THE CATECHISM.

I remember once hearing a great architect say that there were two subjects on which an amateur always thought that he knew as much as an expert—architecture and theology. And I remember thinking at the time, and I have often thought since, that a third subject might be added to the list—education. Well, there is a sense in which we are all experts in all three subjects. If we don't know how to

build good houses we experience the disadvantage of living in bad ones; if we are not competent to make creeds we have got somehow to believe in a creed and to live by it and as to children, whether we do it well or ill, we can't help educating them, because we educate them by what we are. In speaking to you, therefore, on a subject which combines two of these three things in which everyone is an expert, I beg you to remember, even if I seem to forget it, that I know that you as well as I are experts in religious teaching, and if I should succeed in saying anything that is not quite familiar on a very familiar subject, I am far from wishing to lay down the law; I am not putting forward ideas for your immediate acceptance, or even for immediate discussion. I am rather commending to the test of your experience what I believe to have stood the test of my own.

I am asked to speak to you on children and the Catechism, and the way I wish to approach the subject is to ask whether the Catechism with which we are most of us familiar under that name, the Catechism of the Church which I have the honour to serve, is a help towards teaching children on religious subjects by catechising—that is, by question and answer. Because, on the face of it, this particular document, the Catechism—and much the same would be true of other similar documents—is not very obviously fitted to serve as a help in catechising. There are several reasons why it is not. I will take one of them first.

Catechising we commonly take to mean teaching by question and answer, eliciting the truth by the play of mind on mind, that natural dialectic in which the child is often a very competent performer. But this document, the Catechism, is a summary of doctrine, a compact statement of the things which a man ought to know and believe. There were many such before and at the time of the Reformation. Such a document has got to be learnt, not to be elicited. If you teach it you are putting in, not taking out.

This is a real contrast. The difficulty is not very hard to meet, but it is worth while to deal with it not only in general terms but also in some detail. The general answer to the difficulty I take to be this. The object of catechetical teaching, of teaching by question and answer, is to put in by the method of getting out. Starting from some fact or truth

which the child knows and can readily recognise, you lead him on to—what? Well, to the truth which you have it in your mind to lead him on to. You know, when you begin, what you want to lead him to see. If you don't you are not very likely to succeed in leading him anywhere. However sound and true his instincts are, at best it will be the blind leading those that see, and the blind had better lead the blind than that, as perhaps we have most of us discovered when we tried to take a lesson unprepared. There is no greater mistake than to suppose that we can teach young children on religious subjects unprepared. And this is especially true of teaching by question and answer. Children's wits are nimble. They are keen-sighted. They have a taste for by-ways. You must have gone the road before: you must know every turn and twist of it, all the sign-posts, all the stiles which tempt you to climb over them, and all the paths which tempt you to stray down them. Otherwise you will lose your way and you will arrive—nowhere.

It is sound then to have a document—a summary to give us the main points, the map of the country. You may stop to look at the view, you may stop to pick flowers, you may stop to pick fruit, but you want to keep to the road. That, it seems to me, is the general answer to the question as to the use for teaching religious truth by question and answer of a document, a summary.

But I will ask you to allow me to answer the question somewhat more in detail. Is this particular document a good guide to catechising, to teaching by question and answer? What guidance does it give?

(1) First of all it teaches us the elementary principle that you must begin from some fact which the child knows—something obvious; if it is also something not obviously connected with the subject in hand so much the better. You have got a name. How did you get it? Ah, you were baptized. There is something to start from. What is baptism? What happened when you were baptized? Why was it done? What does it mean?

(2) But it does not follow because you must begin, so to say, from where the child is that you will do well to let him go where he wants to. If you were to ask the general question, "What is the Catechism about?" you would very likely get the answer that it is about what we ought to do

for God; in a word, that it is about duty. Well, ask the question if you like and get the answer; get it in order to correct it, as the Catechism suggests you should correct it. It is about God, and it is about us. It is about what God does for us, and it is about what we do for God. But which comes first? What God does for us. Grace first, then duty.

Now here is a great guide in teaching religion—God first. First bring the child face to face with the love of God in Christ. He knows it. He will tell you. Question and answer will bring it out that the love of God has come and laid hold of his life long ago. Religion is a response, that is the principle in your mind. And to him you say, "The love of God has come, and through the love of those who loved you and did for you what you couldn't do for yourself, you have grown up all along as the child of God. You could not speak for yourself or move yourself, you weren't yourself yet, but God's love provided that as your bodily life grows out of ours and is separated from it by degrees, so your religious life should grow out of ours. God's love was beforehand with you. We love Him because He first loved us. You are the child of God. God has been working in you and with you ever since you can remember and before, to renew and make to grow in you your own proper nature—the proper nature of all men made in the image of God, the nature which has got spoilt by sin but not buried or destroyed, so that you might grow up in His likeness, to love the good that He loves and hate the evil that He abhors, and love to do His will, because you know He loves you."

So much for the first point.

(3) Well, what is the next point marked by the Catechism on the road along which you are to lead the child? We turn to our part in our dealings with God—duty, what we have promised to do. God has made you His child, has given you His Spirit to help you to be good. What is the first thing you must do if you are to work along with Him? And the answer is renunciation. You must be able to say "No." Life is a battle—that is common experience, but it is also sound Christianity. There is a picture in the Sistine Chapel, at Rome, in which the general subject seems to be the deliverance from sin. In the foreground rather strangely, though it can be accounted for, is an Old Testament scene—the ceremonial purification of a leper by the offering of the

blood of the victim. But in the background behind and above this Old Testament parable of the Christian deliverance are the three scenes of the Temptation with which the work of Christ began. As though the painter would say, "He purifies us from sin through the power of His own victory over sin," He who was in all points tempted like as we are, yet without sin. He had to say "No." And the structure of the Gospels teaches the same lesson as our Lord's example—first comes the preaching of repentance, the ministry of the Baptist—that is the beginning, everything starts from that. Here is the second great fact. God's love has been beforehand with you to make you good. You are God's child—that is the first. But there is evil in the world. You will have to fight. There is evil in the world, and because you are a part of the world it is in you. You will have to be the man who can say "No." You will feel inclined to be lazy; you will feel inclined to eat too much; you will feel inclined to swagger, to grab more than your share; you will feel inclined to be envious and ungenerous, to be passionate, to bear a grudge. You must say "No." You will have to fight. You must know your enemy by sight. But above all if you are to do your part, this is the first thing, you must be able to say "No." That is the promise to renounce sin.

(4) And then with the second promise, the promise to believe, we seem to be swinging back again from duty to grace,—not quite—the word is faith, faith by which we respond to grace and bring it into operation—faith in the sense of trust. God did not make man to live without God, but with Him. You with God, that is the true "you"—you giving yourself to God, trusting yourself to Him, like the paralytic let down through the roof, the whole soul and will of the man going out to God, to draw down into his own being the love with which He was face to face. That is the picture of faith. This is the first great *positive* principle of religion which you must make for, that the life of a man, of the "I" is to give himself up to God, and to hold to God as he has learnt to know Him. "God is there, and God is to be trusted. He has shewn that He is. I believe in God. I trust myself to Him." That is the life of prayer, the life of life itself. "I want to be what God wants me to be, what I see and know God *is*." And as you follow out in

the Creed the facts and truths in which God is known and trusted you end on those in which the child is reminded that his religion is not merely "God and the soul, the soul and God," but that, as his home has long ago taught him in another way, his soul is bound up with the souls of others in a living spiritual family, a fellowship of those who know God's love and live in it, with whom he stands shoulder in shoulder, all pledged to trust His grace and to do His will. That is the promise of faith expanded and expressed in the Creed.

(5) And then the next landmark is the promise of obedience, expanded in the Commandments and in the remembrance of your duty towards God and towards your neighbour—the *law*. And here the point is to note that obedience to the law is so taught that obedience to the law always means obedience to something behind it, the aim at an ideal, the endeavour to secure the dominance of a motive, the life pervaded by a spirit, the spirit of Him to whom you have trusted yourself; "Thou shalt not," the strict unlovely "No," leading, pointing the way to the great ideal: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart and thy neighbour as thyself." That is the point to which the Catechism teaches you to guide the child here, obedience does not mean merely keeping rules, "Thou shalt and thou shalt not," it means learning and understanding the spirit of God's laws. The old commandment which fitted the lives of people long ago *meant* something. Look in each case what it means—whole-heartedness, spirituality, sincerity, regularity, in the service of the love of God; or again, it means not avoiding acts, but being moved by motives, and we are following all the time the lead given us by our Lord in the Sermon on the Mount, where he showed how the new law enjoined the right motive, when the old law forbade the wrong act.

And then once more, when all the three promises have been considered, back to grace, in the Lord's prayer and its explanation, and in the section on the Sacraments, added at a latter time—*prayer*, the perpetual surrender to the Father's love, the simple asking, with all the children of His family of grace, for what we know He wants to give, prayer which keeps alive the communion of love between the soul and God; which to initiate and sustain the sacraments are His chosen means.

I have covered very very familiar ground. The point I wished to bring out is that the Catechism as it stands points out in a right and natural succession the great landmarks in the road along which we wish to lead our children when we talk to them and they to us of the things of God. The question was—how does the Catechism, a summary of doctrine, help us in catechising, in teaching by question and answer? It gives the plan, the leading ideas to be followed out in catechising, in teaching by question and answer.

If I have not wearied you, I should like to touch further on a group of questions as to the usefulness of the Catechism for this purpose, which may be answered together.

Why have a formula full of 16th and 17th century ideas? Why a formula couched in 16th and 17th century language? Why not teach the religion from the Bible? Well, I should say first, I do not say the formula is perfect, you can correct or supplement it, and where you wish to correct or supplement a one-sided or inadequate statement, a statement where one aspect of the truth is put to the front and hides the other aspect, the fact that you have the provocation to such a free treatment of the formula you use has its advantages. It brings the point on which you wish to dwell into relief. May I indicate two instances.

First, the promise of faith. It is a promise steadfastly to believe certain articles. We want it to mean the promise of a life-long spiritual self-surrender. It does mean that, but it hardly says it. You have a very obvious occasion for explaining the distinction between the two senses of faith and the connection between them, *e.g.*, you take the story of St. John's life, from the time when he heard the Baptist say, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world," to the time when he became one of the great teachers of the world. At first there was in him just "trust," the blind instinct of self-surrender. At the end there was the same trust, but now indissolubly linked with the things which he had seen and heard, which to deny would have been to him to deny Christ Himself. So you show how faith as trust grows into something which includes and is inseparable from a belief in facts and truths.

Or take the explanation of an early clause of the Lord's Prayer, "Hallowed be Thy Name." It is explained in this sense, that we desire God's grace that we may worship

Him as we ought to do. The primary meaning is that we *do* worship Him. The difference between the explanation and the natural and primary meaning of the words may be illustrated by the contrast between the Versicle and Response, "O Lord, open thou our lips ; And our mouths shall shew forth Thy praise"—that is the sense of the explanation ; we desire God's grace that we may praise Him—and the almost immediately succeeding response, "The Lord's name be praised"—then God *is* praised. Well, the Lord's Prayer teaches us that prayer begins in praise, in the acknowledgment of God's goodness ; that is the truth we do not want to lose. And we may simply use what we may frankly call an imperfection in the formula to help us to teach it.

But again, why these antique and difficult words ? Well, again I do not say I would not recast the language if I could. But in that wonderful age there was a faculty of utterance in prayer and a wealth and splendour of diction in speaking of God and the things of God, which we have not yet revived. Where they translated, they often lost the concise force of the Latin. But the words speak ; they are living words, and *as words which need to be explained*, they are of enormous teaching value. When we come to recast our national curriculum, and may the day be soon, we must be careful not to lose sight of one element in the study of language which is of enormous value. To study words is to study man. To study words is to study life. Words are compact epitomes of generations and ages of human experience. May I just indicate by an instance or two what I mean. *Lust*—of old, the mere desire needing to be qualified as sinful—there is teaching in that : they do even what they list—follow it out into "all we like sheep have gone astray," waywardness, and read the verses in Ezekiel about God seeking out his sheep in all the places whither they have wandered in the cloudy and dark day ; or tell the story of the 23rd Psalm as George Adam Smith has taught it to us, and go on to the parable of the Good Shepherd in St. John. Or again, *Pomp*—the great procession, and the pride of the conqueror—it is a picture, if you use it, of what our schoolboys know as swagger, and a picture like that derived straight from the unfamiliar word has no small moral value. Or again, *Vanity*, emptiness, the emptiness of wealth, take the metaphor, the



living example, of the miser with the wealth from which he gets no good, and use him as a parable of others whose wealth is no less empty of good to themselves and to others, and tell the children the words on Watts' picture, "Sic transit gloria mundi"—"What I spent I had, what I saved I lost, what I gave I have." Or again, *Succour*—running up to help—there is a picture of helpfulness—and there is no end to such pictures.

And as to using the Bible, who teaches the Catechism without it does not know the Catechism. The Catechism is one way of teaching the Bible. The "words" over and over again are sign-posts to passages in the Bible. The very first word that needs to be explained, "member," the living part of a living body, may stand as one instance for all. Go to the 15th chapter of St. John, the branches that live only in the vine, "without me ye can do nothing," the branches that must bear fruit and fulfil their office in the body by which they live—and work that out, and then to the passages in the epistles of St. Paul about the Body and the members, and work them out.

On that thought I should like to end. My own experience of many years of continuous teaching of all classes and all ages is that to use the Catechism as the basis and guide for catechetical teaching, with constant reference to concurrent Biblical teaching, is to have an incalculable aid in training that independent life of the mind and spirit at which all teaching aims, and religious teaching above all. That is the especial aim of catechetical teaching, of teaching by question and answer—to develop the individual religious mind of the individual member of the religious community. This Catechism itself was originally part of the Confirmation service. Catechising in church where it is used aims at that. But catechising at home can enable us to attain to it. There, above all, you can develop the faculty so difficult to develop in the English boy, perhaps less difficult in the English girl—the faculty of asking questions. We have got our ideal, our example before us—"They were astonished," you remember, "at His understanding and answers." We praise children if they attend. He not only listened, He asked questions.

In this, as in so many other regions of education, the school depends upon the home, because the home is the real school.

At 5 p.m. (LADY CAMPBELL in the chair), MRS. FRANKLIN gave a *résumé* of Miss Mason's pamphlet dealing with *Education by Books*.

The discussion was opened by MRS. FRED REYNOLDS' paper on

### THE INSPIRATION GAINED FROM THE USE OF MANY BOOKS.

"Why must we learn to read?"

It was a childish question asked in impatience and ignorance, but it set the hearer thinking.

Later on the answer was formulated somewhat after this fashion. "That our ears many be open to that which wise men have uttered. That we may hold converse with greater minds than ours."

Who does not know the thrill of mental exhilaration that follows a conversation with those intellectually our superiors? How every faculty has been quickened, how our mind has stood tense, alert, straining to reach the higher level of their understanding. It is the most stimulating of all mental exercises, yet comes to many of us so seldom.

But there is one form of converse with great minds which is open to all of us; although we cannot, alas, speak to them, we can listen; and they have much to tell.

It has particularly struck me in reading the lives of great men and women, how often in the description of their early years one of two things is stated. Either he, or she, born to people of intellectual surroundings, had the unequalled privilege of listening as a child, whilst great thinkers, poets, statesmen, or divines conversed of subjects supposed to be far above the little listening ears, or the child (not infrequently an only one) had the run of some quiet library where the most varied diet, histories, poems, romances, voyages, biographies of saints and sinners, was devoured and a great part of it digested by the little explorer.

It does not follow that every child turned loose in a library will necessarily become a great man, the books may have nothing to say to him, he may even be found converting them into forts and bridges on the floor. Nor would every child draw future mental powers from the discourse of wise men;

he might occupy himself unconcernedly with the antics of a kitten, or fall asleep and wander through the land of dreams into a world all his own.

But given the right child, there is no education which equals the listening to a living voice, that "sound of music that is born of human breath," and next to this comes the voice long dead that speaks again from the living page.

*The Child must have Books.*

There was a time long years ago, when the words "the child must have food" conveyed no special meaning; food it must certainly have of a sort to satisfy its hunger; but anything, refused—even scorned by its elders, was considered good enough for the child so long as it was food. Next came the age of abstention and simplicity. The child began to be catered for apart, but his food was now furnished with the strictest economy, the most wearying monotony, and, of intention, he did not always have enough. All that is long since changed, the child's bodily food must now be of the best, not necessarily elaborate nor desirably rich—but of the best.

The child's mental dietary has followed on somewhat similar lines, but in a retarded fashion.

First came the age of no real provision for childish needs; a rough-and-ready time when some picked up intellectual plums, and others went without even literary crusts. This was followed by the era of bread-and-milk literature; the dying cripples, and terrible "good" boys and girls, and cold hash of incorrect "scientific" facts, and "historic" inaccuracies served out by pompous uncles and fathers to priggish Harrys and Emmas.

From this period we have not long emerged into the knowledge of the fact that the best literature is not too good nor too great for the youngest learner.

*The Child must have of the best.*

Coleridge remarks somewhere, that "wherever you find a sentence musically worded of true rhythm and melody in the words, there is something deep and good in the meaning too. For body and soul, word and idea, go strangely together here,

as everywhere." For this reason, and because it is waste of time for him to read anything inferior,

*The Child's Books must be well written.*

And because the pictured idea appeals more strongly to a developing intelligence than the written one (it must not be forgotten that primæval man drew pictures first and wrote afterwards) his books must be illustrated. And because you cannot educate one side of a child's nature at once ignoring all others, for the right development of his artistic nature,

*The Child's Books must be well illustrated.*

The child then must have books; they must be well written and well illustrated. But the child must first learn to read? Not necessarily.

In fact, rather unconventional though it may appear, it is the opinion of many not unwise people that it is all the better in the child's early years if he is unable to read his books.

Let him turn with reverence their pages, and gaze wonderingly at their pictures, then "tell me what it says," he will demand, and the dearly-loved, altogether wonderful "grown-up," by preference his mother (she should if possible allow none to rob her of this sacred privilege), will make alive for him the written page, by the very inflections of her voice will help him to possess himself of its wonders. But the young mind as well as the young body requires varied diet.

*The Child must have many Books.*

Dr. Arnold says, "Whether the amount (of reading) be large or small, let it be varied in its kind and widely varied. If I have a confident opinion in any one point connected with the improvement of the human mind, it is on this."

This applies especially to the latter years when the child has learned to read, and passed from the nursery to the schoolroom. Does anyone here, I wonder, remember the sickening sense of rebellion with which the news was received that some hated history, geography, or grammar book—hated for the long years of its sameness and dead monotony—finished at last, shut to with a bang—was to be commenced all over again from the beginning.

Why was it? I wondered then and I wonder still. Books were not dear in those days, money was not spared in other

ways; sashes were frequently renewed and so were dainty frocks—but a school book never.

Thoughtful men and women have altered this and mainly through the instrumentality of the *Parents' Review* School a new era has opened for our children.

The hated text-books of our youth with their "dry-as-dust" information grudgingly compiled from other larger text-books equally as dry as they, are becoming things of the past.

We want to make knowledge live for our children. So we get the latest books of travel, and they follow the adventures of real living men (we point out their portraits in the illustrated papers), not fabled Crusoes, and the children trace their journeyings on the map. We read the biographies of great men of our own and other countries; we look up the history of their times, we find out their geographical surroundings, and we marvel sometimes at the power shown in the children's remarks, their grasp of character, their clear insight into cause and effect.

Then through a close acquaintance with the standard works of our great novelists we give them an idea of the size of the world of men that lies all around them, and in contrast how small and insignificant a thing is their own home and its surroundings. We bring forward translations of foreign authors that they may make friends with men of other lands, and by-and-by, as their knowledge of language increases, they will meet old acquaintances in the original.

All the while, without knowing it, they are learning their own language, and learning it in all its complex purity and inherited greatness far better than at the leaden feet of dull grammarians. And last of all we give them poetry which gives wings to their imagination, and bids it fly heavenward.

I have purposely said nothing here concerning religious books. We have all *The Book*, and every true mother will know how to use it aright.

In conclusion I think Jean Paul Richter's beautiful warning concerning our daughters may be applied to all our children.

"Take care through religion and poetry to keep their heads open to heaven; press the earth closely round the food-conveying roots of the plant, but let none fall into its blossom."

MISS E. C. ALLEN then read her paper on *The Use of Narration in the "Parents' Review" School*.

WEDNESDAY, *October 28th.*

THE HON. SIR JOHN COCKBURN in the chair.

At 10.30 a.m., MR. C. F. G. MASTERMAN read his paper on *The Habit of Books*. (This will appear in the January *Review*).

At 11.30 a.m., MRS. RALPH read her paper on

### USEFUL HOLIDAYS.

No view of a subject could be more short-sighted and selfish than that taken of the education of their children by the type of parent who, in the "silly season," writes to the *Times* deploring the length of school holidays. The whole trend and tendency of modern life demand long school holidays, not merely, as the grudging parent of the *Times* correspondence column thinks, in the interest of the teachers, but, quite as much, in the interest of our children. Think of the hurry and rush of life, which unhappily have invaded the schoolroom as forcibly as the warehouse, and are felt even in the nursery; the haste to add one accomplishment to another 'ology, and the hurry to prepare for examinations. Think of the disintegration of family life through the removal of the father's work to a distance from the children's home, or of the children themselves to a distant school for several months of every year. On whatever aspect of the holiday question we may choose to dwell, any thoughtful unselfish parent, any true educationalist, any real child-lover must feel that on all grounds, physical, moral and spiritual, the first thing we must say about holidays is that they are indispensable. That parents and children, brothers and sisters, may have leisure to meet, to get to know one another, to get into the habitude of common occupations and interests, that they may have the chance of common memories of home, or of beautiful scenes or family adventures away from home—in short, for the promotion of true family feeling and the growth of family history, we must have holidays. Which of us has not felt in later years the power of that "Don't you remember?" of a mutual reminiscence in warming the heart, reviving our youth, and drawing closer the bonds

between us and our loved ones? It is pitiful to think of the thousands of families for whom the chances of storing up common memories are reduced to a few short weeks in every year. For their sakes, for everybody's sake, and on all highest grounds we must have holidays.

Having thus stated what to many will have seemed a truism, I add a second—that whatever other considerations we strive to give effect to, we must never forget that *holidays must be holidays* to be of their greatest use. No amount of general or particular interest which may be awakened, no stores of knowledge which may be gained in them, can or will compensate our children for the loss of what the holiday stands for in the mind of the child, *i.e.*, a perfectly happy-go-lucky or go-as-you-please time, when everything in the shape of organization, even organized games or walks, not to speak of lessons or drill, shall be done with as completely as possible, and the child shall be allowed to be alone with children and with Nature a good part of every day. Of course, for the comfort of all, old and young, family discipline must be maintained, and the elemental virtues of obedience, punctuality, order, courtesy, and unselfishness must still be insisted on. This requirement, especially in the early part of every vacation, will prove a severe and bracing exercise in self-control. For the reaction from school order will be seen in a disposition to run amuck through all family rules; and the recoil from the pressure of work, and especially from the anxiety and strain of examinations, is seen in a tendency to a fretful self-indulgence or wild excitement, which, in either case, loses sight of every other person's needs, feelings, or interests. The parents' fitness for their office will be seen in the sympathy, tact, and firmness with which they meet the varying and exacting moods of their children in the beginning of a holiday—the wish to do everything and go everywhere at once, alternating with a desire to do nothing at all, not even to get up in time for breakfast; wild delight at being at home again, with a ruthless disregard of the convenience of all the home people. These symptoms must all be utilised by the wise parent, without a single word of “preaching,” by giving way as far as possible in non-essentials, and by insisting on essentials quietly, steadily, and tactfully.

I venture to insist that, especially for the first few days of vacation, nothing is more important than *rest and freedom*

*in fresh air.* And it is often difficult to induce each different child to take the kind of rest which is really best for it. The sturdy urchin, who uses his brains no more than he can help, instinctively chooses his own rest. If he is really bookish at heart, only his mental lags behind his physical development, he will immerse himself in a book of thrilling adventure; or, if he is observant, will have a hundred reasons for exploring expeditions; or will sociably look up all his friends and chums within his walking or cycling radius. It is the highly strung boys or girls, whose consciences have developed almost too early, or whose love of work or capacity for it have outgrown their physical strength, who need our individual care and sympathy. Their brains have been working at high pressure, and they will not stop working at an hour's notice, no matter how new or delightful the holiday scene may be. Indeed, the new excitement gives a fillip to the brain's action, and the body, naturally delicate and rapidly growing, responds only too readily to the desire for movement. In such cases it will, I think, be best to draw the children out about the things which have lately been absorbing them. Even if it is "talking shop," it will be best to let them talk freely about the school, the examinations and everything related to them. The excitement will gradually "talk itself out," and while impressions are vivid, and brain and tongue are restless, we shall get information about things and people which we may seek in vain at a later stage. If this talking can be done while the child's body is resting it will be all so much to the good. Somewhat later, when the inevitable lassitude sets in, when, in fact, the child's nature is so far on the road to recovering its balance that the brain has become quiescent and the body has time to feel how tired it is, then a good quiet unexciting story, preferably read aloud, or good narrative poetry read aloud, or anything which appeals to the impersonal generous emotions, may be introduced. But if holidays are to be "useful" they must be restful, and the rest must come first of all. It need not mean either vacuity or frivolity, but it must be secured.

Having said so much, however, it becomes necessary to add, that I believe most children and young people will enjoy their holidays most keenly, and will find them most restful, if one hour or so every day is given to some fixed



employment, of a kind as far as possible outside the ordinary school curriculum. The only exception to that ought to be at the child's own strong wish, if he be of an age to choose. Some school courses nowadays are so all-embracing, and the teaching is so suggestive, that many older children have ideas of their own which they want to carry out. A boy whom I knew, with all London before him, and plenty of money, told his father, at the beginning of a Christmas vacation, that he wanted above all things to study the Assyrian bas-reliefs in the basement of the British Museum. They had been made interesting to him at school. On the other hand, in many cases the school life is narrow and absorbing while it lasts, and the wise parent who cannot choose otherwise for a child, will be thankful for the holidays as opportunities to turn young thoughts into other channels. But under no circumstances ought the school to cast its shadow on the vacation in the form of "holiday tasks" or "holiday governesses," unless these latter are engaged as aids to general jollity. Nothing which suggests examination at the end, or which signifies the grasp of school upon the young life, ought to be permitted to come between the child and its feeling of release, its feeling of return to home and the life and duties of home. To stimulate that feeling, which in itself is of the highest spiritual value in the upbringing of children, I suggest that some very light housekeeping tasks be apportioned to each one, something that will require doing every day for others, and thereby help the child to believe that not only does he miss the home when he is absent, but that the home misses him; that when he is away his niche is unfilled. As to what follows there are two cautions to be given. First, I must be understood as meaning throughout that the work indicated must be done by little and little. It must never be pushed beyond the point at which it ceases to be recreation. Secondly, the holiday campaign must be carefully thought over beforehand, read about, and the books procured by the parents. The plans ought then to be stored away in their own minds, and produced day by day, a bit at a time, as the reason for that day's work. Anything like a *Swiss Family Robinson* revelation of family plans for a vacation at its beginning would simply be fatal in the case of modern children just home

from school. If the mother says, "I'm going to do so-and-so to-day, who will go with me?" ready volunteers will be found for each expedition.

Of other occupations than household duties, I rank first in importance all such as take the children into the open-air. For that reason, amongst others, I detest the making of collections. It is better, in my humble judgment, to go every day for a month to see the anemones in a rock-pool, learning to dodge the tide, and learning, too, patience, perseverance, love of beauty in its own undisturbed home, the power to be still, the power to sympathize with even the lowest forms of life, than, in our lodgings at night, to hang over a glazed tank in which we have incarcerated a few unhappy jelly fish or anemones, which we try to keep alive on minced beef! Acting on my plan we may know fewer technicalities about anemones, perhaps, but we shall be *wiser* about them and about many other things besides. In the same way an hour spent in trying to find seaweed in its own home, content to leave it there and go back again to find it, will teach us more of seaweed than a month of evenings spent in pressing, drying and labelling the specimens we might bring home. Our holidays cannot be better spent than in teaching our children sympathy for life in all its forms from the lowest to the highest, and I gravely doubt whether collections foster that sentiment. The boldest imagination falters at the idea of St. Francis of Assissi making collections! But, I repeat, we may legitimately take all the pains of the most ardent collector, and gain nearly all the knowledge of habitat and modes of life which he has, without, on our part, any interference with the liberty of bird or beast or fish. I should like to see young people as "knowing" about creatures as the man who, on being offered a handsome reward for a specimen of the large blue *columbaria*, sallied out, in a dry and thirsty region, with a phial of water in his pocket. At a point far away from towns he sat down, made a little basin with the dust, poured a little water into it and waited. Before very long the beautiful insect, almost the last of its race in this country, hovered over the water and alighted for one sip. The butterfly net was on it in an instant and it never flew again. I and all whom I could influence would have stopped short at watching the unsuspecting creature drink. A friend who has made a study of her children's

holidays keeps lists hanging on a wall so as to be easily seen and added to, of the various flowers, birds, insects, etc., seen by the young people and identified.

I have an idea that when parents are obliged to spend vacations away from home it would be well for them to go back again and again to the same neighbourhood for a series of years. For this I have several reasons. First, it would enable them to take up, year after year, with their children, several subjects in succession *on the same ground*. That very last fact would have this important bearing, that it would shew the children how varied and almost exhaustless are the interests of every spot in the British Islands. Kingsley's joy in a yard of hedge and a churchwarden pipe was not an exaggerated expression. But he had Kingsley's eyes, imagination, love of knowledge, and reverent spirit! The pipe was the only negligible factor in the case! Well, let us go, for instance, to the southern borders of Kingsley's country, to some point on the Dorset or Hampshire coast, and there, between the moorland and the sea, let us year by year take up in succession the different sciences illustrated on such a spot. The flora of the moors, of the sea, the fauna of each, the geology of the region, its fascinating archæology, its architecture (of which Christchurch Priory alone is a living textbook of several orders), its stained glass, the mere wild beauty of the moors with the heather, or the pools with the sunset colours in them, the pines with their russet-brown carpet of silence, and the sea—with all that sea and shore offer there to stir patriotism. There are a thousand points round the British Islands as full of interest and even more beautiful than that; and such a diligent search for what we might learn in them year by year would open our children's minds as they are not open now to the value and beauty of their own country. It would help our children to realize that there is a beauty and grandeur and awesomeness of the small as well as of the big, and of the sods under our feet as well as of the highest crest of the Himalayas. It would forbid that priggish and untrue feeling, "Oh, I know such-and-such a place," when, in fact, what is known is only the sands, the bathing machines, and the pier.

Then for a winter holiday, or for many holidays, I would suggest that the country round a child's own home should

be utilised in the same way. It is of all places, very often, the one least known. Let us say that during a Christmas holidays in which no skating is to be had we decide on "getting up" our own neighbourhood, somewhat on the lines suggested in my article on "Historic England" in the *Parents' Review* for September, 1902. The plan will involve, perhaps, thick shoes, short skirts, some outlay in driving to sweeten expeditions, a fine disregard of wet and cold, and courage as to taking meals out of doors even in winter if the day be dry. But if we resolve on doing this, and on making the doing of it delightful to the more grown children by every means in our power, we shall find that we have, both for ourselves and them, tapped a fountain of interest and enjoyment which will run for many years and into the most unexpected channels. If parts of many mornings were occupied in hunting up, making sketches and noting peculiarities of the historical sites, buildings and ruins within walking or driving distance of our own homes, I can imagine parts of the evenings being devoted to dressing a few tiny dolls in the costumes worn by characters who lived at the places visited, or in making with sand, or books, or anything handy, rough relief maps or plans of a neighbourhood or a battle. I remember a party of boys and girls with older friends carrying out this latter suggestion at Lynmouth, having explored the Valley of the Doones; and I can never understand why real history cannot be made as interesting to children as fiction, for, in sober truth, it is often the stranger of the two. Plenty of time must be given to each spot, more than one visit cheerfully made if necessary, every question suggested or asked must be answered, or a most painstaking effort made to answer it, every clue must be followed back and back. For if we go into the work at all, it must be done so thoroughly and conscientiously, with such humility and patience, with such an avoidance of guess-work, prejudice and slurring as shall be in itself a lesson of the highest value. And it must be done a little at a time. Two happy girls with their father gave part of every afternoon during a summer vacation to Fountains Abbey. I reiterate: we must never forget in the holidays that "Nature, the kind old nurse," is an excellent teacher; and Home is just as good. We must give the children their fling.

I have spoken in an earlier paragraph of reading aloud and I wish to recur to it. There is no more useful taste which can be fostered in children than that for sitting quietly at work, sewing, knitting, netting, painting, drawing, or what not, and being read aloud to. Or, what is often as useful in the case of growing children, lying on the grass or the carpet doing nothing and enjoying reading aloud. There is no accomplishment so useful which is so much neglected as reading aloud. The exercise of the lungs which passes for it in elementary schools is too terrible for characterisation; and in secondary schools, while the misuse of the vocal organs is not so great, neither time nor care enough is given to the teaching of the art. In the case of children who are frequently read aloud to at home, the knowledge which they gain of particular books, while in itself valuable, is the least part of the result. I think the habit of gathering as a family round a common centre, of using the hands while the brain is left free, or the habit, on the other hand, of stillness and rest of body while the mind is working lightly and easily, the delightful associations and memories that will in later years be called up by sight or sound of the books read at home—these are worth much effort to confer on our children. It goes without saying that we must not read rubbish aloud, but that in every case we must choose, of its kind, whether for older or younger children, a classic or a good translation of one.

This paper would be wholly incomplete if I did not mention one subject with many ramifications, all of which I will comprise, for the moment, under the much mis-used term—Church-work. No holiday can be usefully filled which does not include a definite effort on our part to lead our children's thoughts out to the wants of others less fortunate than themselves. Many schools now undertake to contribute regularly to some Orphanage or Mission at home or abroad. But none of us would be willing that all our children's associations with the idea of helping others should gather round the school alone. If we desire to give our children "not merely interests, but relations," surely we shall seek to make them most cordial in this sphere, in which the establishment of "relations" is of such vital necessity to our children's highest, because their spiritual, good.

At 12.15 p.m. (MR. HERBERT SUTTON in the chair),  
MR. J. C. MEDD, M.A., read his paper on

### HOW BEST TO STUDY NATURE.

The subject entrusted to me this morning is one with which teachers alone are qualified to deal in detail, for they can speak from practical experience, and practical experience is the only safe guide in matters of education. I am not, however, responsible for the title, and it is a little presumptuous in one, who has never conducted a single class, to offer any remarks upon the best way of studying nature. My reason for accepting the invitation was that every teacher in proportion to his success is apt to lay stress upon the particular method which he has adopted. This is natural, and within limits is of great value, but it is essential that we should not be tied to stereotyped methods of instruction. At the same time the circumstances of each school differ so widely, and the resources which nature has placed at our disposal are so infinite in their variety, that what is appropriate in one school may be wholly out of place at another. The result is that teachers anxious to promote nature study occasionally become discouraged, when they feel that some method which is held up as the ideal, is quite beyond such knowledge or facilities as they possess. It is therefore of advantage sometimes to consider the subject in its broader aspects, and that must be my apology for addressing you.

No one, who has at heart the improvement of education, can fail to be gratified by the attention now devoted to nature study, but we must avoid exaggeration. There is always a danger lest undue prominence may be given to a particular subject through the enthusiasm of its advocates; too much may be attempted, and the true function of the subject in a well-ordered scheme of studies may be overlooked. One of the most difficult and important duties in devising any scheme of education is to determine the relative educational value of each item in the curriculum, and to assign to each its proper proportion. Where there is exaggeration, reaction inevitably follows, and we, who honestly believe that nature study can be made peculiarly useful, should bear this constantly in mind.

We have seen how much modern secondary education has

suffered from the excessive stimulus given to more or less specialised instruction by the Science and Art grants from South Kensington, and in our efforts we must beware of a similar mistake. We may be grateful for the assistance rendered by Societies formed for the encouragement of natural history, but we must not allow other interests to be neglected through the furtherance of their aims.

The first thing then for us to decide is—what we mean by nature study. It does not readily lend itself to definition. It is not merely a sentimental regard for animals and plants, although it will foster the love of both : nor is it elementary science, although it will lay the foundations for the generalisations of science. It is rather a method of teaching than a specific subject. Its aim is to bring the child into direct relation with facts, to lead him from the abstract to the concrete, and to stimulate him to investigate phenomena for himself. This is to promote that process of self-instruction which is the basis of all true education. Viewed thus, nature study does not necessarily involve the introduction of a new subject. The intention rather is to make the living world the groundwork in reading, composition, mathematics and drawing ; not so much to impart information as to develop a particular habit of mind ; in other words, to use nature study as an instrument and not as an end in itself. In this way we may create an influence which will permeate the whole of school life, and infuse a vitality and reality into every lesson, which books alone can never supply.

The instruction should always proceed in an ever-widening circle, from the known to the unknown, commencing with the immediate environment. This is the right method in all education, especially in geography, in which we have too often been in the habit of telling the child about the course of the Nile, while he is left in ignorance of the course of the river that runs by his own home. There are few directions in which the study of nature may be eventually pursued with greater profit and pleasure than by making a regional survey of the flora and fauna of a given district. Such a botanical survey of portions of Scotland was admirably prepared by the late Mr. W. Smith, and details of his plan may be obtained from his brother, Professor Smith, of the Yorkshire College, or from Professor Geddes, of Dundee.

In formulating a scheme of nature study, it is immaterial what branch of the subject be selected, whether it fall under the head of botany, entomology, animal physiology, geology, or any kindred subject. Each is equally valuable from the educational standpoint, which is the first consideration. That aspect of nature should be chosen which is most accessible, which is most compatible with the resources of the school, and in which the teacher takes the greatest personal interest, for an enthusiastic teacher makes an enthusiastic pupil. Such advice might seem superfluous, but we must be on our guard against those who, in their zeal for particular methods, decry everything which does not conform to some arbitrary standard.

There is indeed no town or rural district which does not furnish appropriate material. Many here are doubtless aware of the excellent use to which the teacher at one of the schools in that smoke-begrimed town of Stockport has put the river Mersey, making it the subject of innumerable lessons. This shows what may be done in the most unpromising surroundings, and how easily natural features in more favourable localities may be utilised.

Ambitious schemes of every kind are to be deprecated. At a small Girls' High School, with which I am acquainted, the mistress has taken about forty yards of a lane behind the school for purposes of regular observation. Every change in the appearance of the flora is carefully noted by the scholars week by week, and this modest work met with the warm appreciation of so high an authority as Sir Joseph Hooker. He told me that it was one of the most conscientious and effective examples which had come under his notice.

Unquestionably the study should be directed as much as possible to living things, to trace the life history of plant, animal or insect. The proper way in which to study them is in their living state, amid their natural surroundings. Frequent country walks, making the country, in Ruskin's phrase, "a sort of uncovered class-room, a divine museum," ought to be a recognised feature at every school. Plants should be grown in boxes or pots, and insects should be reared in breeding cages. One of the simplest ways of observing plant life is by the cultivation of a few plants in water. Some transparent jars, which may be placed by the window in any class room, alone are required. The composition of the food



solutions\* presents no difficulty, and the cost of the necessary chemicals is trifling. The element of chance is wholly eliminated; each plant behaves as it ought to behave, according to the food which it receives; it dies when it ought to die, and it lives when it ought to live. The pupils can watch the whole process of growth from the seed to the fully developed plant, and it is a source of never-failing interest and instruction.

Latterly so much has been heard of the Heuristic method, that it is almost needless to emphasize the importance of not *relying* upon text books, but we must not rush into the opposite extreme. Wholly to neglect the accumulated knowledge and experience of others is absurd. The child must not be left to discover everything for himself; his mind must be prepared in some measure for what he is to see and observe. It has been well said that the previous history of the mind determines the impression which the sight of any object is to make. "We can only see what we have been trained to see."

What then are we to expect from this study? Its true function is, as I have stated, educational; it has its utilitarian value also, but that, if I may say so, is an accidental advantage. Its invariable product should be greater intelligence, more accurate observation, and a keener interest in all work. The mental discipline, which is inseparable from it, will form pupils, whatever the grade of their schools, qualified to profit by the specialised instruction of technical schools and colleges. The complaint as to the lack of general intelligence and general knowledge in the pupils who go to them, is universal amongst the directors of these institutions. The child has rarely been taught to think. The fault is not confined to primary schools; it is no less common in higher grade and secondary schools. If we use nature study as the constant handmaid to supplement and illustrate the other lessons, by correlating all the instruction with the world of reality and so developing the reflective faculties, we shall fully justify the present movement, and go far towards removing the reproach, which must always

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\* The normal food solution is:—Potassium nitrate, two parts; sodium chloride, one part; magnesium sulphate, one part; calcium sulphate, one part; calcium phosphate, one part (this should be dissolved in a very few drops of dilute nitric acid); iron perchloride, a trace; water, 2000 parts.

attach to an education which restricts itself mainly to the powers of memory.

Mr. Herbert Spencer has eloquently pressed the claims of what we are urging; "if there is a more worthy aim for us than to be drudges," he says, "if there are other uses in the things around us than their power to bring money—if there are higher faculties to be exercised than acquisitive and sensual ones—if the pleasures which poetry and art, and science and philosophy can bring are of any moment,—then it is desirable that the instinctive inclination which every child shows to observe natural beauties, and investigate natural phenomena, should be encouraged."

This touches the moral aspect of the question, and before such an audience as this, little need be said of the moral lessons to be learnt from the study of nature. At every step she teaches patience, trustfulness, and reverence. The more we penetrate her mysteries the more shall we be imbued with the grace of humility. Over all who are in sympathy with her, she exercises a strange humanizing and refining influence. In our darkest hours she may provide a consolation, which can nowhere else be found. When the whole world seems out of tune, and the burden of life beyond our strength, she may revive our drooping spirits.

"With other ministrations thou, O Nature,  
Healest thy wandering and distempered child;  
Thou pourest on him thy soft influences,  
Thy sunny hues, fair forms, and breathing sweets,  
Thy melodies of woods, and winds and waters;  
Till he relent and can no more endure  
To be a jarring and a dissonant thing  
Amidst this general dance and minstrelsy:  
But, bursting into tears, wins back his way,  
His angry spirit healed and harmonised  
By the benignant touch of love and beauty."

Nature, too, if in our childhood we have learned to turn to her, will supply increasing enjoyment for our leisure hours. This alone, if there were no other reason, should constrain each of us to spare no effort to lead those for whose education we are in any way responsible, to look to mountain, woodland, sea or stream for refreshment and wholesome recreation, when free from the toil and anxieties of daily life.

At 3 p.m., the Local Secretaries meeting was held, which Branch representatives and members were asked to attend. A short paper was contributed by MRS. R. A. PENNEY (Brighton), on *How to Revive a Dying Branch of the P.N.E.U.*

At 5 p.m. (THE DOWAGER COUNTESS OF NORTHESK in the chair), MISS HELEN WEBB, M.B. (Lond.), gave a lecture to young people on *The Question of Habit*.

At 8 p.m. (MRS. HOWARD GLOVER in the chair), the discussion of Tuesday evening was continued.

The following notes by MR. BADLEY (Headmaster of Bedales) formed a considerable part of the discussion on the subject of the P.N.E.U. Manifesto.\* They were read by MRS. FRANKLIN with MISS MASON'S answers.

*Section 1.*—I wish that some fuller definition had been added of what is meant by *knowledge*, as used by Miss Mason throughout the pamphlet—the more as, for “the man in the street,” it usually means *information*; and though in *Section 10* it is expressly pointed out that “information is not education,” anyone who had read so far under the impression that knowledge meant information, would have got an entirely wrong impression of the writer's meaning. I could wish, therefore, that at the outset it had been clearly stated that by knowledge is meant something very different from information.

In *Section 4* it is said that “the getting of knowledge, and the getting of delight in it, are the ends of a child's education.” This partly does what I mean, by including in knowledge the element of delight in it. But even that is hardly large enough. We do not *know* anything until we have made it completely our own, and can use it. Real knowledge implies power, and the definition of it should therefore include both pleasure in its attainment and pleasure in its use. It is, of course, in the sense of information that, as Miss Mason says in *Section 4*, “educational theorists systematically depreciate knowledge,”—and rightly. But if we once admit that there can be no real knowledge without use and without delight, then all that she says holds good. But in that case, the statement in *Section 1*, that “the principle which keeps

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\* See October *Parents' Review*, or in pamphlet form from the Office (3d.).

our great Public Schools perennially alive is that they live upon books," comes as a shock to those who are accustomed to see in this precisely their weak point, for the reason that the knowledge aimed at in the public school by the use of books is too often mere information, with little use made of it and less delight in it. It is true that "the best public school boy is a fine product"; he has had the capacity to get something in the end out of the books he has used, and as they are amongst the finest books in the world, he could hardly fail to get something good from them. But it has been in spite of, and not because of, the hideous waste of energy in his earlier training; and at best he has less power and a narrower outlook than would have been the case not only if he had been trained by other means than books alone, but if the books themselves had been rightly used in the earlier stages. Of course I know that with all this Miss Mason is really in agreement. But I think the wording of the first section is unfortunate, as it might easily convey an entirely opposite impression. The real remedy is the one she suggests, that, as preparation even for the proper use of books at the public school, there is need of a wide curriculum, including both *things* and *books* (and, as I should say, things even more than books) up to the age of fourteen, as she says (or of fifteen, as I would rather say), when a narrower and more concentrated course of study may well begin. In fact, I think that the whole subject would be made clearer if one began by insisting on the need of two stages of school training:—one, the wide general course up to about fifteen, and after this age a more specialised course, in which the requirements of the later career ought to be considered. For example, all that she says in *Section 16* is perfectly true if we are thinking only of the earlier stage, but by no means true of the later. And though she has throughout confined her attention to the earlier stage, it would be well, I think, to make the point clear at the outset, or a careless reader might suppose that she meant that there was to be no place in education for the requirements of the special training for the calling in life, and so dismiss it all as "unpractical."

It is certainly most necessary to protest, as she does in *Section 3*, against *early* specialisation, and selecting some

subjects to the exclusion of others, instead of first letting a boy's interests have free play, and so discovering the lines of natural aptitude to follow later.

In reading *Section 17*, I am inclined to stand up for oral teaching, and to plead that it has its use. In many cases I am sure that a child is unable to get much real good out of a book unless he comes to it with some interest in its contents already in his mind, and some knowledge, too, to which to attach what the book tells him. A previous oral lesson gives an opportunity for awaking such interest, and arousing the child's own questions on the subject, to which answers will afterwards be found in the book. Again, I do not doubt that Miss Mason is agreed with this, but her statement, as it stands, seems to me too sweeping, and likely, rather, to puzzle the teacher.

*Section 14*, on the use of books, seems to me in every way admirable, and I hope that it may come into the hands of very many teachers, as it shows how real books may be turned to most account. There is, however, I think, a need to point out a danger in the use of books, upon which Miss Mason has not touched, and of which, indeed, she hardly seems to me sufficiently conscious. I mean the danger of using books to supply information at second hand in a case where, if our object is real knowledge, it ought to come by actual observation and experience. This seems to me to be exemplified in some specimens quoted in the Appendix, as, for instance, in the account of bees, derived from *The Fairyland of Science*. Surely this would have been ten times as valuable if it represented what the child had actually noticed. And so with other examples given on page 30, which seem to me, I must confess, to show the wrong use of books.

In the same way, at the end of *Section 17* I should like to protest against the statement that "the young shall learn what life is from the living books of those who know." We can only learn what life is by living it; and no course of books can supply the place, for a child, of a life with much freedom and much activity. And this is why I say that in this earlier stage acquaintance with things is even more necessary than acquaintance with books. Books can arouse, better, perhaps, than anything else, intellectual interests, and

are necessary to give food for those finer feelings which are in part intellectual. But for the development of true mental power, as well as manual skill and practical interests, the training of contact with things is absolutely necessary; and in dwelling on the use and the need of books, one must not allow it to be supposed that too much is claimed for them.

These other needs are all allowed for in the summary given in the second Appendix; but even there I cannot help thinking that a little too much is expected in the way of book-work. Your experience must be very different from ours if you find that more than one modern language can be learnt with advantage, as well as Latin, at this stage.

I hope the above notes do not seem hypercritical, but it is just because I am so heartily in sympathy with almost all that Miss Mason urges, and because I feel that it needs to be brought strongly home to all parents and teachers, that I would wish it to be free from any appearance of onesidedness, and from any possibility of misunderstanding.

*To which Miss Mason replied:—*

I am very much gratified by Mr. Badley's helpful and always courteous criticism. I shall take up the points he makes in order:—

I. (*Section 1*).—The distinction between *knowledge* and *information* is, I think, fundamental. Information is the record of facts, experiences, appearances, etc., whether in books or in the verbal memory of the individual; knowledge, it seems to me, implies the result of the voluntary and delightful action of the mind upon the material presented to it. Great minds, a Darwin or a Plato, are able to deal at first hand with appearances or experiences; the ordinary mind gets a little of its knowledge by such direct dealing, but for the most part it is set in action by the vivifying knowledge of others, which is at the same time a stimulus and a point of departure. The information acquired in the course of education is only, by chance, and here and there, of practical value. Knowledge on the other hand, that is the product of the vital action of the mind on the material presented to it, is power; as it implies an increase of intellectual aptitude in new directions, and an always new point of departure.

Perhaps the chief function of a teacher is to distinguish information from knowledge in the acquisitions of his pupils.

Because knowledge is power, the child who has got knowledge will certainly show power in dealing with it. He will recast, condense, illustrate or narrate with vividness and with freedom in the arrangement of his words. The child who has got only information will write and speak in the stereotyped phrases of his text-book, or will mangle in his notes the words of his teacher. This is why I have said that information is not education.

II. (*Section 4*).—I am entirely in agreement with Mr. Badley until we come to the sentence—"It is of course in the sense of information that educational theorists systematically depreciate knowledge and rightly." This is not my view. I think educational theorists are inclined to attach more importance to the working of the intellectual machinery than to the output of the product; that is, they feel it to be more important that a child should *think* than that he should *know*. My contention is rather that he cannot *know* without having *thought*, and also that he cannot think without an abundant, varied, and regular supply of the material of knowledge. We all know how the reading of a passage may stimulate in us thought, inquiry, inference, and thus get for us in the end some added knowledge.

III. (*Section 4, continued*).—"The principle that keeps our great public schools alive is that they live upon books." Mr. Badley explains this fully when he says that the books that the best public school boy has used "are amongst the finest books in the world." I do think that this fact explains why the great public schools do not die, but are "perennially alive." But I do not use "alive" to mean vital, energising; and I have spoken of their frequent failure to do anything for the average and the dull boy. This failure is, I think, due to the fact that their training depends on "books alone."

I am glad to be in agreement with Mr. Badley in thinking that the remedy lies partly in due preparation and partly in a wide curriculum, including both *things* and *books*.

IV. (*Section 4 continued*).—I should, however, be inclined to give equal value to things and books. I have not made "things" prominent in our manifesto for two reasons. In the first place, that side of education is occupying public attention almost exclusively just now. In the second place, the P.N.E.U. has chanced to come before the public as advocating

education by things rather than by books; though, perhaps, as a matter of fact, both sides have had equal attention. I think the danger in giving too prominent a place to education by things lies in a certain want of atmosphere; and in the deplorable absence of a standard of comparison and of the principle of veneration. "We are the people!" seems to be the note of an education which is not largely sustained by *books* as well as by *things*.

V. (*Section 4 continued*).—I entirely agree that it would be better to carry on the liberal education I have in view up to the age of 15, rather than 14. Also I should join in insisting on the need of two stages of school training, but whether the "requirements for the special training for the calling in life" should be considered in the second stage or in a third stage to begin at a still later age, should, I think, depend on the means and position of the pupil.

VI. (*Section 17*).—Assuredly oral teaching has its uses; indeed, I think those uses were dwelt upon in the first writing of the pamphlet under discussion. We cannot do without the oral lesson—to introduce, to illustrate, to amplify, to sum up. My stipulation is that oral lessons should be like the visits of angels, and that the child who has to walk through life, and has to find his intellectual food in books or go without, shall not be first taught to go upon crutches. And our experience is, as I have tried to shew, that children take to books with surprising readiness.

VII. (*Section 14*).—I am glad of the opportunity afforded to me to speak of the use of books in the very wide field which, for convenience, we call science. I entirely agree that here knowledge should come "by actual observation and experience," as in the case of the children who wrote about spiders, thrushes, twigs. All the same, I think books have two uses in this field of knowledge. Reference books are of value to children when they wish to verify or account for what they have observed; while another class of books (those of Professors Lloyd Morgan, Thomson, Geddes, etc.) give inspiration and a point of departure to the student in search of knowledge. The answer about "bees" is perhaps a case in point. The child mixes what she has seen with what she has read. She could not have obtained all her knowledge from observation, but we may be sure she will miss no opportunity of watching the ways of bees henceforth. I venture to believe this



because the whole is told with the *verve* and vividness which indicates real knowledge. I think these remarks apply to the three answers on page 30. The child has evidently seen and realised the dispersion of seeds, though her attention may have been first called to the matter by Mrs. Brightwen's book. In the answers on a "piece of rhubarb" and on the "eye" I should think a piece of rhubarb and a microscope and an eye from the butcher's had been used, to judge by the vivid impressions the writers seem to have received. If the teaching in these cases depended solely on books, it was no doubt defective and wrong in principle.

VIII. (*Section 17*).—I am not sure that "we can only learn what life is by living it." Poets, novelists and the rest have given us vast help in interpreting "life"; but I entirely agree that no course of books can supply the place for a child of "much freedom and much activity." I have written so much from time to time on the importance of these that I thought I might venture to speak on this occasion only of the use of books in education, but I am grateful for a reminder of the grave danger of allowing it "to be supposed that too much is claimed for them." It has just occurred to me that the title of the pamphlet as it at present stands leaves me open to grave misapprehension. The original title was Bacon's phrase, "Studies serve for delight, etc."; and "studies," in the sense in which he uses the word, was the subject of the pamphlet, written purely to bring to the front a side of education which runs some chance of being overlooked.

IX.—Our teaching of languages is on the lines of all our teaching; we wish to set an open door before children, especially in the matter of the hearing and pronouncing of foreign vocables.

Let me again say how much I value Mr. Badley's sympathy manifested in his careful and thorough criticism.

(*In answer.*)

DEAR MRS. FRANKLIN,—Many thanks for sending me Miss Mason's reply to the criticisms I ventured to make; I have read them with the greatest interest and am delighted to find, as I expected, that we are in complete agreement upon the matters on which I touched; and I only wish that

this fuller statement of Miss Mason's position could be added in some form to the pamphlet, so as to avoid all possibility of those misunderstandings that I feared. I hope that the matter was cleared up in the discussion last week; and I am glad to know that my notes were of some use in this respect.

Yours sincerely,

Bedales School, Petersfield (Hants),

J. H. BADLEY.

*November 4th, 1903.*

[Another point for discussion has been suggested by a phrase in a paper read at the Conference—that is, the possibility that education by books, upon which I am insisting, should be “superficial.” The answer is two-fold; the appeal to experience, which shows that children taught in this way are *educated*; that is, an obvious intellectual growth has taken place upon the knowledge which they possess. They are also, though this is of less matter, well-informed according to their ages. In the second place, the question is—What are the possible substitutes for the liberal use of books we recommend? These are, the oral lesson or lecture, and the “cram” text-book. I have already tried to show that the latter have no place and the former a limited place in education.—C. M. M.]

This was followed by a paper from MRS. F. G. HICKSON, on  
BOOKS.

I have been asked to say a few words with reference to the educational advantages of the books recommended by the *Parents' Review* School curriculum and have much pleasure in doing so.

If however we are to pass judgment on a series of books and declare how far they are of educational value, we must first of all state, as briefly as possible, in what our ideal of education consists.

Those of us who for years have been living under the shadow of Miss Mason, when we give our definition are but echoing what she has again and again affirmed—that education is a life—that its essential feature is the development of character rather than the acquisition of knowledge. How far then are books—any books—necessary to this development of character? If we look back to the Middle Ages—if

we glance even to the lives of our poor people a few generations ago, we shall find that men and women—many of them—displayed elements of character then as fine as any we find now among us, that the increase of knowledge, and the greater facility for its acquisition, has not necessarily made us increasingly better—that strength, courage, unselfishness, indeed all the great virtues, existed then as now, “that in life we are not nobler men, nor braver men in death.” No! books were not an absolute necessity for what we feel the essentials of education—there were always the Great Book of Nature and the lessons of experience—but if books were not a necessity, they were at all times an important means of development and a great and immense pleasure. By their means, men were lifted away from sordid or sad surroundings, by their help they were introduced to the great minds of the world, they were indeed windows through which men could look into the paths of pleasantness, and through their help life was enriched and charm was added to existence. But we live no longer in the Middle Ages—books are no more a luxury, they are a necessity. Even the working man and woman is not permitted to ignore them; a certain number of them are a feature in all our lives. In particular the school book has been forced upon us, whether we will or no. Most of these school books hold no relation to the book of literature to which I referred before. They are in essential merely the means by which an examination can be passed. Get through their examinations and go out of every 100 of our school children will never wish to touch what they term a “dry” book again. But they have learned to read fluently. You have put into their hands a tool without any power to use it well. They have no real desire for knowledge; what has been crammed into their poor tired brains has, they feel, served its purpose already, and they fly for amusement to the lightest of light literature. At the same time our markets are flooded with an amount of trash that is appalling to consider. Much of it is harmless in itself—people will say; so, too, might indifferent sweets be—but if it supplies all the mental nourishment that is given it becomes absolutely injurious, increasing the present morbid taste for excitement and horrors, which our daily papers do their best to feed. Again, how many of our children have

their health permanently ruined by the cram and overwork of our schools. May this not be one factor in the depreciation of physical strength in our great towns? We are herding our poor children into rooms—beautiful rooms and well ventilated it may be—and cramming into their ill-nourished brains far more than we should care to put into those of our own children of the same age. The idea is that we have only got these children until they are 13 or 14, and we must get as much as we can into them—we must seize the opportunity. But this system is as foolish as if we had only a small strip of garden, and tried to grow in it twice as much as it was possible to grow in it, saying, as our excuse, that we had only a little land and must make the most of it. Our seeds might be the best procurable, but crowding them together merely ruins them all and gives none of our plants room in which to grow.

And if this is the result of our elementary education—is it much better in our secondary and higher education? The same faults exist, books are too much written for cram, oral lessons are relied on too exclusively, notes being given for the children to learn off. And even when the books are good there is too much work, the child has no time in which to make its own side excursions into books which would illuminate the subject under discussion. What is the result? We kill all desire for knowledge by a surfeit of it. We stuff information into a child's head and at the same time infuse into it a distaste for everything connected with it. The average girl at a High School, who is not clever enough to get through the work with great facility, longs for the time when she can put all her books away, and have done with the whole weary business. I do not wish to exaggerate. I know that there are teachers of such ability and such enthusiasm that, in spite of the system under which they live, they are able to give their pupils a love of learning for its own sake, and an appreciation of the many good things to be found in the world of books. Nor do I wish to depreciate oral teaching—except as a substitute for books. The teacher's or lecturer's personality does much in assisting a child student to appreciate a subject, can often help them over little difficulties which seemed insuperable, and although much good may be gained by a child when browsing in a library,

far more can be gained when introduced to it by a master who possesses wide knowledge and great enthusiasm. Again, let children have the pleasure of hearing their parents read to them—not only reading what is on a level with the child's capacity, but anything they like themselves, where a portion of it is within the child's comprehension. I have found that children will ask again and again for poetry which they only partially understood; they enjoy the rhythm, and each time understand more and more of it. In that way the poem has the advantage of being an old friend, yet possessing hidden meanings only gradually unfolded to them. Is this not a good preparation for our after study of the masterpieces of literature? Do these ever show their beauties to us at first sight, and do we not in this way learn respect for them, and the habit of returning to our old friends to find ever new treasures hidden in them? It is also a help to children to have the authority of their parents that a certain piece is worth reading. They will not slavishly follow authority, for the modern child (whatever his ancestors may have been) is essentially a creature who thinks for himself. We need not be afraid of showing our children what we ourselves like, we need not be afraid of impressing our own personality too much on our children. The child is curiously independent and apart from its very birth, but let us try and give them what is best of ourselves. One of my early memories is climbing into a high chair to hear my father read, and to this day there are many pieces of poetry which will always carry with them, to my ear, the inflexions of his voice, and memories thus gained are a possession for ever. It is sad that in the whirl of modern life many find so little time to give these possessions to their children.

I fear I have strayed away from my original text—the books of the *Parents' Review* School—but this *Parents' Review* School is doing good work in trying to avoid the evils of modern education to which I have referred. One of the aims of those who provide its curriculum is to give a personal and human interest to the school work. In such subjects as history, geography and literature to show the children a little of the fascination of the subjects, and not to cram a great number of facts into their heads. To appeal to the imagination of the child and show them that no fairy tale that ever

was written was half so thrilling as this fairy tale of men and women who played their part, were as human as we, and actuated by similar feelings and motives, merely under differing conditions; and they will learn to picture these conditions and take an interest in the problems of history in a way impossible unless the imagination has been fired. I consider the *Parents' Review* School teaching of history is very successful, beginning as it does with simple tales on historical subjects, and then introducing that fascinating book, Arnold Forster's *History of England*. When I compare it with a certain book of history we were condemned to in our school-days, I think our children are favoured indeed to possess such a delightful storehouse of interest and romance. In geography, Miss Mason has given us a charming series of books, books which the children love. She has taught interesting facts, woven human interest around the different places, and thus relieved the subject from being, perhaps, the dreariest of our school lessons. I have heard a child say when the geography hour came, "Oh, delightful geography!" and another begged for the lesson to be extended in these words, "Do be kind—let us have the chapter on the inside of a mill; you are going to stop just where all the interesting part begins."

But it may be well asked, "Is the fact that a lesson is delightful a proof that it is of educational value?" Not necessarily, it is true, but in many subjects, such as history, literature and geography, it is the greatest help to be able to obtain the attention of the child willingly, indeed, an essential to much progress, and the saving of fatigue to the teacher is immeasurable when the subject is attractive to the children.

Again, it is contended, "But school life is a preparation for after life, and unless you have plenty of drudgery you are not fitting the children for the drudgery which they must necessarily go through later on." This is a very legitimate criticism of a bad attempt at a kindergarten (of which there are too many in the country), where every lesson is treated as a game, and where the child is never allowed to go on long enough at any one subject to feel in the least tired. A little wholesome fatigue is as good for a child mentally as it is physically, and full mental growth is only attained when

some amount of strenuous mental exertion is undertaken by the child. But this is no excuse for making everything as dull and dreary as possible, indeed the child will rarely put forth its strength unless its attention is held and its interest aroused. Drudgery there must be in all schoolrooms, to one child writing is a desperate effort, to another arithmetic, and the wise teacher will take advantage of these very subjects to teach the lessons of perseverance and courage, but she will not wish on that account to make every subject an effort and every lesson distasteful.

The books recommended by the *Parents' Review School* on natural history are excellent and a great help to teacher and pupil. But in natural history the book is not the essential, it is merely as an introduction to the study of nature that they are valuable, and it is more in the hands of the teacher they are useful, although such books as those of Mrs. Brightwen and the *Story Book of Animals* are read and re-read with delight by the children themselves.

I am doubtful how far it is wise to solely depend on the Gouin system in the study of language. The amount given in the *Parents' Review School* curriculum is not sufficient to give the children much grasp of the language, unless supplemented by the presence of a French or German teacher constantly with the children. To those who cannot arrange for this I would strongly recommend regular French and German reading. Some children have much more acute eyes than ears, to such children it is much easier to appeal through the written word than through the spoken word. Our insular difficulty in acquiring other languages than our own, makes it necessary to employ every help which is possible, and all senses should be asked to assist in the acquisition of a foreign tongue.

There is one danger that those who teach under the *Parents' Review School* will be well to guard against, that is the danger of superficiality. It is impossible to do more than dip into many branches of learning, merely to introduce the children to them, and show them what beautiful things there are in the world, and what wonderful fields of beauty and delight there are waiting till they shall have time and leisure to wander in them. But one danger of this is that the child itself may think it has learnt all there is to learn. The books used by the *Parents' Review School* help to meet

this difficulty; in particular, Arnold Forster's *History of England* has special merits, in the way it treats fairly comprehensively of one event and merely mentions the existence of others. But the multiplicity of subjects taught, which has very much to be said in its favour, and the great anxiety to avoid cram and go slowly and carefully may, unless guarded against, lead to this impression of "having attained" in the child's mind. One way of avoiding this is by letting a child drink deep of some one branch of learning, showing that instead of finding you know all, after some weeks of study you are but discovering how very little you do know. Then they will be modest about their attainments in other subjects, and realize that they have but stood on the outskirts and looked into the sacred precincts. It is not always practicable to take this course—during a regular school career quite impossible,—but there are often opportunities during a child's life, some enforced rest, or time at the seaside, or long summer holiday, when all other subjects may be put on one side, and some one thing studied more thoroughly than is possible at another time.

But we are hampered in all our efforts by the fact that if we strike out in any new line in education, we may handicap our children in later life, by making it impossible for them to follow with success in the prescribed lines. With our boys it is almost impossible, with our girls it is becoming the same. It does not matter how excellent a woman may be, how efficient, unless she has passed certain examinations, she has absolutely no chance of obtaining employment. This, to many people, who think that their daughters might one day require to work for their living, must make them think twice before they decide to break away from the cram system, and educate them on wider lines of culture. But to anyone who has not this possibility before them, I would urge them to bring up their daughters on independent lines, not, it may be, on any new system of education, not on any stereotyped system at all, giving each child scope for full development, and being guided by circumstances and temperament rather than by Act of Parliament. We may pride ourselves on the higher education of women, which has been a feature of the last fifty years, and inasmuch that there is no field for study and activity now closed to women, we may indeed congratulate our daughters; but I doubt if our average modern girl is



in the least better educated than—if half as well as—our mothers and grandmothers. In charm and intellectual acuteness, the highly-educated woman of the eighteenth and early nineteenth centuries would have held her own easily with the girl of the present day, and it is interesting in reading their letters to find how various the books they read and how many of them attained to considerable scholarship and erudition.

It has been said, with some justice, that in this day of specialisation it is necessary for the majority of our men to be narrow, if they would attain distinction in their career; but that woman should be more widely educated, be able to take a larger grasp of things, and have a true sense of proportion, so that she may hold the scales, and help man by her wider outlook. It is because I believe the curriculum of the *Parents' Review* School and the books recommended by it are a good foundation for such an education, that I recommend them warmly to the present audience.

MISS KATHLEEN WARREN'S paper on

A WIDE CURRICULUM FOR YOUNG CHILDREN,  
was then read.

A closely walled-in paddock, a daily circuit of limited space and unvarying monotony, or the wide spread of breezy moorland, shifting scenes and countless surprises? Which shall we elect as the "course" on which to train those we wish to educate?

What advantages are to be reaped from the use of a wide curriculum for young children? Now, in considering the merits of any system we must first find out what it hopes to accomplish, ascertain the means to be used, and, as "the end crowns all," consider how far it has been successful. As the *Parents' Review* School is pledged to the use of a "wide curriculum," may I in this connection glance briefly at some of its *aims, aids* and *claims*. These are definitely and clearly stated in a leaflet, which, a short time ago, was sent from the House of Education to those who have the privilege of being connected with it:—"The object of the *Parents' Review* School is not merely to raise the standard of work in the home school-room—our chief wish is that the pupils should find knowledge

delightful in itself and for its own sake, without thought of marks, place, prize, or other reward, that they should develop an intelligent curiosity about whatever is on the earth or in the heavens, about the past and the present." Surely such aims must appeal to every teacher, and perhaps, even more specially, to those who have the enormous responsibility of laying the foundations of future education.

We feel there is something distinctly wrong about any system which works by repression instead of expansion. We want our children to feel that each fresh lesson gives them an "open sesame" to a fairy palace full of treasures worth the seeking; that they are the inheritors of all the heaped-up gains of past ages, not slaves doomed to a treadmill of weary monotony. We do not want their experience to be that of some "grown-ups" who can tell us of a happy early childhood, when the world seemed all alive with interest, and Nature was teaching them many things, until there came an ever-to-be-remembered dark time when they had to begin to "do lessons"; lessons which unfortunately failed to excite any interest and only became a big, palpable barrier, shutting off the old gracious freedom of the days when they learnt without learning. Is there not something pathetic in the sight of a small closely-printed last century task book, neatly covered in drab calico, and, on the flyleaf, inscribed in a childish hand, to find the no doubt heartfelt verdict of the little student, "This is a very hard book"?

Must learning always be associated with the "whining school boy—with his satchel and shining morning face—creeping, like snail, unwillingly to school"? Does the remark of a modern mother contain an inevitable truth, "It is natural for children to hate lessons"? Or may we venture to think that sometimes children are expected to love unnatural lessons?

"Knowledge delightful in itself" is the inspiring ideal the *Parents' Review* School sets before us, and we eagerly turn to glance at the *aids* which it affords for the attainment of such an ideal. To quote again from our leaflet, "certain means are adopted to secure this delight in knowledge. Firstly, for every term there is a quite fresh programme, up-to-date as regards matters of public interest and the best books. Secondly, the children use a little library of lesson books of literary value and lasting interest."

Anyone who has seen a boy of eight retiring to a quiet corner with a pile of books to trace out the course of the coming term's work, could bear an unhesitating testimony to the value of the "fresh programme." Lecturers upon education enforce upon us the benefit of teaching by contrast; and, in spite of the old adage, "comparisons are odious," we may best learn the value of the books supplied by the *Parents' Review School*, by comparing them with the lesson books of a past generation. Looking at the old-fashioned primers and text books, compilations and catechisms, one is inclined to wonder, did the children fifty years ago come into the world with a full grasp of the English language? The average present-day children certainly do not, they have to learn it, and anyone who has tried to teach knows how quickly they lose their bearings amidst unfamiliar words, and what absurd misconstructions, what hopeless mental entanglements are often the result of some wrongly interpreted phrase.

For ourselves we frankly acknowledge the impossibility of doing two things well at the same time, and surely it is inhuman to expect a small mind to grope after some difficult definition, or abstract thought, through a fog of unintelligible language.

The *Parents' Review School* fully realizes and meets this difficulty, and the generous supply of tales, prescribed for the younger children, makes reading a delight, creates a desire to understand language, and equips the children with an ever-extending vocabulary, and, by so doing, increases their power of expression when they are called upon to describe what they have read.

Again, the old-world lesson books completely ignored a child's love of detail, the *Parents' Review School* books recognise it fully. In a word, we have condensation as opposed to expansion, culture *versus* cram—the history of the world, suggesting a nutritive but awfully uninteresting tabloid, or the history of the same world, made as attractive as a feast spread with fruit and dainties. In *A Summary of Ancient and Modern History, abridged from the elements of General History*, a book consisting of 162 small pages, we find the subjects treated range from B.C. 4004 to A.D. 1820. In the author's Introduction "It is hoped that this short but

comprehensive outline will continue to experience a favourable reception, and will serve for an introduction to more extensive historical readings. The pupil, indeed, who is well acquainted with it will be prepared to read the works of Robertson, Hume, and others with greater pleasure and profit, and, having a general outline impressed upon his memory, will be able to refer each work to its proper place in the system." One would imagine that this expectation would be doomed to disappointment, and that the unhappy student would most probably register a vow against ever, by his own free will and consent, unclosing the pages of any historical work.

In such an epitome, Alexander the Great and all his achievements are necessarily disposed of in three or four lines, whereas the *Parents' Review* School prescribes Plutarch's *Life of Alexander*, and allows two terms for its study !

Again, instead of the heaven-sent gift of imagination being scouted as a foe to learning, it is welcomed as a useful ally. One has only to read *Tanglewood Tales* with an intelligent child to see the contrast between one method of gaining a knowledge of mythological characters, and that of my childhood's horror—Mangnall's questions. Fresh from Hawthorne's graphic description of Mercury, a statue in a museum with the familiar accompaniments is recognised as an old friend. To see "Minerva" inscribed upon the ribbon of a companion's sailor hat means raising a host of interesting associations.

Once more, the books we use encourage and develop powers of observation. A child of six without the faintest leaning towards abstract learning can rejoice in being sent to the garden to fetch in, identify, and describe six leaves. Perhaps (after a pause and mental grope for the more accurate language which was not forthcoming) to individualize a poppy leaf as "very in and outy" sounds absurdly inadequate and certainly lacking in scientific precision. And yet the poppy had received very special attention, and may not the mental grope have stimulated, albeit unconsciously, a desire for fuller powers of expression? Would the committing to memory a list of technical terms from a botanical primer have had a like result? The *claim* put forth by the *Parents'*

*Review School* is a confident assertion that the *aids* it affords have made its *aims* attainable. "The children respond and take to their lessons with keen pleasure."

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," as applied to education, surely embodies a popular fallacy. The *Parents' Review School*, in its workings, clearly demonstrates that instead of work and play being diametrically opposed, they may supplement and stimulate each other, and that work can yield such healthy interest that its results may be seen in an added zest to play. And may we not believe that a lesson which has been translated into play is a lesson assimilated?

When the story of the *Dauntless Three* has been rehearsed upon a narrow railway bridge; when the story of the "Caudine Forks" has been chosen by a small convalescent as a drama capable of illustration with a few toy soldiers and carefully arranged bed clothes: when one is shown a tableau representing in miniature the discovery of the relics of Sir John Franklin's fated expedition, may we not cheerfully endorse the claim made by the *Parents' Review School*? When we find a boy of eight listening with appreciative interest to Tennyson's *Defence of Lucknow*, or Mrs. Browning's *Cry of the Children*, may we not hope that the seeds have been sown of that healthy interest in literature and knowledge which will bring forth abundant fruit in after days?

MISS R. A. PENNETHORNE (Ex-Student of the House of Education) then read her paper on

#### THE USE OF BOOKS IN TEACHING HISTORY.

Those of us who were of "school age" fifteen years ago will probably remember that our history lessons were almost inevitably lectures, during which we scribbled notes for dear life. Now, this is a process which a love of history may survive, but it is hardly likely to create it where it is wanting. Some people would ask, "Why should we love history?" Of course a certain amount of it is necessary as instruction, and this no doubt such a system gives, but they would hardly regard it as a taste to be cultivated. Now, if you regard learning not as an end in itself, but simply as a means for development of character, there is hardly any subject so important as history.

Is it not the aggregate of human experience, and hence a guide for our own inexperience? Is it not the effective cause of the present, and is not the future to be foreseen only inasmuch as it is the product of the past? Therefore, history as a guide to the life of the world must be *living*, the story of the lives of men.

In hardly any subject then is the danger of the oral lesson so great as in history, and no subject so much calls for the self-effacement of the teacher. We do *not* want to study persons through the medium of a third personality. The child does not want to have the teacher's personal bias influencing his judgment of such great lives and characters as, for instance, Queen Elizabeth or John Wesley! The historical lecture boiled down from many books, and with much real learning perhaps, is still served up with teacher's sauce, and there is no real contact between the pupil and the great ones of the past. Indeed, this method of learning history is one way of acquiring a fine stock of prejudices so injurious to the candour of a child's mind. To be personal, I know that two men whom I could not conscientiously wish children to admire, Charles II. and Maximilian Robespierre, would be dealt with very tenderly at my hands, while I should be incapable of giving them fair and impartial ideas of Mr. Gladstone or the first great Duke of Marlborough.

The moral lessons of history do not need to be applied or "rubbed in" by the teacher—we do not want to use Nelson as a text for telling children they should love their country. Rather they want to get such an idea of what constitutes a hero, that they may be ready not only to feel it for themselves, but to act on it for themselves, if ever life gives them opportunity.

But, it might be urged, how do books obviate these difficulties, and what books are suitable for putting into the hands of children? We of the P.N.E.U. are ready to put our faith in books, and are rejoicing in the literature from which we may choose. History being the story not merely of kings, battles, and Parliaments, but of the lives of the men who have "counted," be they pope or peasant, we begin by accustoming the children to be interested in lives before these golden beads are threaded on to the great chain of time which forms the historical epoch.

The youngest children of the *Parents' Review* School, or rather the class above the youngest, children who average seven to nine, are freed utterly from the yoke of "William the Conqueror, 1066, married Matilda of Flanders," etc. Neither are they laboriously dragged through a text-book of history made easy, like "Little Arthur's," nor are they set down to history reduced to dry bones, like the ancient Pinnock's Handbooks. They have two books, which are to be read to them—the *Heroes of Asgard* (in which they greatly delight), and Dean Church's *Stories from the Iliad*. Now the child who has had those two books read to him knows without any talk or lessons about it—first, what made the great English race at once visionary, active, and upright; and knows also what was the tradition at the back of the minds of the Romans and Greeks of historical times. So when he goes up to the next class and begins to hear about them, he *understands* them—they are characters familiar to him, and their allusions and ideas are not foreign to his mind; and he learns all this with unconscious ease.

So the next class, Ib., children from eight to ten, have three more books—first, that they may not narrow down history to the concerns of their own country, one, the perfect history book, Plutarch—the man who writes lives of men as the histories of times, and deals impartial justice out to all. Outsiders might think he was too "difficult" for children; of course, there are passages one omits—so there are in the Bible, however—but children love him, and their eyes sparkle when the moment comes to go away with him into "the high and far-off times."

Then, for English history they have two books—*Sketches from British History*, by Yorke Powell—delightful cameos, clean-cut and complete in themselves, telling just the sort of things a child wants to know—how King John gnawed the rushes on the floor, or how St. Anselm was done to death by beef bones—the human touches which bridge over the centuries. Lastly, that they may not think the age of heroes is over, they have Mrs. Frewen's *Tales from Westminster Abbey*. The lucky child who has that book will keep it all its life, take it with him, perhaps, on his first visit to the nation's greatest treasure-house, and while reading of Dr. Livingstone, General Gordon, or Lord Shaftesbury, will see these days, so often miscalled prosaic, illumined with the heroic light.

Class II., for children from about ten to twelve, has also three books. Plutarch, of course, for one, and then an English history book which is written from the point of view of "the citizen of no mean country." Mr. Arnold Forster's book, as Mrs. Hickson has already told us with so great an appreciation, is not a text-book—nothing is slurred over and falsified or made easy, but it is written with charm, patriotism and compelling common sense, and illustrated so that half-an-hour with its portraits introduces the captivated child to many friends old and new. In Class II. the work for the current term is the *Great Revolution: James II. to Queen Anne*. In this class children begin to follow the closely-related history of France from Mrs. Creighton's *History of France*, and the interest they take in French history is curious. This class is also reading Plutarch's *Romulus*.

In Class III., children from twelve to fourteen and fifteen, Mr. Arnold Forster's English History is still in use. Here, as also in Class II., an historical novel dealing with the period for the term is always given, a story which older pupils could read by themselves and for themselves. Of course, *the* great mine to draw from is Scott. One has heard very clever and cultivated people sneer at Scott, and dub the "Wizard of the North" "prosy." His literary style was not hurried, and that is just why he is so invaluable for carrying the children back into the past. Alone among our writers of historical novels, he lived before modern conditions had revolutionized life. It was quite natural to him to treat of time and space as barriers almost as great as they had been a century or two before. His own thoughts and traditions belonged to the days when violence was quite common in daily life, and security a blessing to be prayed for, not an established right. No modern author, however clever, could quite convey to us the limitations in which life then moved.

I regret that I cannot give you the exact course for Class III. this term; it deals, of course, with *one period*—for to live in and understand a *period* is to have acquired that precious gift, the historical method and outlook, which scampering through the history book from cover to cover does *not* give. This term the Class III. children are reading of the nineteenth century, so they have Henry Kingsley's



*Valentin* to make them familiar with the great European wars of our generation—the Franco-Prussian in this instance.

Class IV. is chiefly composed of girls from about fifteen to seventeen, who should have acquired already the scholarly habit of turning naturally to books. They have this term Modern History as exemplified by two of the grandest lives of the nineteenth century—Mrs. Fawcett's *Life of Queen Victoria*, and Sir William Butler's *Life of General Gordon*. This habit of reading biographies is so priceless that I must stop to say a few words in its praise, for I do not think that any boy or girl brought up to enjoy these books at fifteen will read nothing but fluffy novels when all their time and tastes are under their own direction. Reading biographies we keep company with great minds and lives, and we see the trend of events happening within our memory, and so keep abreast with our own times instead of lagging behind when the whole tide of human effort has been swept in some new direction by the forces of great characters. Girls accustomed to history from books, for instance, would be keen and eager to read the new *Life of Mr. Gladstone*, and having done so would understand and realize much around them which they had before ignored.

Instead of French History, girls in Class IV. study Lord's *Modern Europe*, and whichever volume of the "Story of the Nations Series" best fits in with the general scheme of their historical work. This term it is *Modern Italy*, whose birth belongs to the past century and whose future still causes such acute anxiety. The novel which accompanies this scheme is *Romola*, treating of all the splendid turbulence of mediæval Italy.

So much for the children's scheme of reading, and if you ask what need there is of a teacher at all when the children so often read to themselves, there is often the need of an oral lesson to introduce the subject, or to sum up the effects of a period. Besides it is to her that the children will narrate the substance of each lesson. And she will often be able to use her blackboard, and see that her children use, to illustrate difficult passages, to make headings of the matter studied, or to make sketch maps by the way. It is as a recipient of the results in the form of narration for the lower Classes and short but vivid reports for the upper, and as a sort of consultant physician, to explain difficulties and combine accounts.

It takes a very well-read woman to be a safe guide through the allusions of Plutarch, or the airy suggestions of a Macaulay. The teacher hears, explains, guides, sympathizes—and stands aside. In fact she reads with the pupils as with intelligent companions, making it her business, however, to secure that a residuum of *ordered* knowledge remains after the interest of the reading has subsided. The child reads, marks, learns, and inwardly digests—and accepting the past as a precious gift goes forward with a good courage into the future.

MISS C. N. HEATH (Ex-Student of the House of Education) then read her paper on

#### THE USES OF BOOKS IN GEOGRAPHY.

In former days, geography, at any rate as taught in schools, was a mere matter of memory; so many names and facts to be learnt by rote from text-books and repeated the next day, with occasionally a few maps laboriously copied from an atlas. In this way the pupil, at the end of a term, had gained no more real idea of places outside his personal knowledge than he possessed before.

This can hardly be considered an educative or intelligent method of using a book, nor in all likelihood were the books themselves educative or intelligent. From the beginning it must be realized that all outline or text-books are to be avoided as in no way tending to realize our aims of intelligence and education, which we should always bear in mind.

What then, we may ask, should be the aim and end of a geography book? It should be to give children living ideas connected with the world around them, enabling them to understand by the aid of books, the scenery, climate, industries, and manners and customs of lands other than their own. To accomplish this we see at once that the outline book will not suffice, but that a "Reader," more or less in the style of a book of travels, is required; such a Reader should be as the padding to the framework, serving the double purpose of welding the structure together and rendering the dry facts easier of remembrance. It is of Readers thus written, which are used in the practising school, that I would say something to-night. The Readers are five in number, the first one

dealing with the elementary facts of geography, such as the shape of the earth, its movements, the use of maps and how to make them. Before the book can be made use of, however, the children must have thoroughly mastered, by means of oral lessons and practical demonstrations on the part of the teacher, the methods adopted in making a map, and what is meant by drawing a map to scale. This they easily understand if they are taught to make plans for themselves, beginning, say, with a simple one of their own schoolroom, then one of the house, and so on till they can even draw a map of the local district. In like manner the teacher must demonstrate the movements of the earth, the causes of day and night, or the seasons, till difficulties are overcome and the pupils ready to study the Reader for themselves.

It must be borne in mind that the oral lessons are not to take the place of the Reader or to remove all need for mental effort on the part of the child, but should be used to prepare the mind so that it is ready to digest the mental food in its new form; then to continue our former metaphor, having firmly fixed the framework it is possible to put on the padding.

Readers II. to V. are devoted to accounts of our own and foreign countries; and here we notice that before the reading is begun the map questions at the end of a chapter must be dealt with first. This may seem a backward proceeding, but the principle that applies to the oral lessons holds good here, the map questions in this case representing the framework. These questions are, of course, put by the teacher (who must if necessary invent them herself), and should be answered by the pupils from the map only. As an example of the style of questions, I will read you a few on the maps of Holland and Belgium:—

(1) Describe carefully the situation of Holland and Belgium,—between what parallels they lie; in what part of Europe; surrounded by what lands and what seas?

(2) Holland is much broken into by the sea,—name the openings. Name the largest of the chain of islands which hems in the Zuider Zee.

(3) North Holland forms a peninsula,—what is its northern point? What opening nearly cuts it off from the mainland? Name two towns upon this opening. How is the Y connected with the North Sea?

(4) Holland is the delta of the Rhine,—into how many branches does this river divide in its course through Holland? Name any of these. In company with what other two rivers does the Rhine discharge its waters? From what country does each of these three rivers enter Holland?

(5) What province is formed by the islands of the delta? Name half-a-dozen towns in the south of Holland.

When these have been satisfactorily mastered the pupils then study the Reader until they are able to describe the landscape, the industries, etc., of that country, whilst filling in the towns, rivers, etc., on blank map sketched on the blackboard.

It is not only necessary to give frequent oral lessons on the fundamental principle facts of geography, such as the direction of mountain chains, the courses of the rivers, etc., but also a strict watch must be kept against any possible relapse into ignorance: otherwise the children will inevitably fall into such errors as making tributaries flow from the streams they join, the rivers to flow from the sea, or confusing the left and right banks of a stream. The information contained in these Readers should again be supplemented by lessons on such subjects as will help to maintain the interest of the pupils in geography, to give them general principles and to increase their knowledge of the country in question.

The book studied for Physical Geography in Class III. of the practising school is Geikie's volume in the Science Primer series. In dealing with this book the scientific principle that must guide us throughout, is that the knowledge to be acquired must be gained by the experiences and discoveries of the children themselves. Therefore, here also, the reading must be accompanied by practical lessons, these being founded on the features of the surrounding district; for this, out-door geography is most necessary; the children during their daily outings should observe for themselves the action of wind, frost, and rain, the alteration caused to the landscape by a flood.

Let a child once see for himself the action of ice on the rocks, how the windings of a stream are due to the peculiarities of the land, that the formation of a lake is similar to that of a roadside puddle, and there will be no more difficulty in learning or remembering the scientific terms which at the outset

seemed hard. Moreover, instead of being dependent on their book for diagrams, the children will be able to draw these from their own observations, thus assuring full comprehension of the subject studied. Another branch of geography that must not be forgotten is the knowledge to be gained from a study of the daily papers; it is most important that children should know something of the various places of interest mentioned in the newspapers, that they should be able to follow the great trade routes, the march of our army, or the progress of any explorer, on the map, and in fact take an intelligent interest in the events of the present day. How necessary it is not to neglect this branch of geography is shown by the fact that lads of seventeen to eighteen, asked in a general knowledge paper to state where and what was the Yukon, gave such replies as—a port in China—a river in Japan; and this too in the year when the rush to the Yukon after gold was at its height. An education that allows such ignorance of daily affairs as this to exist, seems indeed faulty, and one might almost say useless.

I will now give as an example of the information and style to be found in the Readers, a *résumé* of a chapter on Switzerland, from Reader II., studied by the second class. The information given may seem somewhat limited, but it must be remembered that the Reader is designed for use in the lower classes, and that the same ground is gone over and amplified in a more advanced book. The pupil is supposed to be well acquainted with the map of Switzerland and to be taking a journey through the country, starting from Basle, where we have a graphic description of the Rhine scenery and of the town itself with the storks' nests on certain house-tops. From thence the traveller passes on to Geneva, with its watch trade (may I add that my watch was looked at with deep interest on account of its being "a real Swiss one"?) its wonderful blue lake, and the Mont Blanc always towering in the distance. Next came Lucerne, including an ascent of the Rigi, in order to see the famous sunrise, which enabled us to learn the names of a few Alpine peaks. The beautiful mountain flowers, the glaciers, the terrible avalanches, the cows with their tinkling bells, are all described in a bright manner rendering it impossible to be uninterested or to forget the facts thus learnt. It added greatly to the

children's interest in the lesson that I had myself been to Switzerland, had seen the wonders described, and had also many photographs to show them.

This study of map and book was followed by an oral lesson, recently published in *The Parents' Review*, on "The Lake Dwellers of Switzerland," and the lesson was excellently received, proving of great interest to the class, and not only maintaining the children's interest in that country, but also arousing a new interest in the phenomena of the home district, the particulars of which were used to illustrate the lesson.

The lesson consisted mainly of information about the submerged buildings, their position in the lake, the objects found embedded in the mud, the methods used in building, and the materials, the whole being illustrated by diagrams and a map on the blackboard.

In order to draw as much as possible from the children themselves, the deductive method was employed in questioning, the local lakes and floods serving as a basis on which to build their answers.

Naturally, material for a lesson of this sort will hardly be found in ordinary geography Readers, but it is merely an indirect method of using books for the study of geography, requiring a wide reading acquaintance on the part of the teacher as well as discretion in making use of her knowledge. Thus the greater part of the information given in the foregoing lesson was gained from the volume on Switzerland, in the series entitled "Stories of the Nations."

Much of the matter in their geography books requires no more than attentive and intelligent reading on the part of the class, as for example the following passage:—

"More frightful source of danger than all the rest, much of Holland lies below the high-water level of the sea! Along part of the coast there is a bulwark—the only natural defence which Holland enjoys—the 'dunes' or sandbanks, which extend along the coast from Dunkirk to the Helder. These vary in breadth from one to three miles, and rise sometimes to a height of forty or fifty feet, and they are formed entirely by the action of the wind blowing up the sand on the seashore. These dunes are sowed, year by year, with a kind of a reed grass, whose roots spread and hold fast the shifting sands.

“But, elsewhere, it has been necessary to raise tremendous granite walls and dykes; for the west wind drives the sea against Holland, and it is hard for any works of man to stand against it. Think of it; think of standing inside such a sea-wall and hearing the sea roar without, high above your head, with nothing but the strength of the sea-wall between you and death!”

To explain or illustrate what is so easily within comprehension of the children would be an educational error. Let them describe fully without the help of questions how Holland keeps out the sea, themselves drawing a diagrammatic map on the blackboard to show the sea-defences.

But here is a passage from the same volume, Reader IV., quoted from Ruskin:—

“The longer I stayed among the Alps, and the more closely I examined them, the more I was struck by the one broad fact of there being a vast Alpine plateau, or mass of elevated land, upon which nearly all the highest peaks stood, like children set upon a table, removed, in most cases, far back from the edge of the plateau, as if for fear of their falling. And the result of this arrangement is a kind of division of the whole of Switzerland into an upper and lower mountain-world; the lower world consisting of steep, wooded banks of mountain, more or less divided by ravines, through which glimpses are caught of the higher Alps; the upper world, reached after the first steep banks of 3,000 to 4,000 feet in height have been surmounted, consisting of comparatively level but most desolate traces of moor and rock, half covered by glacier, and stretching to the feet of the true pinnacles of the chain.

“It can hardly be necessary to point out the perfect wisdom and kindness of this arrangement as a provision for the safety of the inhabitants of the high mountain regions. If the great peaks rose at once from the deepest valleys, every stone which was struck from the pinnacles, and every snow-wreath which slipped from their ledges, would descend at once upon the inhabitable ground, over which no year would pass without recording some calamity of earth-slip or avalanche. Besides this, the masses of snow cast down at once into the warmer air, would all melt rapidly in the spring, causing furious inundations of every great river for a month or six weeks.”

This passage, on the contrary, will require much illustration by sketches on the blackboard with careful diagrams.

It would be well to let the class show their comprehension of this passage by making a clay model illustrating what they have read.

I need not dwell on the necessity of reading extracts from books of travel to the pupils, amplifying their knowledge of the country or region they are at work upon.

I would suggest, in conclusion, that much use may be made of photographs, or even the picture postcards so easily obtained nowadays, to interest the children in their studies. There are few of us who have no friends in foreign parts, and think of the added joy of a lesson when there are the new cards to be looked at, the places they illustrate to be searched for on the map, and the description of the same to be read in the book. The "Perry Pictures" too are useful for this purpose, and might be distributed among the class at the finish of the lesson, thus encouraging the children to form art collections as well as helping them in studying geography. I feel that it has been a difficult task in the limited time at my disposal to do full justice to the subject of my paper, but I trust I have been able to set forth a little of the teaching methods of the House of Education, and to indicate the Use of Books in Teaching Geography.



THURSDAY, *October 29th.*

THE RT. HON THE EARL OF LYTON in the chair.

At 10.30 a.m., MRS. CREIGHTON spoke on *Family Life after School Age.*

At 11 30 a.m., PROFESSOR ERNEST GARDNER, M.A., read his paper on

WORKS OF ART AND ILLUSTRATIONS AS A  
MEANS OF EDUCATION.

There are two ways in which works of art may be pressed into the service of education. Either they may themselves be made a subject of direct study, or they may be used as a means of imparting knowledge or of supplementing the knowledge derived from other sources. I believe both methods to be extremely valuable, for children as well as for advanced students; but the conditions in the two cases are different, and call for separate consideration.

It is clear that works of art, in themselves, offer an excellent field for training the faculties of observation, of memory, and of comparison. In this way they provide an alternative to nature study which, from the added human interest, may prove more attractive to some temperaments. At the same time, owing to the presence of this human element, and the uncertain factor of individuality in the artist, the study of art, and especially that historical and critical study of it which is most educative, is beset with many difficulties. These difficulties, and an intelligent method of grappling with them, are just what make a historical study of any art—say Greek sculpture or Italian painting—of great educational value. But they also make such study, if it be pursued in any detail, more suitable for the higher classes of schools or for students at a university than for children. I think, therefore, that it would be wiser not to attempt any systematic treatment of such subjects at an early stage; but by judicious comment and explanation some of the principles of artistic development may well be brought out in connection with such works of art as are used in illustration or are hung up on the walls of the schoolroom. It is, of course, universally recognised that it

is desirable to have good reproductions of works of art, whether pictures, sculptures, or buildings, constantly before the eyes of children. Even if these are not made the theme of any direct instruction, their familiarity will double their interest to the pupil, whenever he does come across them in his lessons or his reading. I leave aside for the present, as outside the scope of this paper, the æsthetic and moral influence which must follow from the constant presence of the most beautiful embodiments of the ideals of various nations and ages.

Perhaps also the lives of great artists, especially such as were especially characteristic of their age, might prove instructive; and such a subject would, of course, be more profitable if illustrated by good reproductions of their works, either exhibited at the time, or, better still, hung up on the walls of the room. It would clearly be desirable to take any such study of artists or works of art in conjunction with the period of history to which they belong—the Elgin marbles with the tale of Periclean Athens, or the portraits of Van Dyck with the Stuart period—but this is more a matter connected with the more indirect use of works of art for illustration.

There is, however, a branch of art which may conveniently be used for direct and independent study, and which, from the frequent opportunities it offers for observation, and the interest it gives to ordinary walks and excursions, may be placed by the side of nature study. This is English architecture, as it may be seen in the churches that are scattered throughout the country. Any child can learn to distinguish the main periods and styles, the most interesting features of transition, and the characteristic forms or ornaments. The advantages of this study are so obvious that I need not dwell upon them. Even if no systematic teaching be given, a few well-selected photographs of typical examples of the various styles, with a careful description written below, will give all that is needed for elementary knowledge. Such a set may be put in a convenient and accessible place, and left to work by itself.

The chief subject, however, which I propose for consideration is not the study of art in itself, but the use of works of art as illustrations of other teaching. If one interpreted this in the widest sense, it would include much of the use of diagrams or apparatus, such as is necessary for the teaching

of natural science. I leave this aside, however, and refer rather to such illustrations as are used to supplement the teaching of literature, history, or geography. History, above all, lends itself to such illustration, by portraits of the principal characters, and by representations of the scenes of events, of buildings, clothes and arms, so as to help the imagination to realise the setting and appearance of the daily life as well as of the great political or social events of the period ; and it is sometimes possible, by an apt illustration, to explain an allusion by a poet in a more vivid and convincing way than is possible by means of a lengthy verbal explanation. Such direct explanation of single passages, however, can never have a very wide application ; and I think it is possible for art to supplement the study of literature in a far more general and more really instructive manner if the illustrations do not cling too closely to the letter of the text. This however is a matter to which we must recur later.

For purposes of illustration it is possible either to use large wall-diagrams, photographs, or lantern slides, or to have cuts inserted in the text-books used by the pupils. The first plan has the advantage of allowing the teacher to give any necessary explanation or comment, and also of concentrating the attention upon one picture at a time, and so impressing it upon the memory. The chief objection to it—in the case at least of lantern slides, which are otherwise the most convenient form—is that it does not give much time for the impression to sink in, and if a good many slides are shown at once—a thing which there is much temptation to do, when the room has once been darkened and the lantern got into working order—the memory is likely to be confused by the mass of material rapidly passed before the eye. Photographic enlargements, if large enough, are the most satisfactory of all ; but they must always be so expensive as only to be available in limited numbers ; and large diagrams produced by other processes are often neither accurate nor artistic. Illustrations in books, on the other hand, are constantly before the eyes of the pupils when they want them, and in these days of cheap reproduction, can be liberally supplied, especially if black and white line blocks will suffice ; half-tone blocks are of course more expensive, and, in England at least, less satisfactory ; this is a matter in which we are far behind both America and continental countries.

But even under the best conditions, a fully illustrated text-book must be too expensive for class use. An example of a good book of the kind is the illustrated edition of Green's *History of the English People*. Collections consisting only of illustrations are useful; but these too can hardly be made so cheap as to allow every child to have a copy; copies for class use may be employed, but are not so convenient. Probably a judicious combination of all these methods of illustration is advisable; and in order that such may be provided, it is most desirable that lists of material available for illustration in various subjects should be drawn up by experts. The Teachers' Guild has done something in this direction, but not systematically enough to be of much use; each department requires to be carefully worked up by an expert. This has been done, for classical things, in the pamphlet by Prof. P. Gardner and Mr. Myres on "Classical Archæology in Schools," which contains select lists of diagrams, photographs, lantern slides, etc., available for teaching purposes. Similar publications would be very useful in other branches.

Whether illustrations be exhibited on the wall or inserted in books, the same principles must guide their selection. Here, especially in representing objects, scenes, or persons of a bygone age, there are two courses open. We may either use illustrations reproduced as exactly as possible from monuments or documents contemporary with the events to which they refer; or we may use the version given by an artist of some subsequent age, including of course modern times. Either course is defensible; the one thing that must not be done—and that I have seen frequently done in modern series of illustrated classics—is to take a scene from some ancient monument and hand it over to an ignorant draughtsman to modernise. He will not understand its conventions, but will probably reproduce some of them in a misleading way, and surround them with a setting, drawn in quite modern style, which makes the whole unintelligible and absurd. To good historical pictures, on the other hand, there can be no objection, any more than to historical plays well mounted; both alike stimulate the imagination, and are often a real help to the realising of the life of a past age. But such pictures must be used with discrimination, and in most cases require comment. If they are archæologically

accurate, such accuracy ought to be pointed out; if, as is more likely, there are defects in it, these too should be indicated. This is especially the case with older pictures. Old pictures which give in too much detail the surroundings of the artist's own day should probably be avoided with children, unless they deal with contemporary subjects; to take an extreme example, I do not think it would be advisable, as an illustration of Homer, to give a Florentine version of the return of Ulysses. I am inclined to think the same objection applies to a purely conventional archaism, such as that which Raphael employs when he shows the fishermen of the Galilean lake clad in the togas of Roman senators. On the other hand, I do not think there is any harm in employing Greek vase-paintings of the fifth century B.C. to illustrate Homeric tales, or other Greek myths. I must confess to having done it myself; but here, too, explanation is necessary. The dress and surroundings of the heroic age of Greece were probably almost as unlike those of the age of Pericles in Athens, as those of Florence in the fifteenth century. But in the case of the Greek myths, what we want most to realise, for educational purposes, is how they were thought of by the Greeks of historic period, through whose literature they have descended to us; and the Greek of the fifth century certainly did not picture the heroes to himself in any other garb and surroundings than those with which he was himself familiar. We are then justified in using the products of Greek art at its best to illustrate the Greek myths as well as Greek history; but explanation must be given and, above all, false explanations must be avoided. I remember noticing in an "illustrated classic" an Attic beaked warship, taken straight off a vase of about 500 B.C., and labelled "ship of the time of Homer," which is about as if a modern ironclad were labelled "ship of the time of the Armada"; and this same ship, with its peculiar conventions of drawing, was set afloat on a modern naturalistic sea. The unfortunate school-boy who used that book would either, if he had a healthy sense of humour, laugh at the whole thing as absurd; or, if he were more docile and receptive, accept a totally false impression, and thereby create for himself an unreal and unconvincing picture of the Greek fleet at Troy.

This brings us to the most serious question in connection with the use of contemporary illustrations for historical or literary teaching; there is no doubt that such contemporary illustrations, whether they be Egyptian or Assyrian bas-reliefs, or Greek vase-paintings, or the figures on the Bayeux tapestry, or early wood-cuts, often strike those who are not used to them at first sight as comic, and as certainly to a great degree unintelligible. I believe this is far more the case with grown-up people than with children, because they are more familiar with modern methods of artistic expression. I have found—and I believe my experience is not unusual—that an intelligent child is prepared to accept any genuine and honest attempt at the portrayal of a figure or a scene, and that he will often grasp the meaning of the artist while a grown-up person is unable to see anything but the uncouthness of the design or execution. Nevertheless, a certain amount of preparation and explanation is needful before such illustrations can be rightly appreciated and understood. This does not mean that some general acquaintance with the history of art and the conventions of the various styles is necessary to children before they can use such illustrations with profit; but it does mean that such a general acquaintance is necessary to the teacher, and I think it should be insisted on as a part of the training of all teachers who are called upon to teach any subject for which the use of such illustrations is desirable—all teachers, that is, on the “arts” or humanistic side. They will then be able, incidentally, to impart a good deal of their knowledge to their pupils, and to enable them to use intelligently illustrations of various styles and ages, instead of regarding them merely as ludicrous or meaningless, or, at best, as interesting. The value of acquiring the faculty of thus seeing things aright, whatever be the style in which they may be expressed, is hardly inferior, even as an intellectual training, to the acquisition of different languages. It must not only add immensely to the pleasure of observation and the appreciation of works of art of all kinds, but also widen the intellectual horizon, and do much to counteract the narrowing influence of local surroundings.

So far we have been considering works of art mainly as used in illustration of other studies. In these days of universal reading this is probably the way in which they will be most extensively used. But it was not always so. In

primitive times, the picture chronicle preceded the literary record, and in Egypt and Assyria the paintings and reliefs do more than illustrate the written text ; they supplement it and make it far more vivid and real to us. With the advance of literature and art, their provinces came to be more widely separated ; but the sculptures or the vases of Greece, if only we know how to interpret them, have hardly less to tell us of the life and thought of the people than we can learn from the literature itself. In Roman times, the carven chronicle is again in vogue. The column of Trajan, for example, tells us more than any book about the campaigns of the emperor, and of the manners, dress, houses, and character of the Dacian peoples whom he subdued. The Christian church adopted freely so admirable a method of instruction ; and the scenes depicted upon the walls of early churches were the chief means of familiarizing the people with the tales of scripture or other legends, and of keeping before their eyes and therefore before their minds the truths these legends symbolized. For children, at least, this method has great advantages ; often a series of sculptures or pictures, if well chosen and intelligently commented on, will offer as good a theme for a lesson or a series of lessons as any book. Unhappily our churches now offer but little material for such instruction ; but we still have museums and picture galleries ; and these, if visited under proper guidance, may give us invaluable help. Here again, the teacher needs some knowledge and preparation. And such visits to a museum should not, as they too often are, be regarded as a mere treat, or a showing off of curiosities. The ordinary lesson should have so familiarized the children with the notion that statuary and pictures can teach just as well as books, that when they go to a gallery or museum they do not feel that they are departing from the ordinary routine of instruction. This may, perhaps, seem a high standard for teachers to aim at ; but I do not believe it is unattainable, and the regular teacher's instruction may easily be supplemented by the help of others—and many such exist—who have made a special study of such teaching.

If treated in this spirit, I believe that an intelligent use of works of art among the ordinary subjects of study may be a most valuable supplement to the general intellectual training. It has the advantage now universally admitted for nature study, in training the eye to observe and the mind to

classify visible and tangible objects ; it has also the advantage derived from the study of books, in bringing the mind directly into touch with the great ideas and imaginations of other days. Moreover, it serves to bridge over the gulf between the two, and to mitigate the impression of the scientific mind that humanistic studies deal too much with what is unreal and intangible, or of the literary mind that scientific studies are lacking in human interest. A judicious use of works of art, both for illustration and for separate study, may serve as a compromise on which all may agree, and so advance in some degree the solution of the problem of conflicting educational ideals.

At 12.15 p.m., MRS. CRUMP read her paper on

#### LIVING BOOKS FOR THE NURSERY.

It is our business this morning to discuss Living Books for the Nursery ; that is, books which will do most to bring our children into the great current of life, books which will link them with the past, enrich their present and help them nobly to bear their share in the creation of the future. Books such as these are living books for the nursery.

I do not think children and books can be too early brought together, nor do I think we can over-estimate the influence which reading—and its kindred story-telling—can have upon character and intelligence. I myself believe in teaching children to read very early, so early that it comes to them almost as naturally as speaking ; but there are children for whom this cannot be done, and there are parents who do not think it desirable. For such children and parents reading aloud must take the place, and though it cannot achieve quite the same results, yet by its means much of the influence of books on childish life can be secured. So whether children can read or cannot read, the discussion of the right books for them is equally pertinent. What is it that we want books to do for our children ? We want them to find friends in books, that wonderful company of friends to be found in history and fiction. We want to widen their small world with some knowledge of the great and marvellous worlds around them—worlds past, worlds distant, worlds of nature, worlds of imagination. We want them to gain some power of fitly and nobly using the language which is their birthright. We



want to bring them into a habit of so using books that they may all their lives turn to that silent company of helpers, who never refuse, never grudgingly give. But such reading as this comes of a knowledge of books and a power of using them which is, I think, only got by early habit coupled with early training in taste and intelligence. I do not think it is any easier to learn to read—not mere mechanical knowledge of letters and spelling, I mean, but to read so that the very hearts of books lie open to us, so that we know not only what books can give, but also which book can supply our need at this or that moment of our lives—I do not think it is any easier to learn such reading in later years than it would be to learn the high jump without early training in agility. Good reading, like good jumping, must be the result of early habit and early training. There is only one way to attain the habit and the training. We must from the very first give our children the right books and plenty of books. To secure the right books we do not want lists—indeed, I think any list, however good, is in itself a blunder. We cannot, I believe, insist too strongly on the necessity of leaving our children freedom in reading. We must of course protect them from evil reading, but the most fruitful reading will always be the freest reading. The child will feel his own needs—we shall only stunt his mental growth if we try to force him. Perhaps he may puzzle us, perhaps he will make a very part of his life a book which we wonder to see him so much as glance at, but if we are wise we shall leave him alone, conscious that freedom of choice is the foundation of true cultivation and mental strength. What we parents have to do is to put as large and as varied a choice before him as we can. But although we concede freedom of choice to nursery children—that is, I take it, to children up to the age of ten years—still we must exercise some preliminary power of selection among the multitude of existing books. To do so wisely we need to think out certain broad principles by which we may secure the best book-friends and playmates, the best influences, not only in right doing but in right speaking—the best subjects “to stretch and stimulate their little minds,” as Dr. Johnson put it.

I would like to begin this consideration of broad principles with the earliest sort of nursery book—the picture book. Is it pedantic to ask certain definite qualities from the children’s picture books? I do not think so. There is certainly one

quality on which I should always like to insist—clearness. A power of seeing clearly is equally valuable whether it is seeing with eyes or seeing with minds, and I confess I think many modern picture books, quite clever and quite pretty though they be, definitely discourage such clearness in children. There is a tendency to treat pictures as decorative spaces—a complexity of line, a bewildering blotting of black ink here and white there, without sufficient reference to the form intended to be represented. I have seen a puzzled child in vain turning the little pictures in *A Child's Garden of Verses* round and round in the hope of discovering what they meant, or have tried without success to explain one of Mr. Batten's clever illustrations which are so deservedly popular with parents. There are plenty of books which possess this quality of clearness. We can find it admirably in one of Stead's penny books—*The Mulberry Bush*. Caldicott is always good. Lear's "Nonsense Books" are beautifully clear, and so is *Little Black Sambo*, and there was one artist who gave us clearness combined with exquisite beauty when I was a child—Mr. Arthur Hughes—the illustrator to George Macdonald's fairy tales and Christina Rossetti's *Sing Song*. I wish we could get his drawings re-issued in new editions nowadays to train our children's eyes. I insist on clearness, and beyond that insist on good taste. I don't mean a priggish taste—a taste which limits us to nothing but what is beautiful and well drawn, else I fear Lear and *Little Black Sambo* would both have to go; but insist on a taste which is in harmony with the subject, and on a subject which, if grotesque, is grotesque with true childish humour.

When we begin to discuss books for reading, it becomes a more complicated matter to arrive at our broad principles, and we must go through the various kinds of books with some sort of method if we would arrive at clear ideas. There is a prevalent belief that children want always to be reading about children. It is easy to push this belief too far, but at the same time it is right and natural enough for children to be interested in the doings of other children. What we have to do is to see that the interest is a healthy interest. The book-children ought to be living in right relation to their surroundings. We don't want our real children to be familiar with prigs, nor theatrical heroes in pinafores, nor with abnormally mischievous children, nor with *poseurs* and neurotic children. And yet how often the theatrical child,

the mischievous child, the neurotic child is dumped down into the nursery in pretty Christmas volumes of stories. As for the prig, he was long ago so doomed among us that I need not waste time in condemning him. Indeed, a great number of charming book-children, who would make most valuable friends for our real children, have been banished along with the prig—just because they are ordinary plain boys and girls, living in a world which has duties as well as pleasure, and whose parents do not exist solely for the purpose of seeing that they have a good time. Such a reasonable sort of child is Rollo, in Abbot's American stories. Rollo at work and Rollo at play, Rollo at school and Rollo's vacation. Such are Miss Martineau's *Crofton Boys* and *Settlers at Home*, such are Miss Edgeworth's children—*Rosamond* and *Harry and Lucy* I could never love—but the *Little Merchants*, *Susan* and her village friends, and a score more, are all excellent play-mates; so is Mrs. Barbauld's *Little Charles*. You may say these are very old-fashioned books, but are they any the worse for that? They treat in simple language of the duties and pleasures of children, of things which never are and never can be out of fashion. Compared with modern books, written mostly in a mixture of slang, baby-talk and fine writing, these old books may seem tame—to *parents*. I have never found children find them so. Three generations of children in my family have learnt to read out of *Little Charles*, and I know how fond the third generation is of the little book.

All these authors I have named are practised writers. They know the art of story-telling. If duties are insisted on, if industry and obedience and honesty are inculcated, still they are not so much taught as brought under the small reader's notice by incidents skilfully related. From my own observation, too, I am convinced that children like a good sensible moral in a story. Do not their own lives bring conflicts between right and wrong which create a sympathy with the book-child's similar experiences? Cannot they gain more moral help by pondering in their own minds over imaginary examples of conduct and consequences than from too constant direct teaching? Take, too, the amusements and occupations of these old-fashioned children: are they not often far more imaginative, far more creative than the mischievous pranks described in more modern literature? Rollo's wigwam and causey-building, *Little Charles'* journey to France, the resourcefulness of the *Settlers at Home*, even the virtuous

extravagances of the *Swiss Family Robinson*, all these give endless suggestions for nursery and garden games, for ingenious contrivance, for creations of fair imaginary worlds of romance and discovery.

I was thinking over these things one day whilst a party of children were engaged in uproarious laughter over a quite new book. I had looked at the book. I thought its language very poor, and thought that it described both preposterously mischievous children and equally stupid parents. That ought to be a bad book for a nursery, I thought, and yet how the children were enjoying it. So I considered the matter again, and came to the conclusion that they were quite right to enjoy it, and that I should be very silly to interfere. Do I like frivolous literature myself? Most of us do. And it is very good for most of us too, provided it does not suffice for all our reading. This book was the children's frivolous literature. They had the choice of other sorts, and being reasonably brought-up children they used their choice wisely and gained by the very variety of what they read. So I think we need not be too severe on the mere cheerful foolish book. We need not too rigorously exclude the slangy child and the imp.

But there is another sort of book-child I would never invite to play with mine. I call him the *poseur*—and I think *Little Lord Fauntleroy* about gives an idea of what I mean. I think he is everything a child ought not to be. He is heir to a title, he converts his grandfather, he patronises the tenantry, he is always getting into attitudes, especially his legs—his influence, I am convinced, is largely due to his clothes. I would banish him and his like most mercilessly. I have no doubt about the *poseur*, but the harm done by the last sort of book-child I shall discuss is much more subtle—the child who is true to nature and yet not good reading for other children. Books like *The Golden Age* belong to this class. For parents such a book is most illuminating, but I would keep it for the reading of grown-ups. Still more should I so limit all books about abnormal children—the children who for some reason are not just the mentally and physically healthy child with whom we wish our children to mix. I want to illustrate this sort of child by a little discussion on a very admirable writer for children—Mrs. Ewing. Mrs. Ewing wrote stories for years full of delightful book-friends for the nursery, and I should have included these children in my examples of other good book-friends had I

not also wanted to discuss her work as giving examples of this further sort of child—the abnormal child. For years Mrs. Ewing wrote stories, and wrote with popularity, it is true. She gave us *Amelia and the Dwarfs*, and *Timothy's Shoes*, and *Bengy in Beastland*, and a score more. Then at the end of her life she wrote two stories which gained her more fame than all the rest put together—*Jackanapes* and *A Story of a Short Life*. For a time there were no more popular presents for the nursery than these two dainty little volumes, and yet they are—especially *The Short Life*—just the two stories that are good for parents and not good for children. The other day I related Hans Andersen's "Little Fir Tree" to a tiny girl. She cried at the end and said, "I think it's horrid. I don't bear sad things for trees and birdies and little children." Then a pause for thought, and she added, cheerfully, "I don't mind them for old people, of course." It seemed a little hard-hearted, but I believe the child had the right clue to the matter. We do not—we cannot keep all sense of sorrow out of our children's lives, but I do say we should be very tender lest we mar that brave sense of security in life, that joy in being, joy in effort and in success crowning effort, which are the child's birthright. Happy if his first knowledge of death comes naturally as autumn comes—as death after long life and labour well done. We may have to help our children to face sorrow and shock bravely; but we can, and I think we ought, to protect them from such books as will weaken their quiet trust in the continuity of things in their young lives. But I must not linger too long over one type of living books only—children's books about children. We have others to think about. Books of imagination and poetry, and books from which they can teach themselves such things as their natural bent leads them to wish to know.

As for this latter sort, let us see that the nursery shelves have good and simple examples of history and science, and geography handy. It is the habit of early seeking information for ourselves which gives us the power of self-education after school-days are done. And school education after all cannot do much more than put all sorts of tools into our hands—rudimentary knowledge of languages, and mathematics and science; some dexterity of finger, power of application, and so forth. *Knowledge* comes with self-education in after-life when the mind has grown to its power and is freed from the control of school routine. But such

self-education is impossible for those who have never learnt how to consult books—how to use a library.

Of science, I am unhappily myself too ignorant to speak, but that will not be the case with my audience, and I do know that there are plenty of books, both excellent and simple, to be obtained. Geography I have tested, and have found it a most living nursery study, and a most valuable one. A large and detailed atlas of England, a good map of one's own parish and a Bradshaw railway map, on which a child can mark the journeys he has himself taken, can all be turned to excellent use. I know a little lad of seven who has created an imaginary railway system, all most carefully and elaborately worked out in his own head, which covers the whole of Hampstead Heath. In practical life, the same little lad can be trusted to find his way for several miles round his home, by reason of his careful study of the map in the local directory. He will journey all over the world, whilst seated atlas in hand on the nursery floor, will tell you of every volcano and their eruptions, bring out strange scraps of knowledge—generally correct too—on railways and steamer routes, adding to his store of serviceable knowledge and stretching his imagination at the same time.

For first history books, never mind whether they are the latest or the most accurate. Accuracy in history is not a thing we can teach to little children; but a firm belief in the past we can teach, and this belief is the only sure foundation of subsequent learning. *Little Arthur's* or the *Little Folks' History of England*, Miss Young's *Book of Golden Deeds*, old Goldsmith's *Rome*, and a selection from Froissart and Plutarch—these are the sort of histories children want to browse on; we ourselves may best tell them the grand old stories of Joseph and Moses and David. We may add to definite history books historical stories, such as the *Lances of Lynwood* and the *Little Duke*, such as Erckman-Chatrian's immortal tales, *The Blockade* and *Mme. Thérèse*; let *Robin Hood* and *Chevy Chase*, and the old historical ballads lie within the children's reach, and so soon as they naturally turn to him let Scott be accessible to all. Many a child before ten years old is ready for *Ivanhoe* and *The Talisman*, and *The Lady of the Lake*, read aloud to him if not read to himself, and happy the mind which early falls under the magic spell of the greatest of story-tellers. Do not fear lest the

freshness should wear off the tales, for I do truly believe that only those who read Scott as children can for ever read and re-read him with unabated zest in older years. Neither fear lest the stories should be full of matters beyond their understanding. Does not Scott himself say, "Children derive impulses of a powerful kind in hearing things which they cannot entirely comprehend, and therefore to write down to children's understanding is a mistake."

I have linked Scott to my ideas on history for children, but he links us even more powerfully to the last class of literature in which I shall yet seek our broad principles—the literature of imagination. There is a little book (I doubt whether it can be got except in second-hand book shops) called *Writers and Readers* (by Dr. Birkbeck Hill), which is the overflow of a mind stored with sixty years of reading, and which is full of fruitful suggestion on the subject we are to-day discussing. The writer says, speaking of education in the widest sense—the widening and deepening of children's minds—"It is by imagination alone that we throw a bridge across time and space. If imagination is not made the foundation and the buttress, their labour is but lost that build. It is a quality inherent in all but the lowest natures, though far too often it is never developed. Often too, though fanned into life in the nursery by stories of giants and fairies, it is deadened in the parlour by dulness, and finally destroyed in the schoolroom by school books and bad teaching. It may even be destroyed by great writers if they are either forced on us or are used as instruments for teaching." "But," he adds, "I never yet came across an intelligent child who did not delight in listening to fairy stories." And so I say give our children fairy stories—men's first imaginative dealings with nature and the Great Unknown. Let them know the old beliefs of past heroes—the bibles of by-gone nations, Greek legends of Olympus and Troy, and wanderings by sea and land, Norse stories of frost and battle and the coming of spring. Let them learn valour and courtesy with King Arthur and Charlemagne, and make Grimm and Perrault and Brer Rabbit a part of nursery life. Only let us remember that it is better to *live* in a few fairy stories than to *skim* a new collection every year. We weaken the imaginative faculty if we too readily supply novelty. Half-a-dozen volumes of legends and fairy tales will probably contain

enough for any child's imaginative development and leave him freshness and incentive to weave more for himself. To these half-dozen we may add some modern fairy stories, only be sure they have in them the true fairy ring. No double meanings to amuse parents must be allowed, no vulgarity and slang and "up-to-datedness." George Macdonald gives us what we ask in *The Princess and the Goblins*. Kingsley gives it in one half of *The Water Babies*; the other half can always happily be skipped. Alice's *Wonderland* has stood triumphantly the test of two generations. Kipling has opened the magic jungle-world to us. I cannot myself fancy life without dear Betsinda and Giglio and Countess Gruffanuff, and Andersen has his gentle friends in every nursery.

But we must not limit our children's imaginative reading to books written avowedly for children. If I seem to advocate a not too large selection of old legends and fairy tales, I would on the other hand let the great poets and imaginative writers, such as Defoe and Bunyan, stand always on our shelves where the children can reach them. You may protest that nursery children are too young for great poets—well, if they are too young they will not go to them. Only give the choice, and more, encourage the taste, by stories from the great writers, by reading aloud, being very careful however never to continue such reading unless the listener's mind be willingly attentive to the sense, or at least his ear to the music of the words. I remember once watching a little group of sisters—the eldest nine years old. They sat in the shade of an old yew listening while the eldest read the fairy scenes from *Midsummer's Night Dream*, and I shall not forget the perfect rhythm with which "I know a bank" was given, nor the little circle of listening faces. These scenes were learnt and acted again and again by these little maids, and Oberon and Puck and Titania were as much a part of their fairy-world as the Sleeping Beauty or Jack the Giant Killer. I have, too, at home a three-year-old daughter—also a large illustrated *Paradise Lost*. This book with Doré's pictures is greatly beloved by the daughter. I do not teach her theology out of it, but she does learn of the eternal conflict between right and wrong, of the peace of Eden and of the tears which disobedience brings. Something of the grandeur of Milton's conception slips into her small life, something which deepens and widens it.



With every picture she asks me to read a few lines and I choose those which may convey some dim meaning of beauty or of grandeur to her. Besides our Milton reading, she is exceedingly fond of an illustrated volume of *Songs from the Princess*. These I read right through. Sometimes I hear her murmuring to herself as she plays :

“ And the wild cataract leaps in glory.”

Now the other day I came to the lines—

“ So Lilla sang ; we thought her half possessed,  
She struck such warbling fury through the words.”

The daughter stopped me. She felt at once the change of metre from the rhymed songs.

“ That’s like *Paradise Lost* words,” she said. I have related the anecdote—not, I pray you believe me, because I am an egotistical mother, but because I want to emphasise the power language has over children, and the sense of language which even the youngest possess. This is one of our strongest reasons for letting them be early acquainted with the great masters of prose and poetry.

Our children have no grander inheritance than their English tongue. It must be our care to see it is not lost in a strange jargon of slang—our care to prevent their intelligence from being stunted by the poverty of their language—and their accuracy and clearness of thought dimmed by the inaccuracy and inadequacy of their words. Nothing will so widen and so strengthen their power of right speaking as the habit of right reading—the reading of great thoughts in great words.

In our search for Living Books our broad principles then are these :

Clearness in picture books.

Plenty, variety and freedom of choice in reading books.

Access to those great writers whose influence will be all the greater and all the more dear because linked with memories of the nursery.

At 5 p.m., SIR PHILIP MAGNUS read his paper on *Hand-work in School Life*.\*

At 9 p.m., MRS. FRANKLIN was “ AT HOME ” at 50, Porchester Terrace, W.

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\* This paper may be read in *Education* for Nov. 19th, 1903.

FRIDAY, *October 30th.*

At 10.30 a.m. (MRS. HOWARD GLOVER in the chair), MR. T. JAMES GARSTANG read his paper on *Mathematical Teaching and its place in Education*. (This paper will appear later in the *Review*.)

At 11.45 a.m., MR. R. C. LEHMANN spoke on *Living Books in the Teaching of History*.

At 3 p.m., there was a short service at St. Mary Abbots, Kensington, and an address by the REV. H. L. PAGET, Vicar of St. Pancras and Rural Dean.

“When thy son asketh thee.”—*Deut* vi. 20.

What is more gratifying to the educationalist than a really spontaneous and eager question—the enquiry of a child who really wants to know? Nor are such questions by any manner of means rare in the wide and varied areas over which childish speculation ranges with an almost feverish restlessness. The endless questions so apt to get on the nerves, as it is said, of the modern parent, the dangerous investigation by touch of the furniture and ornaments of a strange room—the voyage of discovery over a new house—the thorough scrutiny to which visitors and their apparel are submitted—in season and out of season, amusing or wearisome, the enquiry goes on, so typical and characteristic of childhood with its passion for getting at the meaning of anything that for a moment interests it—the why and the wherefore of anything that for a moment appeals to the taste, the fancy, the wonder, the admiration of the child.

It is not that our children fail to ask questions—they ask plenty—but the parent’s secret woe, the teacher’s inner grief, is the child’s failure to ask certain questions which such people would very much like the child to ask, and which it seems unnatural that the child should not be asking.

One more or less forgets one’s childhood; but one can remember pretty distinctly many years in which one still sat on the bench of the learner, and occupied the status of the pupil, and one can imagine the dull weight with which one’s absence of interest, one’s little desire to ask questions, must

have pressed on the earnest and conscientious lecturers of Oxford and Cambridge. The slightest acquaintance with the work of a teacher is sufficient to make one recollect as a day for which one was very thankful, the day on which some earnest and impromptu question on a grave subject gladdened and revived the teacher's heart.

Would you not like to know? It is the very keynote of forlorn hope. It is piteous and pathetic. It seems already to have faced the failure it anticipates. It is so far removed from the happiness and the encouragement of a spontaneous enquiry, an enquiry like that on which God counts and reckons, to which He looks forward in our text—"What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgments, which the Lord our God hath commanded you?"

"When thy son asketh thee!" The words occur not once nor twice in the earlier books of the Old Testament: they are repeated again and again. Your son is bound to ask. You can afford, it seems, to wait. There is no need for delicate and indirect suggestion. He will need no prompting on your part. He will want to know, and then you will have your opportunity; with all the vantage-ground of his spontaneous question, with all the help of his real curiosity, you will be able to tell him what surely you long to tell. With those eager little eyes fixed on yours, with that eager little face turned towards you, you will have the chance on which your heart is set. "Then thou shalt say unto thy son, We were Pharaoh's bondmen in Egypt; and the Lord brought us up out of Egypt with a mighty hand"

We all remember the celebrated scene in Dickens's novel. Little Paul Dombey is sitting by the fire with its flickering light playing strangely on his face. Opposite him, stiff and formal, sits his father. "Father," asks little Paul, "What is money? What is this that grown-up people think and talk so much about? What is this that is named in such grave and reverent tones? What is this thing of impressive and supreme importance? This standard to which men and their actions are referred. Everyone seems to be thinking of it—speaking of it—wanting it—trying to get it. What is money?"

"Money," says his father in impressive tones, "Money is the greatest thing in the world."

## I.

“When thy son asketh thee.” It is religion, my brethren, not money that we are thinking of now. And I want you to consider with me for a few momutes, at the close of an interesting and absorbing week of conference, the life of a people of old time amongst whom the question of our text was bound to be asked and answered; the life of a people so penetrated with religion that the question what it all meant would spring unprompted to the lips of the child, and give the opportunity to the teacher which real desire to know affords.

We may have perhaps to discount a little the language in which the Israelite's enthusiasm speaks of the religious training of the child. But there can be little doubt that at the beginning of the Christian era the Jewish home stood out in glowing contrast from the home as pictured in the contemporary literature of the great classical nations. The child from birth to dawning manhood filled a place in the home-life, in the thoughts and aspirations of his parents, in their love and in their prayers such as we hardly find a trace of elsewhere. A great classical writer speaks in a well-known line of the reverence due to little children. But that which was with him a protest against most prevalent abuse was an accepted maxim, it was a working principle, a foundation truth of the Jewish home. The tremendous idea of the priesthood of the Jewish people, of its place in the will and purpose of Almighty God, struck the keynote of the child's upbringing. The Messianic hope gave a touch of Divine distinction to the humblest birth. The horrors of child exposure, of infanticide, the relegation of the child's training to corrupt and dissolute slaves were things undreamed of in the Jewish home.

Nor need we imagine a training of premature and unnatural solemnity, an awful and uninviting *régime* such as perhaps the modern mind is apt to conjure up. A great tradition has its lighter touches, a great destiny has its lighter vein. Solemn is not the same as ponderous. The child awoke to find itself already prized, already loved, already honoured; the subject of the highest of hopes, of the greatest of great expectations, born into a delightful world in which a beautiful and solemn religion was dominant, a life through which the

golden thread of religion continuously ran. For religion was woven into the very fabric of the home life. It had behind it the quiet and unmeasurably strong sanction of centuries at least of unbroken use. Its secret was one with the secret of the smooth grass plot, the velvet lawn: "Sow it very carefully and roll it every morning for two or three hundred years." Its colours were matured and softened by age. Its roughnesses had yielded to the hallowing touch of centuries of pious tradition. It had lost the self-consciousness that is the bane of what is new—the tentativeness of experiment—the rawness of conflicting theories—the foreign flavour of a recent importation. Children are sensitive of all this. They whimper and fidget in arms that are afraid to hold them fast. They love old faces and old furniture. They love a firm and calm and confident touch; but the firm and calm and confident touch is not as a rule the touch that embarked on a new system of fingering last week.

Consider this, and remember how closely, how inseparably religion was woven into the daily life of the Jewish home. There were the solemnities of the Sabbath meal, there was the kindling of the Sabbath lamp, there was the religious setting apart of some portion of the dough at each baking; they are but instances, Edersheim tells us, of the sort of thing which the three-year old child as he followed his mother about the house was bound to notice. There were the little folded parchments attached to the door-posts and bearing on them the letters of the Sacred Name. Each who came in or went out would reverently touch them and then would kiss the fingers that had touched the Name of God; a beautiful symbol of God's guardianship of Israel's homes—"The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in from this time forth for evermore."

And starlike in the domestic firmament, gemlike in the crown of the circling year, there came the recurrence of the great Jewish festivals, so magnificent and so homely, so solemn and so familiar; the festive illumination of the home in midwinter, symbolic of the restoration of the temple to God's service after Epiphanes, the ogre, the monster, had profaned and defiled it; the merry feast of Purim, with its recollection of our hairbreadth escape in the far-famed days of Esther and Ahasuerus; the feast of Tabernacles, with the

pleasant days spent under the leafy arbours ; for the elders the grave sense of a world in which after all we have no continuing city, for the little ones perhaps mainly the wonder and amusement of so strange and pleasant a change in the way of life ! And the day of Atonement in which, though the child was spared the severity of the discipline, it felt all the same that its naughtiness was, after all, not a thing to be laughed at, but something that (side by side with the graver reckonings of grown-up people) must be laid before the mercy-seat, owned up and confessed in the presence of One Who was gracious and merciful, slow to anger, and of great kindness, and repented Him of the evil !

Surely God was not out in His reckoning, He was not counting on what would not come when He foresaw that the child thus reared was bound sooner or later, aye and sooner for choice, to ask the question on which the parent's opportunity hangs, the eager and spontaneous enquiry, "What mean the testimonies, and the statutes, and the judgments which the Lord our God hath commanded you ?"

And do not let us, beloved, put things of this kind aside as merely pretty and touching, with a suspicion hanging about them of effeminacy and childishness ; things that belong to the far-off infancy of a race that has now outgrown all this. We have, thank God, in the Book of Psalms samples at least of that wealth of tradition, that fine and masculine strain of national memory and national aspiration into which Israel poured its heart, all that it remembered in the past, all that it hoped for or dreaded in the days to come. Nothing affronts one more, I think, than the suggestion that it is outside or in dim and vague connection with religion that one has to look for that which is clear in intelligence, or great in sentiment, or splendid in beauty. We cannot allow it to-day, to-day when we seem to see a typical spirit of modern time, one that has thrilled to every touch of intellectual movement, to every allurements of æsthetic culture, intense in its appreciation of all that literature and art can offer, finding at last the one really brilliant achievement of combined and consummate ability in a mediæval cathedral, the one really splendid spectacle in a religious service, the one really surpassing music in the traditional melody, conserved and cultivated all down the ages of the Christian church.

Turn, I beg you, to the Psalter and own that no education of old days had ever a finer music to march to, a music more conspicuous in those elements of order and of courage on which Plato insists, than the music of the great historic Psalms. "Nevertheless, when He saw their adversity, He heard their complaint. He thought upon His covenant and pitied them according unto the multitude of His mercies; yea, He made all those that led them away captive to pity them."

"As for His own people, He led them forth like sheep and carried them in the wilderness like a flock; He led them out safely that they should not fear, and overwhelmed their enemies with the sea." "They tempted and displeased the Most High God, and kept not His testimonies; but turned their backs and fell away like their forefathers, starting aside like a broken bow. He fed them with a faithful and true heart, and ruled them prudently with all His power."

Is a nurture weak and poor? Is an education wanting in intellectual aspiration that has at the back of it songs like those, songs to which, simplified yet not robbed of their strength, the very cradle of the Jewish child was rocked?

Solemn and bright, peaceful yet stirring, dominant yet not ungentle, exacting yet all the more beloved, with the calm assurance of an unbroken continuity, and the unconscious grace of a long tradition, the spirit of religion ruled the home of the Jewish child. It produced and still produces the sort of man to whom his religious heritage is all in all, the sort of man who will quietly die in the defence of his faith. It is a subject, I think, not unworthy, however unworthily I may have treated it, of a place among the thoughts which have been filling your minds this week.

### III.

There is little or no time left to draw any practical lessons of anything like immediate application for the guidance of our own lives, and the lives of those who are, I trust, dearer to us than ourselves. Such lessons undoubtedly there are, and they would carry us further than we dream at present.

Religious life in England is very unlike the life that I have attempted to describe. The movements of the sixteenth century constituted an upheaval on the largest possible scale, and among the many interests that suffered, none suffered more than those which we have been considering to-day.

The grass is not yet green ; still less have the flowers really taken root in the battle-fields of the English reformation. No one has written that history from the child's point of view, no one has described it as it might have touched the children. It was a great intellectual movement, a great struggle for spiritual freedom ; but it is not hard to fancy the children at least feeling about it as little Wilhelmine felt about the Battle of Blenheim. For high above them the winds of a perfectly unintelligible controversy were raging, the clouds poured out water, the air thundered, the arrows went abroad. What I suspect the children felt most was the ruin of their gardens, the wreckage of so much to which for right or for wrong had become significant and dear to them, the customs and ceremonies that knit home life with the life of the Church, the thousand things which made Church life attractive ; the defacing of some shrine to which their little offerings used to go, the marring beyond recognition of some face which from the stained glass window or the sculptured rood used to regard them as they thought with a particular benevolence, some mystery—divorced alas it may be from the severities of truth—in which they took delight.

It is the difference between the restored cathedral and the really old ; the old in which the children come and go ; the old with baskets left outside it, not broughams ; the old, as I saw Chartres the other day, with the unfathomable wealth of its ancient windows, as against the modern series of reckless and costly experiments in "stained glass" ; the old with its priceless monuments worn by contact with work-a-days clothes, the modern with its recent statue and its request that visitors will not touch ; the old with its exquisite pavement, more exquisite than ever in its surface scratched by the hobnails, and the modern on which you are requested not to walk.

It was indeed a famous victory, only it must have been more than usually difficult to make children fully appreciate it.

Nor is our own distracted controversial age favourable to the strong and subtle influences, the atmospheric conditions, which made a religion less tender and less tangible than ours so potent and so prominent in the education of the Jewish child. Our own footsteps, alas, are apt to be uncertain. Our own ventures have the faintness of experiment. Our voices quaver. Our touch is uncertain and fails to reassure.



What can we do? We can at least try, God helping us, to give religion its proper, its predominant position, in the life of the home. We can try to set it in its place, to save it from that worst sort of obscurity, the obscurity of the obviously unreal. In the absence of so much that we regret and desiderate, the personal factor, the personal influence, assumes an importance which it is impossible to overrate.

Aye, and of the personal, that which is most personal of all, the heart that simply loves God, the soul that simply feeds on Jesus Christ.

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"A very special character was given to the service, as others may have told you, by the first lesson for that evening being from the Book of Wisdom, the end of chap. vi. and most if not all of chap. vii. Of course, as you will know, that included the text which Thos. Aquinas has on his book in our specially beloved picture in the Spanish Chapel. I could hardly believe the lesson had not been specially chosen till I found afterwards that it was the proper one for October 30th."

H. W.

[We append this interesting note *re* the service. The text referred to is:—"I prayed and the spirit of wisdom came upon me; and I preferred her before kingdoms and thrones." The fresco referred to (painted by Taddeo Gaddi and Simone Memmi) forms the "educational creed" of the House of Education. It represents the outpouring of the Holy Spirit, on the Day of Pentecost, not only upon prophets, apostles and holy men and women, but upon the Captain Figures of the Seven Liberal Arts:—Grammar, Rhetoric, Logic, Music, Astronomy, Geometry, Arithmetic. Photographs (Nos. 6722 and 4077, half-lire each) may be obtained from Mr. G. COLE, 17, Via Torna Buoni, Florence.—ED.]

## HOW TO REVIVE A DYING BRANCH OF THE P.N.E.U.

BY MRS. R. A. PENNEY.

I feel I have before me this afternoon a critical audience of P.N.E.U. secretaries, much more experienced than myself, some who have been eminently successful, and who are doing grand and good work. From the nature of the subject that has been given me to speak to (that of reviving a dying P.N.E.U. Branch), I have sought to put myself in the place of that secretary who is struggling against difficulties, who feels much alone, and whose efforts are flagging from want of the encouragement and success she has desired. My remarks are addressed mainly to such.

In order to make any work we take up a success, one must first feel strongly that the work is worth doing, worth spending time and trouble over. Is our work as P.N.E.U. secretaries worth doing? Pre-eminently it is.

We draw together those who have to do with the training and development, and the very beginnings of young life. We set going in our branches and meetings thoughts, ideas, impulses for good, of which we cannot in any way see the end. Let us not belittle our work, by thinking it trivial and tedious, and a bore to get up meetings, secure lecturers, send out notices to which few respond; that it is hard to interest those who seem supremely bent on social engagements, pleasure and dress. This work is of the highest, and if well done is far-reaching and full of rewards.

A dying branch! The first thing that one who undertakes the post and privilege of secretary of a struggling branch should say is, "I must not suppose or let in the thought that this is a dying branch." It is something that *must* live! It is bound to live, from very necessity. Things that are good—that are worth having are worth striving for, and this must live. It is not dying. When we call in a doctor he does not begin by telling us the patient is going to die, he sets to work with the thought that he *lives* and is going to live, he is bound to live if he respond to the remedies applied. And

these remedies are applied with a faith, a confidence, an unflagging regularity, persistent care and energy, that masters difficulty and ends in establishing a healthy, sound self-working machine.

First then, do not allow the thought that your branch is a dying one. It must live. It is bound to get better, bound to become the power you want it to be.

Secondly, we often hear it said that we get in life what we look for. There is a great deal of truth underlying this in life. A secretary gets what she looks for. Our branches and our meetings are what we secretaries as well as what we members make them. Do not let us blame the branch for being limp, inert, dull, incoherent, uncohesive. A good energetic secretary has it in her power to raise a branch to her own level, if only she will forget herself, think how she can help, and give out all she has to give. Members will rally quickly to enthusiasm, to what is above themselves, to what they feel and know to be true, to be beautiful, to be the wiser, the better way.

Be diligent in meetings, in conversation, by pen and by voice, to bring yourself into touch and living sympathy with your members. There is the parent whose young children are still in the nursery, of older ones in the school-room with governess, or of those whose children are already facing life in a public school. Others whose daughters and sons are about to choose their vocations and lines of thought and action in life—the most delicate important time of all perhaps, when boys and girls feel their independence; they have thrown off the authority of the school, and in many ways the home influence. It is a time when parents feel their need of tact, and the importance of a word, or a look, from them more than ever perhaps in their lives before. Choice is facing their children in many ways—choice of books, choice of friendship, choice of occupation, of habit; when, to put it briefly, the world, and the flesh, and the devil are on one side, desiring their worship, and on the other the choosing of the higher and the eternal Spirit-filled life, under the influence and direction of God Himself. These and many more conditions, all concerned in the study of character-training and development, make up our gatherings; so diversified are the needs and requirements of our members.

A secretary can help in a hundred untold ways. If she keep herself abreast with the thoughts, and the literature, which this noble God-energized, and God-endowed Union of ours is ever producing; if she drink herself, and imbibe the best from the lovely minds that are ever at work, finding out the best and the true, she will never be at a loss. She will always have something to hand, and will herself receive again and again rewards and surprises she never expected. Contact with good cultured minds is to her a delight worth all the time and trouble involved under often discouraging and hard circumstances.

Thirdly, a secretary is bound to work much alone. She may have a strong committee, a loving, interested and influential president; but the bulk of the work must be done by *one*—by *her*—and she must take care that she does it. A committee can suggest, can decide choice of subjects for lecture or discussion, times and seasons of the year, and many such details to guide the secretary, but she *must* reckon on doing the work, and must put soul, energy, enthusiasm and will into it.

How to revive a dying branch?

The first essential, then, is a good secretary.

The second essential—a good president, lady or gentleman of weight, influence and presence in the town.

The third essential—a diversified committee.

But given all these, I maintain the branch will not live, will remain inert, without a good secretary. She must not relax effort; she must not let in discouragements; she must show a cheerful, hopeful front; she must, if she wishes to stimulate others, be sure of her own convictions, and then wisely, graciously, and with tact use them wherever opportunity presents. A good deal can be done by welcoming strangers and new-comers, making them feel at home in the "drawing rooms," making them feel they have come for something worth having, and that they get still more by joining the Union. Encourage older members specially to feel the privilege they have in *giving* of their knowledge and experience; by *giving* we *get*.

Do not let us go on the principle that we only join a good thing for what we can ourselves get out of it. We get by giving as well as by receiving. Then, with regard

to the part we take individually in the meetings, the secretary should herself set the example, and encourage others to speak, elicit questions, remarks and suggestions.

It is not easy to do this, to break down the stiffness of fashion that seems to stultify some gatherings. Members think it is unfeminine, or unwomanly in a lady to allow her voice to be heard in public. They talk loudly and freely enough as soon as the meeting is over, but have not the courage to offer an opinion in the meeting. A criticism of a large women's meeting, held during the recent Church Congress at Bristol, when Mrs. Creighton, Miss Mary Clifford, Mrs. Knight Bruce, and others addressed the meeting, ran thus:—"But they had a difficult audience. I was vastly impressed by the stolid passivity of the women as compared with the enthusiasm of the great mass meeting of men. Is it that women present less which can be touched or appealed to than the men, or is it their curious incapability of hanging together? The electricity of common humanity does not seem to course through them, knitting and welding speakers and hearers together as in the case of a masculine audience; and so their humanity remains veiled, hidden, inscrutable." I quote this for what it is worth, we may not agree with it, but it is to the point as touching on what we find in our smaller gatherings. But this day of nonchalance is slowly giving way to a better. Many of the most gifted women in our land set us a worthy example, in the brave, self-forgetting, graceful way they face audiences, and seek by their culture, and high outlook, and noble inspirations, to impress their sisters with their own lofty ideals and beliefs.

Let us always have something to give in our meetings, something worth giving, and let us not be satisfied unless we draw out from our members, also, that which they are able to give. The chairman or lecturer, whoever they be, cannot do this as well as the secretary. She is acquainted with those composing the meeting, who come month by month, or week by week. And though she may not often meet them at other times than at P.N.E.U. gatherings, this is itself an introduction. There we are for the time on common ground, and the more we seek to be *en rapport* with one another the more useful will our meetings be. We *give*, and we *get*: we *get* by what we *give*.

Miss Mason is an example and inspiration to the secretary, who may feel herself the humblest and the lowest. She has been striving at this work—her work—for years. The women of England have been slow to see what she has been aiming at all the time. A few have rallied to her, but how few even yet out of the great bulk of the women of England have ever even heard of Miss Mason, or of the P.N.E.U., of what it is doing, and of what she and our Union have done. She has lived to see her labours in part rewarded. She has a strong National Council carrying out what she at first inspired. She sees branches formed and forming in all our large centres, and in other lands too, and she has her own devoted students and pupils at work in countless homes and places, spreading principles of her begetting and fostering. Let us feel that we, too, are links in the chain. A favourite saying of Miss Mason's is, "The strength of the chain is its weakest link": let us fear to be that weakest link, which if it break would bring down all. It cannot break. We are linked on to undying power and good, and because the P.N.E.U. exists, our branch of it must exist also. Our branch shall not die, but permeate our town, and the generation coming and to come shall be the better for our work, our striving, our secretaryship of the P.N.E.U. branch in our own small centre.

Whilst feeling thus drawn to outline "the ideal secretary," I am conscious how far below such an one, I myself come. But is it not good for us, sometimes, to see, as in a mirror, what manner of secretary we may and ought to be? Mrs. Daniell will, I hope, speak more in detail to the point of evoking interest, and spreading knowledge, and the practical working of a branch.

Of first importance is it to draw up a good programme of lectures and meetings, richly varied in topics, and attractive in interest. It is a great thing to have definite dates fixed early for the working months of the session. Having got these, and secured drawing rooms in differing centres of the town, in order that each hostess may be able to draw in from her own circle, we thus secure a widened interest. Do not be discouraged at small meetings: great good is often done by small numbers. If the tone and spirit of the

meeting is good, and members are helped by it and enjoy it, they *must* tell others, and good indirectly will be done. Let none of our meetings be slack or dull, or purposeless. Plenty of literature should be at hand for sale or for distribution on the seats at each meeting, for those who like to take away with them and to hand to their friends. And all subscribers should of course read the *Parents' Review*.

Reading Circles, Sub-Societies (Natural History, Art, Nurses, &c), and Children's Classes are all desirable, and these should be the separate work of committee or other individuals; but not necessarily that of the secretary, as she has already much upon her. The more work is deputed to others the better; members who feel they can *do* something are ever the best members. But the main thing is to *keep enforcing* the purposes and principles of our Union; not in set words and phrases, but in fresh and living thought, and by spirit permeating spirit. There is always ignorance to be dispelled—there are always those who do *not know*—and prejudices to be overcome. There are always young members coming on, young mothers who have not been face to face with these pressing questions before; young and older teachers who want inspiration, who want their hands strengthening, their ideals confirming, re-forming, or re-arousing. The work of education goes on through life, it is ever new, it can never grow old; its interests are fresh, demands fresh, outlooks fresh. Those who read much, and saturate their minds with the many-sided parts in this many-sided, all-important, every-day pressing subject of education, cannot but make their influence felt. The possibilities of our Union, and of our little branch of that Union, are tremendous, and our work a beautiful one.

## OUR WORK.

*House of Education.*

Next term begins January 15th.

*Parents' Review School.*

The Examination papers will be sent out for December 7th, but the Examination may be held between the 7th and 12th, or the 14th and 19th.

The papers must be posted on Saturday, 12th or 19th.

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*P.N.E.U. Literary Society.*—Subject for December: *Utopia* (Sir Thomas More).

*P.N.E.U. Translation Society.*—Subject for December: From *Tasso* (Goethe).

C. AGNES ROOPER, *Hon. Sec.*,

Pen Selwood, Gervis Road, Bournemouth.

From whom all particulars may be obtained.

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## BOOKS.

*The Story of my Life*, by Helen Keller (Hodder & Stoughton, 7/6). (*First notice*). This is the autobiography of a young lady who, when she was nineteen months old, had a severe illness, in which she lost sight and hearing, and consequently speech. She never recovered the lost senses; and here, we should say, was a soul almost inviolably sealed, to which there was no approach but through the single sense of touch; and yet this lady's book, written with her own unaided hands (she used a typewriter), with hardly any revision, should rank as a classic for the purity and pregnancy of the style, independently of the vital interest of the matter. How was the miracle accomplished? Helen Keller was born in 1880 in Tuscumbia, a little town of Alabama. Of her childhood she says herself that, save for a few impressions, "the shadows of the prison-house" enveloped it. But there were always roses, and she had the sense of smell; and there was love—but she was not loving then. When she was seven Miss Sullivan came to her. This lady had herself been blind for some years and had been at the Perkins Institute, founded by that Dr. Howe who liberated the intelligence of Laura Bridgman. But Miss Sullivan was no mere output of any institution. She is a person of fine sanity and wholesomeness, trusting to her personal initiative; and aware from the first that her work was to liberate the personality of her little pupil and by no means to superimpose her own. "Thus I came up out of Egypt," says Miss Keller of the arrival of her teacher, and the voice which she heard from Sinai said, "Knowledge is love and light and vision." And then follows that amazing and enthralling epic which tells how it was all done, how the one word *water* was the key which opened the doors of the child's mind, while the word *love* opened those of the closed heart. Thenceforth many new words every day came with crowds of ideas; and it is not too much to say that this imprisoned and



desolate child entered upon such a large inheritance of thought and knowledge, of gladness and vision, as few of us of the seeing and hearing world attain to. The instrument in this great liberation was nothing more than the familiar manual alphabet, followed in course of time by raised books and braille. Like all great discoveries, this discovery of a soul was, in all its steps, marked by simplicity. Miss Sullivan had little love for psychologists and all their ways; would have no experiments; would not have her pupil treated as a phenomenon but as a person. "No," she says, "I don't want any more Kindergarten materials. . . . I am beginning to suspect all elaborate and special systems of education. They seem to me to be built up on the supposition that every child is a kind of idiot who must be taught to think, whereas if the child is left to himself he will think more and better, if less showily. Let him go and come freely, let him touch real things, and combine his impressions for himself, instead of sitting indoors at a little round table, while a sweet-voiced teacher suggests that he build a stone wall with his wooden blocks, or make a rainbow out of strips of coloured paper, or plant straw trees in bead flower-pots. Such teaching fills the mind with artificial associations that must be got rid of before the child can develop independent ideas out of actual experiences." We need not say how absolutely we are in agreement with Miss Sullivan; nor how strongly we recommend that this wise and delightful book (to which this lady contributes a long appendix) should be read by every thoughtful parent. It is a great thing to have a study of education as it were *de novo*, in which we see the triumph of mind, not only over apparently insuperable natural obstacles, but over the dead wall of systematised education—a more complete hindrance to many a poor child than her grievous defects proved to Helen Keller.

*Mankind in the Making*, by H. G. Wells (Chapman & Hall, 7/6). Here is another book of very great importance to all those persons concerned in the making of mankind—primarily to parents and teachers. These essays have already attracted much attention as they appeared from time to time in *The Fortnightly Review* and *The Cosmopolitan*. Mr. Wells poses as an "incautious outsider" who brings his opinion to bear on questions that, most of us will agree, are left far too much to specialists. He conceives of a "New Republic," where many things will be otherwise; and, further, that those who enlist themselves as new republicans, must stedfastly set themselves to bring about the new order. A book so radical, in the sense that it goes to the roots of things existing, must stir up conflict, and out of conflicting opinions we hope truth will emerge. The author writes from a standpoint which we all take unconsciously, though we have not the wit to know it or to say it; not liberty, duty, fraternity, religion, is the master-thought of his thinking, but—Births! And he is right, for every man who does honest work, be it the building of a house or the painting of a picture, works for posterity. But how do we set about this work for posterity which is the high calling and vocation of us all, whether we be wedded or single? Here Mr. Wells has many things to say full of insight and instruction—things inspired by that direct gaze at the subject which gives what we

call an original view. Indeed we could wish that the author had not read any psychology; for here and there we find a little effort to square life with theory, and the outcome is husk; but, by-and-by, we are at a kernel of vital thought all his own. The chapter on *The Problem of the Birth Supply* contains much matter for thought. Such a sentence, for instance, as "the mortality of first-born children should indicate that a modern woman carries no instinctive system of baby management about with her in her brain," gives us pause. The chapter on *Wholesale Aspects of Man Making* is melancholy but not hopeless reading. The author believes that every infant is the business, not only of his own belongings, but of every man and woman; and in the energy of that faith there is hope. The chapter on *The Beginning of Mind and Language* throws a strong light on the duties of motherhood, and the passage dealing with the first set of toys for an infant is worthy of the attention of mothers. We do not know why "a ball and a box made of china" should be included, but the author writes with knowledge, so we take these toys on trust. But it is when we get to the teaching of English that we feel ourselves in intense sympathy with Mr. Wells. We, too, know what it is to come across "books of the *Eric* or *Little by Little* type, mean, goody-goody thought dressed in its appropriate language," and we know the poverty of mind that results from this manner of reading. The teaching of the English language is taken up again with other matters in the chapter on *Schooling*. The author in his desire to make fair concessions is, we think, too liberal to pedagogy; children absolutely do not want even such of the elaborations of teaching as Mr. Wells concedes. Give them books and things and the *minimum* of *intelligent* guidance and they will get education. But it is truly an amazing piece of insight on the part of this "incautious outsider" to perceive that the question of text-books for school use is too large and too vital for the already heavily-burdened head master or mistress. It is a question that lies at the root of all education. We ourselves have laboured strenuously at it for a dozen years or more and have, we think, arrived at a fair working solution; but much remains to be done. Everyone should read Mr. Wells' vital and illuminating book. There are chapters that we have not space to touch upon, and must close with the author's own summary of contents—"the discussion of the quality of the average birth and of the average home, the educational scheme, the suggestions for the organisations of literature and a common language, the criticism of polling and the jury system, and the ideal of a republic with an apparatus of honour."

*Cities*, by Arthur Symons (Dent & Co., 7/6). A book about *Cities* by Mr. Arthur Symons is an admission into his intimacies for which we are thankful. A city is no mere *congeries* of buildings, people, industries and the rest, in his eyes. He perceives and feels with curious intensity what we must needs call the *personality* of a city, and he loves his cities or he hates them as they deserve. Sometimes one feels his hatred to be a little virulent, as when he writes of Naples, for example, or of Moscow. Having read his account of these we are not possessed of

much information; any shilling guide-book would do more for us; but we *know*; we do not love, but we are intimate. When the author loves a city, as he loves Rome or Venice for example, he gives us, again, the privilege of *entrée*. We may have read tomes about these cities, and have lived in them for months, but here is more than we knew—a veil is lifted and we see face to face. There is a certain moral value in Mr. Symons' way of looking at cities from the interior as it were. We take the more heed as to how *we* are expressing ourselves, for as surely as gesture, carriage and clothes express a person, does each of their cities express a people. We wonder what we shall leave behind us to match in honesty and beauty those mediæval cities to which we give a personal love. The cities to which Mr. Arthur Symons gives us the privilege of his personal introduction are Rome, Venice, Naples, Seville, Prague, Moscow, and four others. The illustrations are delightful—for the most part the reproductions of old engravings, shadowing forth the spirit of the city after the same manner as does the text. The book is delicately written and even where we do not agree we enjoy.

\* *Great Masters*, with an introduction and descriptive text by Sir Martin Conway, four parts (Heinemann, 5/- each). The *Great Masters* is a singularly interesting publication. The descriptive letterpress, and possibly the selection of subjects, is by Sir Martin Conway (Slade Professor of Art, Cambridge)—a sufficient guarantee; while the photogravures, of which each part contains four, appear to us to excel anything of the kind that has yet been accomplished. Looked at from a little distance, each picture has all the characters—softness, delicacy, depth of tone—of a fine old line engraving. The selection is interesting; so far as the work has appeared each great master appears to be represented by a single work, and picture and master alike are chosen according to no rule but the "sweet will" of the editor. This will be a recommendation to some of us who weary a little of ordered series. The reason for the selection of a picture is never quite obvious, nor is to be found in any hundred of the best pictures, but in every case the editor is justified of his choice. Thus, from Vandyke, we have, not any of the familiar Stuart pictures, but that most princely boy who became William II., Prince of Orange, the father of our William III. "Mrs. Carnac" represents Reynolds, and the stately carriage and billowy grace of the figure show cause why. We can imagine no more delightful Christmas present than one of these *Parts*.

*Under Cheddar Cliffs a Hundred Years Ago*, by Edith Seeley (Seeley and Co., 5/-). Miss Seeley has given us a thing to be thankful for; a strong religious tale, vigorous in character drawing, written in vigorous English, free from goody-goody sentiment and religious cant. We cannot say the book is equal throughout, there are weaker and stronger passages, and what is worse, prosy passages; but the general impression left by the book is one of strength. Most of us know a little of the mission of Hannah More and her sister Patty among the Cheddar Cliffs—how the ladies found savages and left Christians; but not every writer would have understood the strength of character of these same savages, and

\* Parts I. and II. may be seen at the Office, 26, Victoria Street, London, S.W.

how the Gospel story, a new thing to them, would seize them with might if it caught them at all. Mrs. Westover, that shrewd widow of a well-to-do farmer, is a subtle and able study.

*The Seashore*, by W. Furneaux (Longmans, 6/- net). Mr. Furneaux's *The Seashore* is as indispensable to the young naturalists as are his other handbooks. His chapter on a marine aquarium, advising, first, jars or earthenware pans of any kind in which to keep the spoils of the sea, until the recognised aquarium is arrived at, is a sample of the practical advice and instruction, given in an easy and pleasant style, of which the book is full. "Natural history is a living study," says Mr. Furneaux, "and its devotee is one who delights in observing the growth and development of living things, watching their habits, and noting their wonderful adaptation to their environments." This is the point of view for the young naturalist to start with. The three hundred illustrations introduce us to a number of curious and fascinating sea-creatures, while the text indicates in a pleasantly natural style what to look for, where to look for it, and a great deal about it—just the information we all want at the seaside.

*The Master Musicians: Chopin*, by J. C. Haddon (Dent & Co., 3/6). Messrs. Dent's series of *Master Musicians* is a real boon. Mr. Cuthbert Haddon tells us that he has purposely avoided the sentimental gush which has been so largely written about Chopin, and has endeavoured "to tell the story of his life simply and directly, to give a clear picture of the man and to discuss the composer," an intention which seems to us to have been fairly fulfilled. The compositions appear to be discussed slightly, but with care and justice, and indeed with fulness enough to satisfy the amateur student. The exquisite nocturnes receive full appreciation and are recognised as distinctive of the composer. The *format* of the book is charming—a generous page, pleasing type, and suitable binding.

*The Child "Wonderful,"* by W. J. Stacey (Cassell & Co., 2/6). Mr. Walter Stacey has given us in *The Child "Wonderful"* the old, old story of Christmas as told to children, in six pleasant talks, which Mr. Greybeard holds in the dusk with the little boy and the little girl. We think Mr. Stacey's "talks," reverent as his language is, might have been more successful if he had remembered that the words of the Bible itself have infinite charm for children. The coloured illustrations from his pencil are exceedingly interesting, being a reproduction of life to-day in the unchanging East. The picture of Jesus in the Temple "hearing them and asking them questions" will abide with the children and, we think, delight them, as will all the pictures, though to us, brought up on the traditions of Italian art, the Eastern headdress of the Virgin Mary, as well as other Eastern traits in the pictures, is a little startling.

*The Golliwog's Circus*, by F. R. and B. Upton (Longmans, 6/-). The Golliwog is with us again. The humour of the pictures is unfailing, and Sarah and Midget and Peg are once more irresistible as they work out the Golliwog's new idea of getting up a circus. We are not sure that Miss Bertha and Miss Florence Upton have not outdone themselves this time in the making of verses and of pictures. "Great fun" will be the verdict of the nursery.

*Lost in Blunderland*, by Caroline Lewis (Heinemann, 2/6). The further adventures of Clara is, like its predecessor, *Clara in Blunderland*, a political skit full of extravagantly good fun. Clara, of course, is Mr. Balfour, and we need not explain who her "Aunt Sarum" is. Pictures and text add to each other in catching the situation; and the situations and the personages are those that have occupied us all during the year that is nearly past. But these travels of Clara are not for the child. The adept who knows his newspaper and is quick to pounce upon allusions will find a harvest of Christmas joy in this really clever political skit.

*New Editions.* I., Boswell's *Life of Johnson* (two vols., 3/6 each). We are heartily grateful to Messrs. Newnes & Co. for producing Boswell's *Life of Johnson* in two particularly charming volumes of their *Thin Paper Classics*. Well might the great Boswell speak of (on the title page of the First Edition) "the whole exhibiting a view of literature and literary men in Great Britain for near half-a-century." That is precisely what we get in these amazing pages, and all as easy and entertaining as tea-table gossip. We get two admirable portraits, one of Johnson and one of Boswell, and an invaluable, indeed indispensable index. We earnestly hope that Messrs. Newnes & Co. may see their way to give us a series of the great biographies (the copyright in which is expired) in the same charming form. The need for such a series seems to us really urgent. We have endless series of short lives of all manner of persons ranging from kings to candlestick makers; these are good enough as far as information goes, but do not count at all "for example of life and instruction in manners."

II., Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, with analysis and notes by C. Mansford (Swan, Sonnenschein, 2/-). *In Memoriam* is one of the few poems in the reading of which one is glad to have an occasional hint from a judicious guide. The casual reader does not perceive that the great poem has certain characters in common with *The Prelude*; for example, that is to say, it is the history of the poet's mind, in this case, for the shorter period between three Christmases. Mr. Mansford is the judicious guide one would desire. This is really a handy pocket volume and might well become a friend.

III., *Little Peter*, by Lucas Malet (Methuen, 3/6). (Fourth edition). *Little Peter* is charming. He is a French little Peter who lives on the edge of a pine forest and has a charcoal burner for his friend and a philosopher, who knew how everything should be done, for his father and his mother had learned the patience of the saints.

*The Quiver* (Cassell & Co., 7/6). *The Quiver* has its usual list of well-known contributors and exceptionally good pictures. It is impossible to enumerate all the contents, or even those of particular interest, in this big volume. A talk with Miss Louisa Twining is particularly noticeable. As a gift to the servants' hall the volume would be both interesting and profitable. Do we take enough trouble to supply our servants with worthy reading?

## P.N.E.U. NOTES.

*Edited by* Miss F. NOËL ARMFIELD, Sec., 26, Victoria Street, S.W.  
Tel. 479 Victoria.

*To whom all Hon. Local Secs. are requested to send reports of all matters of interest connected with their branches, also 6 copies of any prospectuses or other papers they may print.*

*N.B.—Kindly write on one side of the paper only.*

### NEW BRANCHES.

The Executive Committee has been approached with a view to starting Branches in the following places:—

BRADFORD.

BRISBANE.

CARDIFF.—Names may be sent to Mrs. Hamilton, Blackladies, Dynas Powis.

CHELTHENHAM.

DUNFERMLINE.—Mrs. Beveridge, Pitreavie, Dunfermline, would be glad to hear from people interested.

GUILDFORD.—Names may be sent *pro tem.* to Mrs. Clarke Kennedy, Ewhurst Rectory, near Guildford.

HUDDERSFIELD.

MANCHESTER.—Mrs. Freston, 6, St. Paul's Road, Kersal, Manchester, will receive names of people interested in this Branch (*pro tem.*).

NOTTINGHAM.

SURBITON.

SWANSEA.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS AND DISTRICT.—*Hon. Sec. and Treasurer :* Mrs. Trouton, Rotherfield, Sussex (*pro tem.*).

Readers of the *Parents' Review* living in these districts, or having friends there, are asked to communicate with Miss Armfield, 26, Victoria Street, S.W.

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BIRMINGHAM.—The first meeting of the Session 1903-4 took place on Nov. 11th, by kind invitation of Lady Lodge. Mrs. George Cadbury was in the chair and there was a large attendance to hear Dr. Schofield give an address on "Unconscious Mind." After defining the meaning and scope of unconscious mind, the speaker showed how unconscious education begins from the very first, at even one month old the angry voice or slap of temper may affect for ill the little child's unconscious mind. A child is born with the strong forces of heredity, it is affected by the inherited characteristics of parents and grandparents (but not particularly by remoter ancestors). It comes into the world with tendencies and potentialities, not actually with inherited vice or disease, only with tendencies which may or may not develop according to training. Education is the atmosphere, the discipline in which the child grows, hence the vital im-

portance of this atmosphere being pure, true and happy. Up to 12 years of age almost anything can be done in modifying character. Keep the young life in bud as long as may be, give if possible country surroundings, advantages of climate and scenery, and strive that the home environment be suitable. Then there is the great influence of personal forces, the mother's of course greatest, with its power of implanting ideas. The lecturer ended with some very valuable hints as to the discipline and importance of good habits and then of the ideal which the parent should represent to a child's mind. Many questions were asked at the end and there would have been much more discussion if time had allowed.

**BOLTON AND FARNWORTH.**—A meeting was held at the house of Mrs. H. A. Barnes, Moses Gate, on Monday, Nov. 9th. About 20 members were present. The winter programme was submitted. The secretary announced that arrangements had been made with Mrs. Clare Goslett for three lectures on "Child Life and the Hygiene of Youth." The first and third lectures are for members of the M.U. and the P.N.E.U., and the second lecture is open to the public. In January, the Rev. E. E. Rees, M.A., of Harwood, will lecture, and in February the members are invited to a Home and Schools Evening, arranged for by the Bolton Education Society; in March, Mr. Andrews, of the Bolton Grammar School, will lecture on 'Language Teaching.'

**BRIGHTON.**—This branch held its first meeting of the winter session on Oct. 23rd. A large number of ladies and gentlemen gathered to the invitation of their President, and were presided over by Lady Louise Loder herself in her own gracious way. "An Hour in the House of Education" was the subject of the address. Miss E. C. Allen, a young ex-student, told in simple unconventional manner of the enthusiasm aroused in her and others for the high vocation of teaching and training the character and mind of young children. She succeeded in brightly interpreting the spirit which pervades the "House" under Miss Mason's beautiful and noble rule, which, briefly expressed, is that of "plain living and high thinking." Order and care in minutest detail, healthy appreciation of out-door life and all it offers and teaches, personal effort in the development of hand and of brain is stamped on all who go, and we as P.N.E.U. members were made thankful that we have such a training ground from which to draw those into our homes whom we desire to help in the early training of our little ones.—Our next meeting will be on Dec. 4th.

**BRISTOL.**—The opening meeting of the Bristol centre was held on Oct. 22nd, at the University College. Dr. F. Richardson Cross presided over an audience of over one hundred members and friends. Prof. Lloyd Morgan gave an address as president of the Bristol Centre. The chairman spoke of the benefits of a society which helped parents to understand all that the education of their children should mean. The P.N.E.U. promised almost as great things for the education of the country as Government control over education. He drew attention to the Conference to be held in London and pointed out the importance of the subjects to be discussed. In his opening remarks Dr. Lloyd Morgan said that, as he understood the objects of the Parents' Educational Union, they centred in a large degree around conduct and the development of

character of which conduct was the outward expression. He proposed to deal with certain aspects of what psychologists termed the affective side of mental life—that which is concerned with pleasure and pain, or displeasure as some termed it, and passed upwards into moral or intellectual satisfaction or the reverse. He drew distinction between the practical situations of life with the impulses which arose out of them on the one hand, and on the other hand the more highly developed system of moral and intellectual conceptions which threw light on these practical situations and might lead to their treatment on a higher plane of endeavour; such treatment being dependent rather on motive than impulse. In the earlier stages of impulsive behaviour the line taken was entirely dependent on the pleasures and pains residing within the immediate situation. The course giving the maximum amount of immediate pleasure was the one naturally chosen by the child dependent mainly on the impulse of the moment. But when a system of ideals by which life and conduct should be regulated took form in the mind the motives for right action often led to conduct entailing pain within the immediate situation. This had been expressed by saying that in the former case behaviour took the line of least resistance, while in the latter case the conduct seemed to take the line of greatest resistance. But it was only the greatest resistance within the narrow limits of the immediate situation, not the greatest resistance in the combined whole, including both the situation and the system of ideals. Unless the affective tone of moral or intellectual satisfaction were really stronger than that of the more animal impulse, the latter would prevail. The speaker thought that parents should realise the normal course of development from the narrowest situation to the broader system, in order that they might, so far as possible, minister to this development. In conclusion, the speaker hoped that many would join the Bristol centre, when they would have opportunities of discussing many points in connection with the relation of the parent to the child. Mr. R. L. Leighton, headmaster of Clifton Grammar School, proposed, and Miss Burns, headmistress of Clifton High School, seconded, a vote of thanks to the lecturer. Mr. F. Gilmore Barnett, seconded by Mr. F. W. Tribe, proposed a vote of thanks to the chairman.

DULWICH.—On Tuesday, Sept. 29th, at Belairs, Gallery Road, Dulwich, C. D. Olive, Esq., lectured on "Classical Education." The Rev. H. Mallinson presided and proposed votes of thanks to the lecturer and to Mr. and Mrs. Spicer for the use of their drawing-room. It was a delightful lecture. An animated discussion followed, led by Mr. Mallinson, Dr. Batten and Mr. Evan Spicer. There was a good attendance of members.

FINCHLEY.—On Thursday, Oct. 8th, the first meeting of the session was held at "Netherelms," Woodside Park (by kind invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Wimbush). Mrs. Spencer Curwen gave an address on "The Piano as a means of Musical Education." There was an appreciative audience, though small, owing to the inclemency of the weather. Mrs. Curwen's clear and earnest explanation and illustration of her system of teaching seems especially to commend itself to those, among others, who have had the opportunity and benefits of early training on Tonic Sol-fa methods.—On Nov. 5th there was a good gathering of parents at 9, Moss Hall



Crescent (by kind invitation of Mrs. Leese). This meeting served a double purpose. It was opened by a paper by Mrs. Blake Odgers, who had been nominated to represent the branch at the Annual Conference in October. In the short time at her disposal Mrs. Odgers could but give a brief account of the proceedings of Conference, emphasizing what most impressed her and trying to inspire members with fresh enthusiasm in the cause and aims of the Union. That Mrs. Odgers succeeded in this admirably was proved by the rapt attention given to her paper and by the hearty vote of thanks which followed. Mrs. Clement Parsons then read a paper on "The Introduction of Poetry to Children." The keynote of Mrs. Parsons' address was that children are capable of appreciating good poetry from quite an early age, and that only the best should be offered to them. Mrs. Parsons' gifts as a speaker and her valuable suggestions met with warm appreciation and thanks from her audience. A vote of thanks to Mrs. Leese closed the proceedings of a very pleasant and profitable evening.

GLASGOW.—The first lecture of the winter course was delivered by M. Martin, at Northbank, Dowanhill (by kind permission of Mrs. Robertson Blackie), on Tuesday, Nov. 10th. The lecturer, who spoke in French, took for his subject, "A Child's Difficulties in Linguistic Studies." After pointing out how speech differentiates man from the lower animals, and how speech gives form to thought, so that it may be said that thought without language cannot exist, he reminded us that defects of speech are due to brain lesions, and oratorical powers like Gambetta's to special development of the speech convolutions. Speech requires (1) a speech centre in good working order, (2) collaboration of the receptive and expressive faculties, (3) speech organs perfectly developed and under control of the nerve centre. Frequent repetition, distinct enunciation, and limitation of the number of words are the key to progress in foreign languages. The choice of words should be very careful. The work of assimilation is aided by pointing out the object denoted. Give only one name to a thing to avoid confusion. Closely associate words and meanings. The three difficulties lie in assimilation of sounds, in interpretation, and in reproduction of them. These vary in individuals. The experimental method may be followed without much difficulty. If you daily ask for the repetition of a limited number of sounds only, these will be quickly acquired. Prudence, patience, slowness, imitation and adaptation to surroundings—these will conquer almost all difficulties. The lecture was listened to with the deepest interest, and at the close the lecturer was warmly thanked for his address.

HAMPSTEAD.—The first meeting of the season was held in the Guild Room, Lyndhurst Road, on Monday evening, Oct. 19th. Alderman Hanhart presided, in the unavoidable absence of the Mayor of Hampstead. The lecture was given by Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton, on the subject, "Tin Soldiers: The Place of Militarism in Education." It was, perhaps, rather more suitable for a debating society than for the P.N.E.U., but underneath Mr. Chesterton's paradoxes and quaint, whimsical assertions there lay a substratum of truth. He declared that the attitude of modern Europe towards militarism was two-fold: to be armed to the teeth, of which

attitude Von Moltke might be taken as the representative; or the attitude for which Tolstoi stood, the love of peace and hatred of war. Mr. Chesterton confessed himself to be opposed to the peace-at any-price party. He maintained that it was the duty of every man to defend himself and those he held dear if extreme circumstances arose; it was a moral instinct which had lasted all through the ages. What was horrible was that a man should scientifically prepare himself to kill as his one aim in life. The armed nations of Western Europe, he said, had lost the primitive idea of self-defence—they merely stood for a craven fear. As regards the legitimacy of inculcating the spirit of militarism in children by means of tin soldiers, Mr. Chesterton maintained that it was not to be regretted; it fostered the spirit of courage, some ray of light was caught from the heroes of old, and the love of victory does not coincide with the love of cruelty. There was a large attendance, and a good discussion followed.—The second lecture was given by Mrs. Sophie Bryant, D.Sc., on Nov. 13th, Mrs. Husband in the chair. Mrs. Bryant said that the ordinary British parent proclaims that the one object of education is the development of faculties and the building up of character, leaving out of account the acquisition of knowledge. The final object, however, should rather be to make the best of the child by acting upon his own motives, so that the learner becomes not only the co-partner but the leader. The two questions to be considered by the educationalist are (1) the true duty of human life and human society, (2) the motive forces in human nature and the methods by which they may be utilized for human ends. Every human being is in his degree both a student and an artist; still in many cases he requires reinforcement. Personal ambition, modified by social good-will, gives the desire to be of service. Here emerges the idea of use and of self-development, so that the abilities must be developed to their utmost, and the pure student element is reinforced. Thus the end of education is to make the man at one with his world.—On December 8th, Mr. Oscar Beringer is to lecture to this branch on “Pianoforte Playing and Teaching.”

HYDE PARK AND BAYSWATER.—Hon. Sec., Mrs. E. L. Franklin, 50, Porchester Terrace, Hyde Park. “At Home” Thursday mornings, or by appointment.—On Nov. 12th, at 73, Harley Street (by kind permission of Mrs. Jessop), with Capt. Friedberger in the chair, Mr. A. Burrell gave a lecture on “Greek and Roman Educational Reformers.” He gave a description of the education, manners and life of boys under Plato, Aristotle, Quintillian and Plutarch, and compared each quoted example with our modern views and practice. The lecture was illustrated by many witty quotations and telling stories, and the fascinating way in which it was delivered enchanted the audience.—The next lecture will be on *Tuesday, Dec. 8th*—not Dec. 10th, as advertised—and will be held at 3.30 p.m., at 86, Westbourne Terrace (by kind permission of Mrs. Hall). The lecture will be given by Miss Lily H. Montagu, on “The Happiness of Work,” and is especially addressed to the parents of older girls. Girls over fourteen are invited to attend.

IPSWICH.—A most interesting and suggestive address was given in connection with this branch, on Wednesday, Nov. 11th, at the Museum, by the Rev. W. Madeley, head master of Woodbridge Grammar School.

His subject was "Educational Ideals," and dealt largely with the utilitarian demands of the age, and the ideals of thinking educationalists—whether these are reconcilable; and if so, to what extent? He endorsed Lord Goschen's motto, "Education is a means of life, and not a means of livelihood." It was not to be narrowed down to mere book learning, or limited to fitting a boy or girl for his or her special vocation in life; but in all ways, both private and public, to make their lives fuller and richer. In Charlotte Mason's own words, "Education is an atmosphere, a discipline, a life." The lecturer maintained that schoolmasters were very much at the beck and call of parents, and that in the long run the latter would have what they demanded. The tendency was to make public schools more commercial and technical. Was this a step in real education, or not? Various time-honoured methods were being tampered with—witness arithmetic and Euclid, "royal roads" (with short cuts) to this and that, advocated together with learning without tears. But was this lessening of mental athletics wholly desirable? The lecturer paid a compliment to the P.N.E.U. by stating: "We teachers look upon you as our great ally." There was a good attendance at the lecture. Archdeacon Lawrence, as chairman, made some well-chosen remarks, and after some interesting discussion, the meeting concluded with a vote of thanks to the lecturer, proposed by the Rev. W. E. Fletcher, and carried with sincere cordiality by the audience, who thoroughly appreciated the thoughtful suggestiveness of the address.

LEEDS.—On Oct. 21st the Bishop of Wakefield gave an interesting and valuable address to this branch on the subject of "The Teaching of the Bible to Children in the light of modern criticism." The lecturer pointed out that the so-called Higher Criticism deals with dates of books, purposes of writers, etc., and has regard to the study of comparative religion and to modern discoveries. There are three ways of treating this subject: 1st, we may shut our eyes to it and call it an attack on the Bible; 2nd, we may give up all as lost, and say that modern science has exploded the Bible; 3rd, we may examine these things. He then spoke of the nature of inspiration—a breathing not on pens, but on men, each with his own individuality, not free from mistakes in detail, but embodying all through the revealed will of God. We must fearlessly teach our children that there is a growing morality traceable in the Old Testament. The Bible contains fragments of the literature of a peculiar people. The Hebrews are the fathers of religion, and these fragments are more whole than anything else in the world. The Bishop ended by recommending a list of books suitable for teaching children and preparing them as they grew older to face hostile criticism by being firmly grounded in the faith.

READING.—The first meeting of this branch was held on Oct. 15th, when the committee and officers were re-elected, and a paper was given by the Rev. Canon Colson, entitled "Children and Sundays." His address was full of useful and helpful suggestions and was listened to with much attention, and after it was over there was a fairly good discussion on the subject.—The second meeting was held at Ascham House School (by kind permission of Mr. and Mrs. Etches), on Nov. 12th, when a paper was read by Mr. Timberg, G.D., of Stockholm, entitled "Swedish School

Gymnastics," accompanied by practical demonstrations by some of the boys of the school. There was a large attendance and it was evident from the frequent applause during the reading of the paper, and the practical demonstrations which accompanied and followed it, that those present thoroughly enjoyed and appreciated the efforts made on their behalf, to show the various exercises practised and considered necessary for the proper development of the body, without undue exertion, which was shown to be at all times detrimental instead of beneficial to the health and general development of the body.

SCARBOROUGH.—We are glad to record a distinct growth both of numbers and interest in this branch. Since taking a more public position and asking the Mayoress to meet the members, we have added eleven new members to our list. On the occasion of our reception at the Municipal Buildings Mrs. Franklin read her most inspiring paper on "The Parents' Place in Education." After the paper there was ample time for conversation and the result has been a real development of interest in the members all round. Since then Mrs. Parsons gave us her delightful paper on "The Training of the Will," and Mrs. Ralph has spoken to us on "Co-education." Her subject was so new to many that it was quite impossible the views should be accepted by all; but many will think about it, and the subject was presented in a most practical and masterly way. The discussion was the best we have had.

WAKEFIELD.—This branch opened the new session on Monday, Oct. 5th, when Mrs. Clement Parsons gave an address on "The Training of the Will." The meeting was held at 5, St. John's Square (by the kind invitation of Miss McCroben).—The second meeting was held at Hatfield House (by the kind permission of Mrs. Plews). Mrs. Ralph addressed the members on the subject of "Useful Holidays." The address was a most interesting one, and caused an animated discussion.—The Rev. H. A. Kennedy will speak on "Teaching the Bible to Children," at Mrs. Wigglesworth's, Holmfild, Thornes, on Tuesday, Dec. 1st.

WEYBRIDGE.—The first of the meetings arranged for this season was held on Thursday, Oct. 22nd, at Wood End, Weybridge (by kind permission of Mrs. Butler). The Rev. Dr. Burge, headmaster of Winchester College, gave a most interesting lecture on "Some Theories of Education at the time of the Renaissance," which was much appreciated by a large audience.